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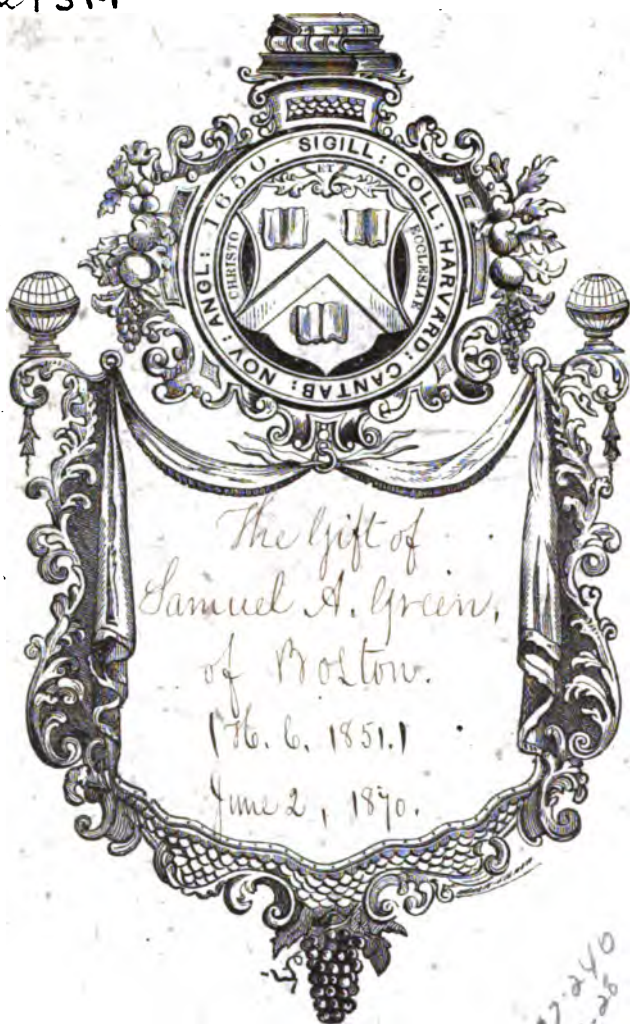
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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No. DCXV.

JANUARY, 1867.

VOL. CL.

OUR NAVAL DEFENCES: WHERE ARE WE?

SOME six years have now elapsed since we, in these columns, laid before the public a series of papers on the then lamentably defenceless condition of this country, and the inefficiency of the fighting qualities of our navy. We urged the construction for the future of armour-clad ships of war, and the conversion of useless wooden line-of-battle ships into cupola or turret vessels.* Our statements excited much general interest, and no small amount of hostile professional criticism. Yet, were we to reprint those articles, there would be few corrections necessary, and results have only confirmed the accuracy of our conclusions.

Let us see where we are to-day. Are we in the position England's navy should be after the expenditure of so many millions, and so much talk of reconstruction of the old ships and construction of new armour-clad vessels of war?

When we last summed up, in March 1861, the navy could not boast of a single sea-going ironclad being afloat. It will be remembered that on the 28d April 1860,

just six weeks before he went out of office, Sir John Pakington laid down the Warrior. As a *first-born* of our future navy, she was a splendid success. The Conservative Government may fairly claim all honour on that score, and their successors immediately caused to be laid down the Black Prince and the Defence and Resistance. Better still, on the 24th October, the Achilles, an improved Warrior, was laid down at Chatham by the Duke of Somerset. This was all in the right direction, for the Achilles floats to-day, the finest sea-going armoured frigate the world can produce.

But how that coming revolution in our navy was resisted—what a constant tendency to reaction—what a world of doubt and misgiving was there in all we were doing then, and have been doing since! Though our rulers of the navy are somewhat more enlightened since then, still we have to combat to-day bogus difficulties and reactionary tendencies nearly as much as of yore.

* See article, "Ironclad Ships of War," November and December 1860.

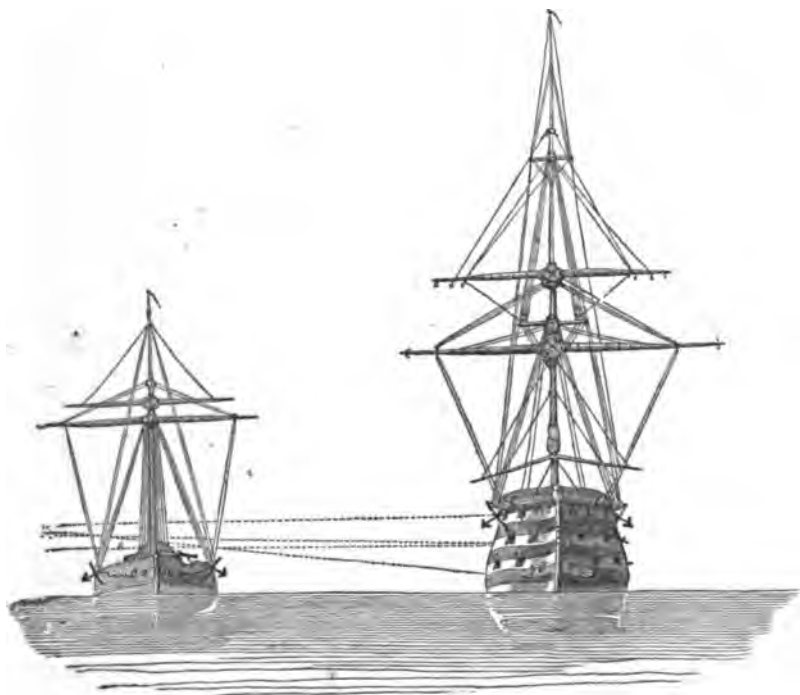
Who can forget the ominous shakes of the head and mutterings over the Warrior and the Royal Sovereign? The sea was to wash clean over them—five-inch armour could never be made buoyant—turret-guns' crews would be killed by the concussion of their own guns—turntables could never revolve in a seaway. Ironclad advocates were "blacksmiths and no sailors;" and stout admirals wished to be informed, while bursting with indignation, whether their flags were to fly from steamers' funnels instead of from royal mastheads!

The reply came from across the Atlantic, when the proud wooden navy of the United States—nay, probably the great Republic itself—was saved by a solitary iron-

clad monitor, navigating a tempestuous coast, and winning a glorious victory with her flag secured to the contemned funnel by the young hero who commanded her.

It was public opinion, and the pressure brought to bear by outsiders, not the enlightenment of our naval rulers, which first led us to commence the construction of our armoured ships. Those who advocated such innovations met but small mercy in professional quarters, and their opponents now merit but little consideration at their hands.

If, therefore, in our remarks, we are sometimes severe, the provocation should be borne in mind—for we desire only to triumph in the perfect assertion of certain prin-



The above sketch of the proposed conversion of an old three-decker into a formidable turret-ship is now six years old, and, with the diagrams given in *Maga* at that time, speaks for itself.—(See first paragraph of this Article.)

ciples, rather than to be ungenerous to those who were once our opponents.

Standing where we do to-day, seeing the mistakes already made, and those threatening us for the future, it would be wrong not to make the errors and prejudices of the past a warning to the reactionaries we have to deal with. Let them remember that whilst the progressionists of 1861 were pointing at France and using the *Gloire* as a mere lever with which to cross-lift Berkeleys and Greys into iron and armoured structures, the old-school men pointed to America, and that navy which must ever claim a high position in the opinion of British naval officers, and they speciously urged that so practical a people, unhampered by hereditary Whig or Tory Lords of the Admiralty, and with no caste of Brahmins from which their Secretaries of the navy were especially drawn, had not as yet considered it necessary to construct a single armoured war-ship, and asked, "Why should we do so?"

How silent such critics were when within a year a terrible and unexpected conflict thrust itself on that wooden navy, and in the heat of battle, with the knife at her very heart, the American Republic had, at a ruinous cost, to improvise the very structures they had neglected in time of peace!

Then we saw Confederate and Federal sailors frantically plastering on their ships scraps of iron picked up in their dockyards, bolting on rails torn from their roads, or, *faute de mieux*, festooning chain cables to cover their wooden

sides, yet with pardonable sailor vanity still calling them *wooden frigates*. So went to the winds American apathy in the iron war-ship question; yet, with their proverbial tendency to rush into extremes where novelty is concerned, charmed with the success of Captain Cowper Cole's invention of a central battery in the clever piracy of Mr. Ericsson in what are called monitors; they again hamper progress by forgetting that an essential condition for a war-ship is that perfect "*habitability*,"* which few of their monitors possess.

On the other hand, the pattern set us by Napoleon III. in his *Gloire*, and the ironclad ships he pushed so rapidly afloat in 1861-62-63, was only good and valuable up to a certain point.

The stroke of genius which sent out ironclad batteries to Kinburn in 1855 to be tested, ready to bring down Cronstadt in 1856—as they would assuredly have done had the war been prolonged—was worthy of the man and of France, but it did not at all follow that, because he from his stand-point saw over the heads of so many sailors, soldiers, and shipbuilders, they, when they appreciated the soundness of his views, should be capable of carrying the details into execution.

We sulkily followed his idea out to the letter in 1854-55, and anything more monstrous, more unseaworthy, more Chinese-like than those floating batteries we would defy even Pekin to produce. Our only excuse was, that we copied the French designs—and a very bad excuse too. We knew in 1856 that

* This American term expresses the word comfort, health, power of keeping the sea for a lengthened period without endangering the health or safety of crew or ship. In this the monitors are sadly deficient. Touching our assertion that Ericsson's vessels and turrets are mere modifications of Captain Cowper Cole's discovery, in 'Blackwood's Magazine' (June 1862) will be found a capital letter on the subject, written by an American gentleman, who was liberal-minded enough to desire to see full justice done to the original inventor. The statements therein made have never been satisfactorily contradicted or disproved by Mr. Ericsson, and we are only sorry that the American Government have not followed the Russian example in formally acknowledging the real inventor's services.

they were failures so far as form, handiness, nay, seaworthiness was concerned; yet no sooner did the French Emperor's wish to have an ironclad navy instead of mere floating batteries subsequently become realised in the form of the *Gloire*, than we basely proceeded to hamper ourselves with a collection of vile imitations which, for the most part, are failures, or only fit to cope with the French monstrosities.

Had Admiral Sir William Symonds, Sir Baldwin Walker, Mr. Watt, and their colleagues of the Admiralty construction department blindly taken as their models French gunboats, French corvettes, or French three-deckers, instead of trusting to the brain-power and skill of their own countrymen, we should not have been so incomparably superior to all the world in each of those classes of war-ships as we undoubtedly were in that Russian war, which taught us the days of wooden navies were past, and those of iron war-ships had arrived.

We hold that the genius which had launched and rendered seaworthy those lofty castles of guns and men such as the *Victoria*, the *Duke*, and *Royal Albert*, might safely have been trusted to work out patiently and progressively the iron fleet question; and that a department which had so ably designed and sent forth the beautiful little craft called gunboats and despatch-vessels—our *Crackers* and *Jaspers*, *Ravens* and *Algerines*—pigmy ships, light of draught, handy as toys, seaworthy as corks, carrying the heaviest guns of England, yet as capable of passing in the depth of an An-

tartic winter through the tempestuous seas of the southern capes as the highest-sided frigate or fleetest merchant-ship *—would, if true to itself and relying on itself, have long since given us something to cope with the present powerful monitor fleets of the United States and Russia.

Instead of this, we have gone to France for our models since the *Achilles* was laid down, and the present Constructor of the Navy came into power. The Emperor of the French, engrossed in his literary researches into the history of the Rome of Cæsar, must have insisted on the famed Carthaginian galley being again reverted to as a model, and poor England, ignoring her own experience for the last hundred years of the proper form for a ship, tamely followed his lead, and now cumbers the ocean with vessels whose structure at the fore-end seems expressly intended when steaming head to sea to spoon the ocean right over them and to submerge the ship. Because the French fancied that a bow must project below water to enable a vessel to ram with safety and to insure buoyancy, we rushed at the idea, and have spoilt several fine ships. Because they talked a great deal of nonsense about protecting rudders, we have launched vessels costing a quarter of a million sterling, which can never run with safety in a heavy following sea, so hampered are they with armour round their sterns. Because they do not understand turret-ships and adhere to broadside ones, we tamely follow the lead, and scorn

* In 1857 a squadron of fifteen of these pigmy men-of-war, bound to China, passed the Cape of Good Hope. Sailing on a great circle, they, in the depth of the southern winter, went from the Brazils to Java Head without touching anywhere. Some of them only drew four feet water; their decks, deeply laden as they were with provisions and stores for a three months' voyage, were about the same height out of water as some of the present American monitors. They were battered down for much of the passage; but although the seas washed over them freely, and merchant-ships sometimes bore down in bad weather, fancying they were water-logged wrecks, it was only to cheer them heartily when the little red ensign was hoisted in the rigging to show that H. M.'s gunboat was doing admirably, and bowling along for China!

the practical experience of America ; and because they have useless pilot-houses on deck weighing as much as a turret,* we do exactly the same thing, rather listening to any Frenchman's opinion than be indebted to an English officer or shipbuilder for an idea.

We have had the name of Monsieur Dupuy de Lôme forced down our throats as the wonder-working Constructor of the French Navy, whose models we were strictly following. As if he who was trained, and we believe educated, in England, had suddenly discovered a short road to that knowledge which we firmly protest can only be arrived at by not rashly letting go our holdfasts in the experience of the past, but steadily and progressively experimentalising and improving through practical experience in the advantages and defects of the old forms of ships when applied to the novel material of to-day.

Still worse, whilst we are patting ourselves and saying, "Oh, it is impossible we can err, because Mr. Reed, our new Naval Constructor, is following the excellent models of Monsieur Dupuy de Lôme," he repudiates us on the one hand as even creditable pupils, and on the other the French naval officers, after their recent experiments with his new ships in the Bay of Biscay, declare them, we believe, to be utter failures as sea-boats and men-of-war!

For a length of time those who were interested in armoured ships were cheered by wise declarations of the discovery of some form—a U instead of a V—which was to make a heavy-loaded vessel—for such an armoured ship merely is—very different to any other heavy-laden vessels seen by sailors. Dupuy de Lôme and Mr. Reed had hatched it, or the former invented it and the latter copied it. Then we had the prolongation of the bow *below*

water ; it must be perfect, because the Frenchman had it in his ships. The *Helicon*, as she was not intended, like a mackerel, to go through and under the sea, turned up a furrow of water in front of her which was startling ; the *Pallas* did the same, and nearly smothered all hands when brought stem on to a very ordinary amount of swell. It was necessary to explain away this anomaly, and an article appeared in the 'Times,' which is very generally supposed to have been inspired from official quarters, either at Whitehall or Kensington, in which, in graceful terms, the parentage of the monstrous excrescence on the *Pallas's* nose was fathered on M. de Lôme ; and it was explained that he asserted that the wave of water in front of the *Pallas* could not affect her speed ; that he said that a certain volume of water in front of a ship's largest section must be pushed aside, and that by his skilful arrangement he turned it up with a sort of ploughshare ; that it was broken up in waves, and pleasantly "pushed forward in the direction the ship was moving." What could poor sailors reply to so learned a theory ? The fore-castle-men of the *Pallas* might growl if they pleased, and wish the blessed water was not pushed up and forward ; what could they or naval officers know of such profound matters ? It was for scientific men to build ships ; naval men should confine themselves to sailing, steaming, or fighting them. When, lo and behold ! M. de Lôme comes forward in a very pungent letter to say that he will not be responsible for any such *rococo* theory, and writes thus to the 'Times' :—"Je dois seulement à la vérité de vous faire connaître que je n'ai jamais ni en paroles ni en écrit formulée une théorie pareille à celle qui m'a été attribuée par er-

* The *Bellerophon*, our latest armoured frigate, has a pilot-house fixed on her upper deck weighing 105 tons, instead of a single gun-turret carrying a 600-pounder, which would only weigh as much.

reur dans votre article. Cette théorie est même en désaccord formel avec le résumé que j'ai exposé des principes relatifs à la résistance opposée par l'eau aux navires en marche." He goes on then to add, "One

The PALLAS (English).

Submerged mid-section, 790 square feet.
Displacement, 3700 tons.

Real or indicator h.-power of engines, 3768.

Speed, 13,057 knots.

N. B.—The Solferino is of nearly double the displacement or weight in tons, and yet is faster with the same positive exertion of horsepower of engines."

There is therefore, as M. Dupuy de Lôme sarcastically remarks, considerable *dissemblance* between the Pallas and the Solferino; and he ends by requesting the editor of the 'Times' not to permit to be fathered on him statements or theories which he is only too anxious to repudiate.

The fact is, that the science of armour-clad ship construction was only to be worked out by experience and practice. All their learned twaddle came to this, that M. Dupuy de Lôme, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Ericsson had to learn their lesson after they became Government constructors at the cost of their respective countries. Had each frankly set to work, accepting what was already known in their departments of the best forms for heavy bodies in water, such as three-deckers and largest merchantmen, so as to insure speed, steadiness of platform, and buoyancy, Dupuy de Lôme's fleet would not stand condemned as a failure to-day, Ericsson would not keep to rafts, and screw down sailors, with air-pumps for ventilation, in his tropical cruisers, and H.M.S. Achilles, the third improvement on the Warrior, would not be able to steam round and

word more on the subject of your second article relative to the Pallas, whose lines are represented to be similar to those of the Solferino.* According to your data, the comparison is as follows:—

The SOLFERINO (French).

Submerged mid-section, 1152 square feet.
Displacement, 7020 tons.

Real or indicator h.-power, 3720.

Speed, 14 knots.

round the Bellerophon, the last and best of our Naval Constructor's armoured ships, or England be to-day with only two very imperfect specimens of those turret-ships, born of the brains of one of her sailors, to cope with the seventeen vessels of the same class now in the Baltic, and capable of being in the North Sea at seven days' notice.

When each nation had produced something it considered perfect—and we are inclined to think that the country which launched the Great Britain, of 5000 tons, and the Great Eastern, of 20,000 tons burden, would not have been last in the competition—then would have been the time to compare structures, and see whether there was not something each had discovered worth embodying in the warship of the future. But it was illogical, unreasonable, and tending to delay improvement, for England to follow tamely a French designer before he could show his own ships to possess any single qualification except speed. The sailor, not the shipbuilder, is, we hold, the proper judge of the value of a ship of war. He applies practical tests to the theory or formula of the constructor. For instance, when H.M.S. Lord Clyde was launched with her monstrous nose into the waters of the Channel, of course the constructor could see no defect in it, or know of the impossibility

* 'Times,' April 19:—"The Pallas has been constructed with the long submerged bow, borrowed from the French theory as exemplified by M. Dupuy de Lôme in the partially-plated ships Magenta and Solferino."

of the ship picking up her *own* anchor when it was once let go. The sailors very soon, however, found it out, for she had to slip her cables twice, and employ another vessel to lift them up for her. Sailor ingenuity has subsequently found a remedy for that defect; but no amount of skill with the marlingspike or mallet will enable the Lord Clyde to steam head on to Atlantic rollers without washing her watch of sailors overboard, or if she is at anchor in the tideway of Lisbon or Shanghai, "breaking her sheer" in a way the constructor little thinks of, but still the sailor knows to be perfectly possible, with a ship carrying a submarine jib of wood for the water to act on, exactly as the jib of canvass is acted on by the wind above water.

Sailor criticism on the ship-builders' art is, we fear, distasteful, but in it lies the whole secret of progress in the right direction for a Royal or Imperial navy. It should be encouraged, not squashed, by all lovers of our navy. In the mercantile marine it may be a matter of less importance, for there any constructor's vagaries or theoretical crotchets correct themselves in a very simple manner. The merchant only purchases vessels which do their work well to the satisfaction of his sailor servants. If the mercantile ship-constructor insists on building what is not marketable he is soon in the insolvent court, and so the nuisance ends. In the Royal Navy the public purse is long, and even being replenished. Captains are appointed to make their vessels a success at any price. Half-pay lies behind, a hungry desert. Professional pride, a sailor's love for his ship, however big a beast she may be, will prevent his discovering her defects, so that it is with the greatest difficulty the public can ascertain whether a particular vessel is a failure or a success; and an obstinate constructor or Board of Admiralty generally succeeds in hampering the nation

with two or three millions' worth of some particular vessel before the word "utter failure" is whispered abroad. We say obstinate advisedly, because we do not believe that such acts are ever intentional; but nothing would bring quicker to light the defects or advantages of any novel naval structures than, instead of having admirals and the captains of the ships only to report upon them, to have an officer especially detailed, with a shipbuilder selected from one of our private yards as an assistant, whose business it should be to make the closest scrutiny into the daily achievements of the ships in the fleet, collectively and individually. For this there are now more than ever a multitude of good reasons. The Commander-in-Chief, and captains of the fleet, have nowadays quite as much to do at sea as any human beings are capable of enduring. Men who have been all night looking after the safety of their ships, or handling them, and have multifarious duties all day long, between inspections, drills, and piles of red-tapeism in the shape of punishment forms, returns, and accounts, to deal with, have but little spare time to note all that is passing within their own vessels, much less what others are doing. Each officer swears by his own ship, because he is part and parcel of it; and, like the lieutenants of the Bellerophon, only know too well that if the ship will not "stay" under canvass, the blame will be laid to their want of seamanship, and not to the fault of the Constructor of the Navy.

And touching that same Constructor, we beg it to be understood that we only make use of Mr. Reed's name, as the present occupant of the office to illustrate our argument, and not with a view of damaging him personally. He is only mortal; and probably any other secretary of the Society of Naval Architects would, if he possessed an equal amount of cleverness, have

played as many tricks with our Navy, and made as many mistakes, if, suddenly, to avoid the criticism of that Society, the Admiralty had invested him with an equal amount of power.

His mistakes have been many, but his intentions doubtless were very good. Let us give him every credit on the latter point, for no one would be uncharitable enough to suppose that he, of malice aforethought, built such an article as the *Research*, on which the dockyard have been for four years raising and raising decks and bulwarks, until we can assure our readers, that if she were to-day painted brown, and nicely glazed by a cook, with three partridge legs up the main hatchway, she would resemble a game-pie far more than a British war-ship, and be equally efficient at sea. The present Constructor assuredly never designed his submerged bow to prevent war-ships steaming head on to a heavy sea without being battered down on the upper deck; yet it is so. Nor would he willingly have seen his much-bepuffed *Pallas* frigate take her place second to the *Solferino*, although our frigate exerted the same engine-power on half the displacement of the French man-of-war.

Candour urges us to acknowledge that he could never have intended the *Bellerophon*—a type of the lavish expenditure in construction and ornament which a naval dockyard can devote to a fancy ship—to be a slow coach beside not only some of the first built iron ships of our navy, but to be beaten in speed by the wooden iron-cased ships of long ago.

Indeed, on the subject of speed as one of the first essentials of a war-ship, no one would insult our Constructor by supposing that he under-estimated its value, and that he does not lament, as bitterly as we do, his inability to produce, up to to-day, except on paper, anything which could catch and bring to action fleet *Alabamas*, or put salt

on the tails of *Monitors* before running them down, as some ancients profess to be able to do.

We are well aware that it is "unprofitable to hunt dead hares," and there is nothing now to be gained by pressing the charge of error in judgment against Mr. Reed; for much as we have always questioned the policy he was pursuing, we knew that there was only one way of testing its error, and that was by allowing him to run his course. But as these failures are somewhat more expensive than Beau Brummell's crumpled neck-ties, we shall hope to see him now frankly acknowledging his mistakes, and reverting to English models, listening even to Captain Cowper Coles for a practical idea or two, refusing point-blank to be a party to plastering heavy armour-plates on wooden hulls, except for home-defence purposes, and ceasing to thrust on a long-suffering country and helpless navy, bills, beaks, swans' breasts, and other strange excrescences, affixed to the bows of our ships, or fancying in any way that there is an affinity in purpose or design between a man-of-war and a *Strasbourg paté*—the model, we humbly submit, of some of the choicest French designs.

If the Constructor will make these concessions to the results arrived at by those who have to sail and fight our war-ships, we can pledge him the firmest support of every well-wisher of the British navy—and he even deserves some sympathy at this juncture.

We are aware, moreover, that he must have had difficulties to contend with of no ordinary nature. There were those in the late Admiralty professionally omnipotent, who could not see their own way to the future of an armoured navy, and, devoid of conceptive powers themselves, relied but little on other Englishmen possessing the faculty. It touched their *amour propre* to be indebted to younger naval men for an idea. There was a taint, too, of the old leaven in

their course of action. They did not want to see the old wooden navy quite done away with. If they could not preserve the much-cherished wooden line-of-battle ship or fifty-gun frigate, at any rate the French offered models which could boast of masts, yards, and sails, and they positively hoped to reproduce in a mild form a sort of a two-decker—*quel bon-heur!*

So our sailor Lordships toddled after French temptations, and that noble sailor, then Secretary to the Admiralty, covered the escapade in his best style by a frank statement or two to the assembled senators of England.

Great Britain will, of course, pay for this taste for French fashions. The late Admiralty are not the first who have so erred; let us be merciful, for temptation cometh to all men.

And, after all, the English fleet is not inferior to the French. Theirs is a failure, ours is no worse. But when the distribution of the credit for the waste of so much money and six years of time comes to be thought of, it is right that it should be placed on the proper shoulders. We, for our part, entirely acquit the Duke of Somerset, and say of Mr. Reed that we believe he was selected as the Constructor of the Navy over hundreds of good men's heads, because he who had never built a ship was likely to carry out the Admiralty notions of our future iron fleet with less knowledge of information already possessed by the Constructors' Department, and therefore with less doubt or hesitation.

We have said that we acquit the Duke of Somerset, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and we repeat it. No one who ever had opportunities of judging of him when in

office can question his freedom from bias upon any naval question,* or doubt the industry, acuteness, and strong sense of justice to the profession which formed the prominent features of the noble Duke's character. Although an able First Lord, he could not be expected to master the technicalities of the profession, or battle with the powerful nautical element introduced in that worst constituted of all Boards. Except by an exercise of arbitrary power, or rather an illegal assumption of it, how could he ignore the opinions of his brother Lords, appointed joint Commissioners for executing the office of a Lord High Admiral? That sailor element, an essentially professional one, must, following the rule of naval etiquette, accept the dictum of its senior representative; and thus the Naval Sea Lord, as he is called, is invariably more powerful for positive good or evil to the navy than he who, as the civil head of the department, nominally rules over the fleet.

No naval officer of advanced views would for a moment desire to see any one but a civilian at the head of the Admiralty; but at the same time we know that, so far as the efficiency of the fleet is concerned, in an executive sense, it is to the Naval First Lord that the profession must look. With the Whigs that post has for a length of time become hereditary in one or two powerful political families, and officers little known to the navy for the brilliancy of their career, the soundness of their talents, or their breadth of view, succeeded one another as if the post of naval First Lord of the Admiralty was a birthright in their families. To the credit of Lord Derby's Government, with whom the writer begs to say he has few sympathies, this system has been broken through in the case of the present Admi-

* This will be more clearly seen when the story of the Royal Sovereign's short commission comes to be told. It was not the Duke of Somerset's fault that she was not fairly tested, or that she was put out of commission to be put out of sight.

ralty, and a naval First Lord is at last in office merely on his merits as a sailor and naval administrator, and not from the political strength he is likely to bring to a party ; and the British navy is proportionately satisfied and hopeful.

It might be asked, if the Duke of Somerset found himself so hampered and his conclusions thwarted by naval obstinacy, why did he not, when reorganising the Construction department of the navy, do as much for the Admiralty Board ? We do not profess to be in his Grace's confidence, but it is only fair to remind our readers what a melancholy state of decay and disintegration the Whig party has been in during the last five years. Sickly, effete mothers do not produce vigorous offspring, and with "Rest and be thankful" for a motto we should have liked to see how the proposal for a radical reform of the Admiralty would have been received by either my Lord Palmerston or Earl Russell.

At any rate, it was not done, and the result is plainly before us. We deal with it for no party purposes, but the truth, disagreeable as it is, must be told. England, after six years' reconstruction of her navy, has to-day only a fleet as imperfect in the main as the French navy, and merely capable of coping with France by leaving the entire coasts of Great Britain open to hostile invasion and insult.

A coalition of any two states against us, whether of France and Prussia, America and Russia, France and Spain, or any other possible combination which would need us to act in opposite directions and guard our own homes at the same time, is what we are in no way prepared for to-day.

A repetition of such feats as those enacted against Taganrog, Odessa, Charlestown, or Valparaiso, the scenes being laid at Brighton, Weymouth, Hull, Liverpool, Greenock, Leith, or Stromness, is what we may look for at home ; and the

risk of some such misfortune overtaking us is greater, perhaps, to-day than it has ever been in our history as a nation.

The Eastern question looms like a fog-bank across the track that the ship of the world's progress is steering ; who can tell what lies within its bosom ? but there is a sound and a muttering heard from that direction, which tells us it will not be all calm and sunshine, when once we enter it, or it rolls over us.

Egypt and Syria are still the true keys to that Eastern empire which makes England what she is to-day. To preserve that intact—to save Malta from a *coup-de-main* and Alexandria from capture on one and the same summer's day—it would need every ironclad we have got, without one to spare for our narrow seas or remote colonies. That feat the present army and navy of France are quite in a position to accomplish ; nay more, they are ready for it directly their ruler lifts his little finger.

Russia or America have merely then to display a force of a dozen monitors in the North Sea—the former has seventeen within a week's sail of our shores—and do we exaggerate if we say that consols would go down to 45, and another panic, financial and commercial, would occur, to which the disgraceful scene of Black Friday in London, of May 1866, would be but as moonshine ?

Who is to blame, might then be arbitrarily settled by an infuriated people, not over-inclined to refine at such a moment of just indignation, and the commonwealth be saved at the sacrifice of dynasties and political parties.

Abroad, in all seas and colonies, our naval position is still more radically weak.

Along the whole shores of the American continent, on its Atlantic face, from Buenos Ayres to Quebec, despite of the countless millions we have involved in trade, ships, and colonies, the navy of

England—that is, her real fighting power against rifled cannon—is to be found in one armoured corvette, the *Favourite*,* throwing less weight of broadside than one gun of a monitor could hurl at her in a single projectile. Throughout the whole extent of these regions and seas, the navy of the United States dominates in a formidable army of turret-ships and ironclads, carrying heavier guns and heavier plating than anything we can boast of throughout our entire navy. Even the wretched Brazilians are better off than ourselves, and can boast of British-built turret-ships and ironclads.

In the Pacific Ocean, the Americans, the Spaniards, the Peruvians, and the Chilians, have had for some time their flags represented in ironclad war-ships of different descriptions. They all know more than we do of the capabilities and the requirements, the defects and merits, of monitors, turrets, and broadside-armoured vessels, in their voyage out to such remote quarters of the globe, as well as of their seaworthy qualities in the tempestuous

seas of the Cape Horn and Vancouver Land.

Once in the Pacific Ocean, it must be remembered that, with a smooth-water voyage, a hostile ironclad can always come down upon our China trade, and Australian or Indian colonies, far more easily and effectively than by way of the Cape of Good Hope. By the latter route, the enemy has no neutral port between the Brazils and Hindostan, and faces us after a long and trying voyage. By way of the Pacific, an enemy has the Spanish, Dutch, and French colonies as pleasant places of repair and rest, or neutral ports into which to carry his prizes, close up to our very doors. We are at last despatching the *Zealous* as flagship to that Pacific station. She is a very partially-armoured vessel constructed of wood, throwing but a moderate broadside, and generally known amongst her crew, so far as fighting qualities are concerned, as an excellent “ready-made bonfire.” The comparison between her and the magnificent monitor long since in the Pacific is as follows:

MONADNOCK.

(*American.*)

Tonnage, unknown; horse-power, 216.
Armament, 4 guns, 15-inch calibre, throwing iron shot of 480 lb., and steel ones of 500 lb. weight.
Weight of broadside, 1920 lb.

Entirely armoured; sides of 5-inch iron, and 35 inches of backing; turrets of 10½ inches of iron.

Turning to eastern seas, including Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and especially Hindostan and China, the position of the navy is still more disgraceful. Not

ZEALOUS.

(*British.*)

Tonnage, 3716; horse-power, 800.
Armament, 7-inch 115-pounders, 16 in number; on upper deck, 110-pounders, 4 in number.
Total broadside—10 guns, throwing weight of 1140 lb.

With only an iron belt round the waterline and over the fighting-box of 4½ inch iron.

a single ironclad or turret-ship has ever reached those waters, in spite of the millions lavished since 1860 on the reconstruction of our navy.

* The *Favourite* carries 4½-inch plate, has her small battery confined to what is known as “a butcher’s shop” amidship—a box of guns, introduced to supersede the turntable principle, but since universally condemned as defective in every sense. She only steams ten knots, and throws a broadside of merely 356 lb., and rolled so excessively on her passage to Halifax that she could not even exercise her trumpery guns. She found a Yankee turret-ship to greet her, called the *Miantonomah*, carrying four 450-pounders, or a broadside of 1800 lb., armoured with plates varying from 5 inches to 11 inches in thickness, and with no unprotected or uncovered points. She too has crossed the Atlantic.

What does the term mean, if the same ships, guns, and speed, are maintained there to-day as we had ten years ago ?

There we dangle before the world prizes which must excite universal envy and cupidity, and the loss of which would hurl England in one frightful plunge into national insolvency.

We do not know whether the Warrior, the Bellerophon, or the Favourite can be trusted to go round the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean. We have not even got a representative of the monitor or turret-ship fit to test the question either in one way or the other. It may be that we must send them there *via* the American Cape, so as to pass through the narrow but smooth channels of water which extend from the Strait of Magellan to the island of Chiloe, but we are not sure, as we have not tried.

France long since sent the Normandie, one of their ironclad wooden structures, to Mexico and back. America has traversed the North and South Atlantic, both the Pacific Oceans, as well as Indian seas, with either a monitor, ironside, or partially armoured vessel. What have we done? Sent ironclads to and from the Mediterranean! Why, we did that in 1855, eleven years ago! with the French and English scuttle-butts, called floating batteries. Is it ignorance or self-sufficiency that has rendered us so blind to the necessity of our navy being the first to acquire practical information upon the capabilities for oceanic navigation of our ironclads? Even if we could not spare the Warrior or Black Prince to reinforce the China or Pacific fleets, instead of allowing the former to be idle in Portsmouth as a dismantled hulk, even if the old cry of want of dock accommodation abroad could be pleaded as a reason why such vessels were not permanently attached to foreign fleets, surely common

sense might have dictated the necessity of departing once in a way from our naval traditions, and allowing such vessels to have gone on the American system of a running cruise round the world.

By merely knowing what they will do or what are their requirements in European waters, we shall not discover how our cruisers will behave in the tempestuous seas of the Capes of Good Hope and the Horn. The "*habitability*" of armoured ships in the tropics, too, is a most important point—the iron ships carrying armour will require some excellent system of ventilation to avert excessive heat; and it may be found that oaken frames, copper bolts, armour plates, copper sheathing, tannic acid, and seawater, will form of ships like the Caledonia or Lord Clyde such a pesthouse of foul bilges and galvanic action as to render them simply uninhabitable.

The French experiences in the Normandie in her cruise to the West Indies point in that direction; and the manner in which our wooden armoured ships, during their recent autumn cruise, were loosening their armour plates from excessive rolling and working is a cause for grave consideration, and makes us hold to our original opinion, that the old wooden fleet ought only to have been reconstructed for home or coast defence ships.

No English admiral should command a fleet in the entrance of our Channel or Mediterranean which was not competent to follow an enemy to the East or West Indies. Nelson's chase of Villeneuve may have again to be repeated, though perhaps not of a French fleet; and over the portal of the British Admiralty should be engraved those words, which form the refrain of the admirable report of the "Enquête Parlementaire" on the French navy in 1851, with Prince Louis Napoleon as its President—"England is vulnerable in every quarter of the globe."

If Great Britain could act on the defensive and still be Great Britain—if batteries and Woolwich guns along the shores of Hindostan, or the coasts of Australia, could any more insure the safe ebb and flow of our life-blood as represented in a commerce which dots every mile of broad ocean—if the stupendous batteries on Portsdown Hill could for one hour insure that our China and Australian galleons should sail untouched up the English Channel,—there would be little need to strive to awaken our countrymen to the position we now stand in. We might then wait for war before arming, and smite the robber and assailant when we had prepared ourselves within our strongholds. But who can say that such is possible with an empire based, as ours is, on freedom of the seas and safe transit for our commerce?

It is even, after the experience of Russia and Austria, very doubtful whether the defensive is possible or safe for even great military states; how much less practicable then, with us? The very bread to fill the mouths of our millions depends on the mastery of the seas. Holland and Spain of old time were like ourselves in many respects, but never were so dependent on their navy for existence. They, too, were puffed up with vanity and ruled by traditions—they had had their Trafalgar and Waterloo; and their fall, sudden and great as it was, would be a mere nursery tale to what England's would be into the ranks of a second-rate or third-rate power, with the questionable privilege of digging coal or making calico for all the world.

With the present-day history of the American, the Danish, and the German war before our eyes, who can deny that pugnacity and warlike tastes, are just as strong in the masses of mankind as at any time in the history of the world? The good, the peaceful, and the virtu-

ous, who never covet their neighbour's goods, are in about the same proportion they ever were, only they are a little more tolerated; and although England has no reason to pick a quarrel with any one, she must stand ready, sword in hand, to guard her integrity and assume the *offensive* quickly and decisively. That sword is borne by her navy, but it is ill-prepared to-day to perform her behest.

Such inefficiency arises not from want of national interest or England's love for her navy—not from deficiency of expenditure on its *matériel*, but from a lame and halting system of mismanagement, which, from a recent article in the 'Engineer,' containing much official flavour, we fear the Constructor's Department intend to persist in, despite of Sir John Pakington and Sir Alexander Milne.

We have brought one of the most prominent features of this system already before our readers in the melancholy departure from English known forms of ships' bodies to the French theoretical ones, and the consequence to the navy so far as the Pallas, the Bellerophon, Lord Clyde, and other new ships are concerned. The next most serious error is the persistence in trying to convert the old wooden line-of-battle ships into ironclad frigates fit for oceanic cruisers. The money already wasted in that direction would have given us a splendid squadron of turret-ships fit for coast defence, or a collection of improved frigates of the Achilles mould, fit, we believe, to go round the world and fight anything that would be found floating there as an enemy.

It has been said very speciously that, "for all intents and purposes, the bottoms of our old vessels are just as suitable for the ends of modern naval warfare as are the bottoms of the Pallas, Bellerophon, or any modern craft in our navy." We demur to this entirely; and believe if the officers of the squadron were brought into court they would

give a flat contradiction to any such shipbuilding theory. The Achilles, whose name is generally excluded in comparative statements, was steady as a church, and her ports open, when the wooden-bottom beasts were rolling heavily. Had the Black Prince and Warrior accompanied the fleet, instead of being stowed away in harbour, we believe we should have seen still more the advantage of their form for carrying armour and fighting guns in a seaway. The wooden bottoms of the old ships were made for an especial purpose, and answered very well; it does not follow that they are fit for everything else. We find, on a fine day during the recent cruise, that the Achilles (iron hull) rolls 2°, the Bellerophon 5°, the Pallas 9°; but on looking at the register of wooden-bottomed ships we find the Ocean rolling 10°, Lord Clyde 12°, Hector 12°, and the Caledonia 15°. Nice steady platforms for 12-ton guns in a rolling sea! Further on in the same cruise, in moderate breezy weather, we hear of the Caledonia and Lord Clyde rolling more than 30°,—the latter having her upper-deck gratings and hatchway covers placed at night, and being seen to lip the sea over the upper-deck bulwarks like an over-laden jolly-boat. Any tyro looking at the difference of disposition of weights, and the difference of construction in the upper works of the old three-decker and the modern armoured frigates, can see that the form of bottom to carry the one with stability in a seaway need not necessarily be fit for the other. Reconstruct, if you will, the old ships—we believe very few are honestly worth conversion to anything but firewood—but do not hamper the Navy List with them as converted frigates fit for the foreign requirement of this country. The majority of them are wanted for hulks, for school-ships, store-ships, and, above all, floating hospitals for military or naval purposes. Those still available—there may be six at

most—might be made into coast-guard armoured batteries or turret-ships, built with less waste of the public funds than we see in the Royal Sovereign or Prince Albert. Even those now being converted in our arsenals, such as Bulwark, Repulse, and Robust, should be stopped forthwith as needless waste of time and money.

Urging the immediate attention of the present heads of the Admiralty to this important point, we pass on to the specification of our most glaring error—one which the present occupants of the ministerial benches when out of office seemed fully alive to, and doubtless will deal with energetically directly the re-assembling of Parliament enables them to ask for funds to carry out measures they long since, with us, proclaimed as necessary.

Our present deficiency in monitors or turret-ships is the next grave weakness in our naval and coast defences. In spite of the enormous fleet of those vessels possessed by America and Russia, all of which carry guns varying from 800-pounders up to 450-pounders, we can only boast of four such craft. We are aware that ships like the Bellerophon are said to be able to fight such guns. They may, in Portsmouth Harbour, near the Excellent, but they never will in a seaway rolling freely. The Bellerophon had only one such gun, a 800-pounder, in her recent cruise; and although ordered once to fire fifteen rounds, could only fire *two* rounds. In the mean time a wretched specimen of a sea-going turret-ship, the Wyvern, had no other than the same 12-ton gun, and fired easily and safely thirty or forty rounds during the cruise.

It has been patent to the navy generally, that broadside ships were to be made to succeed; turret-ships to be made to fail, or, if they succeeded, to be immediately "shunted" out of sight—Royal Sovereign, to wit; and that armoured vessels

are allowed to lie idle in our dock-yards, whilst wooden structures, as much use against rifled cannon as so many buck-baskets, are sent abroad as cruisers and flag-ships.

Our position has been summed up in a few words very recently by a clever French Admiral in an able article in the '*Revue de Deux Mondes*:'—

"England," he says, "forced in spite of herself into a path which she did not discover, and which she dislikes—as it threatens to annihilate that colossal wooden navy, still her pride—follows reluctantly in the wake of our inventions. The genius of naval shipbuilding for war purposes and also of artillery she seems to be deficient in. She squanders hundreds of millions sterling, and yet produces nothing that is peculiarly her own or that satisfies her especial requirements."

It is the very truth of this statement that makes it cut the deeper; and if a foreigner, who knows us well, can so cruelly depict our naval condition, is it not time for British naval officers to cast aside all thoughts of the palatability of their opinions, forfeit, maybe, some of the loaves and fishes, and show their countrymen that the navy of England possesses within itself all the elements necessary, if properly applied, to fulfil every requirement of this great country?

We will pass at once to the consideration of our most serious default—that of confining ourselves almost entirely in the reconstructed fleet to the time-honoured system of a broadside war-ship, and ignoring, as far as it was possible, the new central-battery principle, first discovered by Captain Cowper Coles, and largely applied in America during the war in what are known as Ericsson's monitors. To-day we have only the Royal Sovereign and Prince Albert afloat as coast-defence vessels, and the Wyvern and Scorpion, which were constructed by the Messrs. Laird

for the late Confederate navy, but bought into our service simply to relieve Earl Russell from a dilemma. The Wyvern and Scorpion were intended to be run across the Atlantic as lightly laden as possible into Wilmington or Charleston, there to be armed and equipped, and used as coasters to destroy or drive off the Federal blockading navy. Since they came into our service, more than their full weights have been introduced into them—they have been treated as ocean cruisers, representing Capt. Cowper Coles's principle in its integrity, which they most decidedly do not, and every effort has been made to damage the central-battery principle by pointing to the want of comfort of these two vessels when on a cruise in our stormy Channel. Only one of the four above-named vessels is now in commission; her armament is of six years ago as well as her equipment. She has the same 12-ton smooth-bore guns in her turrets as the Royal Sovereign went to sea with long since. Rifled cannon can be found for the broadside-ships that cannot fight them, but not for the central battery, which has handled them as easily as it could a 20-ton gun if necessary.

The report of the Iron-plate Committee, and the result of every experiment at Shoeburyness by the Ordnance Select Committee, point to the importance of having in a war-ship as little armour as possible placed vertically on a ship's side, and to make the target she offers to an enemy's rifled cannon as inclined or curved as possible. The broadside-ship is full of weaknesses in a defensive and offensive point of view—the monitor or turret-ship proportionately strong.

In six years just elapsed, let us see how this teaching has been applied to the British navy. We find that during that period we have launched twenty-three iron and wooden armoured ships on the broadside principle, representing a

gross capacity of *one hundred thousand tons*, and mounting 499 guns: this exclusive of several floating batteries on the same defective principle, as well as of numerous ships now under construction in our various dockyards.*

Against this formidable array of figures, we have, so far as turrets are concerned, four coast-defence ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 10,084 tons, and 17 guns. It is true the keel of the *Monarch* is laid at Chatham, but it has taken the best part of this year to progress that far; and the contract with Messrs. Laird for constructing the *Captain*, which will alone represent the inventor's idea of a sea-going turret-ship, is about to be signed. Now, let it be clearly understood that we started in 1860, knowing just about as much of the value of one principle as against rifled cannon, as of the other. Can it be said that England has done equal justice to both, or that the inventor is not justified in being discontented, suspicious, and disgusted with what has been called strict impartiality?

Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, when Secretary of the Admiralty, deliberately pledged the department years ago to give the principle a fair trial. We say it has not been done, and claim that the promise should be redeemed, because, although *we* have not tested the principle fairly, it has been done in America, and the result has proved the soundness of the central-battery war-ship, both as a fighting machine and sea-boat. Their vessels are only crude in principle as compared with the

original inventor's designs, and the test has been therefore all the more severe. The American turret-ships and monitors have had plenty of jealousy and prejudice to contend with on that side of the Atlantic. On them fell, as we will show in our next number, the real brunt of the fight at Mobile, Charleston, and Wilmington; but because they had no butcher's bill to exhibit, and few scars or wounds to brag about, scant honour was done to their gallant services; and positively in this country a cooked-up account of those fights is circulating, and men, ignoring the part played by the monitors, fancy that Farragut and Porter engaged in hand-to-hand fights with *Forts Morgan* and *Fisher* in *unarmoured* wooden ships!

Space will not admit of our placing that belief at once into the lumber-hole of popular fallacies, but we will do so before the Parliament meets; and we conclude for the present by repeating that we attach more value than officials in England have done to the American experiments and results. We consider the new French navy a failure on the whole—their own officers admit as much. It may be fast, it may serve for the smooth waters of the Mediterranean, and, when the time comes, it may serve the Gallic purpose of turning that pleasant sea into a French lake; but in the broad Atlantic, woe betide the tri-color if it stakes empire on such vessels, against those *Captain Cowper Coles* has been so many years urging us to adopt!

We give our adherence to the

* To prevent our figures being challenged, we give the names of the ships on which they are based: *Achilles*, *Agincourt*, *Bellerophon*, *Black Prince*, *Caledonia*, *Defence*, *Enterprise*, *Favourite*, *Hector*, *Lord Clyde*, *Lord Warden*, *Ocean*, *Pallas*, *Prince Consort*, *Research*, *Resistance*, *Royal Alfred*, *Royal Oak*, *Valiant*, *Warrior*, and *Zealous*. These are all broadside-ships afloat. We have under construction the *Bulwark*, *Robust*, *Repulse*, *Hercules*, and *Penelope*, besides several armoured gunboats of the *Waterwitch* class. On the Navy List we find the floating batteries *Thunderbolt*, *Thunder*, *Terror*, and *Erebus*, of 16 guns each; and it is only fair to take them into the calculation in dealing with the sums already lavished on our armoured broadside-ships of the royal navy.

American and Russian naval constructors, who, although perhaps doing some violence to what are called theoretical principles, have at any rate furnished their respective countries with fleets far more formidable, in a fighting sense, than

those we or the French possess to-day.

We prefer, in short, American practice to French theory, and desire to see our fleet possessing sea-going turret-ships, as well as sea-going broadside ones.

(To be continued.)

NINA BALATKA : THE STORY OF A MAIDEN OF PRAGUE.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Souchey left the room with the note, Nina went to the door and listened. She heard him turn the lock below, and heard his step out in the courtyard, and listened till she knew that he was crossing the square. Then she ran quickly up to her own room, put on her hat and her old worn cloak—the cloak which aunt Sophie had given her—and returned once more into the parlour. She looked round the room with anxious eyes, and seeing her desk, she took the key from her pocket and put it into the lock. Then there came a thought into her mind as to the papers; but she resolved that the thought need not arrest her, and she left the key in the lock with the papers untouched. Then she went to the door of her father's room, and stood there for a moment with her hand upon the latch. She tried it ever so gently, but she found that the door was bolted. The bolt, she knew, was on her side, and she could withdraw it; but she did not do so, seeming to take the impediment as though it were a sufficient bar against her entrance. Then she ran down the stairs rapidly, opened the front door, and found herself out in the night air.

It was a cold windy night—not so late, indeed, as to have made her feel that it was night, had she not come from the gloom of the dark parlour, and the glimmer of her one small lamp. It was now something beyond the middle of

October, and at present it might be eight o'clock. She knew that there would be moonlight, and she looked up at the sky; but the clouds were all dark, though she could see that they were moving along with the gusts of wind. It was very cold, and she drew her cloak closer about her as she stepped out into the archway.

Up above her, almost close to her in the gloom of the night, there was the long colonnade of the palace, with the lights glimmering in the windows as they always glimmered. She allowed herself for a moment to think who might be there in those rooms—as she had so often thought before. It was possible that Anton might be there. He had been there once before at this time in the evening, as he himself had told her. Wherever he might be, was he thinking of her? But if he thought of her, he was thinking of her as one who had deceived him, who had tried to rob him. Ah! the day would soon come in which he would learn that he had wronged her. When that day should come, would his heart be bitter within him? "He will certainly be unhappy for a time," she said; "but he is hard and will recover, and she will console him. It will be better so. A Christian and a Jew should never love each other."

As she stood the clouds were lifted for a moment from the face of the risen moon, and she could

see by the pale clear light the whole façade of the palace as it ran along the steep hillside above her. She could count the arches, as she had so often counted them by the same light. They seemed to be close over her head, and she stood there thinking of them, till the clouds had again skurried across the moon's face, and she could only see the accustomed glimmer in the windows. As her eye fell upon the well-known black buildings around her, she found that it was very dark. It was well for her that it should be so dark. She never wanted to see the light again.

There was a footstep on the other side of the square, and she paused till it had passed away beyond the reach of her ears. Then she came out from under the archway, and hurried across the square to the street which led to the bridge. It was a dark, gloomy lane, narrow, and composed of high buildings without entrances, the sides of barracks and old palaces. From the windows above her head on the left, she heard the voices of soldiers. A song was being sung and she could hear the words. How cruel it was that other people should have so much of light-hearted joy in the world, but that for her everything should have been so terribly sad! The wind, as it met her, seemed to penetrate to her bones. She was very cold! But it was useless to regard that. There was no place on the face of the earth that would ever be warm for her.

As she passed along the causeway leading to the bridge, a sound with which she was very familiar met her ears. They were singing vespers under the shadow of one of the great statues which are placed one over each arch of the bridge. There was a lay friar standing by a little table, on which there was a white cloth and a lighted lamp and a small crucifix; and above the crucifix, supported against the stonework of the bridge, there was a picture of the Virgin with her

Child, and there was a tawdry wreath of paper flowers, so that by the light of the lamp you could see that a little altar had been prepared. And on the table there was a plate containing kreutzers, into which the faithful who passed and took a part in the evening psalm of praise, might put an offering for the honour of the Virgin, and for the benefit of the poor friar and his brethren in their poor cloisters at home. Nina knew all about it well. Scores of times had she stood on the same spot upon the bridge, and sung the vesper hymn, ere she passed on to the Kleinseite.

And now she paused and sang it once again. Around the table upon the pavement there stood, perhaps, thirty or forty persons, most of them children and the remainder girls, perhaps of Nina's age. And the friar stood close by the table, leaning idly against the bridge, with his eye wandering from the little plate with the kreutzers to the passers-by who might possibly contribute. And ever and anon he with drawling voice would commence some sentence of the hymn, and then the girls and children would take it up, well knowing the accustomed words; and their voices as they sang would sound sweetly across the waters, the loud gurgling of which, as they ran beneath the arch, would be heard during the pauses.

And Nina stopped and sang. When she was a child she had sung there very often, and the friar of those days would put his hand upon her head and bless her, as she brought her small piece of tribute to his plate. Of late, since she had been at variance with the Church by reason of the Jew, she had always passed by rapidly, as though feeling that she had no longer any right to take a part in such a ceremony. But now she had done with the Jew, and surely she might sing the vesper song. So she stopped and sang, remembering not the less as she sang, that that which

she was about to do, if really done, would make all such singing unavailing for her.

But then, perhaps, even yet it might not be done. Lotta's first prediction, that the Jew would desert her, had certainly come true, and Lotta's second prediction, that there would then be nothing left for her but to drown herself, seemed to her to be true also. She had left the house in which her father's dead body was still lying, with this purpose. Doubly deserted as she now was by lover and father, she could live no longer. It might, however, be possible that that saint who was so powerful over the waters might yet do something for her,—might yet interpose on her behalf, knowing, as he did, of course, that all idea of marriage between her, a Christian, and her Jew lover had been abandoned. At any rate she stood and sang the hymn, and when there came the accustomed lull at the end of the verse, she felt in her pocket for a coin, and, taking a piece of ten kreutzers, she stepped quickly up to the plate and put it in. A day or two ago ten kreutzers was an important portion of the little sum which she still had left in hand, but now ten kreutzers could do nothing for her. It was at any rate better that the friar should have it than that her money should go with her down into the blackness of the river. Nevertheless she did not give the friar all. She saw one girl whispering to another as she stepped up to the table, and she heard her own name. "That is Nina Balatka." And then there was an answer which she did not hear, but which she was sure referred to the Jew. The girls looked at her with angry eyes, and she longed to stop and explain to them that she was no longer betrothed to the Jew. Then, perhaps, they would be gentle with her, and she might yet hear a kind word spoken to her before she went. But she did not speak to them. No; she would never speak to man or woman

again. What was the use of speaking now? No sympathy that she could receive would go deep enough to give relief to such wounds as hers.

As she dropped her piece of money into the plate her eyes met those of the friar, and she recognised at once a man whom she had known years ago, at the same spot and engaged in the same work. He was old and haggard, and thin and grey, and very dirty; but there came a smile over his face as he also recognised her. He could not speak to her, for he had to take up a verse in the hymn, and drawl out the words which were to set the crowd singing, and Nina had retired back again before he was silent. But she knew that he had known her, and she almost felt that she had found a friend who would be kind to her. On the morrow, when inquiry would be made—and aunt Sophie would certainly be loud in her inquiries—this friar would be able to give some testimony respecting her.

She passed on altogether across the bridge, in order that she might reach the spot she desired without observation—and perhaps also with some halting idea that she might thus postpone the evil moment. The figure of St. John Nepomucene rested on the other balustrade of the bridge, and she was minded to stand for a while under its shadow. Now, at Prague it is the custom that they who pass over the bridge shall always take the right-hand path as they go; and she, therefore, in coming from the Kleinseite, had taken that opposite to the statue of the saint. She had thought of this, and had told herself that she would cross the roadway in the middle of the bridge; but at that moment the moon was shining brightly; and then, too, the night was long. Why need she be in a hurry?

At the farther end of the bridge she stood a while in the shade of the watch-tower, and looked anxiously around her. When last

she had been over in the Old Town, within a short distance of the spot where she now stood, she had chanced to meet her lover. What if she should see him now? She was sure that she would not speak to him. And yet she looked very anxiously up the dark street, through the glimmer of the dull lamps. First there came one man, and then another, and a third; and she thought, as her eyes fell upon them, that the figure of each was the figure of Anton Trendellohn. But as they emerged from the darker shadow into the light that was near, she saw that it was not so, and she told herself that she was glad. If Anton were to come and find her there, it might be that he would disturb her purpose. But yet she looked again before she left the shadow of the tower. Now there was no one passing in the street. There was no figure there to make her think that her lover was coming either to save her or to disturb her.

Taking the pathway on the other side she turned her face again towards the Kleinseite, and very slowly crept along under the balustrade of the bridge. This bridge over the Moldau is remarkable in many ways, but it is specially remarkable for the largeness of its proportions. It is very long, taking its spring from the shore a long way before the actual margin of the river; it is of a fine breadth; the side-walks to it are high and massive; and the groups of statues with which it is ornamented, though not in themselves of much value as works of art, have a dignity by means of their immense size which they lend to the causeway, making the whole thing noble, grand, and impressive. And below, the Moldau runs with a fine, silent, dark volume of water,—a very sea of waters where the rains have fallen and the little rivers have been full, though in times of drought great patches of ugly dry land are to be seen in its half-empty bed. At the present moment there were no

such patches; and the waters ran by, silent, black, in great volumes, and with unchecked rapid course. It was only by pausing specially to listen to them that the passer-by could hear them as they glided smoothly round the piers of the bridge. Nina did pause and did hear them. They would have been almost less terrible to her, had the sound been rougher and louder.

On she went, very slowly. The moon, she thought, had disappeared altogether before she reached the cross inlaid in the stone on the bridge-side, on which she was accustomed to lay her fingers in order that she might share somewhat of the saint's power over the river. At that moment as she came up to it the night was very dark. She had calculated that by this time the light of the moon would have waned, so that she might climb to the spot which she had marked for herself without observation. She paused, hesitating whether she would put her hand upon the cross. It could not at least do her any harm. It might be that the saint would be angry with her, accusing her of hypocrisy; but what would be the saint's anger for so small a thing amidst the multitude of charges that would be brought against her? For that which she was going to do now there could be no absolution given. And perhaps the saint might perceive that the deed on her part was not altogether hypocritical—that there was something in it of a true prayer. He might see this, and intervene to save her from the waters. So she put the palm of her little hand full upon the cross, and then kissed it heartily, and after that raised it up again till it rested on the foot of the saint. As she stood there she heard the departing voices of the girls and children singing the last verse of the vesper hymn, as they followed the friar off the causeway of the bridge into the Kleinseite.

She was determined that she

would persevere. She had endured that which made it impossible that she should recede, and had sworn to herself a thousand times that she would never endure that which would have to be endured if she remained longer in this cruel world. There would be no roof to cover her now but the roof in the Windberg-gasse, beneath which there was to her a hell upon earth. No; she would face the anger of all the saints rather than eat the bitter bread which her aunt would provide for her. And she would face the anger of all the saints rather than fall short in her revenge upon her lover. She had given herself to him altogether,—for him she had been half-starved, when, but for him, she might have lived as a favoured daughter in her aunt's house,—for him she had made it impossible to herself to regard any other man with a spark of affection,—for his sake she had hated her cousin Ziska—her cousin who was handsome, and young, and rich, and had loved her,—feeling that the very idea that she could accept love from any one but Anton had been an insult to her. She had trusted Anton as though his word had been gospel to her. She had obeyed him in everything, allowing him to scold her as though she were already subject to his rule; and, to speak the truth, she had enjoyed such treatment, obtaining from it a certain assurance that she was already his own. She had loved him entirely, had trusted him altogether, had been prepared to bear all that the world could fling upon her for his sake, wanting nothing in return but that he should know that she was true to him.

This he had not known, nor had he been able to understand such truth. It had not been possible to him to know it. The inborn suspicion of his nature had broken out in opposition to his love, forcing her to acknowledge to herself that she had been wrong in loving a Jew. He had been unable not

to suspect her of some vile scheme by which she might possibly cheat him of his property, if at the last moment she should not become his wife. She told herself that she understood it all now—that she could see into his mind, dark and gloomy as were its recesses. She had wasted all her heart upon a man who had never even believed in her; and would she not be revenged upon him? Yes, she would be revenged, and she would cure the malady of her own love by the only possible remedy within her reach.

The statue of St. John Nepomucene is a single figure, standing in melancholy weeping posture on the balustrade of the bridge, without any of that ponderous strength of widespread stone which belongs to the other groups. This St. John is always pictured to us as a thin, melancholy, half-starved saint, who has had all the life washed out of him by his long immersion. There are saints to whom a trusting religious heart can turn, relying on their apparent physical capabilities. St. Mark, for instance, is always a tower of strength, and St. Christopher is very stout, and St. Peter carries with him an ancient manliness which makes one marvel at his cowardice when he denied his Master. St. Lawrence, too, with his gridiron, and St. Bartholomew with his flaying knife and his own skin hanging over his own arm, look as though they liked their martyrdom, and were proud of it, and could be useful on an occasion. But this St. John of the Bridges has no pride in his appearance, and no strength in his look. He is a mild, meek saint, teaching one rather by his attitude how to bear with the malice of the waters, than offering any protection against their violence. But now, at this moment, his aid was the only aid to which Nina could look with any hope. She had heard of his rescuing many persons from death amidst the current of the Moldau. Indeed she thought that

she could remember having been told that the river had no power to drown those who could turn their minds to him when they were struggling in the water. Whether this applied only to those who were in sight of his statue on the bridge of Prague, or whether it was good in all rivers of the world, she did not know. Then she tried to think whether she had ever heard of any case in which the saint had saved one who had—who had done the thing which she was now about to do. She was almost sure that she had never heard of such a case as that. But, then, was there not something special in her own case? Was not her suffering so great, her condition so piteous, that the saint would be driven to compassion in spite of the greatness of her sin? Would he not know that she was punishing the Jew by the only punishment with which she could reach him? She looked up into the saint's wan face, and fancied that no eyes were ever so piteous, no brow ever so laden with the deep suffering of compassion. But would this punishment reach the heart of Anton Trendelsohn? Would he care for it? When he should hear that she had—destroyed her own life because she could not endure the cruelty of his suspicion, would the tidings make him unhappy? When last they had been together he had told her, with all that energy which he knew so well how to put into his words, that her love was necessary to his happiness. "I will never release you from your promises," he had said, when she offered to give him back his troth because of the ill-will of his people. And she still believed him. Yes, he did love her. There was something of consolation to her in the assurance that the strings of his heart would be wrung when he should hear of this. If his bosom were capable of agony, he would be agonised.

It was very dark at this moment, and now was the time for her to

climb upon the stone-work and hide herself behind the drapery of the saint's statue. More than once, as she had crossed the bridge, she had observed the spot, and had told herself that if such a deed were to be done, that would be the place for doing it. She had always been conscious, since the idea had entered her mind, that she would lack the power to step boldly up on to the parapet and go over at once, as the bathers do when they tumble head-long into the stream that has no dangers for them. She had known that she must crouch, and pause, and think of it, and look at it, and nerve herself with the memory of her wrongs. Then, at some moment in which her heart was wrung to the utmost, she would gradually slacken her hold, and the dark, black, silent river should take her. She climbed up into the niche, and found that the river was very far from her, though death was so near to her, and the fall would be so easy. When she became aware that there was nothing between her and the great void space below her, nothing to guard her, nothing left to her in all the world to protect her, she retreated, and descended again to the pavement. And never in her life had she moved with more care, lest, inadvertently, a foot or a hand might slip, and she might tumble to her doom against her will.

When she was again on the pathway she remembered her note to Anton—that note which was already in his hands. What would he think of her if she were only to threaten the deed, and then not perform it? And would she allow him to go unpunished? Should he triumph, as he would do if she were now to return to the house which she had told him she had left? She clasped her hands together tightly, and pressed them first to her bosom and then to her brow, and then again she returned to the niche from which the fall into the river must be made. Yes, it was very easy. The plunge might be taken at any

moment. Eternity was before her, and of life there remained to her but the few moments in which she might cling there and think of what was coming. Surely she need not begrudge herself a minute or two more of life.

She was very cold, so cold that she pressed herself against the stone in order that she might save herself from the wind that whistled round her. But the water would be colder still than the wind, and when once there she could never again be warm. The chill of the night, and the blackness of the gulf before her, and the smooth rapid gurgle of the dark moving mass of waters beneath, were together more horrid to her imagination than even death itself. Thrice she released herself from her backward pressure against the stone, in order that she might fall forward and have done with it, but as often she found herself returning involuntarily to the protection which still remained to her. It seemed as though she could not fall. Though she would have thought that another must have gone directly to destruction if placed where she was crouching—though she would have trembled with agony to see any one perched in such danger—she appeared to be firm fixed. She must jump forth boldly, or the river would not take her. Ah! what if it were so—that the saint who stood over her, and whose cross she had so lately kissed, would not let her perish from beneath his feet? In these moments her mind wandered in a maze of religious doubts and fears, and she entertained, unconsciously, enough of doctrinal scepticism to found a school of freethinkers. Could it be that God would punish her with everlasting torments because in her agony she was driven to this as her only mode of relief? Would there be no measuring of her sins against her sorrows, and no account taken of the simplicity of her life? She looked up towards heaven, not praying in words, but with a prayer

in her heart. For her there could be no absolution, no final blessing. The act of her going would be an act of terrible sin. But God would know all, and would surely take some measure of her case. He could save her if He would, despite every priest in Prague. More than one passenger had walked by while she was crouching in her niche beneath the statue—had passed by and had not seen her. Indeed, the night at present was so dark that one standing still and looking for her would hardly be able to define her figure. And yet, dark as it was, she could see something of the movement of the waters beneath her, some shimmer produced by the gliding movement of the stream. Ah! she would go now and have done with it. Every moment that she remained was but an added agony.

Then, at that moment, she heard a voice on the bridge near her, and she crouched close again, in order that the passenger might pass by without noticing her. She did not wish that any one should hear the splash of her plunge, or be called on to make ineffectual efforts to save her. So she would wait again. The voice drew nearer to her, and suddenly she became aware that it was Souchey's voice. It was Souchey, and he was not alone. It must be Anton who had come out with him to seek her, and to save her. But no. He should have no such relief as that from his coming sorrow. So she clung fast, waiting till they should pass, but still leaning a little towards the causeway, so that, if it were possible, she might see the figures as they passed. She heard the voice of Souchey quite plain, and then she perceived that Souchey's companion was a woman. Something of the gentleness of a woman's voice reached her ear, but she could distinguish no word that was spoken. The steps were now very close to her, and with terrible anxiety she peeped out to see who might be Souchey's companion.

She saw the figure, and she knew at once by the hat that it was Rebecca Loth. They were walking fast, and were close to her now. They would be gone in an instant.

On a sudden, at the very moment that Souhey and Rebecca were in the act of passing beneath the feet of the saint, the clouds swept by from off the disc of the waning moon, and the three faces were looking at each other in the clear pale light of the night. Souhey started back and screamed. Rebecca leaped forward and put the grasp of her hand tight upon the skirt of Nina's dress, first one hand and then the other, and, pressing forward with her body against the parapet, she got a hold also of Nina's foot. She perceived instantly what was the girl's purpose, but, by God's blessing on her efforts, there should be no cold form found in the river that night; or, if one, then there should be two. Nina kept her hold against the figure, appalled, dumbfounded, awe-stricken, but still with some inner consciousness of salvation that comforted her. Whether her life was due to the saint or to the Jewess she knew not, but she acknowledged to herself silently that death was beyond her reach, and she was grateful.

"Nina," said Rebecca. Nina still crouched against the stone, with her eyes fixed on the other girl's face; but she was unable to speak. The clouds had again obscured the moon, and the air was again black, but the two now could see each other in the darkness, or feel that they did so. "Nina, Nina—why are you here?"

"I do not know," said Nina, shivering.

"For the love of God take care of her," said Souhey, "or she will be over into the river."

"She cannot fall now," said Rebecca. "Nina, will you not come down to me? You are very cold. Come down, and I will warm you."

"I am very cold," said Nina. Then gradually she slid down into

Rebecca's arms, and was placed sitting on a little step immediately below the figure of St. John. Rebecca knelt by her side, and Nina's head fell upon the shoulder of the Jewess. Then she burst into the violence of hysterics, but after a moment or two a flood of tears relieved her.

"Why have you come to me?" she said. "Why have you not left me alone?"

"Dear Nina, your sorrows have been too heavy for you to bear."

"Yes; they have been very heavy."

"We will comfort you, and they shall be softened."

"I do not want comfort. I only want to—to—to go."

While Rebecca was chafing Nina's hands and feet, and tying a handkerchief from off her own shoulders round Nina's neck, Souhey stood over them, not knowing what to propose. "Perhaps we had better carry her back to the old house," he said.

"I will not be carried back," said Nina.

"No, dear; the house is desolate and cold. You shall not go there. You shall come to our house, and we will do for you the best we can there, and you shall be comfortable. There is no one there but mother, and she is kind and gracious. She will understand that your father has died, and that you are alone."

Nina, as she heard this, pressed her head and shoulders close against Rebecca's body. As it was not to be allowed to her to escape from all her troubles, as she had thought to do, she would prefer the neighbourhood of the Jews to that of any Christians. There was no Christian now who would say a kind word to her. Rebecca spoke to her very kindly, and was soft and gentle with her. She could not go where she would be alone. Even if left to do so, all physical power would fail her. She knew that she was weak as a child is weak, and that she must submit to

be governed. She thought it would be better to be governed by Rebecca Loth at the present moment than by any one else whom she knew. Rebecca had spoken of her mother, and Nina was conscious of a faint wish that there had been no such person in her friend's house; but this was a minor trouble, and one which she could afford to disregard amidst all her sorrows. How much more terrible would have been her fate had she been carried away to aunt Sophie's house! "Does he know?" she said, whispering the question into Rebecca's ear.

"Yes, he knows. It was he who sent me." Why did he not come himself? That question flashed across Nina's mind,—and it was present also to Rebecca. She knew that it was the question which Nina, within her heart, would silently ask. "I was there when the note came," said Rebecca, "and he thought that a woman could do more than a man. I am so glad he sent me—so very glad. Shall we go, dear?"

Then Nina rose from her seat, and stood up, and began to move slowly. Her limbs were stiff with cold, and at first she could hardly walk: but she did not feel that she would be unable to make the journey. Souchev came to her side, but she rejected his arm petulantly. "Do not let him come," she said to Rebecca. "I will do whatever you tell me; I will indeed." Then the Jewess said a word or two to the old man, and he retreated from Nina's side, but stood looking at her till she was out of sight. Then he returned home to the cold desolate house in the Kleinsseite, where his only companion was the lifeless body of his old master. But Souchev, as he left his young mistress, made no complaint of her treatment of him. He knew that he had betrayed her, and brought her close upon the step of death's door. He could understand it all now. Indeed he

had understood it all since the first word that Anton Trendellsohn had spoken after reading Nina's note.

"She will destroy herself," Anton had said.

"What!—Nina, my mistress!" said Souchev. Then, while Anton had called Rebecca to him, Souchev had seen it all. "Master," he said, when the Jew returned to him, "it was Lotta Luxa who put the paper in the desk. Nina knew nothing of its being there." Then the Jew's heart sank coldly within him, and his conscience became hot within his bosom. He lost nothing of his presence of mind, but simply hurried Rebecca upon her errand. "I shall see you again to-night," he said to the girl.

"You must come then to our house," said Rebecca. "It may be that I shall not be able to leave it."

Rebecca, as she led Nina back across the bridge, at first said nothing further. She pressed the other girl's arm within her own, and there was much of tenderness and regard in the pressure. She was silent, thinking, perhaps, that any speech might be painful to her companion. But Nina could not restrain herself from a question. "What will they say of me?"

"No one, dear, shall say anything."

"But he knows."

"I know not what he knows, but his knowledge, whatever it be, is only food for his love. You may be sure of his love, Nina—quite sure, quite sure. You may take my word for that. If that has been your doubt, you have doubted wrongly."

Not all the healing medicines of Mercury, not wine from the flasks of the gods, could have given Nina life and strength as did those words from her rival's lips. All her memory of his offences against her had again gone in her thought of her own sin. Would he forgive her and still love her? Yes; she was a weak woman—very weak; but she had that one strength

which is sufficient to atone for all feminine weakness,—she could really love; or rather, having loved, she could not cease to love. Anger had no effect on her love, or was as water thrown on blazing coal, which makes it burn more fiercely. Ill usage could not crush her love. Reason, either from herself or others, was unavailing against it. Religion had no power over it. Her love had become her religion to Nina. It took the place of all things both in heaven and earth. Mild as she was by nature, it made her a tigress to those who opposed it. It was all the world to her. She had tried to die, because her love had been wounded; and now she was ready to live again because she was told that her lover—the lover who had used her so cruelly—still loved her. She pressed Rebecca's arm close into her side. "I shall be better soon," she said. Rebecca did not doubt that Nina would soon be better, but of her own improvement she was by no means so certain.

They walked on through the narrow crooked streets into the Jew's quarter, and soon stood at the door of Rebecca's house. The latch was loose, and they entered, and they found a lamp ready for them on the stairs. "Had you not better come to my bed for to-night?" said Rebecca.

"Only that I should be in your way, I should be so glad."

"You shall not be in my way. Come, then. But first you must eat and drink." Though Nina declared that she could not eat a

morsel, and wanted no drink but water, Rebecca tended upon her, bringing the food and wine that were in truth so much needed. "And now, dear, I will help you to bed. You are yet cold, and there you will be warm."

"But when shall I see him?"

"Nay, how can I tell? But, Nina, I will not keep him from you. He shall come to you here when he chooses—if you choose it also."

"I do choose it—I do choose it," said Nina, sobbing in her weakness—conscious of her weakness.

While Rebecca was yet assisting Nina—the Jewess kneeling as the Christian sat on the bedside—there came a low rap at the door, and Rebecca was summoned away. "I shall be but a moment," she said, and she ran down to the front door.

"Is she here?" said Anton, hoarsely.

"Yes, she is here."

"The Lord be thanked. And can I not see her?"

"You cannot see her now, Anton. She is very weary, and all but in bed."

"To-morrow I may come?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"And, tell me, how did you find her? Where did you find her?"

"To-morrow, Anton, you shall be told,—whatever there is to tell. For to-night, is it not enough for you to know that she is with me? She will share my bed, and I will be as a sister to her."

Then Anton spoke a word of warm blessing to his friend, and went his way home.

CHAPTER XVI.

Early in the following year, while the ground was yet bound with frost, and the great plains of Bohemia were still covered with snow, a Jew and his wife took their leave of Prague, and started for one of the great cities of the west. They carried with them but little of the

outward signs of wealth, and but few of those appurtenances of comfort which generally fall to the lot of brides among the rich; the man, however, was well to do in the world, and was one who was not likely to bring his wife to want. It need hardly be said that Anton

Trendellsohn was the man, and that Nina Balatka was his wife.

On the eve of their departure, Nina and her friend the Jewess had said farewell to each other. "You will write to me from Frankfort!" said Rebecca.

"Indeed I will," said Nina; "and you, you will write to me often, very often?"

"As often as you will wish it."

"I shall wish it always" said Nina; "and you can write; you are clever. You know how to make your words say what there is in your heart."

"But you have been able to make your face more eloquent than any words."

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca! Why was it that he did not love such a one as you rather than me? You are more beautiful."

"But he at least has not thought so."

"And you are so clever, and so good; and you could have given him help which I never can give him."

"He does not want help. He wants to have by his side a sweet soft nature that can refresh him by its contrast to his own. He has done right to love you, and to make you his wife; only, I could wish that you were as we are in religion. To this Nina made no answer. She could not promise that she would change her religion, but she thought that she would endeavour to do so. She would do so if the saints would let her. "I am glad you are going away, Nina," continued Rebecca. "It will be better for him and better for you."

"Yes, it will be better."

"And it will be better for me also." Then Nina threw herself on Rebecca's neck and wept. She could say nothing in words in answer to that last assertion. If Rebecca really loved the man who was now the husband of another, of course it would be better that they should be apart. But Nina, who knew herself to be weak, could

not understand that Rebecca, who was so strong, should have loved as she had loved.

"If you have daughters," said Rebecca, "and if he will let you name one of them after me, I shall be glad." Nina swore that if God gave her such a treasure as a daughter, that child should be named after the friend who had been so good to her.

There were also a few words of parting between Anton Trendellsohn and the girl who had been brought up to believe that she was to be his wife;—but though there was friendship in them, there was not much of tenderness. "I hope you will prosper where you are going," said Rebecca, as she gave the man her hand.

"I do not fear but that I shall prosper, Rebecca."

"No; you will become rich, and perhaps great—as great, that is, as we Jews can make ourselves."

"I hope you will live to hear that the Jews are not crushed elsewhere as they are here in Prague."

"But, Anton, you will not cease to love the old city where your fathers and friends have lived so long?"

"I will never cease to love those, at least, whom I leave behind me. Farewell, Rebecca;" and he attempted to draw her to him as though he would kiss her. But she withdrew from him, very quietly, with no mark of anger, with no ostentation of refusal. "Farewell," she said. "Perhaps we shall see each other after many years."

Trendellsohn, as he sat beside his young wife in the post-carriage which took them out of the city, was silent till he had come nearly to the outskirts of the town; and then he spoke. "Nina," he said, "I am leaving behind me, and for ever, much that I love well."

"And it is for my sake," she said. "I feel it daily, hourly. It makes me almost wish that you had not loved me."

"But I take with me that which

I love infinitely better than all that Prague contains. "I will not, therefore, allow myself a regret. Though I should never see the old city again, I will always look upon my going as a good thing done." Nina could only answer him by caressing his hand, and by making internal oaths that her very best should be done in every moment of her life to make him contented with the lot he had chosen.

There remains very little of the tale to be told—nothing, indeed, of Nina's tale—and very little to be explained. Nina slept in peace at Rebecca's house that night on which she had been rescued from death upon the bridge—or, more probably, lay awake anxiously thinking what might yet be her fate. She had been very near to death—so near that she shuddered, even beneath the warmth of the bed-clothes, and with the protection of her friend so close to her, as she thought of those long dreadful minutes she had passed crouching over the river at the feet of the statue. She had been very near to death, and for a while could hardly realise the fact of her safety. She knew that she was glad to have been saved; but what might come next was, at that moment, all vague, uncertain, and utterly beyond her own control. She hardly ventured to hope more than that Anton Trendelsohn would not give her up to Madame Zamenoy. If he did, she must seek the river again, or some other mode of escape from that worst of fates. But Rebecca had assured her of Anton's love, and in Rebecca's words she had a certain, though a dreamy, faith. The night was long, but she wished it to be longer. To be there and to feel that she was warm and safe was almost happiness for her after the misery she had endured.

On the next day, and for a day or two afterwards, she was feverish and she did not rise, but Rebecca's mother came to her, and Ruth,—and at last Anton himself. She never

could quite remember how those few days were passed, or what was said, or how it came to be arranged that she was to stay for a while in Rebecca's house; that she was to stay there for a long while,—till such time as she should become a wife, and leave it for a house of her own. She never afterwards had any clear conception, though she very often thought of it all, how it came to be a settled thing among the Jews around her, that she was to be Anton's wife, and that Anton was to take her away from Prague. But she knew that her lover's father had come to her, and that he had been kind, and that there had been no reproach cast upon her for the wickedness she had attempted. Nor was it till she found herself going to mass all alone on the third Sunday that she remembered that she was still a Christian, and that her lover was still a Jew. "It will not seem so strange to you when you are away in another place," Rebecca said to her afterwards. "It will be good for both of you that you should be away from Prague."

Nor did Nina hear much of the attempts which the Zamenoy's made to rescue her from the hands of the Jews. Anton once asked her very gravely whether she was quite certain that she did not wish to see her aunt. "Indeed, I am," said Nina, becoming pale at the idea of the suggested meeting. "Why should I see her? She has always been cruel to me." Then Anton explained to her that Madame Zamenoy had made a formal demand to see her niece, and had even lodged with the police a statement that Nina was being kept in durance in the Jews' quarter; but the accusation was too manifestly false to receive attention even when made against a Jew, and Nina had reached an age which allowed her to choose her own friends without interposition from the law. "Only," said Anton, "it is necessary that you should know your own mind."

"I do know it," said Nina, eagerly.

And she saw Madame Zamenoy no more, nor her uncle Karil, nor her cousin Ziska. Though she lived in the same city with them for three months after the night on which she had been taken to Rebecca's house, she never again was brought into contact with her relations. Lotta she once saw, when walking in the street with Ruth; and Lotta too saw her, and endeavoured to address her; but Nina fled, to the great delight of Ruth, who ran with her; and Lotta Luxa was left behind at the street corner.

I do not know that Nina ever had a more clearly-defined idea of the trick that Lotta had played upon her, than was conveyed to her by the sight of the deed as it was

taken from her desk, and the knowledge that Souchev had put her lover upon the track. She soon learned that she was acquitted altogether by Anton, and she did not care for learning more. Of course there had been a trick. Of course there had been deceit. Of course her aunt and Lotta Luxa and Ziska, who was the worst of them all, had had their hands in it! But what did it signify? They had failed, and she had been successful. Why need she inquire farther?

But Souchev, who repented himself thoroughly of his treachery, spoke his mind freely to Lotta Luxa. "No," said he "not if you had ten times as many florins, and were twice as clever, for you nearly drove me to be the murderer of my mistress."

SIR WILLIAM PARKER, THE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

On the 21st of November last, in a quiet churchyard in Staffordshire, a circle of distressed relatives, and a few bronzed-cheeked naval men, stood round a modest oaken coffin, devoid of every ornament, on which were engraved the words—

WILLIAM PARKER,

Born Dec. 1, 1781; died Nov. 13, 1866.

A great sailor, of a great school, was being borne to his long rest; and he who, at his own especial desire, was thus unostentatiously dropped into his grave, was rich in worldly fame and honours—the senior officer of England's navy; a famed leader of her squadrons; the Admiral *par excellence* of the British fleet; a Baronet of the United Kingdom, and Grand Cross of the most honourable Order of the Bath.

After seventy years of arduous labour in the service of his country, Admiral Sir William Parker died, like his immortal relative, Lord

St. Vincent, at the highest pinnacle of his profession. Entering the navy at the commencement of the Revolutionary war with the French republic, serving constantly through all that long and bloody conflict, he stood a magnificent type of a particular epoch in our naval history; and, as commander-in-chief of our modern fleets, has by his noble teaching and example, left doubtless many behind him who will, when the necessity arises, do honour to the school in which he and they have been trained.

He has now passed from amongst us, but his good name will be long emblazoned on the roll of England's naval worthies, and on his tombstone should be written the touching fact, that "He was the last of Nelson's captains." When only twelve years old, William Parker went to sea in the Orion line-of-battle ship, under the patronage of Captain Thomas Duckworth, who was a connection of Mrs. Jervis (afterwards Countess St. Vincent), the aunt of the new-

fledged sailor.* In 1793, the *Orion* formed a portion of a force which was repulsed in an attempt to capture Martinique, in the West Indies, from the French; but in the following year that ship was one of the glorious fleet under Lord Howe, which, on the 1st June, 1794, probably saved England and the House of Hanover by teaching the French Republic that it required something more than mere goodwill to conquer "the eternal enemies of their nation,"† and nailed victory to the colours of our country in such unmistakable characters, that the prestige sufficed to carry our seamen forward from triumph to triumph even unto to day.

The later glories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, somewhat eclipsed that of Lord Howe's victory; but the naval officer, who can appreciate the canker which creeps into a profession during a long time of peace, will ever do justice to the first great battle of a long campaign when victory has to be won with the imperfect means Lord Howe doubtless had then at his command. That baptism of battle brought out the warlike worth of many a name which subsequently shone in stern naval combats, and added lustre to their profession, and amongst them William Parker takes no mean position.

After the intoxication of the victory was passed, and the fleet dispersed to various stations, we find our midshipman serving in the West Indies, and at the end of three years' service promoted to Acting-Lieutenant in the fleet under Sir Hyde Parker; and as early as September 1799, when only six years at sea, we find him commanding the *Volage*, 22, and

the *Pelican*. Promoted to be a commander, he, in the *Stork*, fought and captured *La Légère* of 14 guns, *El Cantara* of 22 guns, and other formidable French and Spanish privateers, preying on our then valuable West India trade. For these and other distinguished services he was promoted to the rank of captain. After a short but brilliant service of only nine years in the navy, and at the pleasant age of twenty, Captain William Parker read his commission appointing him to the command of the *Amazon* frigate of 88 guns.

She was a crack vessel of those days, but it would make us smile to see her beside the *Orlandos* and *Constances* of 1860, with their 110-pounders, weighing four or five tons each; yet we suspect few of our ships of to-day could have touched the *Amazon* in smartness, zeal, or efficiency as a war-ship, so far as her internal economy was concerned, when in 1802 she joined Lord Nelson to be "one of the eyes of the fleet," as he loved to call his frigates.

Directly the rupture of the peace of Amiens took place, the *Amazon* formed one of the fleet which under Nelson, day after day, month after month, year after year, lay in wait off Toulon, and there, in spite of tempests and crazy hulls, despite of scurvy, fatigue, and disappointment, watched and prayed for the enemy to come forth and do battle with a simplicity and singleness of purpose which must touch the heart of every Englishman that reads the record of their faithful service and devotion to their country.

Parker and the *Amazon* early won Nelson's esteem and confidence; and in his letters to Lord St. Vincent there is frequent mention of

* Sir William Parker was son of George Parker of Alington, Staffordshire, and grandson of Sir Thomas Parker, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. His aunt Miss Parker, married Lord St. Vincent; hence his connection with that great sailor. Sir William Parker married a daughter of Sir Thophilus Biddulph, by whom he had two sons and six daughters, all living. He died at Shenstone Lodge, near Litchfield, in the 85th year of his age.

† See the "Address to the Seamen of the French Fleet" in the '*Moniteur*,' Nov. 5, 1793, quoted in James's '*Naval History*.'

his modesty and zeal, and, what was much in Nelson's eyes, his wisdom in following Hardy, his flag-captain, as a pattern officer.

One Sunday (Sept. 12, 1804) the Amazon was hove-to under Sepet Head, reconnoitring the Toulon fleet for the information of those in the British squadron, whose mouths were watering in the distance. Suddenly a French frigate was seen coming down from the eastward out of Porquerolles Roads. The wind was strong off the land, and out of Toulon. Parker, although he knew the action, if the foe would fight, must be under the lee of the French fleet, accepted the challenge and pressed to meet the enemy's frigate. It is easy to picture the excitement in the British fleet, and astonishment in Toulon, at the audacity of the Amazon; "but," says Nelson, who was witnessing it, "the French frigate, seeing Parker meant battle, turned and fled under every rag of canvass," and the Amazon lost her quarry. "He has very much pleased me," he writes to St. Vincent; "I admire Parker's resolution to fight under all the disadvantages of the situation." How truly Nelsonic; and he adds, with that queer solemnity which marked the Victor of Trafalgar when speaking of all that concerned fighting, "Such conduct will *some happy day* meet its reward!" That happy day and its reward—a niche in Westminster Abbey—was ever his kindest wish for such young chickens of Mars: and we find him repeatedly, on subsequent occasions, sending in Parker "to see if he can lay salt upon the tail of a French frigate."* The year 1803 passed in feverish hope of a great battle in the Gulf of Lyons, and one of the quaintest letters in all the Nelson collection is the following kind one to the captain of the Amazon:—

"VICTORY, August 28, 1804.

"MY DEAR PARKER,—I hope you

are making haste to join me, for the day of battle cannot be far off. I shall want every frigate. The French have nearly one ship for every one of mine, and we may as well have a *battle-royal*—line-of-battle-ship matched with line-of-battle-ship—frigate against frigate, &c., &c.—Yours faithfully,

"NELSON & BRONTE."

How replete with tender anxiety that the nephew of Jervis of St. Vincent should not miss the fray, and how charming a definition of the word "*battle-royal*"—a term frequently used, but not always understood. It evidently, according to Lord Nelson, means, a fight in which every one should find a foe single-handed—no idlers to see fair play! Then came the escape of Villeneuve, and that memorable chase round the Mediterranean away to the West Indies and back again by Nelson and his fleet. The Amazon during that time, and subsequently at Cadiz, was ever at hand, and Parker intrusted with most delicate and confidential services by his chief; but when the day of the great victory came, it was his ill fortune to be absent with the Amazon, and Captain Parker to his bitter chagrin was not at Nelson's side in the hour of death and triumph.

In 1806 the Amazon and the London fought and captured the far-famed French line-of-battle-ship *Marengo* and frigate *Belle-Poule*, under Admiral Lincoln, both on their way home from a successful harrying of our East India possessions and trade, which it is supposed they had damaged to the extent of many millions sterling; and Captain Parker for six years more kept the sea in the Amazon, serving his country with distinction on the coasts of the Iberian Peninsula and in the Chops of the English Channel. He was paid off at the time of the general peace, and received the Companionship of the

* See Nelson's Despatches, vol. v.

Bath in 1815, having for ten years continuously served at sea in one frigate, and she a model man-of-war of her day.

In 1827 he again resumed active service in the *Warspite* frigate, and during the Greek Revolution showed an aptitude for command and skill in managing diplomatists which soon led to his being appointed, almost directly he attained his flag rank in 1830, to the Prince Regent, as second in command of the Channel Fleet. Thence he passed to the command of our squadron at Lisbon; and, occasionally cruising with experimental ones in the Channel, he kept his flag flying until 1834, when he returned to England, was promoted to the rank of Knight Commander of the Bath, and accepted a seat at the Board of Admiralty. Here, by his great practical knowledge and excellent administrative qualities, he rendered no small service to his profession; and he inaugurated many reforms upon a broad healthy basis, in the system of discipline and expenditure of the stores in the fleet, which may be said to have tided us over many naval difficulties for nearly twenty years. The war in China, which commenced in 1838, had assumed an unhealthy chronic character, and much disorganisation, combined with much gallantry however, threatened to leave our Indian squadron in a bad condition, and imperil British interests generally in that remote corner of the globe. Sir William Parker, directly he was invited to do so, hastened to Hong-Kong; and his appearance there, his repute, energy, and example, soon re-established a healthy tone in all departments, and, backed by a fine fleet and army, he carried our flag from one achievement to another, until in 1842, under the walls of Nankin, we dictated the first treaty to the Emperor of China, and opened the Flowery Land to Christianity and civilisation. China was then six months instead of six weeks dis-

tant from England; we had no settlement nearer than Singapore, and the foresight and organisation necessary to carry on great naval and military movements were then fifty-fold greater than to-day. Steam was then only just coming to the aid of the navy, and that in a very mild form; the overland route, even for despatches, was treated with fear and doubt; and the finest and fleetest Symondite brigs considered themselves happy to achieve under canvass in seventeen days distances against the monsoon which we now see done by screws and paddles in four or five. For a man-of-war's crew to be kept on salt dietary for four months, and then suffer hideously from dysentery—for the gallant Cameronians to be encamped in a reeking rice-field in Ohusan, and be buried in trenches, was the rule rather than the exception; and upon Rear-Admiral Parker and his staff fell the major portion of the labour to improvise remedies for such difficulties and such evils.

Never sparing himself, strictly just and stern in all relating to professional duties, he was considerate to the humblest of his followers, and was one of the first to reconcile the exigencies of discipline with humanity to the seamen. He never gave a ship to an officer that he did not couple it with a short injunction to avoid the lash, as the constant resort of an incompetent commander. At the same time a maudlin desire for popularity was his abhorrence; whatever the rank of the confirmed offender, he spared him not; and it were better to be hanged than incur the wrath of that descendant of old St. Viscent, and be reprimanded as he could reprimand, for his indignation was thorough, and came from his heart—it was no acting on his part. Thoroughly sincere, simple-minded and truthful, William Parker's sense of duty, social and moral, was perfectly beautiful and to a great extent unique. Hence

his wrath, and the fear his name almost inspired amongst the slugs and charlatans of the navy.

And now that he is gone, we may recall with pride and pleasure how the Admiral reprimanded a young commander who was bullying his officers, by saying—"By heaven, sir! if it was not that I should expect the ghost of your glorious grandfather to rise from his grave and upbraid me, I would supersede you to-morrow. Go back to your ship, sir, and learn that good captains make good officers; you can be nothing without them." How nobly he led us over the then unknown shoals of the muddy Yang-tszel how he showed himself a true type of Nelson's school in not halting short of Nankin, though 200 miles of an unknown intricate river lay before us! how he taught us to consider one English man-of-war equal to combat all the naval and military resources of any Eastern empire! and how we could all say with pride, that no one had ever seen him hang back from a fray, or ever heard a whisper even of his being mixed up with either a mean or dirty action, be it in freight, prize-money, or loot—those reefs on which many a reputation is wrecked! and how the smallest midy chuckled with delight to hear that the Admiral had serious thoughts of hanging the master of a transport who had erroneously supposed a British Commander-in-Chief would share with him the contents of a plundered sugar store in China.

Raised to a baronetcy, and made a G. C. B., as well as presented with the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services in China, Sir William Parker returned home to take command of the Mediterranean Fleet; and such was the success with which he maintained its efficiency, and supported British interests on that important station, that at the request of the Ministers and Admiralty he retained the command for nearly seven years,

or double the usual period of command. Between the years 1845 and 1858, through all the troublous European politics of that epoch, his skill and delicate handling of many important questions were attended with the happiest results, whether in the abortive Sicilian Revolution, the feverishness occasioned by the French and Hungarian Revolutions, or the puzzling mess in Greece called the Don Pacifico affair. Not the least interesting of his duties whilst there, was in connection with the line of action adopted by our Government in 1849, when Russia and Austria, triumphant over the Hungarians, insolently demanded from the Porte the surrender of the Hungarian and Polish refugees. The Sultan, determined to preserve the laws of hospitality, gallantly refused, and appealed to Great Britain for support. Sir William Parker, under instructions from the Government and Admiralty, moved up with a magnificent fleet to the entrance of the Dardanelles, with peremptory orders to defend Constantinople from attack from any quarter, and to help to hold it, or any other part of the Turkish territory, if called upon by the Sultan.

The storm boldly faced passed away for some years, to be met under other conditions and by other men; but it is remarkable that Sir William Parker, the last of Nelson's captains, should have commanded the last fleet of sailing line-of-battle ships that England will ever possess. In 1848 Sir William Parker might have seen the *Blenheim*, a ship but a very little better specimen of a man-of-war than that *Orion* in which he first went to sea, steaming about Spithead at the then astounding rate of five miles per hour! The world was moving, my masters! for by 1854, when the Admiral's flag was flying at Plymouth, vessels like the *Agamemnon* and the *Prince Albert*, twice the size and four times the armament of Nelson's *Victory*, were dashing about the

high seas at ten knots per hour without wind or sail.

Sir William, doubtless, must have felt astonishment at the revolution that was taking place in his much-loved profession; but he was in nowise an obstructionist, and was not the man to be guilty of the act of an old Scotch contemporary of his, who, in the Baltic, was so astonished at the first screw gunboat's proceedings as to request her commander to take his "wriggling thing out of his sight as quick as possible, sir." No; the Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth helped and urged on the younger men of his profession to their posts in the Crimea; and subsequently, during the Indian mutiny and China campaign, was hearty and kind, though sometimes quaintly severe, to those who were pushing forward in the tracks he had long since passed over.

He only needed to assure himself that an officer knew his work, and the Admiral's support was assured. The keenness of his perception on that point age could not dim: once assured that he had a sailor to deal with, it was charming to see how quietly he dropped valuable hints from the rich stores of his extensive experience without attempting to dogmatise or force old-world notions on present-day men. He had himself once been severely censured as a matter of form by Nelson for buying, without authority, for public use, 800 lb. of onions and six bags of grass! and for the good of the service he expected his juniors to bow to reproof even if it were a red-tape one.

His kindly admiration for the rising generation of officers was without envy or guile. He knew it was not their fault so little honour was gleaned for the navy during that ill-starred Russian war, and no one could better appreciate than he that the right material was still at hand when another Nelson should rise to turn it to account and lead it to fame. Almost the last official

act we remember of the veteran Admiral was seeing him stand on Mountwise looking at Plymouth Sound, then studded with pigmy gunboats bound to China under the command of as fine a body of young lieutenants as the navy ever boasted of. The Admiral's stern features gradually relaxed, and with kindness beaming from his eyes, he confessed his anxiety for such craft in the stormy seas they had to traverse; "but," said he, "the fine fellows who command them are as confident as if they were each 50-gun frigates, and I am sure they will succeed if success depends upon dash and energy."

On the 6th May 1857 the flag of Sir William Parker was struck for the last time in Hamoaze, and full of years he retired to his home at Shenstone; and, after an active career spread over every description of service incident to the navy, it was something for him to be able to boast that, although his ships and fleets had been patterns of efficiency and discipline, he had never had to try an officer by a court-martial, rarely put one under arrest, and was not aware that he possessed one professional enemy.

As the shades of night closed round the Admiral, he who had for his country and profession's sake exacted whilst living all the pomp and circumstance which hedges round authority, quietly and earnestly took steps to insure that his funeral should be of the simplest character—no ceremonies, no carriages, no waving feathers, no tinsel covering to the oaken coffin. Then,

"Cheered onward by that promise sure,
Strong in the faith, entire and pure,"

he calmly surrendered up his soul to Him who gave it, leaving to his family a name of which they and England may well be proud, and to our Royal Navy a pattern and example to be long cherished and long emulated.

CONINGTON'S TRANSLATION OF THE *ÆNEID*.

THE Abbé Delille, an accomplished scholar and enthusiastic student of Virgil, of whom it was said that to hear him read the Latin poets was in itself to hear them explained, was once asked by an Englishman at a Paris dinner-party why he did not set to work to translate his favorite author. His reply, making all allowance for French compliment, was remarkable: "*Monsieur, donnez-moi votre langue, et je commence demain.*" In fact, in spite of this confessed unsuitableness of his own language, he had commenced already. His translation occupied him at intervals for above thirty years, and he had not completed it when he died. The number of various readings which he left behind him in manuscript shows the pains which he took with his work, and the fastidiousness of his own taste as a translator. Yet, even to a French scholar, the Abbé's version can hardly seem to convey much of the spirit of the original. His verdict as to the better adaptation of our own language to the task may be taken as true enough.

Virgil has always been the most popular of classical authors. The music of his verse and the charm of his narrative have won his way with all classes of readers. Scholars like Mr. Conington find beauties in him which are hid from vulgar eyes, and yet he has charms beyond all rivals even for those admirers who have little sense of his finer lights and shades. In one respect he paid the penalty of this popularity. His works had become a Roman school-book before the Cæsars were extinct, and they have remained so to this hour in lands which the Cæsars never knew. The fate of Dido, of Euryalus, and

of Pallas, has drawn tears from successive generations after a fashion which the poet never dreamed of. Yet nothing shakes his hold upon our affections; and the Eton men in Parliament quote him as enthusiastically and cheer him as rapturously as if they had never known what it was to have been "put in the bill" for his sake at school. The House is impatient of prose, and not always patient of argument; but it will always listen to Virgil. If the quotation conveys no other idea to many of their minds, it conveys at least a reminiscence of their youth, always pleasant to middle-aged gentlemen. It may seem strange that Virgil should have been for a long time much more popular than Homer. One reason of course was, that Greek scholarship was a rare accomplishment. Virgil's works had passed through above forty editions in Europe before the *editio princeps* of Homer made its appearance in 1448. He had been imitated and parodied, as well as translated, in all the chief European languages. Tasso's great poem is to the *Æneid* what this latter is to the *Iliad*—a splendid appropriation of characters and imagery from the earlier story, which only frees itself from the charge of robbery by the openness of the seizure, and the grand uses to which the acquisition is turned. The *Æneid* long ranked in Christendom as second only to the Bible. Like the sacred volume, it was turned to the curious uses of superstition. Those who had some scruple in using the Scriptures as a divining-book, turned to the pages of the Roman poet instead, and sought their destiny in a verse from Virgil instead of a text of

Holy Writ. The "Sortes Virgilianæ" were long in use, often as a fashionable pastime, sometimes in graver earnest: the inquirer opened the volume at random, and took for the answer of fate the first few lines which caught his eye. The story rests upon no mean authority, that Charles I. once tried the oracle with a startling result. He was in the Bodleian Library while the Court lay in Oxford, and was shown there a splendid edition of Virgil. Lord Falkland suggested to him sportively that he should try the *sortes*. The lines upon which the king opened are said to have been these. We give them in the version before us:—

"Scourged by a savage enemy,
An exile from his son's embrace,
So let him sue for aid, and see
His people slain before his face;
Or when to humbling peace at length
He stoops, be his or life or land,
But let him fall in manhood's strength,
And welter tombless on the sand."

It was a gloomy oracle; and Falkland, anxious to remove the impression, tried himself. He lighted on Evander's lament over Pallas:—

"I knew the young blood's maddening
play,
The charm of battle's first essay;
O valour blighted in the flower!
O first mad drops of war's full shower!"

A few months afterwards Falkland fell at the battle of Newbury, barely thirty-four years old.

English translators of Virgil have abounded. But the earliest and by no means the least able of those who presented the Roman poet to our northern islanders in their own vernacular was a Scotsman, Bishop Gawain Douglas of Dunkeld, that clerikly son of old Archibald "Bell-the-Cat" whom Scott introduces to us in 'Marmion.' Few modern readers of Virgil are likely to be proficient in the ancient northern dialect which the Bishop used; but those who can appreciate him maintain that there is considerable vigour as well as faithfulness in his version. Thomas Phaer, a Welsh physician, was the

next who made the attempt, in the long verses known as Alexandrine. He did not live to complete his work, though he published seven books out of the twelve, and dedicated them to Queen Mary, in 1558. The portion which he left incomplete was finished by other hands, and subsequently published. A few years later came forth what might fairly be called the comic English version, though undertaken in the most serious earnest by the translator. This was Richard Stanyhurst, an Irishman, a graduate of Oxford and student of Lincoln's Inn. He seems to have been the original prophet of that "pestilent heresy," as Lord Derby calls it, the making of English hexameters; for that was the metre which he chose, and he congratulates himself in his preface upon "having no English writer before him in this kind of poetry." Without going so far as to endorse Lord Derby's severe judgment, we must confess that Stanyhurst did his best to justify it. His translation, which he ushered into public with the most profound self-satisfaction, is quite curious enough to account for its reprint by the "Edinburgh Printing Society" in 1836. One of the points upon which he prides himself is the suiting the sound to the sense, which Virgil himself has done happily enough in some rare passages. So when he has to translate the line,

"Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque
tubarum,"

he does it as follows:—

"The townsmen roared, the trump tarrantara rattled."

When he has to express the Cyclops forging the thunderbolts, it is

"With peale meale ramping, with thick
thwack sturdily thund'ring;"

and very much more of the same kind. When Æneas's comrades are astounded at the apparition of the Harpies, they are made, in Mr. Stanyhurst's language, to question in their minds

"If goddesses, if birds stinking, or bugs they resembled."

The word *bug*, be it observed, is used in its ancient acception of "evil spirit," like the more modern bugbear. No wonder that poor Thomas Nash, the satirist, in his 'Supplication of Pierce Penniless,' calls Stanyhurst's hexameters "a foul, lumbering, walloping measure." But these specimens are quite enough to show that he had at least the merit of an original style in his translation.

The Earl of Surrey and James Harrington tried their hand at detached portions, and although the quaint conceits which were admired in their day have little charm for the modern reader, there is not wanting, especially in the former, a spirit and vigour in which some of those who came before and after them lamentably failed. The translations by Vicars and Ogilby, about the middle of the seventeenth century, have little claim to be remembered except as the first presentations of the whole *Æneid* in an English poetical dress. In dull mediocrity they are about equal.

In 1697, Dryden, at the age of sixty-six, finished and published his translation; written as he pathetically says, "in his declining years, struggling with want, and oppressed with sickness;" yet whatever be its shortcomings, a confessedly great work, and showing few traces of these unfavourable circumstances. His great renown, and the unquestionable vigour and ability of the versification, insured its popularity at once; and it was considered, by the critics of his own and some succeeding generations, as pre-eminently the English Virgil. Dr. Johnson said of it that "it satisfied his friends and silenced his enemies." It may still be read with pleasure, but it had grave faults. Independently of its general looseness and diffuseness, in many passages amounting to the vaguest paraphrase, there are too many instances in which, not content with

making his author say a good many things which he never did say, he palpably misinterprets him. There are many passages of much vigour and beauty; but even of these it has been said, and not unfairly, by a later translator, Dr. Trapp, that "where you most admire Dryden, you see the least of Virgil." Dryden had the advantage of consulting in the manuscript a translation by the Earl of Lauderdale (afterwards published), which has considerable merit, and to which in his preface he confesses obligations "not inconsiderable." They were in fact, so considerable as this, that besides other hints in the matter of words and phrases, he borrowed nearly four hundred lines in different places, with scarcely an attempt at change.

But in spite of the great name of Dryden, there were those almost in his own generation, though not so closely contemporary as to be ranked either amongst his friends or his enemies, who were neither satisfied nor silenced. Dr. Nicholas Brady, ever to be remembered for his share in the rhyming of the psalms, attempted Virgil also; but happily his version of the heathen poet has never been recommended by authority for general use. Dr. Trapp, the Oxford Professor of Poetry, published a translation in blank verse, which has been ridiculed more severely than it deserved. It is, perhaps, best remembered now by the epigram of a contemporary wit, on being told that a certain nobleman wrote verses which were "better than Virgil:"

"Better than Virgil? Yes, perhaps—
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's!"

Yet although there is a degree of baldness in his versification, which contrasts most unfavourably with the vigorous flow of Dryden, it is, on the other hand, far more faithful to the sense of the original. Pitt and Symmons, by their choice of Dryden's own metre, plainly announced themselves as challengers of his laurels. In the case of the

latter, the ambition was not altogether presumptuous. Pitt borrowed, without scruple, from Lauderdale and others; but Symmons's version (which had the great advantage of being revised by Carey, the translator of Dante), is otherwise fairly independent, and has in many parts much of the fire and flow of Dryden, with less diffuseness, and often a more correct rendering of his text. But Dryden, having all the prestige of first possession of the field, held his ground unrivalled in public favour; and it must be remembered on his behalf that these later rivals wrote with his work before them, and could make use of him both as a model and a warning. He had fairly buoyed the channel; and the shoals where he had occasionally grounded, no less than the course which he had steered successfully, were known to all his followers.

Mr. Conington in his sensible and modest preface, does full justice to his famous predecessor. He remarks that, while in many points Dryden's style "affords rather a contrast than a parallel to Virgil's, they have at all events the common quality of being really poetical: that inner identity which far outweighs a thousand points of external similarity, supposing these to be attainable." This has always been the secret of any lasting popularity which a poetical version of a poem in another language has obtained. A real translation, difficult even in prose, if style is an essential characteristic—as, for instance, in the case of Tacitus—becomes impossible in poetry. It is so for the simple reason that images and turns of thought and speech which are recognised as poetical in one language, are not so in another. There are beauties in Greek and Latin poetry of which no one but the critical student of those languages can feel the charm: and for critical students of Latin or Greek, translations are not written; nor would the same thought or phrase put into

English ever so cleverly, charm them at all. A literal translation of such passages is not beautiful to anybody. Dr. Trapp aptly applies to such attempts Martial's epigram upon an uncongenial neighbour—

"Nemo tam prope, tam proculque nobis."

"How close we come, yet what a world between!"

There are not wanting instances in the very best translators—they may be quoted even from Mr. Conington himself—where the conscientious desire to be faithful to the original, and to represent the poet's idea by the poet's words, rather than be tempted into a paraphrase, results in a total failure to convey to the English reader any sense of beauty at all. Those who know the original may give the translator credit for his fidelity; but it only convinces them that the graces of their favourite author are as untranslatable as a smile or a look. For instance, when Mr. Conington, speaking of Mercury's flight, translates *remigio alarum* by "feathered oar," he keeps very close to his author; but what English reader admits such a paraphrase for a *wing*? indeed, to very many of his readers, as an Oxford professor must have remembered, a "feathered oar" conveys a very distinct and very different notion. He surely represents his author far better when, in the flight of Dædalus, having to translate the very same two Latin words, he preserves the metaphor, and yet adapts it to English thought—

"On feathery pinions dared to sail
Along the untraveller sky."

So, again, when Virgil wrote

"Dum polus sidera pascit,"

it may or may not be true that he had in his mind's vision the stars scattered over the wide heavens like flocks at pasture; but the English line,

"While stars in heaven's fair pasture
graze,"

just oversteps the point at which

metaphor ceases to be enduring. We do not say that Dryden did better to omit it altogether; but the despised Dr. Trapp has here the singular merit of being at once literal and unaffected—

“While ether feeds the stars”—

and gives us a hint at the same time of the Lucretian philosophy, of which Virgil was most probably a disciple. So, too, when we find in Mr. Conington's version of the galley-race—and a most spirited version it is—

“And three-toothed beak and plashing oar,
Tear from its base the marble floor,”

of course we have something like a literal equivalent for *agror*: but we are much better pleased when in a subsequent passage we are excused the marble, and have *lento marmore* excellently rendered as “the slow, unmoving main.”

It is by no means enough that the translator should thoroughly understand his author, and be able to dissect all his finer veins of thought. It is necessary that he should also be a poet himself, and fully master of the poetical diction of the language in which he writes. It is this qualification which redeems Dryden's work, in spite of so many defects; it is the want of this which has been fatal to more than one of his rivals. A remarkable instance of this is to be found in an attempt to give an English version of the first six books of the *Æneid*, made some years ago by Dr. James Henry. It was thoroughly a labour of love, upon which neither time nor pains were spared. No one could have brought to the task a more thorough knowledge of the original, of which Dr. Henry was as enthusiastic an admirer as Delille himself, and a far more competent critic. Mr. Conington, in the preface to his critical edition of Virgil, speaks highly—certainly not too highly—of Dr. Henry's published notes. Of his success as a translator we will give but a single specimen, and, out of respect to so

admirable a scholar, without remark. It is from the boxing-match between Entellus and Dares:—

“There's no stop or stay,
But with blows of each hand,
As thick, fast, and frequent
As pattering hailstones,
The hero thumps Dares,
And knocks him about.”

Mr. Conington brings to his task both the great qualifications already well tried and acknowledged. Scholars know him by his Commentary on the original; many who are not scholars have been charmed with the musical English verses into which he has rendered Horace. The excuse which he modestly offers for his present venture was hardly needed. Even had the previous translations of his author been wholly satisfactory in other respects, the advance of modern criticism, to say nothing of the modification of taste, would have made a new English version of what is still the most popular classical poem acceptable from so able a hand. Nor does the metre which he has chosen appear to us less capable of adaptation to its purpose than either the heroic couplet or the blank verse which others have preferred. When Dryden says that he “has made it his design to copy Virgil in his numbers,” we confess we do not understand him. No one can suppose that the cadence of our “heroic” verse is anything like that of the Latin hexameter. Both are said to contain six feet, and there the resemblance ends. ‘The Lord of the Isles,’ which Mr. Conington takes chiefly as his model, represents the rhythm of Virgil's lines just as much, and just as little, as Pope's ‘Essay on Man.’ If we are to try to reproduce the sound, we must keep the hexameter; of that there can be no manner of doubt: but on the vexed question as to whether English hexameters are to be admitted, we prefer not to enter. If a recognised English metre is to be chosen, we agree with Mr. Conington that

Scott's metre offers many points of advantage—rapidity, flexibility, pathos, and, above all, variety; the last, in a continuous poem, of no little consequence in attractiveness to the reader. As to the objection which the translator anticipates, that Virgil's heroes are not, like most of Scott's, Border chiefs of mossstroopers, it seems to us quite fanciful. Scott chose this ground, but it is only accidentally connected with the choice of metre. Marmion was no Border rider, and he surely fits as gracefully into the rhyme as William of Deloraine or Roderick Dhu. Mr. Conington gives a quite sufficient justification for his choice of metre when he tells us that he chose that which he felt he could handle best; and the result is proof enough that he has chosen wisely.

It is perhaps in the pathetic scenes of the poem that he has been most successful. The whole episode of Dido, in the fourth book, is rendered with remarkable grace and tenderness. No previous translation will bear comparison with the following:—

"Then, maddening over crime, the queen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sanguine
streaks

Fresh painted on her quivering cheeks,
And wanning o'er with death foreseen,
Through inner portals wildly fares,
Scales the high pile with swift ascent,
Takes up the Dardan sword and bares,
Sad gift, for different uses meant.

She eyed the robes with wistful look,
And pausing, thought awhile and wept:
Then pressed her to the couch and spoke
Her last good-night or ere she slept.

'Sweet relics of a time of love,
When fate and heaven were kind,
Receive my life-blood, and remove
These torments of the mind.

My life is lived, and I have played
The part that Fortune gave,
And now I pass, a queenly shade,
Majestic to the grave.

A glorious city I have built,
Have seen my walls ascend;
Chastised for blood of husband spilt
A brother, yet no friend:

Blest lot I yet lacked one blessing more,
That Troy had never touched my shore!"

But hardly less beautiful is this, in a different key, from the Descent into the Shades:—

"Along the illimitable shade
Darkling and lone their way they made,
Through the vast kingdom of the dead,
An empty void, though tenanted:
So travellers in a forest move,
With but the uncertain moon above,
Beneath her niggard light,
When Jupiter has hid from view
The heaven, and Nature's every hue
Is lost in blinding night.
At Orcus' portals hold their lair
Wild Sorrow and avenging Care:
And pale Diseases cluster there,
And pleasureless Decay,
Foul Penury, and Fears that kill,
And Hunger, counsellor of ill,
A ghastly presence they:
Suffering and Death the threshold keep,
And with them Death's blood-brother,
Sleep:
Ill Joys with their seducing spells
And deadly War are at the door;
The Furies couch in iron cells,
And Discord maddens and rebels;
Her snake-looks hiss, her wreaths drip
gore:

"Full in the midst an aged elm
Broods darkly o'er the shadowy realm:
There dream-land phantoms rest the wing,
Men say, and 'neath its foliage cling.
And many monstrous shapes beside
Within the infernal gates abide;
There Centaurs, Scyllas, fish and maid,
There Briareus' hundred-handed shade,
Chimæra armed with flame,
Gorgons and Harpies make their den,
With the foul pest of Lerna's fen,
And Geryon's triple frame."

The rendering of the difficult passage—

"Quam sedem Somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, folisque sub omnibus
hærent,"

which in less skilful hands would run risk of being made grotesque, strikes us as especially happy.

And now let us see how well the translator can take up Virgil's more warlike strain. It is the spirited picture of the Latins rushing to arms after Juno has thrown open the Gates of War:—

"Ausonia, all inert before,
Takes fire and blazes to the core:
And some on foot their march essay,
Some, mounted, storm along the way;
To arms! cry one and all:

With unctuous lard their shields they
clean,
And make their javelins bright and
sheen,

Their axes on the whetstone grind;
Look how that banner takes the wind!
Hark to yon trumpet's call!

Five mighty towns, their anvils set,
With emulous zeal their weapons whet:
Crustumium, Tibur the renowned,
And strong Atina there are found,
And Ardea, and Antemnæ crowned
With turrets round her wall.

Steel caps they frame their brows to fit,
And osier twigs for bucklers knit:
Or twist the hauberk's brazen mail
And mould them greaves of silver pale:
To this has shrunk the homage paid
Erewhile to ploughshare, scythe, and
spade:

Each brings his father's battered blade
And smelts in fire anew:
And now the clarions pierce the skies;
From rank to rank the watchword flies:
This tears his helmet from the wall,
That drags his war-horse from the stall,
Dons three-piled mail and ample shield,
And girds him for the embattled field
With falchion tried and true."

The whole remaining portion of this seventh book, as it is in Virgil's most spirited style, so it is admirably rendered by his present translator. And it is here that the harp of our northern minstrel answers best to Mr. Conington's touch. The gathering of the clans—for it is nothing else—the rapid sketches of the chiefs as they pass in succession with their array of followers—the details of costume—the legendary tale which the poet has to tell of more than one of them as he passes them in review—are all features in which Scott delighted as thoroughly as Virgil, and which his well-known rhythm suits better than any other which a translator could choose. This pretty picture of Camilla, the Volscian huntress (whom Dryden so ungallantly terms a "virago"), vowed from her childhood to Diana, the prototype of Tasso's Clorinda, but far more attractive, closes at once the warlike pageant and the book:—

"Last marches forth for Latium's sake
Camilla fair, the Volscian maid,
A troop of horsemen in her wake
In pomp of gleaming steel arrayed;
Stern warrior queen! those tender hands
Ne'er plied Minerva's ministries:
A virgin in the fight she stands,
Or winged wind in speed outvies;
Nay, she could fly o'er fields of grain
Nor crush in flight the tapering wheat,
Or skim the surface of the main
Nor let the billows touch her feet.

Where'er she moves, from house and land
The youths and ancient matrons throng,
And fixed in greedy wonder stand
Beholding as she speeds along:
How fair her scarf in purple dipped,
How clasps the gold her tresses' flow:
Her pastoral wand with steel is tipped,
And Lycian are her shafts and bow."

We should have preferred the interpretation of *colaret* into "*might fly*;" the hyperbole would be quite strong enough, without making Virgil vouch for the fact.

To give specimens of Mr. Conington's felicitous renderings of particular passages would be a very easy and a very pleasant task, but for the difficulty of knowing which to choose and where to stop. What can be closer to the original, yet what can have more of the genuine ring of English poetry than this, in the description of Turnus's horses?

"Qui candore nives anteirent, cursibus
auras."

"To match the whiteness of the snow,
The swiftness of the breeze."

Or these:—

"Facilis jactura sepulchri."
"He lacks not much that lacks a grave."
"I nunc, ingratis offer te, irrise, periclia."
"Go, fight your fights that win no thanks,
Seek scorn amid th' embattled field."

"Numina nulla premunt; mortali urgemur ab hoste
Mortales; totidem nobis animæque manusque."

"No angry heaven above you lowers;
Mortal, we cope with mortal powers,
The breath they draw is but as ours.
Nor stronger arms they boast."

"Sæviti amor ferri, et scelerata insaniam
belli."

"Burns the fierce fever of the steel,
The guilty madness warriors feel."

Virgil describes the ancient palace of Picus as

"Horrendum sylvis et religione parentum,"

which Mr. Conington renders—

"And sacred woods around it throw
The awe of olden time."

Take the boast of Turnus, again, over the slain body of Pallas—

"Haud illi stabunt Æneia parvo
Hospitia."

"Who to Æneas plays the host
Must square the glory with the cost."

It is said of the Elysian fields—

"Solemque solum, sua sidera norunt."

This is exactly one of those passages in which the terseness of the Latin seems to defy any treatment but a paraphrase; but we do not think Mr. Conington has a word too many—

"Another sun and stars they know,
Which shine like ours, but shine below."

Of the inhabitants of those happy regions it is said—

"Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora
vitta."

The English has an additional beauty of its own—

"A goodly brotherhood, bedight
With coronals of virgin white."

The same may be said of the exquisite lines which are given (in the invocation of the Muses to aid the poet's memory in the muster of the Latin forces) as the equivalent for Virgil's

"Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

"The far-off whisper of the years
Scarce reaches our bewildered ears."

Page after page might be filled with such selections; and yet—since critical tastes will differ—some, which may be thought even more perfect, would be omitted after all.

Nor is the translator less happy in those passages where he has allowed a modest play to his own fancy, by the introduction of a thought which has no actual warrant in the text of Virgil, and yet is quite congenial to the tone of the passage; so that, as Dryden happily remarks, "it may seem not stuck into him, but growing out of him." It is what Mr. Conington himself describes as "applying a principle of compensation, by strengthening the version in any way best suited to the translator's powers, so long as it be not repugnant to the genius of the original, and trusting that the effect of the whole will be seen to have been cared for, though the claims of the parts may appear to have been neglected." A few instances will best explain his meaning, and show how

he has used this liberty. We are bound to say we have met with no instance in which he has abused it, which is more than can be said for Dryden and some other English translators; while both Segrais and Delille, as, indeed, might be expected from the genius of French poetry, are incorrigible offenders in this line.

The beautiful words in which *Æneas* takes leave of Helenus and *Andromache* run as follows—

"Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna perfecta
Jam sua; nos alia ex aliis in fata
vocamur,
Vobis pars quies," &c.

Mr. Conington has it thus—

"Live, and be blest! 'tis sweet to feel
Fate's book is closed and under seal.
For us, alas! that volume stern
Has many another page to turn—
Yours is a rest assured."

The volume of fate is here a graft of the translator's; but few will object to its insertion. So, when *Æneas* is contemplating his treacherous departure, Virgil only says of Dido, that meanwhile

"Nesciat, et tantos rumpi non speret
amores;

while Mr. Conington tells us how she

"Still dreams her happy dreams, nor
thinks
That ought can break those golden
links."

Helenus warns *Æneas*—

"Et satis Ausonii lustrandum navibus
sequor,"

for which, in the English version, we have—

"First must your weary galleys keep
Long vigils on th' Ausonian deep."

When *Numanus* taunts the Trojans as effeminate—

"Sinite arma viris, et cedite ferro,"

could any version be more full of grace and spirit than this?—

"Leave men, like us, with arms to deal,
Nor bruise your *lily hands* with steel."

And once more, when *Camilla* goes to battle—

"Quotque emissa manu contorsit spicula
virgo,
Tot Phrygii cecidere viri."

"A Phrygian mother mourned her son
For every lance that flew."

Will any critic be so unreasonable as to wish to have these graceful touches expunged, because Virgil's fact has received a decoration in accordance with the purest English taste?

Nor less does the translator show himself a master of his art—and here the metre which he has chosen stands him in good stead—when he marks some emphatic word or words of his author in almost the only mode which the different structure of our language admits, by expanding them into a whole line. As, for instance, when he gives the pregnant sense of Neptune's warning to *Æolus*—

"*Clauco ventorum carcere regnet.*"

"There let him lord it to his mind,
The jailer-monarch of the wind,
But keep its portal barred."

And when the fury *Alecto*, after her mission of evil, disappears in the chasm of *Amsanctus*—

"*Queis condita Erinny
Invisum numen terras cœlumque levabat.*"

"There plunged the hateful fiend beneath,
And earth and sky again drew breath."

It need hardly be said that in both these passages Dryden omits the important word altogether. Both Pitt and Symmons, generally more faithful if less poetical, translate *levabat* well enough by "*relieved*." But it was reserved for Mr. Conington to give us a thoroughly English phrase of poetry which has all the vigour as well as the sense of Virgil.

If we are disappointed anywhere, it is in one or two of those grand bursts of declamation which are in the mouth of every schoolboy, and yet will never lose their charm, where the poet rises to a heroic stature which his translators, one and all, fail to reach. These few well-known passages are as good, perhaps, in Mr. Conington's version as in that of any of his

predecessors; but his muse is not so ready to respond as when the demand is for sweetness and pathos. Those magnificent lines which begin—it is superfluous to quote them—

"*Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,*" &c.,

are, perhaps, wholly inimitable in any other language; at any rate, no version of them that we have seen conveys to us any adequate sense of their extreme beauty. Mr. Conington's by no means satisfies us:—

"Others, I ween, with happier grace,
From bronze or stone shall call the face,
Plead doubtful causes, map the skies,
And tell when planets set and rise;
But ye, my Romans, still control
The nations far and wide:
Be this your genius—to impose
The rule of peace on vanquished foes,
Show pity to the humbled soul,
And crush the sons of pride."

We will not quote Dryden's, which is weaker still, and less faithful. But these which follow seem to us to have more of the spirit of the original, and are a very fair specimen of the work of their respective authors. They may serve also as examples of the comparative advantages of the different metres.

"The subject nations with a happier grace
From the rude stone may call the mimic
face,
Or with new life inform the breathing
brass;
Shine at the bar, describe the stars on
high,
The motions, laws, and regions of the sky:
Be this your nobler praise in times to
come,
These your imperial arts, ye sons of Rome!
O'er distant realms to stretch your awful
sway,
To bid those nations tremble and obey;
To crush the proud, the suppliant foe to
rear,
To give mankind a peace, or shake the
world with war."

So Pitt gives it; and now let us hear Symmons, who is less diffuse—

"Others with softer hand may mould the
brass,
Or wake to warmer life the marble mass;
Plead at the bar with more prevailing
force,
Or trace more justly heaven's revolving
course:
Roman! be thine the sovereign arts o
sway,

To rule, and make the subject world obey;
Give peace its laws; respect the prostrate
foe;
Abase the lofty, and exalt the low."

But none of the recognised translations come so near the spirit of the original as Lord Macaulay's paraphrase—of course it is only a paraphrase—in his lay of "The Prophecy of Capys." There, and there only, we find the grand contempt, only half disguised, of the "*credo equidem*," and the strong personal appeal of the "*Tu, Romane*," as contrasted with the plural crowd in *alii* :—

"Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar;
Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore:
Thine, Roman, is the plium;
Roman, the sword is thine;
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's ordered line."

So, again, in the fine outburst of the wronged queen against *Æneas* in the fourth book, our English translators seem to have felt that they were no more of a match for "the fury of a woman scorned" than *Æneas* was—at least they all, more or less, fail to convey the fire and bitterness of the original. It is here, if nowhere else, that the French translators have the best of it. Perhaps the fervid passion, worked up almost to exaggeration, is more akin to the genius of their language. Unquestionably the version of Delille is far finer than anything we have seen in English. It is so far from generally known, that it is worth quotation.

["*Nec tibi Diva parens, generis nec Dardanæ auctor,*" &c.]—*Æn.* iv. 865.

"Non—tu n'es point le fils de la mère d'Amour;
Au sang de Dardanus tu ne dois point le jour;
N'impute point aux dieux la naissance d'un traître—

Non, du sang d'héros un monstre n'a pu naître;
Non.—Le Caucase affreux, t'engendrant en fureur,
De ses plus durs rochers fit ton barbare cœur,
Et du tigre inhumain la compagne sauvage,
Cruel ! avec son lait t'a fait sucer sa rage.
Car enfin qui m'arrête ? Après ses durs refus,
Après tant de mépris, qu'attendrais-je de plus ?
S'est-il laissé fléchir à mes cris douloureux ?
A-t-il au moins daigné tourner vers moi les yeux ?
Prosternée à ses pieds, plaintive, suppliante,
N'a-t-il pas d'un front calme écouté son amante ?

Sans secours, sans asile, errant de mers en mers,
Par les flots en courroux jeté dans nos déserts,
Je l'ai reçu, l'ingrat ! des fureurs de l'orage
J'ai sauvé ses sujets, ses vaisseaux de naufrage,
Je lui donne mon cœur, mon empire, ma main :
O fureur, et voilà que ce monstre inhumain
Ose imputer aux dieux son horrible parjure,
Me parle et d'Apollon, et d'oracle, et d'augure !
Pour presser son départ, l'ambassadeur des dieux
Est descendu vers lui de la voûte des cieux :
Dignes soins, en effet, de ces maîtres du monde !
En effet, sa grandeur trouble leur paix profonde !
—*C'en est assez ; va, pars ; je ne te retiens pas ;*
Va chercher loin de moi je ne sais quels États :
S'il est encore un dieu redoutable aux ingrats,
J'espère que bientôt, pour prix d'un si grand crime,
Brisé contre un écueil, plongé dans un abîme,
Tu paieras mes malheurs, perfide ! et de Didon
Ta voix, ta voix plaintive invoquera le nom." *

* As an instance of what the ingenuity of a translator can do with Virgil, it is worth while to give Segrais's version of the lines

"Ubi templum illi, centumque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant."

"Where from a hundred altars rise
Rich steam and flowerets' odorous sighs."

"Dans ce temple où toujours quelque Amant irrité
Accuse dans ses vœux quelque jeune Beauté."

Could any one but a Frenchman have got this out of the text ?

There is here some degree of amplification, but not more than may be fairly allowable: and the lines we have marked are really an admirable equivalent for the original—

"Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.

I, sequare Italiam ventis: pete regna per undas."

But we gladly return to Mr. Conington's pages, to have the pleasure of extracting two of Virgil's similes, which are as beautiful in his version as in the original. Pyrrhus, flashing on the Trojans in his brazen armour, is likened to the serpent in his new-changed scales (iii. 471):—

"Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus," &c.

"So flames a serpent into light,
On poisonous herbage fed,
Which late in subterranean light
Through winter lay as dead:
Now from its ancient weeds undrest,
Invigorate and young,
Sunward it rears its glittering breast,
And darts its three-forked tongue."

When Lavinia blushes at hearing her mother discuss, very much as a modern mother might do, the question of her marriage—

"Deep crimson grows the sudden flame,
And dyes her tingling cheek with shame.
So blushes ivory's Indian grain,
When sullied with vermilion stain:
So lilies set in roseate bed
Enkindle with contagious red."

These four last lines read like a bit out of Waller or Lovelace; yet they are a fairly close translation. If there is added a little grace of the translator's own, we cordially accept the principle he has laid down, that "to be graceful is one of the first duties of a translator of the *Æneid*."

No one would be surprised, in so long and difficult a task, to meet with some work here and there comparatively rough and inartistic. It is remarkable how little there is of this, and how conscientiously, even in the least interesting portions of his author, the translator

has kept himself up, so to say, and evidently applied the same careful finish throughout to what must have been now and then an ungrateful labour. What does rather surprise us is the awkward words and phrases which check us here and there in passages of the highest beauty, and which it would have seemed so easy to avoid. With such a true ear for poetry as the Oxford Professor has, what would he say to a prize-poem which had such spasmodic ellipses as this?—

"Through every heart a shudder ran—
Apollo's victim—who the man?"

A fashion of speech, however, which evidently does please Mr. Conington's ear, by some unintelligible law, for he gives it us again in the sixth book—

"Who, father, he who thus attends
Upon that chief divine?"

When we read of the infernal kingdom—

"Nor lacks e'en here the law's appeal,
Nor sits no judge the lots to deal,"

we are fairly bewildered with the negatives, and have to turn to the Latin (where, however, the double negative is not)—

"Nec vero hæc sine sorte datæ, sine iudice, sedes,"

to find that it means that there is a judge and a tribunal there. It is possible that some authority other than American can be adduced for such verbs as "to ambition" and "to collide," but we can conceive no reason for deliberately choosing them to the rejection of ordinary English. Mr. Conington tells us, in his preface, that he "has not denied himself an occasional archaism," which he justifies by his author's own example. We have our private doubts whether such plural forms as "eyne" and "treen" are not out of place in a poem in which the writer has purposely and deliberately rejected the use of the true English second person singu-

lar even in the most passionate speeches—to the detriment, many will think, of the effect; but at least we may ask, is anything gained in poetic beauty by such a conceit as “vans” for wings—

“Alecto on her Stygian vans;”

or, by translating *feræ* into “sylvans” instead of “wild beasts”? We are quite aware there is good poetical authority for both. We have not forgotten Milton:—

“At last his sail-broad vans
He spread for flight.”

But, in the first place, Milton is Milton; and, in the second place, the passage before us is made obscure by the use of the word, while the other is not. And we remember that Christopher Marlowe calls a nymph “a little sylvan;” but neither his nor higher authority of his day will make the word sound to us anything but affected in a modern translation of Virgil, and therefore a blemish in Mr. Conington's page.

There is also a little obscurity here and there, arising apparently from a desire to keep as close as possible to the original. Two lines in the first book—

“Lo! piety with honour graced,
A monarch on his throne replaced!”—

must be difficult to understand without reference to the Latin, where the irony is clear enough. For “*Labitur uncta vadis abies*” (certainly not easy to translate neatly) we have

“Careened, the vessels glide”—

very brief and close; but if we are to understand, as we suppose we are, “[after having been] careened [in order to have their keels greased] the vessels glide,” it is requiring us to understand a good deal.

To break a lance with the Professor on any question of the interpretation of his author is, we feel, too much like Turnus taking the field against Æneas in his Vulcanian ar-

mour. Still, with all humility, we should like to hear Mr. Conington's reasons for translating the words “*In manibus Mars ipse, viri*” (x. 280), in this sense—

“A brave man's hand is Mars' seat;
The coward finds him in his feet.”

Good lines; but is this what Virgil meant to say? we are not convinced by the other passage which was plainly in Mr. Conington's mind, Turnus's taunt to Drances—

“An tibi Mavors
Ventosa in lingua pedibusque fugacibus
istis
Semper erit?”

The *Æneid*, in this new version, might bid fair to become as popular as an original English poem, if it were not for two drawbacks. One is, of course, the want of a proper love-story. We say *advisedly* a *proper* love-story, not altogether because Dido's is an improper love-story, which might fail in these days to be any valid objection, but because there is no love at all on the hero's side, or on that of any other male character in the poem. Love among the Roman poets—in Virgil more especially—as among the Greek tragedians, was not an affection, but strictly a passion; a weakness, scarcely to be pardoned—in a woman. He places the chaste Evadne and Laodamia in company with the shameless Phædra and Pasiphaë in the Mourning Fields. The love which Virgil recognises is an appetite, and little more: it has not even the sentimentality of the French *l'amour*; still less has it any of those finer shades of feeling, that loyal personal allegiance, that high unselfish devotion, the mysterious sympathy, as untranslatable by anything but itself as the most perfect wording of the poet, which, nursed, it has been said, in the lap of Northern chivalry, but surely of much older birth, has given now for centuries to poet and to novelist their highest charm and inspiration.

Poets had to sing as they could without it in Virgil's days. Augustus and Octavia, as they listened to the courtly *raconteur*, would have opened their eyes wide with astonishment if he had sung to them of the devotion of Lancelot, as surely as they would have laughed at the purity of Galahad. They understood what love was, in their fashion; the ladies of the court sympathised with Dido, no doubt. They understood the "*spretæ injuria forma*," and "*furens quid femina possit*." They had seen a whole love-poem in real life, with the appropriate tragical *dénouement*, in Anthony and Cleopatra. That was their notion of the grand passion. Probably the more shrewd among them looked upon Anthony as a fool to prefer "love" to empire, and applauded *Æneas's* piety in obeying the oracles of the gods, when they pointed to a new wife, whose dowry was a kingdom. There was quite love enough in the action of the poem to suit their tastes, and at anything better or purer they would have only shrugged their fair patrician shoulders.

But there is a more serious defect in the interest of the *Æneid*, when presented to us in the guise of a modern translation. It is that *Æneas* is no hero. All such defences and apologies as critics have made for him are perfectly just, and perfectly unnecessary. He was a hero quite good enough for the court of Augustus, and so far quite suitable for Virgil's purpose. Bossu was perfectly right when he contended that a hero, to be an object of legitimate interest, need not be a pattern of moral virtues. He might have gone further, and said that such paragons, who are plainly superior to the ordinary weaknesses of human nature, generally make very dull heroes indeed. Undoubtedly *Æneas* is a dutiful son, a respectable father, and we will even admit, in spite of the unfortunate way in which he lost his wife, an exemplary husband.

He spread his palms out to heaven in the most orthodox fashion on all occasions, and listened to the message which heaven seemed to be always sending him, to set up his home in Latium at all costs. All these estimable qualities are enough to furnish forth a dozen heroes. He is also ready to fight on all proper occasions; and as to the charge that he is equally ready to cry upon all occasions, which has been brought against him by one set of critics, and excused by others, both might have spared their pens; for it is a weakness which may be charged with equal truth upon most of the heroes, not only of classical fiction, but of classical history. It is not only that the chiefs of the *Iliad* weep without fearing any imputation against their manliness, but if we are to trust the unsensational chronicles of Cæsar, the whole rank and file of his army, even the veterans of the tenth legion—the "fighting division"—when first they heard that they were to be led against the tall and truculent-looking Germans, "could not restrain their tears"—"boo-hooed right out," as Sam Slick would translate it—and set to work to make their wills forthwith. The thing is unaccountable, except from some strange difference of temperament; for who can imagine a company of our veriest raw ploughboy recruits so behaving themselves? They might shake in their very shoes; they might even very probably run away; but crying and howling is not our way of expressing emotion after childhood is past. But we are accustomed to read of such exhibitions of feeling in the natives of warmer climates, as, for instance, in the characters of Scripture; and an occasional flood of tears on *Æneas's* part would not have unheroed him in our estimation one whit. It is his desertion of Dido which makes an irredeemable poltroon of him in all honest English eyes. A woman and a queen re-

ceives the shipwrecked wanderer with a more than Oriental hospitality; loves him, "not wisely but too well;" and he deserts her. And then Mercury is made to remark, as a reason for getting away as quickly as possible, that "*varium et mutabile semper femina!*"—that the poor lady's mood was changeable, forsooth! The desertion is in obedience to the will of the gods, no doubt. That explanation satisfied the critics of Augustus's day, and he was to them, as Virgil calls him, the "pious" Æneas. To the modern reader, such an authorisation only makes the treachery more disgusting. The morality of English romance, ancient or modern, is by no means immaculate. Tristram and Iseult, still more Lancelot and Guinevere, are of very frail clay. The Sir Galahads ride alone; then, now, and always, in fiction as in fact. But a hero who could be false to a woman, and who was to find in that falsehood the turning-point to fame and success,—he might besit the loose tale with which the *ry-bauder* raised a laugh round the camp-fire, but he was the subject of no lay to which noble knight or dame would listen. The passion might be only *pass amour*, but it must be loyal. To keep his faith, once pledged, the hero might break all other laws, divine or human; but keep it he must. "*Loyauté passe tout, et fausseté honnet tout.*" The principle is by no means the highest, but it is incomparably higher than Virgil's. And this makes Lancelot, in spite of his great crime, a hero in one sense, even to the purest mind, while the calculating piety of Æneas is revolting.

The apologetic criticisms of the translators, who have felt themselves bound not only to give a faithful version of their author, but to defend his conception of a hero, are highly entertaining. Dryden, who was said by one of his malicious critics to have written "for the court ladies," admits candidly

that he knows they "will make a numerous party against him," and that he "cannot much blame them, for to say the truth, it is an ill precedent for their gallants to follow;" winding up with a satirical suggestion that they would do well at least "to learn experience at her cost." But in spite of this special pleading, even Dryden cannot conceal from himself that his hero makes but a very poor figure in this part of the story; nor can he resist the humorous remark that he was more afraid of Dido, after all, than of Jupiter. "For you may observe," says he, "that as much intent as he was upon his voyage, yet he still delayed it until the messenger was obliged to tell him plainly, that if he weighed not anchor in the night, the queen would be with him in the morning." Delille says that Æneas "triumphed over his passions in order to obey the will of heaven;" and forgets to add, that the triumph would have been more complete and more creditable if it had been achieved a little earlier in the story. He notices the unfortunate fate of poor Creusa, left to follow as she might, and never missed till the more fortunate survivors met at the rendezvous, only to say how necessary it was for the purposes of the story to get rid of her somehow, if there was a new wife awaiting him in Italy; and how the account (his own account) of his affectionate search for her (with the usual tears) must have recommended him to Dido, and excused that poor lady for falling in love with him instantan! We incline more to the view of Rousseau in his epigram,—what could Dido expect better from a man who left his lawful wife to be burnt in Troy, and vowed he never missed her? Segrais, very like a Frenchman of the days of Louis XIV., thinks it would have been all right if Æneas had but thrown a little more sentiment into the parting, and had bestowed upon Dido a few

of those tears which were so ready upon less pathetic occasions. While, as to the scene in the Shades, where the false lover begins at last to make his tardy excuses and apologies, the French critic fairly throws up his brief for the defence, and contents himself with the suggestion that this was one of those passages in the poem with which Virgil himself was dissatisfied, and which he must certainly have intended to correct. For ourselves, the correction of the passage which would best meet our notions of poetical justice would be not only that the Tyrian queen, in answer to the recreant appeal, should maintain that grand disdainful silence which Mr. Conington so well renders—

"She on the ground averted kept
Hard eyes that neither smiled nor wept"—

but that Sicheus—that very forgiving husband—should have had a solid mortal foot and stout Roman *caliga* allowed him for that special occasion, with which he might have kicked Æneas right round the Elysian fields. Dido has always been a favourite heroine with Frenchmen, and has been worked up into three or four tragedies. One writer, partly adopting M. Segrain's notion of how things ought to have been—that is to say, how a Frenchman would have behaved himself when such a parting was inevitable—has in his stage dialogue made Æneas take at least a civil farewell of the injured queen:—

"*Helas ! si de mon sort j'avais ici mon
choix,
Bornant à vous aimer le bonheur de ma
vie,
Je tiendrais de vos mains un sceptre, une
patrie :*
*Les dieux m'ont envie le seul de leurs
bienfaits,
Qui pourrait réparer tous les maux qu'ils
m'ont faits.*"

And Dido, mollified by this declaration, far from cursing the fugitive lover in her last moments, assures him of her unchangeable affection,

rather apologising for having so inconveniently fallen in his way, and delayed him so improperly from Lavinia and his kingdom—

"*Et toi, d'ont j'ai troublée la haute desti-
née,
Toi, qui ne m'entends plus—adieu, mon
cher Ænée !
Ne crains point ma colère—elle expire
avec moi,
Et mes derniers soupirs sont encore pour
toi !*"*

They manage these things better in France.

Even Mr. Conington, we observe, in his able introduction to his edition of the *Æneid* in its original, is led to deprecate in some measure the harsh judgments which have been passed upon its hero. A long and intimate acquaintance has, perhaps, made his judgment partial. He admits, indeed, that all our sympathies are with Dido, and makes the remark that in this point Virgil has made the interest centre—at least so far as modern readers are concerned—in a point which he did not intend. "He has struck the chord of modern passion, and powerfully has it responded; more powerfully, perhaps, than the minstrel himself expected." This is well put, and seems perfectly true: Virgil, like many another author, has not been able to make his readers see the actors in his story quite with his own eyes; as Milton has been accused of making Satan the most interesting figure in his '*Paradise Lost*.' But we can scarcely agree with Mr. Conington when he insists on the parallel between Ulysses's desertion of Calypso and Æneas's conduct towards Dido. He "does not see that the deity of Calypso constitutes an essential difference." To us the difference seems essential enough. Anything less like an unprotected female than the island goddess, with her immortal charms and enchantments, we can hardly conceive. It is by no means in every case, even where mortal is matched against mortal, that the

* *Le Franc de Pompignan, 'Didon.'*

lady is the weaker vessel, or has any claim to be considered the "victim." But when the immortals take the field in love's campaign, they should at least be able to hold their own. And we do think, with Mr. Gladstone, that Ulysses's excuse that he had a wife at home expecting him—and which Calypso, being a goddess, must be supposed to have been perfectly aware of—is a much better argument than *Æneas's*, that heaven was pointing the way to a rich heiress in the future; though we admit that, in both cases, the call of duty was quoted rather late in the day. Nor can we accept Mr. Conington's counter criticism on Mr. Gladstone's remark, that Ulysses's farewell to his fair entertainer has a simple grace and honesty which contrast remarkably with the excuses of *Æneas*, who has nothing better to plead than that no action would lie for breach of promise, and that if he had his choice, he had much rather have gone back to Troy. We almost forgive Ulysses in Mr. Worsley's version:—

"All this I know and do myself avow.
Well may Penelope in form and brow
And stature seem inferior far to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou.
Yet even thus 'tis very dear to me
My long-desired return and ancient home
to see." *

Turnus will always find more favour in the eyes of modern readers than his rival. Our English sympathies do not run at all with the foreign adventurer who comes between him and his promised bride, and claims both the lady and the kingdom by virtue of a convenient oracle. Mr. Gladstone's may perhaps be only an ingenious fancy, that Turnus was really the favourite with the poet himself; that although he made *Æneas* victorious, as was required in order to carry out the complimentary reference of the Roman origin to Troy, still the

young chief of native Italian blood was purposely held out to popular admiration, as maintaining to the last a gallant struggle for his rights against gods and men, and only conquered by an array of supernatural force and fraud. No one can read the vivid description of the last combat without mentally taking the side of the younger champion, over-weighted in the fight alike by the superior personal strength of his adversary, the arms of immortal workmanship, and the flapping round him of the wings of that abominable Fury whom Jupiter sends down to daunt and bewilder him in the mortal struggle. To tremble at such omens was a point of faith with the bravest warriors, and the cry that breaks from him is the voice of a gallant despair:—

"Non me tua ferrida terrent
Dicta, ferox: Dii me terrent et Jupiter
hostis."

The terse pathos of the Latin is here almost too much for the translator:

"He shook his head: 'Your swelling
phrase
Appals not Turnus; no:
The gods, the gods this terror raise,
And Jupiter my foe.'"

But Mr. Conington's general rendering of this last scene is admirable, and will give a fair example of his powers in a sustained translation, which is, after all, a different thing from the happy turning of an isolated passage here and there. We refer our readers to the volume itself for the portions which considerations of space oblige us here to omit.

"But great *Æneas*, when he hears
The challenge of his foe,
The leaguer of the town forbears,
Lets tower and rampart go,
Steps high with exultation proud,
And thunders on his arms aloud;
Vast as majestic Athos, vast
As Eryx the divine,
Or he that roaring with the blast,
Heaves his huge bulk in snow-drifts
massed,
The father Appennine.

* Professor Conington is understood to have undertaken the completion of the version of Homer's *Iliad*, which his accomplished and lamented friend left unfinished. The duty could not have fallen into more congenial hands.

Italian, Trojan, Rutule all
 One way direct the eye—
 Who man the summit of the wall,
 Who storm the base to work its fall,—
 And lay their bucklers by.
 Latinus marvels at the sight,
 Two mighty chiefs, who first saw light,
 In realms apart, met here in fight,
 The steel's award to try.
 Soon as the space between is clear,
 Each, rushing forward, hurls his spear,
 And bucklers clashed with brazen din,
 The overture of fight begin.

Giving and taking wounds alike,
 With furious impact home they strike;
 Shoulder and neck are bathed in gore:
 The forest depths return the roar.
 So, shield on shield, together dash
 Æneas and his Daunian foe;
 The echo of that deafening crash
 Mounts heavenward from below.

Fearless of danger, with a bound
 Young Turnus rises from the ground,
 And, following on the sword he sways,
 Comes down with deadly aim:
 Latium and Troy intently gaze,
 And swell the loud acclaim."

[His sword—not his ancestral
 blade of Vulcan's forging, but one
 which he has snatched up in haste—
 breaks in his hand, and, thus left
 helpless, he takes to flight.]

"Nor less, though whiles his stiffening
 knees,
 Slacked by his wound, their work refuse,
 Æneas follows as he flees,
 And step with step the foe pursues.

Five times they circle round the place,
 Five times the winding course retrace:
 No trivial game is here: the strife
 Is waged for Turnus' own dear life."

[Turnus, in his flight, finds a
 huge stone, which not twelve men
 of "to-day's degenerate sons" could
 lift.]

"He caught it up, and at his foe
 Discharged it, rising to the throw,
 And straining as he runs.
 But 'wildering fears his mind unman;
 Running, he knew not that he ran,
 Nor throwing that he threw;
 Heavily move his sinking knees;
 The streams of life wax dull and freeze:
 The stone, as through the void it past,
 Reached not the measure of its cast,
 Nor held its purpose true.
 E'en as in dreams, when on the eyes
 The drowsy weight of slumber lies,
 In vain to ply our limbs we think,
 And in the helpless effort sink;

Tongue, sinews, all, their powers bely,
 And voice and speech our call defy:
 So, labour Turnus as he will,
 The Fury mocks the endeavour still.
 Dim shapes before his senses reel:
 On host and town he turns his sight:
 He quails, he trembles at the steel,
 Nor knows to fly, nor knows to fight:
 Nor to his pleading eyes appear
 The car, the sister charioteer.
 The deadly dart Æneas shakes:
 His aim with stern precision takes,
 Then hurls with all his frame;
 Less loud from battering engine cast
 Roars the fierce stone; less loud the blast
 Follows the lightning's flame.
 On rushes as with whirlwind wings
 The spear that dire destruction brings,
 Makes passage through the corslet's
 marge,
 And enters the seven-plated targe
 Where the last ring runs round.
 The keen point pierces through the thigh,
 Down on his bent knee heavily
 Comes Turnus to the ground.

Rolling his eyes, Æneas stood,
 And checked his sword, athirst for blood.
 Now faltering more and more he felt
 The human heart within him melt,
 When round the shoulder wreathed in
 pride

The belt of Pallas he espied,
 And sudden flashed upon his view.
 Those golden studs so well he knew,
 Which Turnus from the stripling tore,
 When breathless on the field he lay,
 And on his breast in triumph wore,
 Memorial of the bloody day.
 Soon as his eyes had gazed their fill
 On that sad monument of ill,
 Live fury kindling every vein,
 He cries with terrible disdain:
 'What! in my friend's dear spoils arrayed,

To me for mercy sue?
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas guides the blade;
 From your cursed blood his injured shade
 Thus takes the atonement due.'
 Thus as he spoke, his sword he drave
 With fierce and fiery blow
 Through the broad breast before him
 spread;
 The stalwart limbs grow cold and dead;
 One groan the indignant spirit gave,
 Then sought the shades below."

Virgil has not always been fortunate
 in his critics. Some of them
 have been of that prosaic tempera-
 ment which must be, of all things,
 the most exasperating to the spirit
 of the poet, if in any limbo of genius
 he is permitted to be conscious of
 his commentators. The young lady
 who asked Mr. Albert Smith what he
 thought the Lady of Shalot wrote
 her celebrated inscription on her

boat *with*—whether it was “a piece of chalk”—could hardly be more aggravating to Mr. Tennyson’s soul than the French savans who have written grave dissertations on the question whether *Æneas* was ever really in Italy, whether *Ascanius* was too old for *Dido* to nurse, and whether there was room upon *Æneas’s* shield for all that *Vulcan* embossed there. *Denon* was sure that he had identified the coast of the *Cyclops*, and other travellers have traced *Æneas’s* route with great satisfaction to themselves, and even discovered the identical town which he built in *Thrace*. *Napoleon*, amongst his meditations at *St. Helena*, took upon him to examine the poet’s account of the siege of *Troy*. He applied exactly the same sort of test to it that he would to *Cæsar’s* Commentaries, or to a modern general’s despatch, and condemned it formally as untrustworthy; which, for a man who had written some highly poetical bulletins of his own, was rather hard measure. How *Troy* could be burnt to ashes in one night—it had taken eleven days to burn *Moscow*; what became of the *Trojan* army; why the *Trojans*, instead of being so credulous as to the actual departure of the *Greek* fleet, did not “send a fishing-boat to *Tenedos*” to reconnoitre;—these, and other equally sage criticisms, led him to the conclusion that *Virgil* knew very little of the only thing worth knowing—the great art of war. “He wrote,” he said, “only like a college lecturer,” a poor soul who had never seen a shot fired—“*un regent de college qui n’a jamais rien fait*.” A great mistake; *Virgil* understood the art of war far better than the Emperor did that of criticism. But of all unsatisfactory statements, he was most staggered by the *Wooden Horse*.* How even a single company of the

guard could be hid in such a vehicle successfully, and dragged from a distance of some miles inside the city walls, was a conception beyond even a poet’s licence. On this point the Emperor, not being much of a Latin scholar, had depended too implicitly on his translators. *Virgil* (as *Dr. Henry* has well pointed out) makes only nine men come out of the horse, and does not imply that any more went in. But certainly the mistake was a very natural one to any reader of the French or English poetical versions. *Segrais* and *Delille*, one of whom was probably *Napoleon’s* authority, both evidently took it that the horse contained a considerable number. *Segrais* thinks, perhaps two or three hundred. And our English translators go out of their way to exaggerate the wonder. *Pitt* says—

“And half a host lay ambushed in its womb;”

while *Symmons* puts in a touch entirely his own—

“And crowded warriors pant within for breath.”

The popular notions of its contents, as evidenced in pictures as well as poetry, are still more graphically expressed in an ancient Homeric ballad of uncertain authorship, current in our boyhood, but now probably to be reckoned amongst the lost works of antiquity—

“Then *Ulysses*, so famous for cutting of throats,
Stuffed a horse full of men, as you’d stuff him with oats,
Armed with brimstone and matches and torches and tinder,
Resolved to burn every soul to a cinder.”

Mr. Conington, both in his commentary and in this translation, leaves the point uncertain, but is inclined to understand the poet as

* “En supposant que ce cheval contient seulement cent guerriers, il devait être d’un poids enorme, et il n’est pas probable qu’il ait pu être mené du bord de la mer sous les murs d’Ilion en un jour.”—*Précis de Guerres de César*, par *Napoleon*. (By *M. Marchand*, at *St. Helena*.)

implying a large party in the curious ambushade.

He does not, however, we are glad to see, give the weight of his authority to those speculative critics, the mystical school of classical interpretation, who see in the *Æneid*, as in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, a tissue of allegory from first to last. Not content with identifying the Trojan chief with Augustus, they found a double meaning in every character and every legend in the poem. Bishop Warburton, in his well-known "Divine Legation," expended a great amount of learning and research to prove that in the Descent to the Shades in the sixth book, we have a sketch, scarcely veiled, of the great Eleusinian mysteries. Others saw in Dido the love-passion and the fate of Cleopatra, the flight of Marius to the marshes in the person of Sinon, the miserable end of Pompey in Priam—

"Avolsunque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus."

It is impossible to enjoy either Homer or Virgil, if their text is to be "improved" at every step after this sort. Augustus and Octavia looked to the poet for a tale of the olden time, and he told it well. No doubt he threw in graceful compliments to Rome and its ruler; but to have had to guess at some hidden meaning all along, would have

been far too severe a tax on the imperial audience.

One would be glad to know what was the view that was really taken by that profligate court on the one hand, and by the poet himself on the other, of the theological machinery of the poem; those powerful and passionate Genii who pull the wires of the human puppets to gratify their own preferences and hatreds, and are themselves the slaves of an awful Fate which overrides them all. Wherever Justice had fled from the earth, as the legend ran, in those pagan days, she had not found refuge in heaven. The human virtues which Virgil gives his heroes were no copies of anything celestial. Such lessons as the "gods" taught were perfidy and revenge. For men of intellect and of a pure life—and such is credibly said to have been Virgil's—the only salvation lay in utter unbelief of such a creed; or, at most, a stoical submission to the Unknown Fate which ruled all things human and divine. But even when the forms and creeds of religion had become a mockery, the rule of right, however warped, was recognised—in fiction, if not in fact: and Virgil, if for some reason he declined to paint the true hero at full length, has enabled us to pick out his component parts from his sketches of a dozen characters.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

THE POPE.

THERE are two themes now which engross every attention, remote in place, but most intimately connected—Rome and Ireland. To avoid any possibility of being mistaken—for I would not be led here into any discussion of what influences Romanism exerts on Ireland, or Irish disaffection—I will say the few words I wish to say on each of them separately; and first for his Holiness.

Assuredly, to use the words of the song, "I would not wish to be the Pope." If ever there was a situation of extreme difficulty, if ever there was a crisis that demanded great skill, great temper, great moderation, and great firmness, it is that of Pius IX. at the hour I am writing. Pressed on one side by the extreme Catholic party—those who have long told him that French protection was a snare, and that of all his enemies in Europe he had none who, either in power or persistence, equalled the French Emperor—urged by these, the Pope is implored to quit Rome and seek an asylum, it matters little where. Their argument—it is not without weight—is, "If you depart, let what will happen, your rights are reserved, and your protest to the Catholic world is on record to show that you have fled before force, and under the menace of such an insult as you could not consent the Church should be exposed to. The heavy trials you will have to go through will be but passing. The present system of Europe cannot last; men will weary and soon sicken of this fever of Liberalism that is now convulsing the world. Signs of a reaction are even already showing themselves, and there will come a wish for that peace the Church alone can give, and that security for

which there is no hope out of the fold of the faithful." These advisers press upon him that to remain in Rome and await events, is to surrender not only all dignity and consideration, but to become the actual accomplice of his despoilers; that he will be powerless in their hands, and obliged to submit to any terms it may be their will or their convenience to offer him. They refer to the past, and ask him how much of moderation was shown him in the conquest and annexation of the Legations; but what they chiefly impress upon him is, that constitutional Italy is a farce and a sham; that parliamentary government is a mere mask, to give to the wildest designs of red republicanism the mock appearance of deliberate counsel and policy; and that, though Ricasoli and Vegezzi figure in the front, the real figures of the drama are Mazzini and Garibaldi.

The Italians—I mean those who adhere to the cause of a united Italy—are strenuous in opposing all these arguments, and are employing every means in their power to prevent the Pope's departure, which certainly could not be other to them than one of the greatest complications possible. The main effort of Baron Ricasoli's policy at this moment is, to induce the Pope to treat. Let us only negotiate, says he, and you will see what a fine, generous, and not alone generous, but really pious, people you have to deal with. It does not read, I own, very logically, nor does it carry that sort of headlong conviction that can dispense with logic; but Ricasoli's argument comes to this: We are a most devout people, we Italians; we hunger and thirst to be reconciled with the Church.

We feel that, whatever successes have attended us hitherto, their glory is dimmed by the want of that lustre which the favour of the Pope can alone confer; but we also feel that, if your Holiness will not consent to resign an earthly kingdom, we must reduce ourselves to the sad alternative of abandoning our hope of a heavenly one; and if you persist in playing king in the Vatican, there is nothing left to us but revolution here, and something worse hereafter.

Victor Emmanuel's Cabinet, in fact, proposes to treat the Pope pretty much as Mr. Bright, a few weeks ago, proposed to treat certain Irish landlords; they will take his property off his hands by Act of Parliament, and see if they cannot administer it more profitably.

I do not suppose that the Pope believes, what nearly all Christendom knows, that his government is one of the very worst that ever existed; that there is not a vice of tyranny, oppression, espionage, and malversation, that has not a place in it; that corruption is the rule of every department; and that there is no effort of ingenuity spared to keep the people under his sway in a condition of hopeless and degrading ignorance. I am sure the Pope knows nothing, or at least very little, of this. Hermetically sealed in a chamber of the Vatican, what can he possibly see of what goes on around him? The very sanctity that surrounds him denies him access to those sources of information which nowadays the highest and greatest draw their inspirations from.

Another of his difficulties is, that over all his policy as a ruler, above all the ordinances of a state government, there rides an unseen power, the conscience of the Churchman. He is a king, and something more; and it is exactly by this "something more" that he is intractable, "impossible," and unappeasable; so that, when you have exhausted all your arguments to-

wards him as a temporal sovereign, he remains passive and untouched in his eternal capacity.

This tone of contempt for the counsels built upon the late changes in the world of Europe pervades all that issues from the Vatican. How much of these things, say they, will survive a dozen years? Is your Emperor of the French eternal, or do you believe that men will consent to live on for ages in that scramble for place, and that conflict of opinion, restless, fevered, and dissatisfied, they call Liberalism?

To the Pope's eyes, the events of the last year, great and important as they may seem to us, are no more than the shadowy representations of a magic lantern; nor is it at all unreasonable that they should appear so. The history of the Papacy has not been without its dark days, and yet the Church has shown a vitality that has survived great perils and great reverses.

The Pope regards Victor Emmanuel as a tenant with a short lease, while his own tenure is on lives renewable forever; and from this one point of departure all their different courses are taken.

The last move of the Italian Government has been the circular of Baron Ricasoli to the prefects of the kingdom—a "pronunciamento" of the policy to be pursued towards Rome. It sets out by declaring that, through the convention entered into with France by the treaty of September 1864, the Pope's Government has passed into conditions analogous to those of all other sovereignties, and that it must depend upon itself and upon its own resources for the conditions of its permanence; that France and Italy have solemnly contracted neither to prop its weakness nor contribute to its downfall; that inasmuch as such a Government never before existed; nor even now, with the spectacle before our eyes, is at all intelligible or comprehen-

sible how it exists at all, its mode of death must of necessity be as much beyond our power of comprehension as the problem of its vitality. The only thing to do, therefore, is to wait and have patience. That as this union of temporal with spiritual power is one of those things that "no fellow can understand," puzzling the very people who profess it fully as much as the ignorant public who look on, it behoves all who respect the faith of treaties, and who have a due and proper dread of that august ally who dictates them, to wait patiently and quietly on events; to submit with Christian forgiveness to all the severe language of allocutions and addresses; and, no matter what amount of provocation may be offered, on no account, or under no incentive, to proceed to any overt act in return—never to make reply nor rejoinder; in fact, to leave the Pope entirely in the hands of his own population, and on no account whatever "prejudice the course of events."

A *précis* of the Baron's circular amounts to this: The popedom is an anomaly—a direct negation of all the principles of our age. The French Emperor, for certain reasons of his own, has hitherto been disposed to prop and support it; he is now about to withdraw that support, and we Italians are so confident that it is quite unnecessary to hasten what mere time, and certain events already menacing, are sure to accomplish—that we have only to wait patiently, and the game will be all our own.

If there be some sound sense in this, there is some empiricism too. M. Ricasoli says, "Wait and you shall see what you shall see." He neither tells us *what* that will be, nor *how* it will be brought about; he never hints at what nature of transaction, what sort of negotiation will be employed; whether it will be the King who will make terms of submission, or

his Holiness be obliged to succumb to them. All he declares is, Leave the Pope to the Romans, and he could be in no better hands "for our purposes."

The Pope, on the other hand, does not admit he is so ill as his doctor declares him. He says, in so many words, "If you will leave off prescribing for me, I'll do well enough. It is your drugging and dosing that have upset me. Let me have my own dietary and my own mode of life, and I ask nothing better. Nor, if they be not tampered with, has the Pope the same dread of his subjects that the other Italians are disposed to imagine. It is very hard for the head of a state ever to credit the fact of his own unpopularity. The daily homage of those immediately around his person blinds him, and it is not easy to see through the thick atmosphere of that incense which courtiers are eternally swinging before their sovereign. This difficulty is increased tenfold to a spiritual ruler, who is accustomed to receive a submissive respect that verges on worship, and whose subjects must be wanting in faith before they be wanting in loyalty.

That a portion of the Pope's subjects are not favourable to his rule is true enough; but are these the majority, or do they represent the highest intelligence and the wealth of the nation? This is not so certain; and unquestionably there is a considerable reluctance felt by many of what are called the Liberals to accept union with Italy at the heavy cost of sharing the enormous debt of the nation.

M. Ricasoli, however, has neither doubts nor misgivings. He repeats, here is a system so essentially opposed to all progress and enlightenment, that it must crumble to dust when once the air of liberty reaches it. It is something so repugnant not only to all advancement, but so directly adverse to every principle of common sense, that it need only be left to itself to procure its

dissolution. His theory is: it is not necessary to kill the pope—dom—it is quite enough to let it die. There is an adage that says, "Threatened men are generally long-lived;" and if the persons whose extinction is here speculated on be only commonly prudent, I see no reason to think they will prove exceptions to the maxim. There is no class of men who can make the do-nothing policy so effective as the priests. The submissiveness that would be cowardly in others rises to the dignity of a virtue with them; while every attempt to coerce them becomes an act of odious and unpardonable cruelty.

If the Pope and the Cardinals had only to deal with courts and cabinets—if it were to be a matter of discussion and despatch-writing,—a purely intellectual conflict—I know which side I would back; I would not long hesitate to predict to which quarter victory would incline. Not so, however, where the priest has to deal with the passions and impulses of a multitude. Of all men in the world none understand so little the varying moods of the masses in times of political excitement—none are so prone to mistake or so ready to overvalue them. A vulgar prefect of police on such a theme would be worth a college of cardinals; and here is the Pope's great danger.

Priests make the double mistake—"they under-estimate public opinion, they over-estimate mob violence." Now, there is not the slightest personal risk in the Pope's remaining in Rome. The Globe or the Guardian office would, I am persuaded, fill a policy on the life of the Holy Father just as freely as if he had taken up his lodgings at Valetta.

I do not think the "Reds" are anxious that this should be believed. They are eager for the Pope's departure, because they are fully persuaded that, Rome once evacuated, the game of their own party will be all the more easily played.

They are well pleased to see how far the terror of a personal violence is swaying the counsels of his Holiness. I take it that priests are, generally speaking, more timorous than other men—their very costume must inspire them with fear. It is alike unfit for fight and inconvenient for running away; and when I read the Pope's declaration about going to die in the Catacombs, I felt a profound conviction that he had many years of life before him; but I also knew that he was terribly frightened when he said it.

In these days of telegraph-wires it is nervous work to predict anything. So far from even being able to be a prophet for twenty-four hours, the contradiction may actually forestall the prediction. I am still rash enough to utter a declaration, and it is, that the Pope will remain; and I think he will be wise if he do so. There is a finality about all abdications that is very dangerous policy. The incoming tenant at Rome—and it is not quite certain at this moment who he might be—would probably not make the premises more pleasant to return to; and if it should happen to be Mazzini, he will certainly not pay for "the fixtures." I would, therefore, say to the Pope, Stay where you are, and treat. You will get something, it may not be much, but something you will get if you remain—nothing, absolutely nothing, if you go. Exiles, after all, are only life-annuitants; and it would be a grave question what nation in Europe would burden itself with a separate civil list for a Power that declared itself dethroned and bankrupt when some who professed to be its friends called it as powerful as ever it was, and as rich as it ought to be.

As I correct these pages—written a fortnight ago—for the press, the words of the King of Italy, on opening the Parliament, are before me. He expresses a fervent wish and hope that the Pope

may remain at Rome in all independence. It may not be exactly polite to say so, but I am really curious to know whether the King meant what he said, or said what he meant.

If the words simply pointed to the fact of the withdrawal of the French, and that his Holiness no longer depended on the aid or was subject to the dictation of a foreign power, they contained a sneer and a sarcasm on the "august ally" who affected to be at Rome to insure this same independence. If, however, the speech implied that the independence alluded to was to be confined to questions of faith and the Church, and that no pressure should or could be exercised over the Holy Father in what regarded religion, it was no more than a platitude; and I ask of all,—If the King intended to say that all question of absorbing Rome into the Italian kingdom was to be for ever abandoned, and that the integrity of so much as remained to the Pope of his dominions was to be now ratified to him—if, I say, he meant this, he simply rescinded a solemn vote of the Chamber, which once declared Rome to be the capital of Italy, and effaced that decision from the records of Parliament.

One thing, however, is quite certain, the words were heartily cheered by the Chamber, though it is by no means impossible different sections

of that assembly took different measure of their meaning; and I have my doubts if Messieurs Mordini and Crespi understood them in the same sense as did Baron Ricasoli and Monsieur Minghetti.

That the King had some straightforward meaning of his own, that neither admitted of equivocation nor subtlety, it was only necessary to hear his deep-toned, honest declaration, made in all the soldierlike simplicity that marks all he says or does, and which is still by no means devoid of a certain dignity. The King, besides, is a very pious Catholic, and never had any sympathy with the party who intended, by the confiscation of the property of the Church, to insure its downfall. He would ask nothing better than to accommodate matters with the Pope. He has already conceded much: the bishops are to return to their sees without any pledge of allegiance being exacted from them; a much larger sum than the actual debt of the Legations is to be paid into the Papal treasury by the Italian Government; a spirit of conciliation, pushed almost to humility, marks every step of the negotiations now opening with Rome; so that whatever fate awaits his Holiness, he may feel assured he will be treated with every respect and consideration, and if even amputation shall be at last decided on, the operation will be performed "under chloroform."

FENIANS.

It is just possible that by the time what I am writing travels across Europe, and finds its way into two columns of print, the fact may stand in open contradiction to my prophecy, "that there will be no rebellion in Ireland."

I do not affect to say that there is no cause for grave apprehension. I do not presume to disparage those who inculcate the promptest measures both for defence and repres-

sion; but what I firmly believe is, that as regards disaffection, Ireland is pretty much what she has been any time for these last forty or fifty years—neither better nor worse; and that, if it were not for that backwater of disloyalty that is now setting in upon us from the United States, we should not be crowding our jails and bridewells with very insignificant blackguards, nor filling the columns of our newspapers with

stories of discovered percussion-caps and pike-heads.

Lord Kimberley's assertion of the widespread disaffection of Ireland met a very different acceptance amongst Englishmen and Irishmen. On the one side of the Channel it was taken to represent rebellion as imminent and certain; that not only were all the plans for a rising matured, but that an overwhelming majority of Irishmen were ready to throw themselves and their fortunes into the enterprise, and hazard all for independence.

Now, unfortunately for them, Irishmen understand all the aspects of disaffection somewhat better than their richer brethren over the Channel. They know that there are a vast variety of types of discontent. There is the sulky county squire or dissatisfied Catholic barrister, whose idea of equality is to be placed above and preferred to the Protestant of his own rank. There is the parish priest, the chronic rebel of Ireland, who knows how he asserts his popularity amongst his flock by railing against England; and who knows, too, that a persistent course of abuse and bad language is always recompensed by concessions wrung now from the exigencies of party, now bestowed to goad on opponents to acts of rashness or reprisal. The Whigs seemed to have taken out a patent for this policy, and have employed it with immense success in their dealings with the Orangemen, whose impetuous loyalty is always launching them into jail.

Then there is the normal discontent of the tenant-farmer class, who want fixity of tenure and a scale of compensations for what they call improvements. Some of their demands are fair and reasonable, others impracticable, and others again totally unjust. Here is disaffection, and widespread disaffection too; but it is not rebellion, nor does it lead or incline to rebellion any more than Councillor O'Shea's rage

at not getting a silk gown, or Father Luke Lannigan's indignation at being postponed to the parson!

But below all these classes, amongst the body of the people, where poverty and hardship prevail, whose lives were one long uncheered round of privation and endurance, there certainly was and is that stuff of which real rebellion is made. To these men the narratives of friends and relatives from America became mad incentives to revolt. They were taught to believe that laws were only made in the interests of the wealthier classes—that Irishmen were held by England in a state of abject serfdom—that the spectacle of their misery and degradation had become a world-wide scandal, and a shame to those who continued to endure it. There is a great dash of recklessness in the national character, and certainly hunger and want do not serve to counteract this element. Here then, assuredly, were the men ready for a rising—ready for anything.

To say that these people cared about the franchise, or the Established Church, or land tenure, except it meant confiscation of all property in their favour, is about as reasonable as to say that the children of an infant-school demanded a law upon primary education.

When Mr. Bright propounded his notable land scheme a few weeks ago at a meeting in Dublin, the interruptions he met with showed the sort of acceptance his words received. Such paltry boons as fixity of tenure and moderate rent had no attraction for these wholesale reformers, who wanted simply confiscation and redistribution. What an ignorance of the people he was addressing! Was there no one to tell him that he was not in Stockport or Staleybridge? Was there no one to whisper in his ear, These are not people who have passed their lives disputing about

the qualifications for the franchise and the merits of the ballot: these men are hungry, and want something to eat? They are not over-given to hard work, but have no aversion to risk their lives in any enterprise that promises them a subsistence. You'll not appal them by a picture of peril, but you'll never tempt them by a boon that is to come to them by Act of Parliament.

Here is the real element of Irish discontent; but it showed great ignorance, great want of discrimination, and a great lack of candour in the late Viceroy to class all these various shades and degrees of Irish disaffection into one, and to assert that the whole country was unsound. I am confident—and I am certain that my assertion will be seconded by almost every Irishman of intelligence—that, except in the very lowest ranks, no one wishes for rebellion in Ireland.

I will not pretend that the lower Catholic clergy have no sympathy with a movement whose object is to outrage and insult England. The humbler priest in Ireland is but a cottier in a black coat. He has all the prejudices, all the hatreds, and all the jealousies of the order he sprung from, *plus* the peculiar bitternesses derivable from a station palpably inimical to the gentry. He is withheld from rebellion by the orders of his superior, but still more by that small smattering of intelligence his reading has conveyed to him of the might and power of England, and the utter hopelessness of Ireland in a struggle with her stronger neighbour.

If good wishes would gain the cause, there are some, even amongst the higher clergy, who would not hesitate to throw in their fortunes with insurrection; but these men are shrewd and crafty, and well know all the odds that are against them. They therefore decide for loyalty; but what a loyalty! The pastoral of an Irish Roman Catholic bishop is an artful enumeration of all the

grievances and supposed wrongs of Ireland, with a plaintive exhortation to endure them all a little longer, and to hope that the hearts of their oppressors may yet be softened, and the wicked may grow weary of their wickedness. How calm and reassuring all this, how likely to subdue the passions and allay the irritable feelings of Irishmen, let all who know Ireland declare. By incessant demands, by perpetual discontent, the Irish priests know well they can obtain everything: by a rebellion they are certain to lose all. They forfeit the affection of the people if they desert them, and they are pretty sure to be hanged if they join them! Rebellion is therefore the very last alternative in their minds.

The Roman Catholic gentleman's loyalty is something very different from the priest's. I will not go so far as to say that he has not his grudges against England. There may be certain grievances he feels he owes to the manner in which his religion is regarded by the State, and he cannot free himself from the sense that certain disabilities attach to him; but there is no man more ready to admit the excellence of English rule, or to contrast advantageously the liberties he enjoys at home with those he would possess under any foreign government.

The Catholic gentlemen of Ireland are as loyal, as trustworthy, and as staunch in their allegiance as any subjects of her Majesty; and if, which Heaven forbid! we are to see troubles in our time, these men will be found taking their stand against rebellion as promptly, as ably, and as fearlessly as any in the land. It is only fair to add, that their loyalty has cost them all their influence with the people; and in the very proportion in which they may be relied on by the State are they dis-trusted by their co-religionists.

If, then, rebellion can only proceed from the very lowest strata of the population in Ireland, have they that organisation, that concert,

and that leadership, which can make them formidable? That arms are concealed, and a certain sort of drill has been practised, are clear enough, and that American or American-Irish sympathisers are scattered over the country, is also evident; but are all these parts of a grand swindle to entice subscriptions from credulous dupes, or are they the preparations for a coming struggle? My own impression is that the game of Irish insurrection will be played exactly as it is likely to be met. If the Government show weakness or indecision—if they exhibit any desire to palter with treason or to treat with traitors—I think the party of insurrection will gain courage, and go on even to open rebellion. If, however, by a bold and decisive course in effecting the arrests of all suspected persons, by a firm use of the extraordinary powers which an unhappy cause has armed them with, by military preparation on a scale that must give confidence to the weakest-hearted, and, above all, by promptitude and energy in bringing to speedy trial, and, where convicted, to punishment, those who are the chief promoters of rebellion;—if by these and suchlike measures England declares she accepts the situation and is ready for it, I have not a doubt of the result; and I am as sure that we shall tide over our troubles without bloodshed, and only recall Fenianism, after some years, as connected with Lord Kimberley's earldom, and the frothy oration which gave him his coronet.

But then comes the other, and, to my thinking, the weightier question,—What is to be done with Ireland if there should be no outbreak, or if the outbreak be suppressed? Are we to go on for ever "assisting" at that dreary issue, which Chief-Justice Bushe said was on trial for the last century in Ireland—"Sir William Verner *versus* the Pope &nd others"? Is it not time to try some other policy than that

of making Ireland the element, by which rival parties in England bid for place and power?

I maintain it, that a bad rule in Ireland, if it only were persistent and continuous, would not be as pregnant of evil as the vacillating and capricious policy of conflicting Cabinets. Irishmen are constantly reproached with not settling down to the work of life in that serious spirit which characterises Englishmen. They are charged with levity and fickleness; they are accused of indolence, and palpably assured they are mainly deficient in those qualities which render men self-reliant and independent. Now I am not at all prepared to accept this verdict. I take the Irishman not merely in the new worlds of America and Australia, where there are special incentives to energy, but I see him, in the old nations of Europe, taking service with France, or Austria, or Spain, or Italy, and everywhere with distinction. If the faults you impute to him were in his nature, why have they not followed him across the sea? Why is he a good American in the States, a loyal subject to France, or Austria, or Italy, and yet always a rebel at home? Have you no lurking suspicion in your hearts that, while meaning fairly and honestly by him, you have not treated him well, simply because you have never understood him?

It is quite true, he is more excitable, more inflammable than you are; he is, so to say, more of a gambler as regards life and fortune; and what have you done to correct this, the inherent vice of his nature? You have—not to-day nor yesterday, but for full eighty years—made him the sport of every rival Administration. At one time you governed by Protestant ascendancy, which, whatever its faults, at least held by the English connection. The Whigs reversed all this, and tried to rule the land by the priests. It was a rotten compact. The rogues were well met; but the

Churchmen beat the laics. Both parties, however, forgot that underneath each of those there was a nation, poor, discontented, and starving, but who, such was the gambler in their hearts, actually took interest in the game, dreaming, perhaps, that in some remote future he who won the stake might throw some coppers amongst the crowd.

I do not love the French Emperor; I do not admire his rule, or respect his character; but I wish with all my heart we had a loan of him to govern Ireland, not depending on this or that great party in the State; not obliged to concede a tenant-right to carry a reform, or obliged to endow and elevate a Papist to the Bench to secure a seat for a borough; but to rule Ireland as he rules France—decisively, despotically, and uniformly. We want a Viceroy whose acts should never be subordinated to the necessities of party; who could promote without dread of reproof, and punish without fear of dismissal; who, independent of and aloof from all the exigencies of official rivalry, could afford to govern Ireland for itself, and for Irish interests, rather than for the critical conditions of a Cabinet; who could disabuse Irishmen of the belief that the trade of politics was the one

grand royal road to success in life, and also convince Englishmen that the game of party could not be honestly played at the cost of a whole people.

Let the rivals for power in England agree upon some man—he ought to be an able, but still more important is it that he be an honest man—to rule Ireland for ten years. Of course, I mean only with such powers as Viceroys now enjoy, but free to use his judgment without any reference to party, or as much as a thought for the result of a division. Let him address himself to the questions of land-tenure, the poor-laws, the condition of education, the conflicting claims of rival Churches, and the other momentous questions of the country,—submitting his opinions on these to whatever party might be in power, as freely as an ambassador at Constantinople writes to the Foreign Secretary of State his views on the events around him. Let him do this with the confidence that the Empire, whose servant he is, will judge and pronounce upon his acts—not a Cabinet nor a Council—and Ireland may yet emerge from her calamities, and become the credit instead of the reproach to England.

GENTLE MORMONS.

There is a class of people which has puzzled me for years, and, as I grow older, puzzle me only the more. I imagine—it may be a self-flattery—but I like to imagine that I have a wide sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men; indeed it has been one of my chief amusements through life to fancy myself to be this, that, or t'other in various situations of difficulty, or distress, or prosperity, or triumph, as it might be, and to think how I should behave and conduct myself in such trials. I have no doubt now, as I look back, that this habit

of thinking of "what I should do if I saw a white bear" is one of the reasons why I have done nothing in life, and find myself, at the last stage of my journey, pretty much as I started, only that my feet are so much more weary, and my shoes the worse for wear. Not that I make any complaint, mark you. I ate my cake very early in life, when my teeth were good and my digestion admirable; and if I do not recommend the practice to others, I am not going to regret its adoption by myself.

And now to quit this tiresome

egotism, I return to the people whom I have already declared to be such puzzles to me. I really am curious to know if the difficulty of understanding them be shared by many others, or is it simply some defective organisation of mine that creates the embarrassment.

The people who puzzle me are those who, from some accidental meeting, some chance acquaintance—made at Margate, on a Rhine steamer, or on the Righi, suddenly swear an eternal friendship, and straightway set off to travel in company, pass their summer together in Switzerland, and finish by taking a house in partnership for a winter at Rome or Naples.

That certain material interests, some questions of house-rent and servants and taxes, can be subserved by the compact, is possible enough. That A. and B. may afford to live in a costlier part of the town, and occupy a more pretentious lodging; that certain details of housekeeping, too, may be conducted more economically than if A. and B. lived separately,—is easy to understand; but what I cannot comprehend is, what manner of people they can be who accept this as home-life, and who can consent to believe that this detestable blending of material interests and separate action of all sympathies can possibly represent domesticity.

When, in times past, a mixed garrison occupied one of the Federal fortresses of Germany, the Austrians mounted guard one day, and the Prussians another; but when the Migges and the Morgans took up house together, the two families seemed blended into one. You knew Miggs, but you didn't know, or didn't wish to know, Morgan. It was impossible to escape it. You called and were ushered into a drawing-room, where each called the other by his or her Christian name, the women adding "dear" as a prefix. If not prepared by previous acquaintance, you must have been a shrewd observer

to have found out which belonged to which. Was that Mrs. Miggs that tittered when Miggs made the joke, or was it Mrs. Morgan whose glance reproved her? They have an indisputable right to do this; they may eat of the same loaf, sit in the same opera-box, drink tea out of the same teapot; but have they a right to make the outside world partners to the compact? As I said before, why, because I know Miggs, must I know Morgan? Is it not hard that, because I know one Mormon, I must find myself on terms of intimacy with the whole of Utah?

I have not the vaguest idea how intercourse with these communities is to be conducted. All their proceedings seem to be taken under the name of the firm, and yet they are indignant at the thought of being confounded. At the same time, it needs a clearer head than mine to separate them after a while. There is a story of poor Sheridan Knowles, who, on some matter where he felt himself aggrieved by the well-known publishers, Saunders & Otley, presenting himself one day at their establishment, and saying to the individual who received him, "If you are Mr. Saunders, d—n Mr. Otley; or if you are Mr. Otley, d—n Mr. Saunders." This is precisely my predicament.

But what I want some one to tell me is: are the people who do these things better and broader and wider in their natures—have they a more ample humanity—are they less irritable, less selfish, less exacting than others? Is it out of a more generous temperament that they are enabled to live in this wise? or is it because they think more of their sixpences than their sympathies, and are willing to sacrifice every sentiment of the family for certain petty advantages, if not for mere display?

How that identity of interest which forms the essence of the family can be extended to two households, is what I cannot conceive. If these people dwell together in nourish-

ing all the little jealousies and rivalries that animate humanity, it must be very detestable; and if they, on the other hand, arrive at a perfect community of interests, they have reached something not very remote from a genteel Mormonism.

The "pension" and the boarding-house are bad enough, heaven knows! but in these the remarkable trait engrained in their frequenters is that practical egotism that secures "Liver-wings" at dinner, and the snug place at the fire afterwards; while in these genteel Mormonisms the thing to be deplored is that fatal familiarity which, blending two households into one, leaves nothing behind but an association to club expenses and go halves in coach-hire.

English people occasionally do this—Irish, I am proud to say, very rarely. The Americans love it. Perhaps they can submit to the practice with less of sacrifice than others, so much has the hotel life in their own country habituated them to living amongst strangers. Americans, too, have a better excuse for genteel Mormonism than other people. The Continent is all so new to them that they are forced, in a measure, to club their experiences as well as their purses; but why will English people do it? When I find Miggs always skating with Morgan's son, and Morgan everlastingly at the galleries with Miggs's daughters, I ask myself, How are they ever able to know in this round game who are partners, if there be partners? I ask, and only for information, Does Miggs seek consolation from the irritability of Mrs. Miggs in the society of Mrs. Morgan? and is Morgan painfully convinced that Mrs. Miggs is of a more uniform temper and cheerful nature than his own partner?

If they eat and drink in common, as I hear it is occasionally their habit to do, what consummate financiers they must be to adjust

the budget amicably and with fairness! Tom may eat more butter than Jane, or Matilda may be "a whale for marmalade;"—are there supplementary credits, as the French call them, for these? Are they always sure of moving in exactly the same circles of society; or if not, how are the rivalries of class and condition disposed of? Are the little festivals of the family, the birthdays and suchlike, suppressed, or are they kept in common by a convention? If Miggs makes an acquaintance at the club, how soon has Morgan a right to know him? Must the Morgan girls always take out the Miggses in the cotillon before all other young ladies? How about pork? Miggs loves, Morgan abhors it. Tobacco, too, is a difficulty; one cigar in the house, and Mrs. Miggs faints, and requires maraschino to recover her.

Are they like-minded about literature? Is Miss Braddon wholesome for the Miggs girls, and totally pernicious for the Morgans? In a word, how is the whole thing worked? The glass of water so pure and limpid to the eye, seen under the microscope, abounds with monsters of hideous form and voracious appetite. Is it equally the case with humanity? Would the small tumbler called the family display a spectacle equally revolting?

In every household, the humblest, the simplest, the frankest, there are scores of things not absolutely secrets—very far, indeed, from secrets—but still "reserves" as regards the outer world. The very questions of house-thrift are such as people do not care to discuss with their neighbours, and there are others, again, that a very ordinary delicacy would shrink from exhibiting. How are these and suchlike treated by our Mormon friends? Do they endeavour, while living under the same roof, to keep up all the conventionalities which regulate more distant rela-

tions? If so, what an eternal hypocrisy it must entail; and if not, do they freely enter into each other's private affairs, and hear all their circumstances and belongings as though their own?

For my own part, I cannot imagine these contracts other than leading to excessive, and consequently dangerous, intimacy or inveterate dislike—and this latter the better, perhaps, of the two. It requires all the close tie of that "annular ligament," the "family," to bind up the discrepant tempers, discordant tastes, and separate ambitions of a household. It is often only the feeling that, embarked together in the same boat, indiscipline must wreck them, that forces people to submit to those restrictions and concessions which insure peace. Who is to answer for this spirit pervading the union of *Miggs cum Morgan*? How, besides, provide for perfect equality between the partners in this firm? *Miggs* must be as well but not better born than *Morgan*; so of their wives. The daughters of the one must be neither younger nor prettier than those of the other; neither

wittier nor more accomplished. Which of us ever saw the man he would call his exact equal, unless it was one very palpably and notably his superior?

The system, too, involves another inconvenience. The same sort of tyranny that trade combinations inflict upon handicraft these unions exercise on society. Powerless as individuals, these people acquire strength from being massed; and the loose talk that so readily grows into libel is the current conversation of these dangerous partnerships.

As for Brigham Young, he is only doing what Solomon did before him. What success attended the experiment in either case is not so easily to be ascertained; but I suspect, as far as mere intercourse was concerned, it would be pleasanter to be on visiting terms with Brigham and his fifty wives, than with these people of mixed households; and I take it that a plunge in the Salt Lake itself would be pleasanter and fresher bathing than to paddle in these miserable puddles of "genteel Mormonism" at home.

A HINT TO FICTION-WRITERS.

I devour novels. There is positively nothing in three vols. *me alienum puto*. From Dickens downwards I revel in fiction, and I actually burn to break a lance with that archbishop who lately denounced novels and those who read them. Is it through histories and chronicles we know anything of our neighbours—of their temperaments, their tastes, their daily lives of business, or pleasure, or ambition? To understand a people—to value the sort of things that influence their lives and mould their actions—is not the well-told story worth all the old almanacs that ever chronicled wars and registered treaties? Which would teach you more about Frenchmen, and espe-

cially Frenchwomen, a volume of Balzac, or a whole shelf of Thiers or Thierry?

There is no stronger evidence of the practical spirit of our age than in the immense predominance of the novel in literature. The fiction-writer has absorbed, so to say, the traveller, the biographer, and the moralist; bringing to his task a variety of knowledge, sure to prove attractive to many who read less for the interest of story than for pleasant disquisition, quaint description, or some keen insight into life and manners.

It is not to defend novels or those who write them I am now concerned. The millions who read them—whose opinions are cor-

rected, whose thoughts are elevated, whose sad hours are cheered by them — are better defenders than all I could allege for them. What I desire to do here is simply to throw out, with all the deference my ignorance of the subject imposes, a hint which might possibly be advantageously adopted by writers of fiction. My case is this. I want the novelist, instead of those minute and occasionally tedious portraiture of his people, to adopt the dramatic expedient of a brief list of his characters at the beginning of his story, so that we should at once set out with knowing who is who—a species of knowledge that would not only add zest to our enjoyment of the narrative, but, also immensely aid us in regulating the amount of interest we are called upon to bestow to each individual of the tale. In the few brief notices as to costume, the playwright gives us full insight into character. Are not the curt descriptions of the brocade flowers of aunt Tabitha's gown, or the wiry curls of uncle Robert's wig, as ample indications of character as whole pages of that word-painting we find in fiction? A great portion of the pleasure we derive from the drama is in the process of development of the meagre sketch of the programme into the full-grown and lifelike creature of the piece. The lay figure suddenly vivified is not a mere surprise: it is something more. Why not import this into the novel? It is in excessive pains bestowed upon describing his people that the novelist is sure to encounter future disappointment. When, for instance, he presents us with a man of wit and smartness, who has repartee at every emergency, and an epigram at every turn—whose presence in society is marked by a brilliancy quite electric; and when, after this flourish of trumpets, we find a personage only distinguished by perhaps a passing impertinence or a stale pedantry,—we are angry with the author, and regard our-

selves as cheated. Now, in the play, the few lines of warranty would not have gone so far as this bond, and we would have taken him just for what he proved himself, and no more.

If the character cannot mark his identity by the dialogue, it is utterly useless to waste time on his description. As the image of real life, besides, fiction ought to be satisfied with presenting its people as we find them presented in the world. The names of the company announced as they arrive in the drawing-room, are amply suggestive of what they will prove themselves at the dinner-table; and what a deal of time and labour will be spared by this practice to both writer and reader!

I do not know what temptations these descriptions of his creatures offer to the fiction-writer. It may be, for aught I am aware, one of the chief pleasures of his art. Indeed, one might suspect as much from the great pains bestowed upon them, and the evident unwillingness shown to quit the theme. If, however, I might presume to offer my own experiences as of any value, I would say that a reader often likes the sort of doubt that exists as to the exact nature of this or that character of fiction, and is not unfrequently at issue with the author himself as to the motives of certain actions in the story. Now these over-finished portraits sadly interfere with this pleasure.

As the man enjoys his dinner with a much higher zest from having conned over the bill of fare, adjusting, as it were, his digestive powers to the various dishes, and apportioning to each delicacy a measured share of favour; so will the novel-reader, if the practice I advise be adopted, select the people of the story who are most to his taste, and turn to the chapters where they appear. In this way one has some chance of keeping up with the shoals of fiction which now crowd the world, and do his

"Mudie" like a man; while the most immersed in business can obtain that current knowledge of what passes in light literature by a simple glance at the list of characters. And when his fair cousin, with the blonde ringlets, asks him tenderly, Is not Alice a darling? he may be able to answer, off-hand, that he prefers Josephine.

The spirit of our age is condensation; we get as much destructiveness as we can into a shell or a grenade—as much sustenance as we are able into a beef-lozenge. Why not try the same system with our novels, and boil down our Thackeray or Bulwer into a *consommé* of enjoyment?

In this busy conflict we call life, to make us merely companionable, what a vast variety of things must we form acquaintance with, without mastering any! The active ones amongst us do this with some success, and get up their Bank-charter and De Chaillu, the Fenians, the Ritualists, Mary Walker, and the Archbishop of York's charge, well enough to pass muster; and when they can colour graver studies with illustrations from fiction, and dash a Westbury scandal with Lady

Audley's Secret, they seem to be all accomplished. It is fair, however, to lend them aid to this consummation; and until some better expedient offer itself, I would beg to submit the plan I have now proposed.

Curtailed of these excrescences called character-drawing, novels might be in one volume instead of three—an immense gain, especially to those conscientious people who, like myself, go honestly through the catalogue, and devour all, from "the egg to the apple." As it is, eating, drinking, sleeping, and Mudie, leave very little time for the lighter pleasures of life in Parliament or Quarter Sessions or the Stock Exchange. We must look to this, or, like Jack, we may become dull through lack of amusement. Now, as we can put no check on the producers, let us see if we cannot do something to condense production. Rely upon it, the novelists who can afford to adopt the plan I propose, will well afford the trouble of reading them. It is, in fact, the alcoholic test applied to fiction, and only the strong liquor will hold its place in the market.

THE CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN GERMANY.

BY CAPTAIN C. C. CHESNEY, R.E.

"In war, the moral power is to the physical as three to one." The strategy of Napoleon himself never better illustrated his favourite maxim than the success of the Prussians in the summer campaign that carried Vogel's standards from Hamburg to Frankfort with a rapidity which the circumstances seemed at first view to forbid. His columns starting from divergent bases, and divided by a formidable corps of the opposing armies; outnumbered fourfold according to the paper estimates, which war rudely tears; and charged not only to occupy the wide territories that separated his scattered troops, but to push beyond them through the rugged hills of Thuringia, to the Main—the Prussian General, with show of reason, might have declared the task as much beyond his means and material as the needful exertion would have been to most men bearing the weight of seventy years. Age, however, had not wholly dimmed the ardour which made him noted among the patriot subalterns of the War of Independence. His eye was still keen, his frame could dare exposure, his confidence and rapid action were those of youth. Like his great master at Berlin, he was fully conscious of the division and unreadiness of the minor states, and of the vast advance which Prussia had lately made in military power by the unconstitutional remodelling of her army. Like him, he foresaw the moral value of early success vigorously followed up. He entered, therefore, upon the operations intrusted to him with an alacrity which augured ill for his slow opponents, even had not the great Austrian defeat on the Bistritz taken all heart from their leaders ere the struggle was well begun.

The theatre of the events we propose to trace lies mainly in the dis-

trict which separates the rich and varied Westphalian possessions of Prussia from the tamer provinces of Brandenburg and Saxony. Starting from the north, we glance from the Elbe across a flat and sandy country, with a few low ranges of hills about the Weser, forming the chief part of the kingdom of Hanover. To the south-west this plain may be followed out to Frankfort through the electorate of Hesse-Cassel, becoming more hilly as the Rhine is neared; but to the south-east it is distinctly shut off from Saxony by an irregular mass of broken country rising to mountainous elevations, traversed by few roads, and known as the Hartz. A line drawn due north and south through the capital of Hanover would divide its whole territory into nearly equal parts, pass clear of the Hartz through the eastern portion of the plain of Hesse-Cassel, and strike, twenty miles west of Eisenach, on the apex of the mountainous triangle known as the Thuringian Forest, which fills the space north of the Main from Bamberg to Aschaffenburg, being about 70 miles deep, and 90 wide from east to west at its base. The eastern side of this triangle is connected by minor ranges of hills with the great Bohemian mountains; the western overlooks the Hessian plain, and throws its last branch nearly out to Frankfort. The great railroad from that city into Saxony turns the forest by running north-east to Cassel and then south-east to Eisenach, where an opening of a few miles wide is left by nature between the Hartz and the Thuringian chains. Another line is conducted along the south of the latter from Frankfort to Bamberg, up the Main, being first carried over the hills to Aschaffenburg to escape one deep bend of the river; and cutting off an-

other by crossing a fine plain left between the stream and the mountains beyond the city of Wurtzburg. Rugged as the Hartz and Thuringian districts by nature are, German industry has crossed their hills and valleys with numberless fine carriage-roads, and rendered the movements of troops of all arms practicable in any given direction by a division of the columns rather greater than that practised in an easier country.

Early in June General Vogel prepared for the first task allotted to him in case of the refusal of Prussian demands by Hanover and Cassel. The occupation of those countries, and the disarmament of their contingents, seemed necessary conditions to any successful prosecution of the war against their southern allies. The former maintained an army mustering nominally 21,000 men; the latter one of 10,500: and the Hanoverians had, as compared with other lesser states, a high reputation for discipline and courage; whilst the troops of Cassel might be supported within short distance by a body of the same strength in Darmstadt, and one of half as many in Nassau. So closely intertwined were the bounds of these latter states, that their depots might have been placed within a morning's march of each other on the three sides of the small Prussian enclave which lay around the town of Wetzlar, and might have thus met for common action on the enemy's ground at the first rupture. Darmstadt, however, had no desire for war. In Nassau and Cassel the princes were thinking more of the open enmity of the better portion of their subjects than of their danger from a hostile crown. No step was therefore taken for common action until events forced it on; and Vogel was able quietly to organise a part of his command for active service in this very enclave. Thus he threatened three of his adversaries with a single division, which lay also within ten miles of the Frankfort-Cassel railroad, the

vital line of communication between the Federal authorities at Frankfort and their allies in Hesse and Hanover. At Wetzlar General Beyer collected the troops formerly allotted by Prussia to the Federal garrisons on the Rhine. His command took at first the formidable name of a Corps of Observation, and was multiplied in rumour to 80,000 men. Exclusive of a small division of landwehr battalions, freshly mobilised and unfit for instant service, there were really about 20,000 troops under his orders when the signal for action reached him. A full division of the regular Prussian army, forming half of Vogel's proper corps, was collected for him by General Goeben at Minden, where the Westphalian possessions of Prussia projected into the west of Hanover. With a supplement of landwehr this gave him 16,000 more. General Manteuffel, who had lately occupied Holstein with a provisional division of 14,000 troops, was also placed under his orders, and raised his command to 50,000 men by the 15th June, exclusive of further supplies of landwehr, now being rapidly embodied, and of the depots in garrison on the Prussian Rhine.

Up to the day of the final decision against Prussia in the Federal Council, negotiations had been carried on between Hanover and Berlin with a view to neutralise the forces of the former and leave Vogel free to move against Frankfort or Bavaria. Yet the hopes of Bismarck and his advisers rested justly rather on their military forwardness and the advantages given by the position of their divisions, than on the peaceful acquiescence of King George in the Prussian proposals. Fair words were instantly exchanged for menaces when the rupture came, and these a few hours later for invasion. On the 14th June Prussia left the Bund; on the evening of the 15th Vogel's forces were entering the doomed possessions of the blind King and the Elector. With Goeben's division he moved due east from Minden on

Hanover. Manteuffel was directed to cross the Elbe with all possible haste and join him by a southward march on that city. Beyer was to hasten up from Wetzlar, seize the adjacent railroad, march promptly along it to Cassel, and so to occupy the Electorate as not only to separate the Hanoverians from Frankfurt, but, if possible, to overpower and disarm its forces. Should his first task be successfully performed, the Hanoverians would have no means of escape, save through the Hartz, by passes leading into the country of Saxe-Gotha, whose Duke would infallibly be found on the Prussian side. The army of this prince was small, however, though well organised. Rumour was therefore made use of to augment it by detachments from Herwarth's forces in Saxony, which, in reality, never spared a man to it, being more needed in the all-important movements which brought them up against Benedek's left at Königgrätz.

To defend the capital against the invaders was not for a moment thought of by the advisers of King George. Blinded by the hitherto slow progress of the negotiations, they had allowed some thousands of their army to remain in their homes on furlough, until the short summons from Berlin forced on immediate action. To call in these to the point on which Vogel was already advancing with such resistless forces was clearly impossible; and Göttingen, the well-known university town, which lies in the extreme south of the kingdom close to the Hartz, was named for the concentration. Thither fled the blind monarch and his ministers on the 16th; and next morning the citizens, who had watched the departure with the stupor of surprise, read their present fate in the arrival of Vogel, who rode into the capital with an air of conquest hardly

justified by the circumstances. Hard and keen as the falcon's whose eyrie furnished his title* was the look of the veteran whom the staff of Goeben's division followed through the streets: nor did his acts serve to dispel the impression which his stern bearing gave. The astonished citizens found themselves placed under contribution, their king's proclamations declared null, their administration seized by Prussians, their families subject to the laws of war. On the 18th Manteuffel, after a masterly display of energy in the passage of the Elbe, began to arrive in Hanover, thus setting free the force of Goeben, which Vogel at once prepared to move on Göttingen. On the same day the first blood of this fratricidal war was shed at Stade, where the Hanoverian detachment was overpowered by a Prussian battalion carried thither by the North Sea squadron.

Beyer, for some reason yet unknown, had not fairly begun his march until the 16th. Seventy miles of distance interposed between him and his immediate objective, Cassel: and although he pressed his line regiments over thirty the first day, it was the 19th before they occupied the city. He found the railroad along his route destroyed, but met with no other opposition. The Electoral army was not prepared, indeed, for the field. Instead, therefore, of vainly attempting to encounter Beyer, or marching northward into the net gathering round the Hanoverians, the two active officers who had charge of it took the wiser course of concentrating at Fulda, a point on the edge of the Thuringian hills, well removed from the line of the Prussian operations. From thence they carried it by an undisturbed march to the Main at Hanau, and thus added some 7000 men to the Federal strength near Frankfurt.

* Vogel von Falkenstein—"Bird of the Falcon-Rock"—is the family name and title of the general.

Indeed, General Losberg, who thenceforward commanded it, obtained some further recruits by actively circulating proclamations in the abandoned Electorate in favour of his sovereign, who had refused to quit Cassel, and was now arrested by Beyer. The latter in his northward movement had thus suffered the Hessian contingent to escape him: on the other hand, by a smart detachment made eastward on Bibra near Eisenach, he succeeded in seizing almost uninjured the railroad from Cassel into Saxony, and cut off Losberg's military stores, which were being sent that way by train. This feat, and the guarding of the country between Eisenach and Cassel, closed at once all escape for the Hanoverians by the Western Hartz into the Electorate, and was of vital importance to the success of Vogel's operations against them.

We left their army collecting at Göttingen. It is very creditable to the spirit of the Hanoverian soldiers that, in spite of the numbers on detachment and furlough who were cut off by the swift advance of Goeben and Manteuffel into the heart of the kingdom, more than 18,000 mustered on the 19th round their sovereign at the rendezvous. Many of these, however, wanted arms as well as clothing, having come direct from their homes in their peasant dress. General Arentschild,* who had the command, judged it necessary to halt another day to serve out what was most needful; and that day brought the news of the movements of Beyer which have just been detailed. Barred thus from the intended escape through Cassel which forty-eight hours earlier had the promise of success—threatened with hot pursuit by Vogel's own command—hemmed in to the east by Mülbe's landwehr corps, which

was crossing the Elbe at all points—nothing now remained but to follow the roads through the East Hartz. These debouch, as before noticed, into the small Saxon duchies, the chief of which, led by its honest but erratic sovereign (true type of German idealists), had already pronounced for Prussia. A way through Gotha might, however, be forced: and gathering just beyond its narrow limits were the friendly divisions of Bavaria, whose first efforts would surely be directed to extricate her allies, and bring them within the shelter of her Thuringian frontier. The western side of the latter district was closed, indeed, by Beyer, and the slowly assembling Federal corps at Frankfort made yet no sign of motion against him: but the Bavarians were vaguely reported as already on the advance northward; and the more sanguine of the blind king's Court talked of their issuing forth from its eastern passages with irresistible strength to meet and save the fugitive army. Prince Charles, their commander, was credited with 100,000 men by the Federal press. Alexander of Hesse was to co-operate from Frankfort with a nominal force of 80,000 raised by the minor states. That these two, uniting with the Hanoverians, might sweep Vogel out of Hanover, recover Saxony, and threaten Berlin, were projects which seemed within easy possibility when Arentschild gave the word to march from Göttingen. Before tracing his army and king to their fate, it is fit that we should point out what were the realities as regards the Prussian enemies on the Main—what the actual forces left to oppose Vogel, when his immediate prey was overpowered.

Like Prussia, Bavaria had far more men upon her nominal rolls in time of peace than were actu-

* Son, it is presumed, of a cavalry officer much distinguished in the Peninsula under Wellington. In those days, it should be remembered, the Hanoverian army was known as the King's German Legion, and served with our own, although retaining its separate organisation.

ally under arms. 86,000 was the strength of her army on paper, capable of being expanded to 180,000 by the addition of the last reserves. Unlike Prussia, however, her *reservisten* were untrained and unprovided with a staff of officers, whilst the landwehr service was in this happy kingdom a mere civic guard, filled by corpulent fathers of families. When war (the responsibility of which the young king would fain have avoided) was forced upon her, the available strength of the actual service army numbered little over 60,000 men; and of these only 44,000 (four infantry divisions of 10,000 each, and one division of 4000 reserve cavalry) could, after depots and garrisons were provided for, be assembled to follow Prince Charles from Bamberg. Too late, attempts were made to call out and train 80,000 of the reserves; but the state of unreadiness of these gave no hope of their taking part in immediate operations. Prince Charles had, therefore, no excuse for awaiting them; and being now stationed on the east of Thuringia, he pushed his right almost into the Saxon duchies at Hof. The presence at this time of Herwarth's forces in Saxony, is believed to have been the excuse for his remaining motionless for the week preceding the 25th June; when a march northward would have brought him, by Eisenach, close to the Hanoverians; or a movement westward through the mountains (as was once, indeed, begun) would have enabled him to unite in Cassel with Prince Alexander.

Of the contingents which the latter led, it is sufficient to say that their governments had, for economy's sake, and from the wish to please their subjects, imitated the Bavarian rather than the Prussian pattern. It followed that their army was slow to assemble, and far below the estimated numbers. The troops which actually moved from Frankfort are highly estimated when reckoned at 47,000 men.

These were formed into four divisions of unequal strength. That of Darmstadt numbered 6000; of Baden, 10,000; of Württemberg, 15,000; the last being a mixed one of Austrians and Nassauers, which Losberg, joining with his Hessians, raised to a strength of 16,000. Their chief had seen service under the Austrian flag in Italy, and had the vigour of which Prince Charles's age deprived that general; on the other hand, he was trammelled by the interference of the petty governments with their contingents. The campaign proved that he had neither the political firmness necessary in this difficult command, nor the strategic power to guide his motley array in the field.

We have spoken of a movement begun by Prince Charles, which might have united the two Federal armies at the outset of the campaign. It will be remembered that their bases were each upon the Main, at the southern corners of the Thuringian triangle. Fulda, a well-known point in these hills, lay about 40 miles from the Bavarian left, at Schweinfurt, and the same distance from the right of the Federals at Hanau. After some delay for the observation of Herwarth, the positive news that the Hanoverians intended to make for that point, decided Prince Charles to direct his left (4th) division on it, and on the 21st the march began. The 8d division was sent to Schweinfurt to support them; but the movements were not completed when, on the 23d, news came that the Hanoverians, cut off from Cassel, were directing their army far to the eastward. The fatal delay at Göttingen thus not only gave Beyer time to prevent their direct escape, but paralysed the Bavarian general, who now ordered the march on Fulda to be stayed, but took no other decisive step. He determined to halt and await some certain intelligence. A report spread by the Prussian organs of the surrender of King George reached him next day,

and served completely to bewilder, for the time, the judgment of the old man, and of Der Tann, his chief of staff: for the latter (with many Bavarians) was inclined to believe a secret understanding possible between Hanover and Prussia. Whilst in this state of doubt, a telegram from Frankfort suddenly informed them, on the 25th, that King George was at Langensalza the day before with 19,000 men, hoping to break through the Prussian lines, and find the Bavarians moving to his succour. Soon afterwards, an envoy was ushered into headquarters at Bamberg, who had quitted the blind monarch not forty-eight hours before, to bring these tidings in person to Prince Charles.

We left the Hanoverians moving for Göttingen on the 20th. The road they followed conducted directly on Gotha by Heiligenstadt, in a south-easterly direction, and might have been traversed without difficulty in three days' forced marching by soldiers so well disciplined as theirs. Meanwhile the way was made clear for them by an order telegraphed from Berlin (for Moltke's many threads were not always perfectly knit), that the Duke should move his contingent westward to Eisenach. This was so thoroughly obeyed that Gotha was left without a single soldier on the morning of the 28d, when the head of Arentschild's column should have entered it. That unfortunate general was still more than a day's march off: for he had been hampered by the care of the large train which accompanied the exiled court; and the slowness of the march had increased the difficulty of obtaining food for his men from the peasants, who here were Prussian, and whom King George was anxious to spare. On the afternoon of that day the Duke, hearing the real position of the Hanoverians, carried his contingent back to Gotha, and being reinforced by some landwehr battalions from the neighbouring garrison of Erfurt, prepared next morning to dis-

pute the passage across his territory with a force of about 4000 men. Arentschild was now at Langensalza, 18 miles off; and might have scattered the opponents from his part at a blow—the more easily as they had but 4 guns, and he 52. Once more, however, the royal presence marred the army's destiny. Unwilling to shed the first blood, the King began to negotiate. He knew that his messenger was now far on the way to Bavaria; and instead of allowing the forward movement, he sent a flag of truce in to negotiate a passage with the Duke, who referred the proposal to Berlin.

Both parties, no doubt, sought for time: but in such cases time is almost invariably against the pursued. Dr. Klopp, the envoy of King George (selected partly as a trusted privy-councillor, partly as a well-known writer of the anti-Prussian party), reached, as has been mentioned, Prince Charles's headquarters safely on the 25th. He found, however, that his civil character made him an unfortunate ambassador in the military circle of the Bavarian commander. Doubts were thrown on his views of the King's intention to cut his way through. General der Tann suggested that the counsels at Langensalza might have changed since his departure. The old Prince coolly remarked that "if there were really 19,000 soldiers there, they could make their own way across." Finally his staff resorted, in their indecision, to the puerile experiment of telegraphing to the Prussian commander at Eisenach to inquire whether the truce offered by the King was prolonged! And this telegram was handed to Generals Goeben and Beyer, who had just met at that place to aid the Duke in his operations! Truly, the Prussian staff (who took care to withhold any direct answer) had some reason for despising the dull enemy against whom they were to act. Finally, Prince Charles, by way of doing something on that

eventful day, moved his headquarters down the Main to Schweinfurt, *some miles farther from Gotha*; and not till next morning began to push his troops northward with a deliberation which well might make the Hanoverian envoy despair. On the 28th, when his divisions were hardly yet a good day's march from Bamberg, came news from various quarters of a repulse of the Prussians at Langensalza the day before, and another request for Bavarian aid. Then for the first time did the Prince quicken his march, and on the 30th had carried his headquarters to Meiningen, his advanced posts being within twenty miles of Gotha. His whole force, however, would have been now of no service had that important point been gained, for his allies, despairing of succour, had laid down their arms twenty-four hours before.

We left them halting from the 24th at Langensalza. The truce then begun on King George's proposal was approved by the Ministry at Berlin, who despatched by express Colonel Döring with full powers to offer terms of honourable capitulation. These included a guarantee of the integrity of Hanover (for King William was unwilling to push matters to extremity) on condition of her at once abandoning the Bund and adopting the Prussian project of Reform. The blind King, whose first impulse would have saved his throne by yielding to these easy terms, was persuaded by rasher counsellors to reject them, and demand free passage for himself and his troops. This being refused, Arentschild was directed to await the Bavarians, and meanwhile stand on the defensive—the most fatal course that could be chosen for an army placed like his. Before the truce expired on the 26th, Goeben and Beyer had brought their troops by Cassel to Eisenach; Manteuffel, from the north, approached the Hanoverian rear; and Vogel had sent round by railroad through

Magdeburg five of his line battalions, which, with some further reinforcements of landwehr, were planted at Gotha, in the Hanoverian front, to support the Duke. The latter now resigned his control to Vogel's chief of cavalry, General Flies, who had been despatched by his commander to take charge of the whole as an advanced guard, and was ordered to push on to Warza, four miles north of Gotha, which he reached with his force of 9000 men on the afternoon of the 26th.

Smart generals of cavalry make good leaders in a pursuit when all goes well; but (as Prussian writers especially have shown) they seldom use mixed bodies of troops aright in action. Flies was no exception, it would seem, to this remark; and when next morning he saw Arentschild falling back from Langensalza to a stronger position, he proceeded boldly to attack a force just double his own in number. The landwehr bore (as is shown by the returns) the brunt of the fight, and behaved manfully enough; but they had not the skill in the use of the needle-gun which could compensate for the inferior numbers on their side: and in the end Flies was borne back to Warza, leaving 1400 killed and wounded on the ground. On their side, the Hanoverians had more than 1000 *hors de combat*; their soldiers were tired with the marching and fighting of the day, and were growing short of provisions. Arentschild was not allowed, therefore, to follow up his success: and this it would, indeed, have been almost too late to do; for Goeben's men were being hurried by train into Gotha, and were gathering in the rear of Flies. The 28th found Vogel's investment of the unfortunate Hanoverians complete on every side. Fretted by their endurance into impatience of his gentler orders, he prepared an attack for the next day, which should crush utterly these daring foes of Prussia, who

had shown so little fear of her new weapons. This, however, was spared by the submission of the King. Aware of his desperate situation, and left without any tidings of succour, he found it advisable to sue for terms of capitulation; and his crown passed from him and his house. The brave army, which in its constancy and courage had revived the memories of the Peninsula, ceased from that day to exist save in the fame won under Wellington and made immortal by Napier.

Vogel was now free to turn against his other opponents. From the Baltic to the Thuringian hills, Prussia had no enemy in arms; and the successes which had begun in Bohemia announced that Austria's allies could expect no aid from her. The campaign had passed through its first act, and the presage of defeat was already with the commanders whose slackness to succour their gallant friends caused their names to be execrated throughout Southern Germany. Nevertheless, Vogel's task was no slight one; for it should be remembered that his field army just equalled Prince Alexander's, and, very little exceeded the Bavarian. True, he had landwehr in much strength at his disposal; but, sharing fully in the jealousy of these reserves which the Prussian administration has shown, he dismissed from his force into garrison the whole of them, including the battalions distinguished at Langensalza. He took with him, however, the contingents of Coburg-Gotha and Lippe-Detmold, thus raising the strength of his army to 50,000 men, exclusive of artillery, of which he had 96 pieces. Scarcely were the Hanoverians disarmed, when his troops were directed on Fulda, the point

which appeared to him as naturally to his enemies their proper place for meeting, and his for preventing the junction. The bold offensive which he took was the obvious means for effecting this. His first movement from Eisenach brought him, on the 1st July, within the Thuringian Forest, and close to the head of the Bavarian columns. Beyer led the way with his large* division of 21,500 men: Goeben and Manteuffel followed in succession with 18,000 each.

In the meanwhile the Federal generals were attempting to repair their grievous mistakes by accomplishing the too long delayed union of their forces. Prince Charles, though nominally commander-in-chief of the whole, felt his control of the movements of the others to be a figment whilst they acted apart; and, on becoming certain of the Hanoverians being no longer under arms, he turned to prosecute the interrupted movement on Fulda. A march beyond that place would have brought him into direct connection with Prince Alexander, and united 91,000 men, with 288 guns, in the plain of Hesse. The junction, however, was no longer to be made unopposed. On the evening of the 2d July the advanced guards of the 3d and 4th Bavarian divisions struck upon Prussian patrols, and brought word that Vogel's whole force was crossing the front of the line of march. Aldosser, an active brigadier, who, like Der Tann, had made a name in the first Schleswig war, rode forward almost into the enemy's bivouac, and, though disabled by a shot through the arm, divined the circumstances accurately, and brought intelligence of them to Prince Charles.

The movements at this time may

* These numbers are given by the Prussian official returns. Beyer's seven infantry regiments had been stationed before the war in Mainz, Rastatt, Luxemburg, and Frankfurt. One of them was later attached to Goeben, whose division had at first but the normal number of four. Manteuffel's was strengthened similarly by the Saxe-Coburg contingent.

be easily understood by comparing them to the letter A, of which the right side represents the direction of the march of the Bavarians northward on Eisenach, the left that of the Prussians from that place on Fulda, and the cross stroke the new movement of Prince Charles's columns, which brought them close to Vogel's flank. Had the country been more open, and the Bavarian commander prompt to use his opportunity, he might have united his two columns for a sudden attack on some point of the line—about ten miles long—which the enemy covered, and, by a vigorous onslaught, severed it in two. But the armies were now in the highest part of the Thuringian hills, which here sent off their streams in all directions through deep valleys, separated by steep and often wooded elevations. To the natural strength of the country Vogel no doubt had trusted when moving his army on the single *chaussée* which led direct upon Fulda; and his divisions having used the obvious precaution of occupying by strong outposts the heads of the various cross-roads which led into their eastern flank, it was with some of these that the Bavarians had come into collision. Warned of his danger Vogel made front at once to his left, and pushed out his posts on the 8d as far as those of the Bavarians could be forced back. The skirmishing of the day before was therefore renewed more seriously on the two roads by which the latter moved; for their 3d and 4th divisions found these occupied by Goeben's two brigades, which now naturally formed the centre of the Prussian line, and were thrown out in echelon some two or three miles in advance of the wings. On the 4th a serious action took place.

Into the details of the combat of Dermbach we have not space to enter. It is sufficient to say that Goeben's two brigades attacked the divisions severally opposed to them in a gallant manner, and found an enemy to be respected. On the Prus-

sian right their general obtained some advantage over General Zoller; but his other brigade was less fortunate, and suffered severely in its attempt to drive Hartmann's (4th) division from a position on a cross-road by which the Bavarians sought to unite. Lumbering and ill-trained as were the battalions of the latter to the outward observer, they showed a fierce spirit in this contest of Catholic against Protestant, which revived the memories of the Thirty Years' War. The Podelwitz (or heavy Minié) gun they carried proved as effective in their hands that day as the enemy's breech-loader: and if their loss of 800 was considerably larger than that admitted by the Prussians, it is plain, from the account of the latter, that it was due chiefly to the terrible gap made in a column sent to the assault by Hartmann in the face of a well-posted battery—an assault which cost his leading brigade the lives of their general, Faust, and some hundreds of his men, in driving the defenders from the strong hill attacked.

It will be observed that Prince Charles not only had his cavalry (useless in that difficult ground) in reserve, but half of his infantry also; although the latter—the first and second divisions—were close to the fight. From this it may be concluded (if anything may be stated with certainty of this veteran's mind) that he sought for time; as he was aware that part of the Frankfurt army—the Württemberg division—was but twenty miles to his left, and hoped naturally that Prince Alexander would take the Prussians next day in rear. In the afternoon, however, it became clear that this process was likely to be reversed, for the Bavarian cavalry reconnoitring to the left of the army, found Beyer's troops taking ground that way, as though to turn the flank of their commander. Vogel had in fact given the defence of his position to Goeben and Manteuffel entirely, having moved up the latter

into supporting distance of the brigades engaged. At the same time, intent upon the value of the road through Fulda, he pushed Beyer in that direction; and this division, whilst driving the Bavarian cavalry out of their way at Hunfeld, were actually within eight miles of the outposts of the Frankfort army to their west. With equally-matched generals, Vogel would have been in a most critical position; but his opponents seemed determined to illustrate to the full the vices of a divided command. Although two staff-officers from Prince Taxis, the cavalry commander, had gained Prince Alexander's headquarters that morning at daybreak, and sought for the support (much necessary in that country of hill and wood) of a small part of the Würtemberg infantry, their request was refused on some technical ground. To this has been since ascribed by the commander-in-chief the catastrophe which befell that night his cavalry column, and which in any view is one of the most singular episodes of modern war.

It will be observed that the advance-guard of Taxis found Beyer in their way on the road to Fulda. At the close of the fighting of the 4th, Prince Charles had decided, instead of risking an attack next day to gain that point, to fall back to a strong position about seven miles in rear; and sent despatches to his lieutenant (or ally, for thus Alexander regarded himself) directing the junction to be made by Schluchtern, the next passage through the hills to the south of that now abandoned. The cavalry were to fall back and guard the cross-roads which would presently be used. In doing this they were overtaken by darkness in the higher part of the range, near the well-

known chalybeate spa of Brückenaue, and camped for the night in a scattered and unguarded manner along the road. Towards midnight some accidental shots (for it is certain no enemy was near) aroused one of the cuirassier regiments from its slumbers, and spread panic through the troopers; and this increasing to a false alarm of a Prussian attack, the whole division was soon engaged in the dark in such a confused *mêlée* with one another as can only be imagined from the result, the absolute dispersion of the whole over the adjacent country southward. It was the evening of the 5th before the bulk of them collected at a rendezvous named near Kissingen; whilst fugitives, still missing by the score, spread alarm on every road leading to the Main. Not satisfied with riding forty miles to the rear at Schweinfurt, some of these stragglers went thence by train to Wurtzburg, and threw that city into such dire alarm by the reports they spread, that the authorities gave all up as lost, and telegraphed to the King for his permission to yield an entrance to the Prussians unresistingly!*

The 5th July passed quietly enough in the scene of the late action. Vogel stood motionless, expecting an attack; and when he found at night that the Bavarians had really fallen back, he resolved rather to carry out his original strategy than to pursue them in the tangled country to the south. Each army had learned from the events of the 4th to respect its opponents, and each was disappointed in the design of drawing him on to an attack in the position chosen for

* Being on the Main during these events, I was present at their arrival, and saw a notice posted to the effect that, the capture of Prince Charles and his staff being now ascertained to be correct, the civic authorities had decided on this step in order to spare the city! Wurtzburg, it should be observed, though defensible, is by no means strong.—C. C. C.

receiving it. On the 6th, Vogel broke up from his defensive line, and marched on Fulda, which he gained that day, and with it the immediate advantage of interposing between the Princes; whilst the Federal army, far from seeking to prevent him, was already withdrawing from the neighbourhood and retiring on Frankfort! The news of the fatal defeat of Königgrätz had reached Prince Alexander, and without asking further instructions from his nominal commander, he judged himself freed from obeying former orders, and decided on immediate retreat.

His conduct here, which, naturally has been bitterly complained of in Bavaria, must not be judged of in a purely military view. It should be remembered that the allegiance of the Baden division to the Federal side was doubtful from the first, and that Prince Charles had himself already abandoned the original project of the junction through Fulda. The first retrograde steps followed the communication of his design of meeting further southward; but these had hardly begun when intelligence reached headquarters that Prince William of Baden—whose division formed the left of Alexander's army—was already on the way to Frankfort on his own account! Into the official justification offered of this conduct we are not concerned to enter, the true reason being, of course, the Prussian victory in Bohemia. Although this separate action of the Baden Prince was presently arrested by the disapproval of his Government, it had already gone so far that it drew with it the retreat of the centre and right, which were concentrated on the 8th before Frankfort, within three miles of which city Prince Alexander now fixed his headquarters, at the village of Bornheim.

Is this commander to be acquitted of all blame because his lieutenants were untrustworthy? Assuredly

not. In a military sense, the scattered way in which he had moved his four divisions (which, when the retreat began, occupied a semicircle seventy miles in extent) was a grievous error: one which appears perfectly monstrous when it is observed that this separation of their semi-independent commanders from the eye of the chief paved the way for their desertion of duty on the first sound of misfortune.

Whilst the Federals thus retired to the westward, their allies found it necessary to retire from their position near Dermbach. Prince Charles, having heard on the 7th of the resolution of Alexander, and of the Prussian movement on Fulda, had no longer an object in keeping his divisions in a mountainous district, where their supplies were failing, and where, from their advanced position, their line to the Main was dangerously exposed. Sending, therefore, an urgent entreaty, in the form of an order, for the suspension of the march on Frankfort, and a renewal of the attempt to unite by roads nearer the Main, he withdrew southward with his whole force, and took post about Kissingen, behind the Saale. This stream, the most important of those which drain the southern slopes of Thuringia, runs, sluggishly at first, in a steady south-westerly direction, through open valleys laid out in meadows. In such a valley lies Kissingen; not far below which the river enters a mass of steep hills, through which, to the Main at Gemunden, it forms a deep gorge, with fine abrupt features. Above the town, therefore, are many crossing places, with tolerable roads approaching them from the mountains about Fulda; below, there is but one of importance, where the high-road from that place to Wurtzburg passes the stream at Hammelburg, ten miles from Kissingen. At this village rested the left of the Bavarians, a brigade of the third division, with the cavalry; the other

brigade under Zoller himself being placed at Kissingen. A detachment of this division guarded the passages above the town. The second was stationed behind Zoller's right at Münnerstadt, where the roads from these passages meet others held by the first much higher up the stream, near Neustadt. Thus placed, the Bavarians fronted the hills of Fulda, and had their backs on their proper base at Schweinfurt and Bamberg: the great road to the first of these towns being held by Hartmann's (4th) division, which was stationed about three hours' march from Kissingen and four from Hammelburg, being designed to act as reserve to the left (as the second was to the right) of this too extended position. Prince Charles would have prolonged it further by bringing one of the Federal brigades to Gemunden, but sought even this help in vain from his ally.

Vogel showed a brief hesitation at this portion of the campaign. Having gained Fulda on the 6th, he halted there nearly forty-eight hours, awaiting certain intelligence of the movements of the armies on either side. Doubtless, had he known of the distracted state of Alexander's, and the disjointed manner of his retreat, he would have thrown himself on it so promptly as to separate its fractions and to enter Frankfort with them. Having ascertained, however, with difficulty—for he was very short of cavalry—that it was concentrating on that city, he turned to the Bavarians, whose movement on Kissingen having been made on a line parallel to his own, left them still so close to him as not safely to be neglected. To shake them off his flank was his next resolve; and having on the 9th collected his whole force on the east edge of the Fulda hills, about Brückenau, eighteen miles from their front, he threw it next day, in two columns—Beyer on Hammelburg, the rest on Kissingen—down

the slopes against the left of their line.

Quitting the bivouac at day-break, Goeben, with the left column, arrived before the position at about 10 A.M., and commenced the attempt to cross the river into the town, which lies on the eastern bank—an attempt which the Bavarians met with the utmost gallantry. A two-hours' cannonade was followed by infantry attacks on the stone bridge leading direct into the town, bravely met and repulsed by Zoller's single brigade, supported by the 2d division as it came up. On the other side, Manteuffel came up to the aid of Goeben; and his men having found their way over the river by an unguarded mill-dam (in peaceful days a favourite fishing-spot with the more adventurous *cure-guests*) turned Zoller's line of defence, and made their way up the promenade into the heart of the town. Not without a fierce effort did those rough and awkward, yet brave and sentimental, soldiers of Bavaria yield the favourite walk of their Monarch's family to superior numbers and the needle-gun. Hundreds of the poor fellows were soon stretched beneath the trees where kaiser, king, and plebeian had been wont to meet without ceremony, round the health-giving springs. At last the order was given to evacuate the town for a position on the slopes in rear. Zoller had been desperately wounded: Der Tann (who personally commanded) found his right) forced back above the town at another passage by part of Goeben's men; and Hartmann's division, misled by a clumsy error of Prince Charles's staff, had not come up at all; whilst the 1st was still on its long march from Neustadt. 15,000 men had thus been left to oppose 26,000; and Beyer, having found but one brigade at Hammelburg, had easily effected his crossing, and drove this and the cavalry off by the direct road on Wurtzburg. This

event, when reported to Prince Charles, showed that the whole of the Prussians were upon him; and with the rumours (spread by their organs) of a separate invasion of Bavaria by Saxony, and the certainty of his being abandoned by Alexander, led to his ordering an immediate retreat behind the Main—a step very unwelcome to that portion of his staff who saw that want of combination, rather than lack of valour, had caused their army the defeat of the day. By the 12th the march was effected; and on the 18th Prince Charles sent to beg for a week's truce for himself and the whole force under his orders—a truce which Vogel refused to give, if the Federals were included.

The victor made no attempt to follow the retreating Bavarians. Satisfied to have pushed them aside, he turned to the dearer object of possessing himself of Frankfurt, the seat of the now perishing Bund, and the chief mark of Prussian vengeance for its long and loud hostility to the Bismarck programme.* Breaking once more into two columns, he moved westward. Beyer still kept the right, and was directed from Hammelburg straight over the hills, through the pass of Gelnhausen; Goeben, followed by Manteuffel, followed the course of the Saale to Gemunden, and moved thence along the railroad to Aschaffenburg and Frankfurt.

Wild confusion, succeeded by terror, had reigned in that once pleasant city of trade and gossip ever since the staff of Prince Alexander had been seen returning from the front, without attempting to meet the enemy.* That unhappy commander found himself now threatened with the loss of the Nassau contingent, which the Grand-Duke wished to remove for the defence of his patrimony against the

Prussian garrison of Coblenz. The Baden troops he was afraid to trust again out of his sight; and when the enemy were announced to be coming down the Main from Gemunden, he had but the Darmstadt-ers ready to throw in their way, whom Goeben, on the 18th July, found posted at Lausach, a few miles before Aschaffenburg. His advance-guard of four battalions, under Colonel Von Goltz, engaged these at once; and as they were commanded (by Prussian admission) by an officer quite ignorant of the use of the troops he led, they were thrown back before dark on the town, and on the Austrian brigade just hurried by train to their support.

Neipperg, the Austrian general, took command, and the next morning posted his 12,000 men for the defence of Aschaffenburg—a dangerous task, as the town was on the north side of the Main, by which the Prussians advanced, and the only retreat across the stream by a single bridge. Goeben's division did not outnumber the defenders, but was incomparably better handled; and the Prussian sharpshooters soon drove off Neipperg's batteries, placed without support, and then pressed forward to the outskirts of the town. Here some of the Austrian and Darmstadt infantry seemed at first inclined to make a desperate stand. Suddenly, however, two battalions of the Wernhard Regiment, Italian conscripts from Venetia, struck by a passionate impulse, which ran throughout their 1500 men, with a cry of "*Evoiva la Prussia!*" threw down their arms, and yielded. A confused rush to the bridge, with the escape of such of the other Federal troops as were not shot down, tells the rest of the tale of the fight of Aschaffenburg.

Vogel did not pursue. He re-

* The first intelligence of the Prince's retreat was the appearance, on the 8th, of some of his staff riding suddenly in to look for quarters. Being among the crowd that watched them, I could see the coming sufferings of the citizens foreshadowed in the darkening faces around me.—C. C. C.

called his cavalry from following the fugitives, and resuming, on the arrival of Manteuffel, his march on Frankfort (now deserted by Bund, ambassadors, and army), entered the city unopposed at the head of a single brigade on the 16th. The particulars of his treatment of the inhabitants are too fresh in our readers' memories to be repeated here. The cry of anguish from the once Imperial city sounded so loud throughout Europe as to raise the attention of King William: and, not so much for what he did, as for the manner of his doing it, the stern veteran was removed from his command to be military governor of Bohemia. Yet he had performed even more than had been hoped from him. Prussia had now undisputed military possession of North Germany, and her disheartened enemies held but precarious possession of the country south of the Main.

Manteuffel succeeded Vogel in the command, and prepared to carry the war into Bavaria so soon as Frankfort was secured, and the railroad through Cassel reopened. This done, and his army raised, by Prussian depots and drafts from Oldenburg and Bremen, to a strength of nearly 60,000 men, he moved, on the 21st, to the attack of the Allies. These had too late united their armies (Alexander having marched eastward for that purpose after abandoning Frankfort), and were posted to cover Wurtzburg, with their line facing to the west. The advanced posts of the Federal corps ran along the river Tauber, which flows northward into the Main, a day's march that side of the city; whilst the Bavarians guarded the approaches on their right. The Prussians moved boldly on to the passages of the stream in three columns: Flies (with the division formerly Manteuffel's) forming the left, Goeben the right, and Beyer the centre. The former struck upon the enemy's posts before the Tauber on the 23d, and his advance skirmished with

the Baden division for some hours with small result. Next day, however, when the Prussians closed up, and the stream was really to be defended, this same division—after losing *seven men killed* and a few wounded by the Prussian shells—abandoned the passage intrusted to it, and fell back towards Wurtzburg, laying open the centre of the Federal line. Arising probably from half-heartedness only, this conduct of the Badeners was ascribed to treachery; and the suspicion was strengthened on their failure to obey an urgent request to support the left of the Bavarians, attacked on the 25th by Flies at Helmstadt. Once more, in short, Prince William's defection was the cause of a hurried retreat of the whole of Alexander's corps; which fell back finally on the 26th over the Main, without regard to the orders of Prince Charles, blocking up in its confusion lines of road by which the Bavarians might have retired on Wurtzburg. Left thus exposed to a superior force, with a great stream in rear, the latter were too happy to draw off by other passages hastily bridged behind their right, their cavalry closing the last of their skirmishes with a fine charge, in which they severely cut up the weaker horse of the Prussians.

On the 27th the latter attempted a bombardment of the citadel of Wurtzburg (which lies on the southern bank) with their field-guns, but found them too weak to meet the fire from the work. Manteuffel, however, having thrown the Bavarians to the wrong side of the river, had laid the heart of their country open, whilst their retreat was threatened by Mecklenburg's corps of Prussian reserves now advancing from Saxony on their rear. At this desperate juncture Prince Charles received the news of the treaty of peace just concluded at Nicolsburg, and the campaign came to an end.

What gave, let us ask, in a military sense, their constant success to the Prussians? Not their needle-gun, which was beaten at Langensalza. Not the youth of their generals; for Vogel was seventy years old, his lieutenants past middle age. Not the personal prowess of their soldiery; for their own accounts admit that the Hanoverians and Bavarians fought no less bravely. Not even the unity of command; for Vogel scarcely outnumbered his opponents singly. Rather was it that their army was ready prepared for the rough test of war: the Federal forces had each existed up to the time of actual hostilities as the mere appanage of a court, the ornament of peaceful parade. The moral of the lesson may perhaps not be amiss as a study for other lands than those happy yet insecure principedoms.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN AMERICA.

Who shall limn for us the picture of a true good woman?—the pride and the paragon of her own sex, and the admiration of the other—of the woman young, beautiful, healthful—well-informed, but not pedantic; who can talk well, listen well, sing well, play well, walk well, dance well, and dress well; who is neither flirt nor prude; who knows neither too much nor too little—whose lips are innocent of slang, and whose heart is pure from evil thought; who is polished in manners, and affectionate in disposition; beloved of the old—the darling of the young; shy, modest, retiring; and commanding all the world's homage, without demanding the homage of anybody? It must not be considered that the youthfulness of such a woman is absolutely necessary to her loveliness. Youth is a great blessing, and a great charm; but age is also a blessing—(do we not all wish to grow old?)—and a great adornment if it be combined with goodness. The beauty of the mind grows with the revolving years, and makes a woman of seventy, with mind and manners and innate gentleness, more beautiful than sweet seventeen can be, if the mind and the manners are wanting, and the tenderness that should be in every womanly heart is displaced by a masculine tone of thought, behaviour, or conversation. Though all women are not such as every man, at the poetical period of life, has pictured in his imagination, there are thousands in every country who resemble the ideal, if not in accomplishments and education (for these are not within the reach of every one), but by outward grace of person, and inward purity of soul. All the flowers that bloom in the fair garden of humanity are not of equal delicacy and brilliancy; for Nature, that has room for the magnolia, the camelia, the rose, and the lily, has room also for the violet, the blue bell, and the daisy, and loves her humblest children as well as her proudest. Nothing in the world—at least to the male eye—equals in pleasantness the face and form of a bashful virtuous woman, looking up to a man for support and guidance, and giving him her true affection in return. Nothing, on the other, is more disagreeable than the bold virago, womanly in form, but not in spirit, who would storm the citadel of your politeness to extort your homage *à la force*, and who, by every movement of her features and glance of her eyes, even if she do not utter a syllable, betrays that she is puffed up with conceit and selfishness, and is too

ignorant to distinguish between a churl and a gentleman, or to accept the place that properly belongs to her in the social system.

In the following observations, let our readers understand, that however severe or unpopular our opinions may seem to be with regard to the demeanour and social life of women in America, our remarks only apply to the underbred women of the great cities—to women who affect to be ladies and gentlewomen, without ever having studied, known, or imagined the qualities of mind and manner that combine to form the *beau idéal* of the female character. There are in all countries of the world—the British Isles most certainly not excepted—vast numbers of women who are not ladies or gentlewomen. The peculiarity of America, where ladies and gentlewomen are to be found charming as elsewhere, is that those who are not ladies or gentlewomen, but merely women, without proper social or intellectual education and training, assume a position as if they were, and exact from the opposite sex a deference to which they are not entitled. No European who has travelled much or resided long in America ever fails to notice that shyness is not the special characteristic of the majority of the fair sex, especially in the Northern and Western States. There are of course many lovely exceptions, but the majority of American women, young and old, consider themselves as well able to fight the great battle of life as the stronger sex. They are doubtless good daughters, good wives, and good mothers; but there is a manliness about their demeanour, a self-confidence of action and behaviour, which are not pleasant to the eye of a stranger, accustomed to the softer specimens of female humanity in the Old World. A woman who shrinks from no man's gaze—who can return stare for stare, word for word, or, in case of urgency, the blow physical for the

blow moral—who, if deceived in her affections, can administer the personal chastisement of the cowhide on the back of her betrayer, or inflict summary vengeance with her revolver—is not exactly the kind of person, notwithstanding all the many good qualities which she may possess, that one would like to set up as the guide and model of her sex. Even the Americans are beginning to confess that these very strong-minded women are much too numerous among them, and that the sex has been *tant soit peu* spoiled by unreasonable deference and excessive adulation. In the Southern States the women are more European in their manners. The country has not been overrun by the refuse of the Old World, and the few white immigrants who have cast their lot in these regions have conformed to the social observances of the dominant class, and rejected all the pert “isms” and crazy theories that find such favour among the yeasty masses of the North. The South is eminently conservative; and even the institution of slavery, while it lasted, helped to maintain, not only the subordination of the inferior to the superior race, but of the weaker sex to the stronger. Imbued with the old European notions on the relative positions of men and women, the Southern ladies give themselves no masculine airs, and, as in England, quietly take the second place in the household, which they convert into the first by their gentleness and affection. In the North, the women of the great cities who are met with at hotels and boarding-houses, in the railway carriages and steamboats, at all places of public resort—the women who are well-to-do in the world, and can afford to amuse themselves and spend money—may excite the admiration of all beholders; but if they do, it is for the characteristics of the sunflower and the peony, rather than for those of the violet or the mimosa. The

woman of this type does not invite your deference by those mute appeals which are irresistible in other countries; she commands it as a sovereign does the loyalty of a subject. She will not allow you to perform an act of courtesy by your own free will. She exacts it from you as her right, for which she owes you neither gratitude nor acknowledgment. She does not need your help; she helps herself. If you can go out into the public thoroughfare alone and unattended, so can she. And not only the married but the single ladies exercise the same liberty. The unmarried girl of nineteen or twenty, living with her father and mother, has as much freedom of locomotion, companionship, and amusement, as her brother of the same age. She accepts invitations and pays visits on her own account, and does not think it at all necessary to ask permission of her elders. Sometimes she has the privilege of the latch-key if she stays out late at the theatre. Still oftener she has the privilege, if she chooses to exercise it, of her own private box or pigeon-hole at the post-office of the town where she resides, where she can have her letters addressed, and whither by a "Ladies' Entrance," where no profane male can intrude, she can resort when she pleases and unlock her box from the outside, and take away her letters without observation. The merchants, bankers, and lawyers of the town, for a small annual payment, have their private letter-boxes, and why should not she? To young women at the susceptible age, only half educated, and whose favourite reading is the trashy novels that are reprinted from the English penny papers, or that appear for the first time in American periodicals of the same character—novels in which there cannot be too much love, or seduction, or bigamy, or murder, for the prevalent taste of a class—the post-office system offers

a facility for clandestine correspondence which no respectable father or mother on the European side of the Atlantic would think of without a shudder, if it were proposed to give our young women a similar privilege. The young unmarried girls of Europe, living with their parents, can, if they earnestly set about it, carry on a secret correspondence with persons of the other sex, but they cannot do it easily. They must take the neighbouring pastrycook or stationer into their confidence; but in America the confidence of no third party is necessary. If a boy can receive letters, why not a girl? The *demos* is of no sex; and young and old, men and women, fathers, mothers, and children, are all mashed and brazed in one mortar of republican equality.

M. de Tocqueville, from whose keen vision nothing in the manners and institutions of the American was wholly hidden, observed like every other traveller the extreme self-assertion of the women, and endeavoured to account for it in a manner creditable to the democratic spirit:—

"Amongst almost all Protestant nations," he says, "young women are far more the mistresses of their own actions than they are in Roman Catholic countries. This independence is still greater in Protestant countries like England, which have retained or acquired the right of self-government; freedom is there infused into the domestic circle by political habits and by religious opinions. In the United States the doctrines of Protestantism are combined with great political liberty and a most democratic state of society; and nowhere are young women surrendered so early or so completely to their own guidance. Long before an American girl arrives at the marriageable age, her emancipation from maternal control begins; she has scarcely ceased to be a child when she already thinks for herself, speaks with freedom, and acts on her own impulse. The great scene of the world is constantly open to her view; far from seeking to conceal it from her, it is every day disclosed more

completely, and she is taught to survey it with a firm and calm gaze. Thus the vices and dangers of society are early revealed to her; as she sees them clearly, she views them without illusion, and braves them without fear; for she is full of reliance on her own strength, and her confidence seems to be shared by all around her. *An American girl scarcely ever displays that virginal softness in the midst of young desires, or that innocent and ingenuous grace which usually attend the European women in the transition from girlhood to youth.* It is rare that an American woman, at any age, displays childish timidity or ignorance. Like the young women of Europe, she seeks to please, but she knows precisely the cost of pleasing. If she does not abandon herself to evil, at least she knows that it exists; and she is remarkable rather for purity of manners than for chastity of mind. I have been frequently surprised, and almost frightened, at the singular address and happy boldness with which young women in America contrive to manage their thoughts and their language, amidst all the difficulties of free conversation; a philosopher would have stumbled at every step along the narrow path which they trod without accident and without effort. It is easy, indeed, to perceive that, even amidst the independence of early youth, an American woman is always mistress of herself; she indulges in all permitted pleasures, without yielding herself up to any of them; and her reason never allows the reins of self-guidance to drop, though it often seems to hold them loosely."

M. de Tocqueville was always inclined to look favourably upon the Americans, and to palliate as much as possible whatever he could not heartily commend, either in their institutions or their manners. He does not, however, in this passage mention all the causes that, separately or conjointly, tended in his time, and are tending more powerfully in the present day, to harden and unfeminise the manners and demeanour of all but those true and gentle ladies whose good sense is equal to their beauty.

Among the most prominent of these causes are, first, the over-

strained and ill-bred gallantry of the men; secondly, the ultra democracy of political institutions, which, by allowing a vote to the lowest bully of the streets, has the effect of persuading women of a superior class that they to whom men pay so much social deference are unjustly treated in being denied political rights; and last, and perhaps the most potent of all, the public life of hotels and boarding-houses, where so many thousands of families are contented, from year's end to year's end, to pass a rapid existence, to avoid the care and trouble of domestic life and the management of servants.

The "gallantry," so called, of the men is a consequence of the fashion rather than a prompting of the heart, and has so overshot its mark as to become more offensive than agreeable to sensible women. Being so universal, the great mass of women have either come to think nothing of it, or to presume upon it to an extent not exactly consistent with womanly decorum. If a man travels by street car or by railway, and has comfortably taken his seat, intending to retain it for the whole of the journey, he only occupies it upon the sufferance of the first woman who enters. There is no law against the overcrowding of public vehicles; and if there be such a law, it is never enforced. If any number of women—young or old, well-dressed or ill-dressed, ladies or scullions—enter after the seats are all filled, it is expected that men shall vacate their places to accommodate them, although the newcomers might just as well wait another chance in the next as obstruct themselves into that particular vehicle. If no one offers to rise, the "lady" goes boldly up to the unhappy wight in possession, and informs him without periphrase that she wants his seat. If he obey the command, she coolly takes his place, without, in nine cases out of ten, thinking it necessary even by a look to let him know that she is

grateful for the courtesy. If a traveller going, perhaps, from New York to Chicago, a distance of twelve hundred miles, have occasion to leave the car to obtain refreshment, and have deposited his coat, travelling rug, cap, book, or newspaper on the seat, to retain possession, it is possible that on his return he will find all those articles scattered upon the floor amid the saliva of the tobacco-chewers, and a woman installed in the place. Redress is impossible; remonstrance is useless. Public opinion, and what is called "gallantry," side with the aggressor, and he of the weaker sex has nothing for it but to pick up his "duds," in dudgeon or not, as the state of his temper may decide, and look out for other accommodation. A newly-arrived German or Irish girl, who, in her own country, would have been glad to clean a gentleman's boots for sixpence, speedily apes the manners that prevail in the land of her adoption, and will insist upon as much deference as if she were a duchess. She will go up to a gentleman old enough to be her grandfather, and perhaps rich enough to employ a score of such as she in the work of his household, and order him to vacate a seat for her accommodation. It is not to be imagined, however, that the men of America do not sometimes chafe under this oppression, or openly resist it when the opportunity is favourable. Once on the line between Cincinnati and St. Louis—a long distance—on which a traveller going the whole way would naturally desire to make himself as comfortable as possible, a venerable gentleman with long white hair, who it appeared was an eminent judge, and had served with distinction in the Senate of the United States, was seated quietly in a corner of the car in which every place was occupied, engaged in reading a newspaper. When the train stopped at one of the

intermediate stations, a crowd of persons, male and female, poured in at both ends—glad of standing-room if they could procure nothing better. After the usual amount of bustling and jostling the majority passed on to the next car; but one woman, hot and blowsy, with a carpet-bag in her hand, remained behind. The venerable judge, if he had not the best place, had the place which took this person's fancy, and thinking, apparently, that he would be gallant enough to oblige her, she walked boldly up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "I want a seat." The old gentleman looked up and quietly replied, with a very judicial tone and manner, "Madam, I advise you to try if you cannot find accommodation in the next car. This is full. If any gentleman chooses to give up his seat to you he can do so—I shall not. I am an old man—I am on a long journey. I came to the *depôt* (the station) earlier than others in order that I might secure a place. I have secured it, and I shall keep it. In conclusion, let me inform you, that in my opinion, your chance of obtaining a seat would be much greater if you would stand patiently until some one saw your distress and volunteered to relieve it." There was a buzz of applause from everybody within hearing, in which the women who had gained their own seats by right of first possession took audible part. The aggressor, who was by no means handsome, had sense enough to see that in that vehicle public opinion was against her, and retired with all convenient celerity into another.

The ultra-democracy of political life in the republic has more effect upon the manners of what should be the softer sex than might be suspected. M. de Tocqueville admitted the fact; but he so qualified it and refined it away by exceptions to flatter the Americans,

as to render his description of the social status of women not quite consistent with truth. "In no country," he says, "has such constant care been taken to trace two clearly distinct lines of action for the two sexes, and to make them keep pace one with the other, but in two pathways which are always different. American women *never* manage the outward concerns of the family, or conduct a business, or take part in political life." This picture may have been true in the rural districts in the remote period when M. de Tocqueville wrote, but is by no means true at the present day. Women *do* manage the outward concerns of the family, they *do* conduct businesses, and they *do* take prominent part in political life. Nothing is more common, for instance, than for women to gain their livelihood by canvassing for books and newspapers—going from office to office, from store to store, and from house to house soliciting orders—perhaps for Mr. Greeley's 'History of the War,' or a map of the United States, a life of the favourite candidate for the Presidency, or for advertisements to be inserted in the 'Exterminator' or the 'War Christian;' or, it may be, for subscriptions to volumes of their own poems. They ply their trade with an audacity and pertinacity which, if they were men, would, in many instances, lead to their forcible expulsion, and with a degree of success which no man, however insinuating, could hope to equal. This is but one of the many avocations of women. A much more common pursuit is that of boarding-house keeping, in which great numbers in every town and city of the Union are engaged—a business which they generally manage extremely well, while their husbands, if they have any, are engaged in some other department of mercantile or professional life. As for the assertion of M. de Tocqueville, that American

women never mix in political strife, it were greatly to be desired that it were true. During the Civil War the women of New York congregated in thousands at the Academy of Music to welcome the notorious General B. F. Butler (the Beast Butler of the South), not because he had gained battles, but because he had administered the civil government of Louisiana, and the unfortunate city of New Orleans, with ferocious rigour, and because, above all, he had insulted in the grossest and most unmanly manner every Southern woman who expressed her sympathy with the cause for which their husbands, fathers, brothers, or sons were pouring out their hearts' blood as if it were water. During the very heat of the struggle, when Mr. Lincoln scarcely dared to hope for success; when Mr. Seward kept constantly renewing his little bill of victory at ninety days' sight; when Generals McClellan, Pope, Hooker, Burnside, and others, only met the Southern hosts to be foiled and repulsed,—it was a woman, pert, insolent, ignorant, voluble, and shameless, who "stumped" the North from town to town, and city to city, delivering inflammatory lectures, in which she criticised the plans, the strategy, and the personal characters of the Generals, denounced their supposed incompetence or their treachery, held up Mr. Lincoln to public odium as a buffoon and an imbecile, and his whole Administration as a rut of incapables. In all her harangues she had no word of praise except for General Butler, who had done nothing but evil, or for the negro race, which was the pretext, though not the cause, of the bloodshed. The bloodshed she never once seemed to deplore, but hounded her countrymen to new slaughter with as much gusto as if she delighted in blood and misery. And it was not the men of America, but the women, who crowded to her lectures, applauding them

to the echo, till this pestilent virago, with a strong nasal drawl, became the fashion, and managed to earn as much as a hundred pounds per night by her vilification of the most eminent and patriotic of her countrymen. In England, when women appear as lecturers, it is mostly on those graceful subjects of music, romance, poetry, or the drama, in the discussion of which the taste may be cultivated and the judgment satisfied, but on which the fierce vindictive passions of an auditory are not likely to be excited. It is not so in America; it never was so during the civil war. The female lecturer always claims the right to lecture on religion and on politics, on war and on peace, and is not generally thought to unsex her mind in the process. In social politics the women of the North are equally independent in thought and action. The strong-minded among them take an objection, as they may well do, to the absurd style of modern female dress, as well as to its serious expense; but instead of a gradual reform, such as might enlist the sympathies of those who are not quite so strong-minded, they rush to the extreme, and adopt a hybrid male costume, which they call the "Bloomer," from its inventress, and strut about the streets, where they are sometimes mobbed, though, as a general rule, they excite only the rude observation and laughter of the by-passers. Even in far more important matters than dress, the women imperfectly educated, of that class of fools, male and female, who "rush in where angels fear to tread," assume to themselves a liberty the exercise of which in any other country in the world would infallibly brand them with the stigma which General Butler in vain sought to affix upon the rebellious women of the South. Having come to the conclusion, that the submission of the wife to the husband in marriage is inconsistent with the perfect equality of the sexes, and that marriage, in fact, is but another form of slavery, in which the weaker is held in bondage by the stronger, not on account of colour and race, but on account of what they—rather than use the word sex—call "gender," they join the society of "Free Love," holding that Free Love is as good as Free Trade, or a Free Press, or any other form of liberty. They inveigh against marriage as the worst of the many evils that afflict society. These Free Lovers hold their annual congress in New York, Boston, or other northern city; and women, without shame, inveigh on strictly philosophical principles against marriage, and protest that they never will submit to the bondage. They assert the right of the wife to put away her husband, or *vice versa*, not merely for faults, of conduct or incompatibility of temper, but for mere caprice, satiety, or change of mind. One of these women, having a husband who had the misfortune to lose his leg by an accident, which led to its amputation, publicly declaimed against the law which would not grant her a divorce from a person who had become physically imperfect, and whose presence was consequently disagreeable to her. Her remarks were received with vehement applause by her auditory. Then there is the "Woman's Rights Society," to the doctrines of which it may be supposed that the philosophical member for Westminster is a convert, inasmuch as he advocates one of their principal tenets, that a woman has as much natural right to a vote for members of the legislature, and for the government of the body politic, as a man. A sensible, amiable, witty, and accomplished lady of New York was asked to become a member of this society, but politely declined. "I know," she said, "but of one great right that a woman has—the right to possess a good husband: that

right is mine, and I look no further." A few weeks ago a Mrs. Cody Stanton was a candidate for the representation of one of the districts of the city of New York in the next Congress, and received four votes out of a constituency of twenty-seven thousand. It is not likely, however, her example will be contagious, though, if women are to have the political privilege of voting, as the "Woman's Rights Society" and Mr. Mill declare they ought to have, it is not easy to see on what principle they are to be denied the higher privilege of being voted for.

We now come to the last, though not perhaps to the greatest, of the causes that produce the forwardness of women, so much more conspicuous in America than elsewhere. It is loudly proclaimed in the States that all labour is honourable. Such is the theory, to which, however, neither men nor women conform in practice. It is honourable in a man to dig in a garden, to plough a field, to fell timber, or to split rails, to pack pork, to be a tailor, a shoemaker, a mechanic, or handicraftsman of any kind; but it is not thought honourable or consistent with the dignity due to a man who has a vote to be a domestic servant. The women, in the same way, will consent to be factory girls, railway clerks, sempstresses, dressmakers, or drapers' and milliners' assistants; but they will not condescend to become cooks, housemaids, or chambermaids. The very word "servant" is objected to as synonymous with slave, and service becomes "help" in the language of these proud Republicans. The word "master" suffers the same exclusion from the vocabulary, for the same reason; for master savours of slavery. The master of a household in the Northern States is the "boss," by which name the servants or "helps" always speak of him; and the mistress is invariably addressed by her name, and

never as "mistress," "missus," or "madam." One servant or "help" never asks another if "missus" rang the bell, but if Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith, as the case may be, rang it. When spoken to by the mistress, they do not reply "Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am," but "Yes, Mrs. Jones," or "Yes, Mrs. Smith." Even an employer of other than domestic labour is not recognised as a master. There are boss-barbers, boss-builders, boss-carpenters, boss-tailors; but no masters of these or any other crafts. The consequence of this inveterate dislike to domestic service, and to the social inferiority implied in it, is that none but the newly-arrived Irish and the negroes will consent to do the work of the house, the kitchen, or the stable. The negroes do not exist in the North in sufficient numbers to supply the want of "help," and the Irish are so ignorant, so insolent, and so extravagant, as to be the plague of every household which they enter. They take situations as professed cooks, without being able to boil an egg or a potato. They waste thrice as much food as they consume, and their dirtiness and want of order and system natural to them in their original hovels of Connemara or other piggeries in which they may have been born and bred, become most provoking and unnatural in their new sphere of life. In consequence of this sore affliction, housekeeping in the great cities, such as New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and others, is so disagreeable to the man who likes a dinner well cooked, even if it should be plain, and so offensive to the woman who desires to have some little enjoyment of her life, that in sheer desperation husbands and wives who ought to be able to keep up an establishment of their own, betake themselves to hotels and boarding-houses, where unhappily they incur worse dangers and suffer greater

evils than those from which they have attempted to escape. No man is idle in the United States. Every one has his work to do, and his fortune to push, so that the married woman, living in the hotel or boarding-house, is left to herself at an early hour in the morning, and sees nothing of her husband till he comes home to dinner. This of course happens in England as well as in America to the great majority of people. But in England the married woman can always occupy her time in the management of her household and her children, and can only contrive to find leisure for reading, music, and other amusements, when her domestic duties have been discharged. Not so the American woman living in the hotel or boarding-house. She has no marketing to do, no household expenses to economise, no servants to govern—nothing to occupy her attention but the care of her own person. She dresses several times a-day in a new costume for every meal; for as she has to be seen and criticised by her own sex, as well as by the men in whose presence she breakfasts or dines, she has to make as fashionable and gay an appearance over her earliest as over her latest repast. If the weather be very fine she promenades in the fashionable streets, and goes shopping to the great "dry-goods store" or the jeweller's; or if this be over for the day, or the weather not to her mind, she resorts to the public room called the parlour, sits in a rocking-chair, one of the greatest social curses of the country, and chats with some other listless idler of her own sex, or, still rocking herself, reads the last new novel. The only privacy that a life of this kind allows to the married couple is that of the sleeping chamber. And that women living such a life, always in the glare of publicity, and with nothing to occupy their minds or their time, should remain as timid or modest in their man-

ners as people who live at home, and employ their minds in whole-some pursuits, is scarcely to be expected. The young children who are forced to lead this kind of life are to be as greatly pitied as their mothers. Their only playgrounds are the long corridors or staircases of the hotel, unless the mother take them to the public square or park for an occasional holiday in fine weather. By constant association with their elders they become prematurely knowing, and little ladies of nine or ten give themselves the airs and indulge in the coqueties that at eighteen or twenty might be pleasant enough, but which in such children are painful to witness. The girls are indulged with jewellery when yet infants, and little creatures unable to walk have rings on their fingers and bracelets on their arms. A boy or girl of nine or ten years of age, living with its parents at a hotel, thinks nothing of coming down to the public breakfast-table by itself. It is amusing, though to a certain extent unpleasant, to notice with what delight these small creatures give their orders to the waiters, and what copious breakfasts are spread before them. Chop, steak, fish, potatoes, scrambled eggs, ham, sausage, oysters, corn-cake, buckwheat-cake, toast, and rolls,—all these enter into the catalogue of their wants, the corn and buckwheat-cake being usually rendered more agreeable to the youthful palate by large quantities of syrup. To see them eat is, as the Americans say, "a caution."

The American women live too much in-doors, and take too little exercise. The summers are too hot to admit of much pedestrianism, and it is only in winter, when the ponds and rivers are frozen over, that the ladies can indulge in the one out-of-door amusement of which they are passionately fond—that of skating. Heat, however, is the greatest enemy of their health

and beauty. In summer it pours down upon them from the skies—in winter it is generated for them within doors by furnaces burning a dry anthracite coal that parches out all the moisture from the air they breathe, and dries them up to such a degree as to give them the outward appearance of old age before they are much past the prime of life. They begin at a very early age to indulge themselves in sweetmeats—"candies," as they are called—and continue the injurious practice to their maturity and old age, to the detriment not only of their teeth and beauty, but of their health. That something is radically wrong, either in the climate, the mode of life, or the social peculiarities of the women of America, has long been suspected and asserted by philosophers and physicians. "The remark," says Dr. Harvey Lindsey, an American physician practising at Washington, "has often been made by Europeans who have visited this country, and the melancholy truth has been confirmed by Americans who have travelled in Europe, that American women suffer more from ill-health than the women of other countries. My attention has been for some time past particularly directed to the subject, and I am convinced that the remark is undoubtedly true to an alarming extent. Not only is the average health of our countrywomen much less robust than that enjoyed by corresponding classes in Europe, and particularly in Great Britain, but it is much more infirm than that of the other sex in our country. . . . With respect to their inferiority in point of vigour, strength, and robustness to the women of England, I believe there is not one dissenting voice among those who have enjoyed the most ample opportunities for comparison and whose attention has been directed to the subject. The Englishwoman has a much more florid and healthful complex-

ion, a much more vigorous person, and is capable of enduring much more fatigue and exposure. The slender, delicate, and fragile form, the pale, sallow, and waxen complexion, which are so common among us, are much seldomer seen in Europe." The late Mr. George Combe, who quoted this passage in his 'Notes on the United States,' says that the American ladies ascribe their maladies to the variable nature of the climate; but declares his opinion to be, that their own habits of life contribute much more than the climate to their sufferings; that they do not as a rule walk abroad for the sake either of air or exercise; that they pass their time both by day and night in overheated and unwholesome apartments; and that they eat too much pastry, sweets, and animal food. If American physicians did not proclaim the same facts it would be considered unjust, or at least ungallant, for any English traveller even to allude to a subject so delicate. One great result of this chronic ill-health is that as a rule American mothers do not have large families, and are not nearly so prolific as their European sisters. The registrar of the city of Boston, Massachusetts, in his report for the present year, states "that while the population of Boston has been uniformly increasing for many years, the birth-rate has with equal uniformity been declining, and has fallen from 1 in 26 in 1850 to 1 in 36 in 1865. The birth-rate," he says, "has been declining throughout the United States for the last 70 years. It appears that only one in four of the children born in Boston in 1865 was the offspring of parents both of whom were natives of the United States. The majority of the children born in Boston in the year were the offspring of parents both foreign-born." A New York paper, in commenting upon these remarkable and, to Americans, alarming facts, represents that the unwilling-

ness of American women to be the mothers of large families is to be partly attributed to the unruliness of American children. But as there are wheels within wheels, and causes within causes, this very unruliness may be a result of the mother's weakness of body, which leads her to let her children have their own way out of her sight, and may proceed also from the system of hotel and boarding-house life already alluded to. That American women are as naturally fond of children as other people—that their families are not so great as the families of the people in the British Isles—and that barren marriages are but too common,—may be seen at a glance by any one who will take up an American daily newspaper of any city in the Union, and look over the advertising columns. The number of American ladies who wish to adopt children, and make known their wants in this way, is very large; and the number of poor Irish and Germans, who are in the position of the old woman of the nursery tale who lived in the shoe, who are willing to supply the demand for a consideration, is a striking peculiarity of American domestic life. There is one other peculiarity, with which we shall conclude our observations on this subject. The American newspapers announce marriages and deaths, but they never, or very rarely, announce births. If the English *materfamilias* should ask why? the only reply to be given is, that for some reason or other it is thought indelicate to proclaim to the world that you have had an addition to your family. But why it should be more indelicate to be born than to be married or to die, not even an American can tell.

BROWNLOWS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.—MR. BROWNLOW'S MONEY.

EVERYBODY in the neighbourhood was perfectly aware what was the origin of John Brownlow's fortune. There was no possibility of any mistake about it. When people are very well known and respectable, and inspire their neighbours with a hearty interest, some little penalty must be paid for that pleasant state of affairs. It is only when nobody cares for you, when you are of no importance to the world in general, that you can shroud your concerns in mystery; but the Brownlows were very well known, much respected, and quite unable to hide themselves in a corner. In all Dartfordshire there was no family better known; not that they were county people, or had any pretensions to high connection, but then there was not one family in the county of whom John Brownlow did not know more than they knew themselves, and in his hands, and in the hands of his fathers before him, had reposed the papers and affairs of all the squires about, titled or otherwise, for more years than could be counted. It was clever of the Brownlows to have had so much business in their hands and yet not to be rich; but virtue, when it is exceptional, is perhaps always a little extreme, and so it is probable that an honest lawyer is honestier than most honest men who have no particular temptation. They were not rich, and yet, of course, they were far from being poor. They had the kind of substantial old brick house, standing close up to the pavement in the best end of the High Street of Mastedon, which would be described as a mansion in an auctioneer's advertisement. It was very red and infinitely clean, and had a multi-

tude of windows all blinking in the sun, and lighting up into impromptu illuminations every winter afternoon, when that blazing red luminary went down, not over the river and the open country, as he ought to have done, but into the Rectory garden, which happened to lie in his way as he halted along towards the west. The Brownlows for generations back had lived very comfortably in this red house. It had a great, rich, luxuriant, warm garden behind, with all sorts of comforts attached to it, and the rooms were handsome and old-fashioned, as became a house that had served generations; and once upon a time many good dinners, and much good wine, and the most beautiful stores of fine linen, and crystal, and silver were in the house, for comfort, and not for show. All this was very well, and John Brownlow was born to the possession of it; but there can be no doubt that the house in the High Street was very different from the house he now inhabited and the establishment he kept up in the country. Even the house in the High Street had been more burdened than was usual in the family when it came to his turn to be its master. Arthur, the younger brother, who was never good for much, had just had his debts paid for the second time before his father died. It was not considered by many people as quite fair to John, though some did say that it was he above all who urged the step upon old Mr. Brownlow. Persons who professed to know, even asserted that the elder son, in his generosity, had quite a struggle with his father, and that his argument was always "for my mother's sake." If this was true, it was all

the more generous of him, because his mother was well known to have thought nothing of John in comparison with the handsome Arthur, whom she spoiled as long as she lived. Anyhow, the result was that John inherited the house and the business, the furniture and old crystal and silver, and a very comfortable income, but nothing that could be called a fortune, or that would in any way have justified him in launching out into a more expensive description of life.

At this time he was thirty at least, and not of a speculative turn of mind; and when old Mrs. Thomson's will—a will not even drawn up in his office, which would have been a kind of preparation—was read to him, it is said that he lost his temper on the occasion, and used very unbecoming language to the poor woman in her coffin. What had he to do with the old hag? "What did she mean by bothering him with her filthy money?" he said, and did not show at all the frame of mind that might have been expected under the circumstances. Mrs. Thomson was an old woman, who had lived in a very miserly sort of way, with an old servant, in a little house in the outskirts of the town. Nobody could ever tell what attracted her towards John Brownlow, who never, as he himself said, had anything to do with her; and she had relations of her own in Masterton, the Fennells, who always knew she had money, and counted upon being her heirs. But they were distant relations, and perhaps they did not know all her story. What petrified the town, however, was, when it was found out that old Mrs. Thomson had left a fortune, not of a few hundreds, as people supposed, but of more than fifty thousand pounds, behind her, and that it was all left in a way to John Brownlow. It was left to him in trust for Mrs. Thomson's daughter Phoebe, a person whose existence no one in Masterton had ever dreamt of, but who,

it appeared, had married a common soldier, and gone off with him ages before, and had been cursed and cast off by her hard-hearted mother. That was long, long ago, and perhaps the solitary old creature's heart, if she had a heart, had relented to her only child; perhaps, as John Brownlow thought, it was a mere suggestion of Satan to trouble and annoy him, a man who had nothing to do with Phoebe Thomson. Anyhow, this was the substance of the will. The money was all left to John Brownlow in trust for this woman, who had gone nobody knew where, and whose very name by marriage her mother did not state, and nobody could tell. If Phoebe Thomson did not make her appearance within the next twenty-five years, then the money was to pass to John Brownlow and his heirs in perpetuity beyond all power of reclamation. This was the strange event which fell like a shell into the young lawyer's quiet life, and brought revolution and change to everything around.

He was very much annoyed and put out about it at first; and the Fennells, who had expected to be Mrs. Thomson's heirs, were furious, and not disinclined to turn upon him, blameless as he was. To tell the truth, theirs was a very hard case. They were very poor. Good-for-nothing sons are not exclusively reserved for the well-to-do portion of the community; and poor Mrs. Fennell, as well as the Brownlow family, had a good-for-nothing son, upon whom she had spent all her living. He had disappeared at this time into the darkness, as such people do by times, but of course it was always on the cards that he might come back and be a burden upon his people again. And the father was paralytic and helpless, not only incapable of doing anything, but requiring to have everything done for him, that last aggravation of poverty. Mrs. Fennell herself was not a prepossessing woman. She had a high temper and

an eloquent tongue, and her disappointment was tragic and desperate. Poor soul! it was not much to be wondered at—she was so poor and so helpless and burdened; and this money would have made them all so comfortable. It was not that she thought of herself, the poor woman said, but there was Fennell, who was cousin to the Thomsons, and there was Tom out in the world toiling for his bread, and killing himself with work. And then there was Bessie and her prospects. When she had talked it all over at the highest pitch of her voice, and stormed at everybody, and made poor Fennell shake worse than ever in his paralytic chair, and overwhelmed Bessie with confusion and misery, the poor woman would sit down and cry. Only one thousand pounds of it would have done them such a great deal of good; and there was fifty thousand, and it was all going to be tied up and given to John Brownlow. It was laid upon a woman with a hot head and a warm heart, and no temper or sense to speak of; and to storm at it was the only thing she took any comfort from, or that did her any good.

This money which Mrs. Fennell regretted so bitterly for a long time was nothing but a nuisance to John Brownlow. He advertised and employed detectives, and did everything a man could do to find Phœbe Thomson and relieve himself of the burden. But Phœbe Thomson was not to be found. He sought her far and near, but no such person was to be heard of—for, to be sure, a poor soldier's wife was not very likely to be in the way of seeing the second column of the "Times;" and if she should happen to be Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Doherty by marriage, nobody but herself and her husband might be aware that she had ever been Phœbe Thomson. Anyhow, all the advertisements and all the detectives failed; and after working very hard at it for a year or more,

John Brownlow very quietly, and to his own consciousness alone, d—d Phœbe Thomson, and gave up the useless investigation.

But he was a man who had eyes, and a strong sense of justice. When he thought of the poor Fennells, his anger rose against the wretched old woman who had laid on him the burden of her money. Poor Mrs. Fennell's son was good for nothing, but she had a daughter who was good for much; and Bessie had a lover who would gladly have married her, had that wicked old miser, as John Brownlow in his indignation said, left only a thousand pounds out of her fifty to help the paralytic father and passionate mother. Bessie's lover was not mercenary—he was not covetous of a fortune with his wife; but he could not marry all the family, or work for the old people, as their daughter had to do. This was what Mrs. Fennell meant when she raved of poor Bessie and her prospects. But Bessie herself said nothing. The lover went very sorrowfully away, and Bessie was silent and went on with her work, and made no show of her trouble. John Brownlow, without knowing it, got to watch her. He was not aware for a long time why it was that, though he always had so much to do, he never missed seeing Bessie when by chance she passed his windows. As luck would have it, it was always at that moment he raised his eyes; and he did his best to get pupils for her, "taking an interest" in her which was quite unusual in so quiet a man. But it was not probable that Bessie could have had much of an education herself, much less was qualified to give it to others. And whether it was her want of skill, or the poverty of her surroundings, her poor dress, or her mother's aspect and temper, it is certain that diligent and patient and "nice" as she was, pupils failed her. She did not get on; yet she kept struggling on, and toiling, keeping a smile in her eyes

for everybody that looked friendly on her, whatever sinking there might be in her heart. And she was a slight fragile little creature to bear all that weight on her shoulders. John Brownlow, without knowing it, watched her little figure about the streets, all the year through, marvelling at that "soft invincibility," that steady standing up against defeat and every kind of ill which the gentle soul was capable of. And as he watched her he had many thoughts in his mind. He was not rich, as we have said; on the contrary, it would have been his bounden duty, had he done his duty, to have married somebody with a modest little fortune, who would have helped him to keep up the house in the High Street, and give the traditionary dinners; and to maintain his wife's family, if he were to marry, was something out of the question. But then that fifty thousand pounds—this money which did not belong to him, but to Phœbe Thomson, whosoever she was, and wheresoever she might be. All this produced a confusion of thought which was of very strange occurrence in Mr. Brownlow's office, where his ancestors for generations had pondered over other people's difficulties—a more pleasing operation than attending to one's own. Gradually, as time wore on, Phœbe Thomson grew into a more and more mythical figure to Mr. Brownlow's mind, and Bessie Fennell became more and more real. When he looked up one winter's afternoon and saw her passing the office window in the glow of the frosty sunset, which pointed at her in its clear-sighted way, and made thrice visible the thinness of her cheek and the shabbiness of her dress, Mr. Brownlow's pen fell from his fingers in amaze and self-reproach. She was wearing herself out, and he had permitted her to do so, and had sat at his window thinking about it for two whole years. Two years

had passed since Mrs. Thomson's death. All the investigations in the world had not been able to find Phœbe; and John Brownlow was master of the old woman's fifty thousand pounds; and the Fennells might be starving for anything he could tell. The result was, that he proposed to Bessie, to the unbounded amazement, not only of the town of Masterton, but even of the county people, who all knew Mr. Brownlow. Probably Bessie was as much surprised as anybody; but she married him after a while, and made him a very good wife. And he pensioned her father and mother in the most liberal way, and saw as little of them as possible. And for a few years, though they did not give many dinners, everything went on very well in the big brick house.

I tell the story thus briefly, instead of introducing these people to show their existence for themselves, because all this is much prior to the real date of this history. Mrs. Brownlow made a very good and sweet wife; and my own opinion is that she was fond of her husband in a quiet way. But, of course, people said she had married him for his money, and Bessie was one of those veiled souls who go through the world without much faculty of revealing themselves even to their nearest and dearest. When she did, nobody could make quite sure whether she had enjoyed her life or merely supported it. She had fulfilled all her duties, been very kind to everybody, very faithful and tender to her husband, very devoted to her family; but she died, and carried away a heart within her of which no man seemed ever to have found the key. Sara and John were very little at the time of her death—so little, that they scarcely remembered their mother. And they were not like her. Little John, for his part, was like big John, as he had a right to be; and Sara was like nobody else that ever had been seen in Masterton. But that is a subject which

demands fuller exposition. Mr. Brownlow lived very quietly for some years after he lost his wife; but then, as was natural, the ordinary course of affairs was resumed. And then it was that the change in his fortunes became fully evident. His little daughter was delicate, and he got a carriage for her. He got ponies for her, and costly governesses, and masters down from town at the wildest expense; and then he bought that place in the country which had once been Something Hall or Manor, but which Dartfordshire, in its consternation, henceforward called Brownlow's. Brownlow's it was, without a doubt; and Brownlows it became—without the apostrophe—in the most natural way, when things settled down. It was, as old Lady Hetherton said, "quite a *place*, my dear; not one of your little bits of villas, you know." And though it was so near Masterton that Mr. Brownlow drove or rode in every day to his office, its grounds and gardens and park were equal to those of any nobleman in the county. Old Mrs. Thomson's fifty thousand pounds

had doubled themselves, as money skilfully managed has a way of doing. It had got for her executor everything a man could desire. First, the wife of his choice—though that gift had been taken from him—and every other worldly good which the man wished or could wish for. He was able to surround the daughter, who was everything to him—who was more to him, perhaps, than even his wife had ever been—with every kind of delight—some thing; and to provide for his son, and establish him in the world according to his inclinations; and to assume, without departing from his own place, such a position as no former Brownlow had ever occupied in the county. All this came to John Brownlow through old Mrs. Thomson; and Phœbe Thomson, to whom the money in reality belonged, had never turned up to claim it; and now there was but one year to run of the five-and-twenty which limited his responsibilities. All this being made apparent, it is the history of this one year that I have now to tell.

CHAPTER II.—SARA.

Mr. Brownlow had one son and one daughter—the boy, a very good-natured, easy-minded, honest sort of young fellow, approaching twenty-one, and not made much account of either at home or abroad. The daughter was Sara. For people who know her, or indeed who are at all acquainted with society in Dartfordshire, it is unnecessary to say more; but perhaps the general public may prefer a clearer description. She was the queen of John Brownlow's house, and the apple of his eye. At the period of which we speak she was between nineteen and twenty, just emerging from what had always been considered a delicate girlhood, into the full early bloom of woman. She had too much character, too much nonsense, too

many wiles, and too much simplicity in her, to be, strictly speaking, beautiful; and she was not good enough or gentle enough to be lovely. And neither was she beloved by all, as a heroine ought to be. There were some people who did not like her, as well as some who did, and there were a great many who fluctuated between love and dislike, and were sometimes fond of her, and sometimes affronted with her; which, indeed, was a very common state of mind with herself. Sara was so much a girl of her age that she had even the hair of the period, as the spring-flowers have the colours of spring. It was light-brown, with a golden tint, and abundant as locks of that colour generally are; but it cannot

be denied that it was darker than the fashionable shade, and that Sara was not above being annoyed by this fact, nor even above a vague and shadowy idea of doing something to it to bring it to the correct tint; which may rank as one of the constantly recurring proofs that young women are in fact the least vain portion of the creation, and have less faith in the efficacy of their natural charms than any other section of the race. She had a little rosebud mouth, dewy and pearly, and full eyes, which were blue, or grey, or hazel, according as you looked at them, and according to the sentiment which they might happen to express. She was very tall, very slight and flexible, and wavy like a tall lily, with the slightest variable stoop in her pretty shoulders, for which her life had been rendered miserable by many well-meaning persons, but which, in reality, was one of her charms. To say that she stooped, is an ugly expression, and there was nothing ugly about Sara. It was rather that by times her head drooped a little, like the aforesaid lily swayed by the softest of visionary breezes. This, however, was the only thing lily-like or angelic about her. She was not a model of anything, nor noted for any special virtues. She was Sara. That was about all that could be said for her; and it is to be hoped that she may be able to evidence what little bits of good there were in her during the course of this history, for herself.

"Papa," she said, as they sat together at the breakfast-table, "I will call for you this afternoon, and bring you home. I have something to do in Masterton."

"Something to do in Masterton?" said Mr. Brownlow; "I thought you had got everything you could possibly want for three months at least when you were in town."

"Yes," said Sara, "everything one wants for one's bodily necessities—pins and needles and music, and all that sort of thing—but one has a

heart, though you might not think it, papa; and I have an idea that one has a soul."

"Do you think so?" said her father, with a smile; "but I can't imagine what your soul can have to do in Masterton. We don't cultivate such superfluities there."

"I am going to see grandmamma," said Sara. "I think it is my duty. I am not fond of her, and I ought to be. I think if I went to see her oftener perhaps it might do me good."

"Oh! if it's only for grandmamma," said young John, "I go to see her often enough. I don't think you need take any particular trouble to do her good."

Upon which Sara sighed, and drooped a little upon its long stem her lily head. "I hope I am not so stupid and conceited as to think I can do anybody good," she said. "I may be silly enough, but I am not like that; but I am going to see grandmamma. It is my duty to be fond of her, and see after her; and I know I never go except when I can't help it. I am going to turn over a new leaf."

Mr. Brownlow's face had been overshadowed at the first mention of the grandmother, as by a faint mist of annoyance. It did not go so far as to be a cloud. It was not positive displeasure or dislike, but only a shade of dissatisfaction, which he expressed by his silence. Sara's resolutions to turn over a new leaf were not rare, and her father was generally much amused and interested by her good intentions; but at present he only went on with his breakfast and said nothing. Like his daughter, he was not fond of the grandmamma, and perhaps her sympathy with his own sentiments in this respect was satisfactory to him at the bottom of his heart; but it was not a thing he could talk about.

"There is a great deal in habit," said Sara, in that experienced way which belongs to the speculatist of nineteen. "I believe you can train

yourself to anything, even to love people whom you don't love by nature. I think one could get to do that if one was to try."

"I should not care much for your love if that was how it came," said young John.

"That would only show you did not understand," said Sara, mildly. "To like people for a good reason, is not that better than liking them merely because you can't help it? If there was anybody that it suited papa, for instance, to make me marry, don't you think I would be very foolish if I could not make myself fond of him?—and ungrateful too."

"Would you really do as much for me, my darling?" said Mr. Brownlow, looking up at her with a glimmer of weakness in his eyes; "but I hope I shall never require to put you to the test."

"Why not, papa?" said Sara, cheerfully. "I am sure it would be a much more sensible reason for being fond of anybody that you wished it, than just my own fancy. I should do it, and I would never hesitate about it," said the confident young woman; and the father, though he was a man of some experience, felt his heart melt and glow over this rash statement with a fond gratification, and really believed it, foolish as it was.

"And I shall drive down," said Sara, "and look as fine as possible; though, of course, I would far rather have Meg out, and ride home with you in the afternoon. And it would do Meg a world of good," she added, pathetically. "But you know if one goes in for pleasing one's grandmamma, one ought to be content to please her in her own way. *She* likes to see the carriage and the greys, and a great noise and fuss. If it is worth taking the trouble for at all, it is worth doing it in her own way."

"I walk, and she is always very glad to see me," said John, in what must be allowed was an unpleasant manner.

"Ah! you are different," said

Sara, with a momentary bend of her graceful head. And, of course, he was very different. He was a mere man or boy—whichever you prefer—not in the least ornamental, nor of very much use to anybody—whereas Sara!—But it is not a difference that could be described or argued about; it was a thing which could be perceived with half an eye. When breakfast was over, the two gentlemen went off to Masterton to their business; for young John had gone into his father's office, and was preparing to take up in his turn the hereditary profession. Indeed, it is not clear that Mr. Brownlow ever intended poor Jack to profit at all by his wealth, or the additional state and grandeur the family had taken upon itself. To his eyes, so far as it appeared, Sara alone was the centre of all this magnificence; whereas Jack was simply the heir and successor of the Brownlows, who had been time out of mind the solicitors of Masterton. For Jack, the brick house in the High Street waited with all its old stores; and the fairy accessories of their present existence, all the luxury and grace and beauty—the greys—the conservatories—the park—the place in the country—seemed a kind of natural appanage to the fair creature in whom the race of Brownlow had come to flower, the father could not tell how; for it seemed strange to think that he himself, who was but a homely individual, should have been the means of bringing anything so fair and fine into the world. Probably Mr. Brownlow, when it came to making his will, would be strictly just to his two children; but in the mean time, in his thoughts, that was, no doubt, how things stood; and Jack accordingly was brought up as he himself had been, rather as the heir of the Brownlows' business, their excellent connection and long-established practice, than as the heir of Brownlows—two very different things, as will be perceived.

When they went away Sara betook herself to her own business. She saw the cook in the most correct and exemplary way. Fortunately the cook was also the housekeeper, and a very good-tempered woman, who received all her young mistress's suggestions with amiability, and only complained sometimes that Miss Brownlow would order everything that was out of season. "Not for the sake of extravagance," Mrs. Stock said, in answer to Sara's maid, who had made that impertinent suggestion; "oh, no, nothin' of the sort—only out of always forgettin', poor dear, and always wantin' me to believe as she knows." But as Sara fortunately paid but little attention to the dinner when produced, making no particular criticism—not for want of will, but for want of knowledge—her interview with the cook at least did no harm. And then she went into many small matters which she thought were of importance. She had an hour's talk, for instance, with the gardener, who was, like most gardeners, a little pigheaded, and fond of having his own way; and Sara was rather of opinion that some of her hints had done him good; and she made him, very unwillingly, cut some flowers for her to take to her grandmother. Mrs. Fennell was not a woman to care for flowers if she could have got them for the plucking; but expensive hothouse flowers in the depth of winter were a different matter. Thus Sara reasoned as she carried them in her basket, with a groundwork of moss beneath to keep them fresh, and left them in the hall till the carriage should come round. And she went to the stables, and looked at everything in a dainty way—not like your true enthusiast in such matters, but with a certain gentle grandeur, as of a creature to whom satin-skinned cattle and busy grooms were vulgar essentials of life, equally necessary, but equally far off from her supreme altitude. She cared no more for the greys in

themselves than she did for Dick and Tom, which will be sufficient to prove to anybody learned in such matters how imperfect her development was in this respect. All these little occupations were very different from the occupations of her father and brother, who were both of them in the office all day busy with other people's wills and marriage-settlements and conveyances. Thus it would have been as evident to any impartial looker-on as it was to Mr. Brownlow, that the fortune which had so much changed his position in the county, and given him such very different surroundings, all centred in, and was appropriated to, his daughter, while his old life, his hereditary business, the prose and plain part of his existence, was to be carried out in his son.

When all the varieties of occupation in this useful day were about exhausted, Sara prepared for her drive. She wrapped herself up in fur and velvet, and everything that was warmest and softest and most luxurious; and with her basket of flowers and another little basket of game, which she did not take any personal charge of, rolled away out of the park-gates to Masterton. Brownlows had belonged to a very unsuccessful race before it came to be Brownlow's. It had been in the hands of poor, failing, incompetent people, which was, perhaps, the reason why its original name had dropped so completely out of recollection. Now, for the first time in its existence, it looked really like "a gentleman's place." But yet there were eyesores about. One of these was a block of red brick, which stood exactly opposite the park-gates, opposite the lodge which Mr. Brownlow had made so pretty. There were only two cottages in the block, and they were very unpretending and very clean, and made the life of the woman in the lodge twice as lightsome and agreeable; but to Sara's eyes at least, Swayne's Cottages, as they

were called, were very objectionable. They were two-storeyed houses, with windows and doors very flush with the walls; as if, which indeed was the case, the walls themselves were of the slightest construction possible; and Swayne himself, or rather Mrs. Swayne, who was the true head of the house, let a parlour and bedroom to lodgers who wanted country air and quiet at a cheap rate. "Anybody might come," Sara was in the habit of saying: "your worst enemy might come and sit down there at your very door, and spy upon everything you were doing. It makes me shudder when I think of it." Thus she had spoken ever since her father's entrance upon the glories of his "place," egging him up with all her might to attack this little Naboth's vineyard. But there never was a Naboth more obstinate in his rights than Mr. Swayne, who was a carpenter and builder, and had put the two houses together himself, and was proud of them; and Sara was then too young and too much under the sway of her feelings to take upon her in cold blood Jezebel's decisive part.

She could not help looking at them to-day as she swept out, with the two greys spurning the gravel under foot, and the lodge-woman at the gate looking up with awe while she made her curtsy as if to the Queen. Mrs. Swayne, too, was standing at her door, but she did not curtsy to Sara. She stood and looked as if she did not care—the splendour and the luxury were nothing to her. She looked out in a calm sort of indifferent way, which was to Sara what, to continue a scriptural symbolism, Mordecai was to another less fortunate personage. And Mrs. Swayne had a ticket of "Lodgings" in her window. It could do her no good, for nobody ever passed along that road who could be desirous of country lodgings at a cheap rate, and this advertisement looked to Sara like an intentional insult.

The wretched woman might get about eight shillings a week for her lodgings, and for that paltry sum she could allow herself to post up bills opposite the very gate of Brownlowa; but then some people have so little feeling. This trifling incident occupied Sara's mind during at least half her drive. The last lodger had been a consumptive patient, whose pale looks had filled her with compassionate impulses, against which her dislike of Mrs. Swayne contended vainly. Who would it be next? Some other invalid most likely, as pale and as poor, to make one discontented with the world and ashamed of one's self the moment one issued forth from the park-gates, and all because of the determination of the Swaynes to annoy their wealthy neighbours. The thought made Sara angry as she drove along; but it was a brisk winter afternoon, with frost in the air, and the hoofs of the greys rang on the road, and even the country waggons seemed to move along at an exhilarated pace. So Sara thought, who was young, and whose blood ran quickly in her veins, and who was wrapped up to the throat in velvet and fur. Now and then another carriage would roll past, when there were people who nodded or kissed their hands to Sara as they passed, with all that clang of hoofs and sweep of motion, merrily on over the hard road beneath the naked trees. And the people who were walking walked briskly, as if the blood was racing in their veins too, and rushing warm and vigorous to healthy cheeks. If any cheeks were blue rather than red, if any hearts were sick with the cold and the weary way, if anybody she met chanced to be going heavily home to a hearth where there was no fire, or a house from which love and light had gone, Sara, glowing to the wind, knew nothing of that; and that the thought never entered her mind was no fault of hers.

The winter sky was beginning to

dress itself in all the glories of sunset when she got to Masterton. It had come to be the time of the year when the sun set in the Rectory garden, and John Brownlow's windows in the High Street got all aglow. Perhaps it brought associations to his mind as the dazzling red radiance flashed in at the office window, and he laid down his pen. But the fact was that this pause was caused by a sound of wheels echoing along the market-place, which was close by. That must be Sara. Such was the thought that passed through Mr. Brownlow's mind. He did not think, as the last gleam came over him, how he used to look up and see Bessie passing—that Bessie who had come to be his wife—nor of any other moving event that had happened to him when the sun was coming in at his windows aslant in that undeniable way. No; all that he thought was, There goes Sara, and his face softened, and he began to put his papers together. The child in her living importance, little lady and sovereign of all that surrounded her, triumphed thus even over the past and the dead.

Mrs. Fennell had lodgings in a street which was very genteel, and opened off the market-place. The houses were not very large, but they had pillars to the doors and balconies to all the first-floor windows; and some very nice people lived there. Mrs. Fennell was very old, and not able to manage a house for herself, so she had apartments, she and her maid—one of the first floors with the balconies—a very comfortable little drawing-room, which the care of her friends had filled with every description of comfortable articles. Her paralytic husband was dead ages ago, and her daughter Bessie was dead, and her beloved but good-for-nothing son—and yet the old woman had lived on. Sometimes, when anything touched her heart, she would mourn over this, and ask why she had been left when everything was

gone that made life sweet to her; but still she lived on; and at other times it must be confessed that she was not an amiable old woman. It is astonishing how often it happens that the sweet domestic qualities do not descend from mother to daughter, but leap a generation, as it were, interjecting a passionate, peevish mother to bring out in full relief the devotion of her child—or a selfish exacting child to show the mother's magnanimity. Such contrasts are very usual among women—I don't know if they are visible to the same extent as between father and son. Mrs. Fennell was not amiable. She was proud and quarrelsome and bitter—exactng of every profit and every honour, and never contented. She was proud to think of her son-in-law's fine house and her granddaughter's girlish splendour; and yet it was the temptation of her life to rail at them, to tell how little he had done for her, and to reckon up all he ought to have done, and to declare if it had not been for the Fennells and their friends, it was little anybody would ever have heard of John Brownlow. All this gave her a certain pleasure; and at the same time Sara's visit with the greys, and the state equipage and the tall footman, and her entrance in her rich dress with her sables, which had cost nobody could tell how much, and her basket of flowers which could not have been bought in Dartfordshire for their weight in gold, was the triumph of her life. As soon as she heard the sound of the wheels in the street—which was not visited by many carriages—she would steal out into her bedroom and change her cap with her trembling hands. She never changed her cap for Jack, who came on foot, and brought every kind of homely present to please her and make her comfortable. But Sara was different—and Sara's presents added not to her comfort, but to her glory, which was quite another affair.

"Well, my dear," she said with a mixture of peevishness and pleasure, as the girl came in, "so this is you. I thought you were never coming to see me any more."

"I beg your pardon, grandmamma," said Sara. "I know I have been neglecting my duty, but I mean to turn over a new leaf. There are some birds down below that I thought you would like, and I have brought you some flowers. I will put them in your little vases if I may ring for Nancy to bring some water. I made Pitt cut me this daphne, though I think he would rather have cut off my head. It will perfume the whole room."

"My dear, you know I don't like strong smells," said Mrs. Fennell. "I never could bear scents—a little whiff of musk, and that was all I ever cared for—though your poor mamma was such a one for violets and trash. And I haven't got servants to be running up and down stairs as you have at your fine place. One maid for everything is considered quite enough for me."

"Well, grandmamma," said Sara, "you have not very much to do, you know. If I were you, I would have a nice *young* maid that would look pleasant and cheerful instead of that cross old Nancy, who never looks pleased at anything."

"What good do you think I could have of a young maid?" said Mrs. Fennell—"nasty gossiping tittering things, that are twenty times more bother than they're worth. I have Nancy because she suits me, and because she was poor old Mrs. Thomson's maid, as every body has forgotten but her and me. The dead are soon out of mind, especially when they've got a claim on living folks' gratitude. If it wasn't for poor Mrs. Thomson where would your grand carriage have been, and your daphnes, and your tall footmen, and all your papa's grandeur? But there's nobody that thinks on her but me."

"I am sure I have not forgotten her," said Sara. "I wish I could.

She must have been a horrible old wretch, and I wish she had left papa alone. I'd rather not have Brownlows if I am always to hear of that wretched old woman. I suppose Nancy is her ghost and haunts you. I hate to hear her horrid old name."

"You are just like all the rest," said the grandmother—"ashamed of your relations because you are so fine; and if it had not been for your relations—she was your poor mamma's cousin, Miss Sairah—if it was only that, and out of respect to me—"

"Don't call me Sairah, please," said the indignant little visitor. "I do hate it so; and I have not done anything that I know of to be called Miss for. What is the use of quarrelling, grandmamma? Do let us be comfortable a little. You can't think how cold it is out of doors. Don't you think it is rather nice to be an old lady and sit by the fire and have everybody come to see you, and no need to take any trouble with making calls or anything? I think it must be one of the nicest things in the world."

"Do you think *you* would like it?" the old woman said grimly from the other side of the fire.

"It is different, you know," said Sara, drooping her pretty head as she sat before the fire with the red light gleaming in her hair. "You were once as young as me, and you can go back to that in your mind; and then mamma was once as young as me, and you can go back to that. I should think it must feel like walking out in a garden all your own, that nobody else has any right to; while the rest of us, you know—"

"Ah!" said the old woman with a cry; "but a garden that you once tripped about, and once saw your children tripping about, and now you have to hobble through it all alone. Oh child, child! and never a sound in it, but all the voices gone and all the steps

that you would give the world to hear."

Sara roused herself up out of her meditation, and gave a startled astonished look into the corner where the cross old grandmother was sobbing in the darkness. The child stumbled to her feet, startled and frightened and ashamed of what she had done, and went and threw herself upon the old woman's neck. And poor old Mrs. Fennell sobbed and pushed her granddaughter away, and then hugged and kissed her, and stroked her pretty hair and the feather in her hat and her soft velvet and fur. The thoughtless girl had given her a stab, and yet it was such a stab as opens while it wounds. She sobbed, but a touch of sweetness came along with the pain, and for the moment she loved again, and grew human and motherlike, warming out of the chills of her hard old age.

"You need not talk of cold, at least," she said when the little *accès* was over, and when Sara, having bestowed upon her the first real affectionate kiss she had given her since she came to woman's estate, had dropped again into the low chair before the fire, feeling a little astonished, yet rather pleased with herself for having proved equal to the occasion—"You need not talk of cold with all that beautiful fur. It must have cost a fortune. Mrs. Lyon next door will come to see me to-morrow, and she will take you all to pieces, and say it isn't real. And such a pretty feather! I like you in that kind of hat—it is very becoming; and you look like a little princess just now as you sit before the fire."

"Do I?" said Sara. "I am very glad you are pleased, grandmamma. I put on my very best to please you. Do you remember the little cape you made for me, when I was a tiny baby, out of your great old muff? I have got it still. But oh listen to that daphne how it

tells it is here! It is all through the room, as I said it would be. I must ring for some water, and your people, when they come to call, will never say the daphne is not real. It will contradict them to their face. Please, Nancy, some water for the flowers."

"Thomas says it's time for you to be agoing, Miss," said Nancy, grimly.

"Oh, Thomas can say what he pleases; papa will wait for me," cried Sara; "and grandmamma and I are such friends this time. There is some cream in the basket, Nancy, for tea; for you know our country cream is the best; and some of the grapes of my pet vine; don't look sulky, there's an old dear. I am coming every week. And grandmamma and I are such friends——"

"Anyhow, she's my poor Bessie's own child," said Mrs. Fennell, with a little deprecation; for Nancy, who had been old Mrs. Thomson's servant; was stronger even than herself upon the presumption of Brownlows, and how, but for them as was dead and gone and forgotten, such splendour could never have been.

"Sure enough," said Nancy, "and more people's child as well," which was the sole but pregnant comment she permitted herself to make. Sara, however, got her will, as she usually did. She took off her warm cloak, which the two old women examined curiously, and scorned Thomas's recommendations, and made and shared her grandmother's tea, while the greys drove up and down the narrow street, dazzling the entire neighbourhood, and driving the coachman desperate. Mr. Brownlow, too, sat waiting and wondering in his office, thinking weakly that every cab that passed must be Sara's carriage. The young lady did not hurry herself. "It was to please grandmamma," as she said; certainly it was not to please herself, for there could not be much

pleasure for Sara in the society of those two old women, who were not sweet-tempered, and who were quite as like, according to the mood they might happen to be in, to take the presents for insults as for tokens of love. But, then, there was always a pleasure in having her own way, and one of which Sara was keenly susceptible. When she called for her father eventually, she complained to him that her head ached a little, and that she felt very tired. "The daphne got to be a little overpowering in grandmamma's small room," she said; "I daresay they would put it out of window as soon as I was gone; and, besides, it is a little tiring, to tell the truth. But grandmamma was quite pleased," said

the disinterested girl. And John Brownlow took great care of his Sara as they drove out together, and felt his heart grow lighter in his breast when she recovered from her momentary languor, and looked up at the frosty twinkling in the skies above, and chattered and laughed as the carriage rolled along, lighting up the road with its two lamps, and dispersing the silence with a brisk commotion. He was prouder of his child than if she had been his bride—more happy in the possession of her than a young man with his love. And yet John Brownlow was becoming an old man, and had not been without cares and uncomfortable suggestions even on that very day.

CHAPTER III.—A SUDDEN ALARM.

The unpleasant suggestion which had been brought before Mr. Brownlow's mind that day, while Sara accomplished her visit to her grandmother, came after this wise:—

His mind had been going leisurely over his affairs in general, as he went down to his office; for naturally, now that he was so rich, he had many affairs of his own beside that placid attention to other people's affairs which was his actual trade; and it had occurred to him that at one point there was a weakness in his armour. One of his investments had not been so skilful or so prudent as the rest, and it looked as if it might call for further and further outlay before it could be made profitable, if indeed it were ever made profitable. When he got to the office, Mr. Brownlow, like a prudent man, looked into the papers connected with this affair, and took pains to understand exactly how he stood, and what further claims might be made upon him. And while he was doing this, certain questions of date arose which set clearly before him, what he had for the moment for-

gotten, that the time of his responsibility to Phoebe Thomson was very nearly over, and that in a year no claim could be made against him for Mrs. Thomson's fifty thousand pounds. The mere realisation of this fact gave him a certain thrill of uncertainty and agitation. He had not troubled himself about it for years, and during that time he had felt perfectly safe and comfortable in his possessions; but to look upon it in actual black and white, and to see how near he was to complete freedom, gave him a sudden sense of his present risk, such as he had never felt before. To repay the fifty thousand pounds would have been no such difficult matter, for Mrs. Thomson's money had been lucky money, and had, as we have said, doubled and trebled itself; but there was interest for five-and-twenty years to be reckoned; and there was no telling what other claims the heir, if an heir should yet turn up, might bring against the old woman's executor. Mr. Brownlow felt for one sharp moment as if Sara's splendour and her happiness was at the power

of some unknown vagabond who might make a sudden claim any moment when he was unprepared upon the inheritance which for all these years had appeared to him as his own. It was a sort of danger which could not be guarded against, but rather, indeed, ought to be invited; though it would be hard—no doubt it would be hard, after all this interval—to give up the fortune which he had accepted with reluctance, and which had cost him, as he felt, a hundred times more trouble than it had ever given him pleasure. Now that he had begun to get a little good out of it, to think of some stealthy vagrant coming in and calling suddenly for his rights, and laying claim perhaps to all the increase which Mr. Brownlow's careful management had made of the original, was an irritating idea. He tried to put it away, and perhaps he might have been successful in banishing it from his mind, but for another circumstance that fixed it there, and gave, as it seemed, consistency and force to the thought.

The height of the day was over, and the sun was veering towards that point of the compass from which its rays shone in at John Brownlow's windows, when he was asked if he would see a young man who came about the junior clerk's place. Mr. Brownlow had very nearly made up his mind as to who should fill this junior clerk's place; but he was kind-hearted, and sent no one disconsolate away if it was possible to help it. After a moment's hesitation, he gave orders for the admission of this young man. "If he does not do for that, he may be good for something else," was what John Brownlow said; for it was one of his crotchets, that to help men to work was better than almsgiving. The young man in question had nothing very remarkable in his appearance. He had a frank, straightforward, simple sort of air, which partly, perhaps, arose from the great defect in his face—

the projection of the upper jaw, which was well garnished with large white teeth. He had, however, merry eyes, of the kind that smile without knowing it whenever they accost another countenance; but his other features were all homely—expressive, but not remarkable. He came in modestly, but he was not afraid; and he stood respectfully and listened to Mr. Brownlow, but there was no servility in his attitude. He had come about the clerk's place, and he was quite ready to give an account of himself. His father had been a non-commissioned officer, but was dead; and his mother wanted his help badly enough.

"But you are strangers in Masterton," said Mr. Brownlow, attracted by his frank looks. "Had you any special inducement to come here?"

"Nothing of any importance," said the youth, and he coloured a little. "The fact is, sir, my mother came of richer people than we are now, and they cast her off; and some of them once lived in Masterton. She came to see if she could hear anything of her friends."

"And did she?" said John Brownlow, feeling his breath come a little quick.

"They are all dead long ago," said the young man. "We have all been born in Canada, and we never heard what had happened. Her moth—I mean her friends, are all dead, I suppose; and Masterton is just as good as any other place to make a beginning in. I should not be afraid if I could get anything to do."

"Clerk's salaries are very small," said Mr. Brownlow, without knowing what it was he said.

"Yes, but they improve," said his visitor, cheerfully; "and I don't mind what I do. I could make up books or do anything at night, or even have pupils—I have done that before. But I beg your pardon for troubling you with all this. If the place is filled up—"

"Nay, stop—sit down—you in-

terest me," said Mr. Brownlow. "I like a young fellow who is not easily cast down. Your mother—belongs—to Masterton, I suppose," he added with a little hesitation; he, that gave way to no man in Dartfordshire for courage and coolness, he was afraid. He confessed it to himself, and felt all the shame of the new sensation, but it had possession of him all the same.

"She belongs to the Isle of Man," said the young man, with his frank straightforward look and the smile in his eyes. He answered quite simply and point-blank, having no thought that there was any second meaning in his words; but it was otherwise with him who heard. John Brownlow sat silent, utterly confounded. He stared at the young stranger in a blank way, not knowing how to answer or how to conceal or account for the tremendous impression which these simple words made on him. He sat and stared, and his lower lip fell a little, and his eyes grew fixed, so that the youth was terrified, and did not know what to make of it. Of course he seized upon the usual resource of the disconcerted—"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I am afraid you are ill."

"No, no; it is nothing," said Mr. Brownlow. "I knew some people once who came from the Isle of Man. But that is a long time ago. I am sorry she has not found the people she sought for. But, as you say, there is nothing like work. If you can engross well—though how you should know how to engross after taking pupils and keeping books—"

"We have to do a great many things in the colony," said his young visitor. "If a man wants to live, he must not be particular about what he does. I was two years in a lawyer's office in Paris—"

"In Paris?" said Mr. Brownlow, with amazement.

"I mean in Paris, Canada West," said the youth, with a touch of momentary defiance, as who would

say, "and a very much better Paris than any you can boast of here."

This little accident did so much good that it enabled Mr. Brownlow to smile, and to shake off the oppression that weighed upon him. It was a relief to be able to question the applicant as to his capabilities, while secretly and rapidly in his own mind he turned over the matter, and asked himself what he should do. Discourage the young man and direct him elsewhere, and gently push him out of Masterton—or take him in and be kind to him, and trust in Providence? The panic of the moment suggested the first course, but a better impulse followed. In the first place, it was not easy to discourage a young fellow with those sanguine brown eyes, and blood that ran so quickly in his veins; and if any danger was at hand, it was best to have it near, and be able to study it, and be warned at once how and when it might approach. All this passed rapidly, like an under-current, through John Brownlow's mind, as he sat and asked innumerable questions about the young applicant's capabilities and antecedents. He did it to gain time, though all young Powys thought was that he had never gone through so severe an examination. The young fellow smiled within himself at the wonderful precision and caution of the old man, with a kind of transatlantic freedom—not that he was republican, but only colonial; not irritated by his employer's superiority, but regarding it as an affair of perhaps only a few days or years.

"I will think it over," said Mr. Brownlow at last. "I cannot decide upon anything all at once. If you settle quietly down and get a situation, I think you may do very well here. It is not a dear place, and if your mother has friends—"

"But she has no friends now that we know of," said the young man, with the unnecessary and persistent explanatoriness of youth.

"If she has friends here," per-

sisted Mr. Brownlow, "you may be sure they will turn up. Come back to me to-morrow. I will think it all over in the mean 'time, and give you my answer then. Powys—that is a very good name—there was a Lady Powys here some time ago, who was exceedingly good and kind to the poor. Perhaps it was she whom you sought—"

"Oh, no," said the young man, eagerly; "it was my mother's people—a family called—"

"I am afraid I have an engagement now," said Mr. Brownlow; and then young Powys withdrew, with that quiet sense of shame and compunction which belongs only to his years. He, of course, as was natural, could see nothing of the tragic under-current. It appeared to him only that he was intruding his private affairs, in an unjustifiable way, on his probable patron—on the man who had been kind to him, and given him hope. "What an ass I am!" he said to himself, as he went away—"as if he could take any interest in my mother's friends." And it troubled the youth all day to think that he had possibly wearied Mr. Brownlow by his explanations and iteration—an idea as mistaken as it was possible to conceive.

When he had left the office, the lawyer fell back in his chair, and for a long time neither moved nor spoke. Probably it was the nature of his previous reflections which gave this strange visit so overwhelming an effect. He sat in a kind of stupor, seeing before him, as it appeared in actual bodily presence, the danger which it had startled him this same morning to realise as merely possible. If it had been any other day, he might have heard, without much remarking, all those singular coincidences which now appeared so startling; but they chimed in so naturally, or rather so unnaturally, with the tenor of his thoughts, that his panic was superstitious and overwhelming. He sat a long time without moving, almost with-

out breathing, feeling as if it was some kind of fate that approached him. After so many years that he had not thought of this danger, it seemed to him at last that the thoughts which had entered his mind in the morning must have been premonitions sent by Providence; and at a glance he went over the whole position—the new claimant, the gradually-expanding claim, the conflict over it, the money he had locked up in that one doubtful speculation, the sudden diminution of his resources, perhaps the necessity of selling Brownlows and bringing Sara back to the old house in the High Street where she was born. Such a downfall would have been nothing for himself: for him the old wainscot dining-parlour and all the well-known rooms were agreeable and full of pleasant associations; but Sara—Then John Brownlow gave another wide glance over his social firmament, asking himself if there was any one whom, between this time and that, Sara's heart might perhaps incline to, whom she might marry, and solve the difficulty. A few days before he used to dread and avoid the idea of her marriage. Now all this rushed upon him in a moment, with the violent impulse of his awakened fears. By-and-by, however, he came to himself. A woman might be a soldier's wife, and might come from the Isle of Man, and might have had friends in Masterton who were dead, without being Phœbe Thomson. Perhaps if he had been bold, and listened to the name which was on his young visitor's lips, it might have reassured him, and settled the question; but he had been afraid to do it. At this early stage of his deliberations he had not a moment's doubt as to what he would do—what he must do—at once and without delay, if Phœbe Thomson really presented herself before him. But it was not his business to seek her out. And who could say that this was she?

The Isle of Man, after all, was not so small a place, and any one who had come to Masterton to ask after old Mrs. Thomson would have been referred at once to her executor. This conviction came slowly upon Mr. Brownlow's mind as he got over the first wild thrill of fear. He put his terror away from him gradually and slowly. When a thought has burst upon the mind at once, and taken possession of it at a stroke, it is seldom dislodged in the same complete way. It may cease to be a conviction, but it never ceases to be an impression. To this state, by degrees, his panic subsided. He no longer thought it certain that young Powys was Phoebe Thomson's representative; but only that such a thing was possible—that he had something tangible to guard against and watch over. In place of his quiet everyday life, with all its comforts, an exciting future, a sudden whirl of possibilities opened before him. But in one year all this would be over. One year would see him, would see his children, safe in the fortune they had grown used to, and come to feel their own. Only one year. There are moments when men are fain to clog the wheels of time and retard its progress; but there are also moments when, to set the great clock forward arbitrarily and to hasten the measured beating of that ceaseless leisurely pendulum, is the desire that goes nearest the heart. Thus it came to appear to Mr. Brownlow as if it was now a kind of race be-

tween time and fate; for as yet it had not occurred to him to think of abstract justice nor of natural rights higher than those of any legal testament. He was thinking only of the letter, of the stipulated year. He was thinking if that time were past that he would feel himself his own master. And this sentiment grew and settled in his mind as he sat alone, and waited for Sara's carriage—for his child, whom in all this matter he thought of the most. He was disturbed in the present, and eager with the eagerness of a boy for the future. It did not even occur to him that ghosts would arise in that future even more difficult to exorcise. All his desire in the mean time was—if only this year were over!—if only anyhow a leap could be made through this one interval of danger. And the sharp and sudden pain he had come through gave him at the same time a sense of lassitude and exhaustion. Thus Sara's headache and her fatigue and fanciful little indisposition were very lucky accidents for her father. They gave him an excuse for the deeper compunctious tenderness with which he longed to make up to her for a possible loss, and occupied both of them, and hid his disturbed air, and gave him a little stimulus of pleasure when she mended and resumed her natural chatter. Thus reflection and the fresh evening air, and Sara's headache and company, ended by almost curing Mr. Brownlow before he reached home.

CHAPTER IV.—A LITTLE DINNER.

There was a very pleasant party that evening at Brownlows—the sort of thing of which people say, that it is not a party at all, you know, only ourselves and the Hardcastles, or whoever else it may happen to be. There was the clergyman of the parish, of course—who is always, if he happens

to be at all agreeable, the very man for such little friendly dinners; and there was his daughter; for he was a widower, like Mr. Brownlow—and his Fanny was half as much to him, to say the least, as Sara was to her admiring father. And there was just one guest besides—young Keppel to

wit, the son of old Keppel of Ridley, and brother of the present Mr. Keppel—a young fellow who was not just precisely what is called *eligible*, so far as the young ladies were concerned, but who did very well for all secondary purposes, and was a barrister with hopes of briefs, and a flying connection with literature, which helped him to keep his affairs in order, and was rather of service to him than otherwise in society, as it sometimes is to a perfectly well-connected young man. Thus there were two girls and two young men, and two seniors to keep each other company; and there was a great deal of talk and very pleasant intercourse, enough to justify the Rector in his enthusiastic utterance of his favourite sentiment, that this was true society, and that he did not know what people meant by giving dinners at which there were more than six. Mr. Hardcastle occasionally, it is true, expressed under other circumstances opinions which might be supposed a little at variance with this one; but then a man cannot always be in the same mind, and no doubt he was quite sincere in what he said. He was a sort of man that exists, but is not produced nowadays. He was neither High Church nor Low Church, so to speak. If you had offered to confess your sins to him he would have regarded you with as much terror and alarm as if you had presented a pistol at his head; and if you had attempted to confess your virtues under the form of spiritual experience, he would have turned from you with disgust. Neither was he in the least free-thinking, but a most correct orthodox clergyman, a kind of man, as I have said, not much produced in these times. Besides this indefinite clerical character he had a character of his own, which was not at all indefinite. He was a little red-faced, and sometimes almost jovial in his gaiety, and at the same time he

was in possession of a large stock of personal griefs and losses, which had cost him many true tears and heartaches, poor man, but which were very useful to him in the way of his profession. And he had an easy way of turning from the one phase of life to the other, which had a curious effect sometimes, upon impartial spectators. But all the same it was perfectly true and genuine. He made himself very agreeable that night at Brownlows, and was full of jest and frolic; but if he had been called to see somebody in trouble as he went home, he would have gone in and drawn forth from his own private stores of past pain, and manifested plainly to the present sufferer that he himself had suffered more bitterly still. He had “come through” all the pangs that a man can suffer in this world. He had lost his wife and his children, till nothing was left to him but this one little Fanny—and he loved to open his closed-up chambers to your eyes, and to meet your pitiful looks and faltering attempt at consolation; and yet at the same time you would find him very jolly in the evening at Mr. Brownlow's, which hurt the feelings of some sensitive people. His daughter, little Fanny, was pretty and nice, and nothing particular, which suited her position and prospects perfectly well. These were the two principal guests, young Keppel being only a man, as ladies who are in the habit of giving dinners are wont to describe such floating members of the community. And they all talked and made themselves pleasant, and it was as pretty and as lively a little party as you could well have seen. Quantities of flowers and lights, two very pretty girls, and two good-looking young men, were enough to guarantee its being a very pretty scene; and nobody was afraid of anybody, and everybody could talk, and did so, which answered for the

latter part of the description. Such little parties were very frequent at Brownlows.

After dinner the two girls had a little talk by themselves. They came floating into the great drawing-room with those heaps of white drapery about them which make up for anything that may be intrinsically unamiable* in crinoline. Before they went up-stairs, making it ready for them, a noble fire, all red, clear, and glowing, was in the room, and made it glorious; and the pretty things which glittered and reddened and softened in the bright warm atmosphere were countless.

There was a bouquet of violets on the table, which was Mr. Pitt the gardener's daily quit-rent to Sara for all the honours and emoluments of his situation, so that every kind of ethereal sense was satisfied. Fanny Hardcastle dropped into a very low chair at one side of the fire, where she sat like a swan with her head and throat rising out of the white billowy waves which covered yards of space round about her. Sara, who was at home, drew a stool in front of the fire, and sat down there, heaping up in her turn snow-wreaths upon the rosy hearth. A sudden spark might have swallowed them both in fiery destruction. But the spark happily did not come; and they had their talk in great comfort and content. They touched upon a great many topics, skimming over them, and paying very little heed to logical sequences. And at last they stumbled into metaphysics, and had a curious little dive into the subject of love and love-making, as was not unnatural. It is to be regretted, however, that neither of these young women had very exalted

ideas on this point. They were both girls of their peribd, who recognised the necessity of marriage, and that it was something likely to befall both of them, but had no exaggerated notions of its importance; and, indeed, so far from being utterly absorbed in the anticipation of it, were both far from clear whether they believed in such a thing as love.

"I don't think one ever could be so silly as they say in books," said Fanny Hardcastle, "unless one was a great fool—feeling as if everything was changed, you know, as soon as *he* was out of the room, and feeling one's heart beat when he was coming, and all that stuff; I don't believe it, Sara, do you?"

"I don't know," said Sara, making a screen of her pretty laced handkerchief to protect her face from the firelight; "perhaps it is because one has never seen the right sort of man. The only man I have ever seen whom one could really love is papa."

"Papa!" echoed Fanny, faintly, and with surprise. Perhaps, after all, she had a lingering faith in ordinary delusions; at all events, there was nothing heroic connected in her mind with papas in general; and she could but sit still and gaze and wonder what next the spoiled child would say.

"I wonder if mamma was very fond of him," said Sara, meditatively. "She ought to have been, but I daresay she never knew him half as well as I do. That is the dreadful thing. You have to marry them before you know."

"Oh, Sara, don't you believe in love at first sight?" said Fanny, forgetting her previously expressed sentiments. "I do."

Sara threw up her drooping head

* If there is anything; most of us think there is not. If the unthinking male creatures who abuse it only knew the comfort of it! and what a weariness it saves us! and as for the people who are burnt, it is not because of their crinolines, but because of losing their heads—a calamity to which in all kinds of dresses we are constantly liable.

into the air with a little impatient motion. "I don't think I believe anything about it," she said.

"And yet there was once somebody that was fond of you," said little Fanny, breathlessly. "Poor Harry Mansfield, who was so nice—everybody knows about that—and, I do think, Mr. Keppel, if you would not be so saucy to him——"

"Mr. Keppel!" exclaimed Sara, with some scorn. "But I will tell you plainly what I mean to do. Mind it is in confidence between us two. You must never tell it to anybody. I have made up my mind to marry whoever papa wishes me to marry—I don't mind who it is. I shall do whatever he says."

"Oh, Sara!" said her young companion, with open eyes and mouth, "you will never go so far as that."

"Oh yes, I will," said Sara, with calm assurance. "He would not ask me to have anybody very old or very hideous; and if he lets it alone I shall never leave him at all, but stay still here."

"That might be all very well for a time," said the prudent Fanny; "but you would get old, and you couldn't stay here for ever. That is what I am afraid of. Things get so dull when one is old."

"Do you think so?" said Sara. "I don't think I should be dull—I have so many things to do."

"Oh, you are the luckiest girl in the whole world," said Fanny Hardcastle, with a little sigh. She, for her own part, would not have despised the reversion of Mr. Keppel, and would have been charmed with Jack Brownlow. But such blessings were not for her. She was in no hurry about it; but still, as even now it was dull occasionally at the Rectory, she could not but feel that when she was old—say, seven-and-twenty or so—it would be duller still; and if accordingly, in the mean time, somebody "nice" would turn up—Fanny's thoughts went no further than this.

And as for Sara, she has already laid her own views on the subject before her friends.

It was just then that Jack Brownlow, leaving the dining-room, invited young Keppel to the great hall door to see what sort of a night it was. "It looked awfully like frost," Jack said; and they both went with serious countenances to look out, for the hounds were to meet next day.

"Smoke! not when we are going back to the ladies," said Keppel, with a reluctance which went far to prove the inclination which Fanny Hardcastle had read in his eyes.

"Put yourself into this overcoat," said Jack, "and I'll take you to my room, and perfume you after. The girls don't mind."

"Your sister must mind, I am sure," said Keppel. "One can't think of any coarse sort of gratification like this—I suppose it is a gratification—in her presence."

"Hum," said Jack; "I have her presence every day, you know, and it does not fill me with awe."

"It is all very easy for you," said Keppel, as they went down the steps into the cold and darkness. Poor fellow! he had been a little thrown off his balance by the semi-intimacy and close contact of the little dinner. He had sat by Sara's side, and he had lost his head. He went along by Jack's side rather disconsolate, and not even attempting to light his cigar. "You don't know how well off you are," he said, in touching tones, "whereas another fellow would give his head——"

"Most fellows I know want their heads for their own affairs," said the unfeeling Jack. "Don't be an ass; you may talk nonsense as much as you like, but you know you never could be such an idiot as to marry at your age."

"Marry!" said Keppel, a little startled, and then he breathed forth a profound sigh. "If I had the ghost of a chance," he said, and

stopped short, as if despair choked further utterance. As for Jack Brownlow, he was destitute of sensibility, as indeed was suitable to his trade.

"I shouldn't say you had in this case," he said, in his imperturbable way; "and all the better for you. You've got to make your way in the world like the rest of us, and I don't think you're the sort of fellow to hang on to a girl with money. It's all very well after a bit, when you've made your way; but no fellow with the least respect for himself should think of such a thing before, say, five-and-thirty; unless, of course, he is a duke, and has a great family to keep up."

"I hope you'll keep to your own standard," said Keppel, with a little bitterness, "unless you think an only son and a duke on equal ground."

"Don't sneer," said Jack; "I'm young Brownlow the attorney; you know that as well as I do. I can't go visiting all over the country at my uncle's place and my cousin's place, like you. Brownlows is a sort of a joke to most people, you know. Not that I haven't as much respect for my father and my family as if we were all princes; and I mean to stand by my order. If I ever marry it will be twenty years hence, when I can afford it; and you can't afford it any more than I can. A fellow might love a woman and give up a great deal for her," Jack added, with a little excitement; "but, by Jove! I don't think he would be justified in giving up his life."

"It depends on what you call life," said Keppel. "I suppose you mean society, and that sort of thing—a few stupid parties and club gossip, and worse."

"I don't mean anything of the sort," said Jack, tossing away his cigar; "I mean working out your own career, and making your way. When a fellow goes and marries and settles down, and cuts off all

his chances, what use is his youth and his strength to him? It would be hard upon a poor girl to be expected to make up for all that."

"I did not know you were such a philosopher, Jack," said his companion, "nor so ambitious; but I suppose you're right, in a cold-blooded sort of way. Anyhow, if I were that duke——"

"You'd make an ass of yourself," said young Brownlow; and then the two congratulated each other that the skies were clouding over, and the dreaded frost dispersing into drizzle, and went in and took off their smoking coats, and wasted a flask of eau-de-cologne, and went up-stairs; where there was an end of all philosophy, at least for that night.

And the seniors sat over their wine, drinking little, notwithstanding Mr. Hardcastle's ruddy countenance, which was due rather to fresh air, taken in large and sometimes boisterous draughts, than to any stronger beverage. But they liked their talk, and they were, in a friendly way, opposed to each other on a great many questions; the Rector, as in duty bound, being steadily Conservative, while the lawyer had crotchets in political matters. They were discussing the representatives of the county, and also those of some of the neighbouring boroughs, which was probably the reason why Mr. Hardcastle gave a personal turn to the conversation as he suddenly did.

"If you will not stand for the borough yourself, you ought to put forward Jack," said the Rector.

"I think he is sounder than you are. The best sign I know of the country is that all the young fellows are Tories, Brownlow. Ah! you may shake your head, but I have it on the best authority. Sir Robert would support him, of course; and with your influence at Master-ton——"

"Jack must stick to his business," said Mr. Brownlow; "neither he

nor I have time for politics. Besides, we are not the sort of people—county families, you know.”

“Oh, bother county families!” said Mr. Hardcastle. “You know there is not another place in the county kept up like Brownlow’s. If you will not stand yourself, you ought to push forward your boy.”

“It is out of my way,” said Mr. Brownlow, shaking his head, and then a momentary smile passed over his face. It had occurred to him, by means of a trick of thought he had got into unawares—if Sara could but do it! and then he smiled at himself. Even while he did so, the recollection of his disturbed day returned to him; and though he was a lawyer and a self-contained man, and not given to confidences, still something moved in his heart and compelled him, as it were, to speak.

“Besides, he went on, “we are only here on sufferance. You know all about my circumstances—everybody in Dartfordshire does, I believe; and Phoebe Thomson may

turn up any day and make her claim.

“Nonsense,” said the Rector; but there was something in John Brownlow’s look which made him feel that it was not altogether nonsense. “But even if she were to turn up,” he added, after a pause, “I suppose it would not ruin you to pay her her fifty thousand pounds.”

“No, that is true enough,” said Mr. Brownlow. It was a kind of ease to him to give this hint that he was still human and fallible, and might have losses to undergo; but the same instinct which made him speak closed his lips as to any more disastrous consequences than the loss of the original legacy. “Sara will have some tea for us up-stairs,” he said, after a pause. And then the two fathers went up to the drawing-room in their turn, and nothing could be more cheerful than the rest of the evening, though there were a good many thoughts and speculations of various kinds going on under this lively flood of talk, as may be perceived.

WHO ARE THE REFORMERS, AND WHAT DO THEY WANT?

WE take it for granted that, for the present, we have seen the last of Mr. Bright's and Mr. Beales's Reform demonstrations. That they will be renewed just before Parliament meets is extremely probable; indeed, the principal speakers at the latest of the gatherings stated distinctly that such would be the case. But during what remains of the recess it may be assumed that no further attempts will be made to frighten the nation from its propriety by galvanising so very dead a carcass. Enough is as good as a feast in speechifying and processioning as well as in eating and drinking. Working men are not disposed to dine and sup, except at rare intervals, on flummery; nor, however anxious some of them may be to attain to the dignity of a vote, are they the more likely to consider the prize worth fighting for if they be called upon too often to starve their own bellies in order to achieve it. There is an end, therefore, for a month or more, to that active agitation which is supposed to have shaken England, Scotland, and Ireland to their centres.

Let us take advantage of the lull to bring under the notice of our readers a brief review of the most important of the events which give their character to what may be called the political history of the last three months. Our sketch will not take in Ireland at present, but England and Scotland afford ample material for consideration; and to what has been going on in both, looking rather to great issues than to the incidents which may appear to have led up to them, we accordingly propose to confine ourselves.

Public attention has been taken by storm of late by the sayings and doings of two associated bodies. One of these, the Reform League,

is a thing of yesterday's growth. It had its prototype in other seasons of even greater trouble and anxiety than the present, but its own individual existence dates no farther back than the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's last year's Reform Bill into Parliament. It is not now led—it never was ostensibly led—by men of any real weight or influence in the country. Mr. Beales, a barrister-at-law, put himself ostentatiously at its head, while he yet filled the office of revising-barrister for an English county; and a Liberal Chief-Justice, rightly concluding that so marked a partisan was unfit to judge between rival parties, very properly—Mr. Beales refusing to give up his League—refused to reinstate the Leaguer in his office. From that time Mr. Beales became a martyr to principle. His supposed wrong gave him immense merit in the eyes of partisans, and he was treated as president of that League of which he had heretofore been only a member, and which, if the truth must be told, had no ostensible head at all till his martyrdom lifted him into eminence.

The Reform League was got up for the avowed purpose of helping the Whigs to carry their Reform measures. The Whigs, as their custom is, petted and encouraged the League, but took special care not to ally themselves with it too closely. It consisted entirely of low people. Not one member of any of the Revolution houses gave his name to it. All the houses were willing to use, but none of them would acknowledge it. This was little flattering to the League, but the League took the slight patiently, and so long as the Parliamentary struggle went on, uttered no cry of its own. By-and-by the Bill was defeated, and

then the League made a move. Mr. Gladstone, it was argued, would put himself at its head. Mr. Gladstone declined the honour, and failed even to attend its meetings. Mr. Bright was scarcely the man to take the place which Mr. Gladstone had declined; and Mr. John Mill, well qualified as in other respects he had shown himself to be, by stultifying all that he had written about the franchise, was too old and too indolent to raise the country. Mr. Beales was accordingly confirmed in his high office, and we know what he has done. The Reform League is not very particular as to the qualifications of its members. The net which it throws into the sea brings up bad fish as well as good. Some otherwise respectable names figure in its catalogue, but, generally speaking, the less that is said on that subject the better. The Reform League gives ovations to Mrs. Gladstone, breaks Lord Elcho's windows and the windows of the Athenæum Club, pulls up the palings and forces its way into Hyde Park, where its adherents, for many evenings afterwards, insult and plunder incautious people who trust themselves among them. The Reform League is a machine made up of rough and smooth—a few sincere men, and a great many political adventurers and vagabonds. It declares that Parliament shall be reformed, that there shall be manhood suffrage and vote by ballot; and that, if the House of Commons refuse to accept these terms, worse things will come—we are not exactly told how. The Reform League is a fungus of yesterday's growth, and though very noxious, would be very harmless but for the recent adhesion to its views and principles of another body, about which it remains for us to speak more at length.

We have all heard for a long time back of trades-unions, and some of us have had cause more or less to regret that they ever came into existence. Yet they who thus

speak of the institution, taking their opinion of it entirely from what they now see and hear, scarcely do justice to it. What trades-unions are now they have only become by degrees; indeed there is a history attaching to them which is not without interest, and we now proceed to give it.

Trades-unions are not new, either in this country or elsewhere. They have existed in one shape or another ever since the dawn of art itself. To a greater or less extent they are indeed essential to the successful exercise of man's ingenuity; for the mechanical operations are few which any one man can carry on, far less perfect, single-handed. The excavator of a canoe and the builder of a wigwam naturally seeks the co-operation of other excavators and builders, first with a view to complete what he had begun, and next to introduce improvements into it. The same thing may be said of those who strive to advance the cause of learning, science, commerce, political knowledge, even social intercourse or common gain. They naturally fall into groups and clubs, each of which makes that the object or business of the society which was originally the object or business of the individual. The West India planters, in the palmy days of their prosperity, constituted a great trades-union, and flourished as such. So did the East India Company; so do all those adventurous persons who combine to colonise a new country, or redeem and restore an old. Similarity of pursuits, with sameness of purpose, bring indeed all men together, and their association is either a public benefit or the reverse, according as it tends to promote or to retard the general well-being of society.

Trades-unions, properly so called, were first formed for purposes of personal security as well as of mutual improvement. In civilised Rome they came together in order to protect special industries against

the injustice of the patricians on the one hand, and the violence of craftsmen not of their own calling on the other. We find traces of them in England during the Anglo-Saxon period, and after the Norman Conquest they consolidated into a recognised institution. Every trade in every considerable town had its guild, constituting a distinct corporation, which governed itself by its own by-laws, and left little to the discretion of individuals. It was the guild, not either the master or the man, which fixed the price to be paid for every article produced and every job executed. It was the guild, not the particular master, which determined how many apprentices should be taken, how many hands employed. Guilds were, indeed, co-operative societies, in which the poor equally with the rich, the man equally with the master, had an interest. There was no war between classes within the limits of the guild itself. Their sole enemy was the community at large, which they kept under the pressure of a severe monopoly, till the burden became intolerable.

The first statute directed against these monopolies is the 9th of Edward III., which declares the "practices of guilds to be prejudicial to the king, the prelates, and great men, and oppressive to the commons." It curtailed, but did not wholly abolish, their privileges. It gave protection to strange workmen who might be desirous of setting up their trades anywhere, without coming under the municipal government of the old associations, and created, by this means, a new relation, so to speak, between master and man. Journeymen—that is to say, workers by the day—hired themselves out under this statute to particular employers, refusing, however, to come under any obligation to submit to the decrees of wardens. And out of this state of things arose by degrees the constitution of society which

now exists in what may be called the region of labour. The interests of the masters ceased to be the same, under all circumstances, with the interests of the men; and while the men combined from time to time to keep up or to raise the price of labour, the masters quite as frequently united to keep it down.

Not much can be said in favour of the course which the masters pursued in their dealings with the men a long while ago. They had the power to grind, and they used it. This is shown as early as the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, in each of which laws were passed compelling masters to receive and educate apprentices in greater numbers than suited the views of the guilds. The truck system likewise, which had previously been carried to excess, was, in Henry VIII.'s reign, declared to be illegal, though the statute so determining appears to have been evaded from the first, just as the still sterner legislation of modern times is not unfrequently evaded now. But legislation, having fallen into this groove, soon became distasteful to the very persons whom it was meant to relieve, and complaints arose of an overstock of the labour market, with its necessary accompaniment, a lowering of wages. The craftsmen of one town looked with exceeding distaste at the arrival among them of craftsmen from another, and all deprecated the use of machinery. Thus, in 1482, the fullers and thickeners of hats and caps made great complaint of the introduction of a machine which "abbreviated their labour;" and the use of the machine was, through the interference of the Privy Council, suspended for two years. Thus, also, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the incorporation of drapers in the town of Shrewsbury complain that artificers, neither belonging to their company nor brought up in their trade, "have of late, with great disorder, upon a mere covetous de-

sire and mind, intromitted work, and occupied the same trade, having no knowledge, stock, or experience of the same, and who buy, commonly and clearly, such Welsh cloth and flannels as is defective and not truly made, to the impeachment and hindrance of 600 people of the art or science of sherrermen or frizers within the said town, whereby, as well they as their poor wives and families, are wholly maintained." The Legislature listened to the complaints of the drapers, and expelled the rival artisans from Shrewsbury, though six years afterwards the Act was repealed, because "it is likely to be the very greatest cause of the impoverishing and undoing of the poor artificers and others at whose suit the said Act was procured; for that there be now, sithence the passing of the said Act, much more persons to set them to work than before."

It is to the one-sided operation of the guilds, and to the ineffective and often contradictory legislation which dealt with them, that we are indebted for the rise and progress of all the great centres of industry now existing in this country. Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Leeds were inconsiderable villages when craftsmen, expelled from the older and better established manufacturing towns, betook themselves to one or other of these places, and began business there comparatively unshackled, and on their own accounts. Not that guilds, even where most strictly maintained, were without their uses. Each took care of the whole of its members in sickness as well as in health, and provided for the poor brother, when age or failing strength incapacitated him from further exertion, a maintenance, sometimes also an apartment in which to end his days. The system was, however, altogether unsuited to a state of society more advanced than that in which it had its origin, and the growth of

the new manufacturing towns gave it its death-blow. It died slowly, however, inasmuch as, without any incorporation or even voluntary establishment of a ruling body, each trade formed itself in each town into a sort of guild of its own; and these guilds took ere long the shape of combinations of men against masters more frequently than masters against men. The consequence was, that in 1548 it was found necessary to pass an Act of Parliament rendering such combinations illegal, the preamble of the Act declaring "that artificers, handicraftsmen, and labourers have made confederacies and promises, and have sworn mutual oaths, not only that they should not meddle with one another's work, and perform and finish what another has begun, but also to constitute and appoint how much work they shall do in a day, and what hours and times they shall work, contrary to the laws and statutes of this realm, and to the great hurt and impoverishment of his Majesty's subjects." From that time till early in the present century the law was decidedly against the man and in favour of the master. The latter could arrange with other masters the amount of wages to be paid and of work to be extracted from the former; the former could not, except surreptitiously, and in defiance or in evasion of the law, combine with his fellow-workmen, even of the same industry, for their common advantage. And there is no denying that for many years the masters made the very most of the advantages which the law gave them.

It is impossible to defend such legislation as this, looking at the subject from an abstract point of view. Had it been practicable to carry the law into full force—and from time to time this was tried—by rendering separate enactments more rigid, the working men of England would have been reduced to the condition of serfs. But it

was not possible to carry the law into full force. In the face of the dangers which threatened them, the men continted to combine, and, by degrees, public opinion went with them. Not that a hundred years ago, any more than now, the men always kept within the bounds of moderation, when dealing with one another. They could not, as they can now, wage open war upon their masters by turning out at a moment's notice—they were not allowed to throw up a piece of work in an incomplete state unless their wages were advanced or their hours of labour diminished; but they instituted a secret organisation among themselves, by means of which a few individuals, more clever and daring than the rest, managed to establish a reign of terror in every separate trade. This came out in the evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, which sat to consider the practical operation of the Combination Laws prior to their repeal. It then appeared that there was not in London a single trade which was without its organisation and its by-laws. The hatters were combined—so were the shipwrights—so were the tailors. In like manner the spinners of Glasgow, Bolton, Manchester, &c., had their associations, which exercised over the whole business a tyranny the more complete that it was concealed. Each industry, in each separate place, combined to expel or prevent the introduction of interlopers from other industries and other places, and thus to force upon masters such terms as the men might dictate, through the inability of procuring fresh hands as the business enlarged itself. The men, however, carried on their operations alive to the fact that what they did was unlawful; and the worst effect was produced by that very consciousness upon their moral sense; for there is nothing so hurtful to the morality of a people as the retention upon the statute-

book of laws which those affected by them make it a conscience to evade, and in the evasion of which they command the sympathy of others. Had the Combination Laws dealt fairly between master and man, they might have been tolerated. Prohibit both classes from combining, and you give them, at least, the same chance. But a far better and safer course it surely is to leave both classes free; in which case labour and capital will either not fall out at all, or they will soon adjust, to the common advantage, whatever differences may be between them.

In 1824 the Combination Laws were repealed, without producing, at the outset, any perceptible effect upon the trade and commerce of the country. The workmen, accustomed to their unions, kept them up; but it was for a while as they had been wont to do. Thus the weavers of Bolton continued to be intolerant of an immigration of weavers from Manchester, and the weavers of Manchester resisted an immigration of weavers from Bolton. The same was the case among the hatters, the workers in steel and iron, the shoemakers, the tailors, and other craftsmen, wherever located. Each trade in each great town had its organisation, which was wielded not against the masters only, but against journeymen and operatives from other towns. As time passed, however, and more politic heads undertook the management of affairs, the war of man against man, conducted as it had heretofore been, got out of favour. Eyes, rendered clear by observing what passed elsewhere, saw, that by other means than this must the great object of the combinations be effected. The Reform Bill of 1832 had been carried by the political unions; but not till these unions adopted a common organisation and obeyed one will. That which had worked so well in revolutionising the political influences of the country, could not fail

to work well in revolutionising its commercial industries. If the men of any one industry desired to give the law to their masters, they must not only cease to be jealous one of another, but all the trades must come to an understanding among themselves, and act together by the same means, for the accomplishment of the same end. Accordingly, negotiations were opened between the leaders of the several trades-unions all over England, which led to the determination of forming one common government for the whole. The first meeting to complete this arrangement took place at Manchester in 1836. Delegates from twenty trades met there on the 28th of June in that year, when resolutions were passed, of the more important of which it may not be out of place if we here give the outlines. The first enacted that no trade should be admitted to the benefits of the common Union which was not already organised and formed into a union within itself. The second required that each member of the Union should pay a weekly tribute of a penny into the common fund. The third ordained that a printing-press should be purchased, and a newspaper set up, which should in every number contain detailed accounts of trades' proceedings, and become the organ of the Union. The movement being, however, a social, and not a political one, the unions, as such, were prohibited from taking any part in disputes or discussions beyond their proper sphere. They existed in order to strike a fair balance between the interests of labour and of capital; they had no concern with State questions, and bound themselves from meddling at all in the sphere of politics. The proposers and seconders of these resolutions were quite as much in earnest on this as on other points, and counted not a little because of it on the success of the scheme. They believed that a declaration, at the outset,

of the determination of the unions to stand apart from the war of factions, would induce many persons to join them who would have otherwise held aloof. Hence their calculation was, that a million of operatives, at the least, might be expected to make common cause with them. And assuming that each would be punctual in the payment of his tribute, they made out, upon the spot, a balance-sheet full of promise against the future. One million of pennies, reduced to pounds, would bring £4166 weekly to the exchequer. This sum, calculated annually, would realise £216,666; and in five years' time they reckoned on having at their disposal not less a sum than £1,083,333 for union purposes.

Having agreed on these heads, the delegates proceeded to draw up rules for the management of the association in all its branches. Of these there were six: 1st, That the Union should oppose and resist everywhere a diminution of the actual wages of the working men; 2d, That it should use its best endeavour to raise their wages; 3d, That it should put a restriction on the number of apprentices to be taken on by masters, and upon the length of time, which apprentices should serve; 4th, That steps should be taken to prevent, everywhere, the employment of other than associated men; 5th, That measures should be adopted to regulate, from time to time, the wages to the men, on a calculation of the profits accruing to the masters, whether by the use of machinery or otherwise; and 6th, That every attempt of the masters to operate indirectly upon the rate of wages, by extending the hours of labor, should be resisted.

The mode of enforcing these laws was the same in 1836 as it is now. The men, wherever they observed or had reason to believe that the masters were contravening, or intended to contravene, the rules of the association, were to re-

monstrate against the procedure. If the remonstrance was attended to, and the masters gave in, the men would continue at their work. If the masters paid no attention to the remonstrance, the men must turn out, and so long as the strike lasted they would be supported out of the common fund. Such a machine as this could not, of course, be managed except by persons who gave up all their time and attention to the work. A president, committee, and secretaries were in consequence elected, who, like the operatives on strike, were to be maintained out of the common fund. This rule of the society has never, we believe, been infringed upon. The managers of the association draw their salaries with commendable punctuality, and charge, as they are quite justified in doing, their travelling and other incidental expenses at a very liberal rate. And what is more, they appear to have done so, *coûte qui coûte*, from the beginning.

The evils of the union system were great even before the amalgamation took place. It operated in Dublin to the entire destruction of the silk-weaving trade, and in Glasgow it seriously affected that of the cotton-weavers. One great establishment, indeed, became so harassed and annoyed by it that the heads of the house transferred themselves, their machinery, and their capital across the Atlantic, and laid the foundation in North America of that great manufacturing interest which has already closed against us the markets of the United States, and bids fair to interfere with our commerce elsewhere. In proportion, however, as the Union spread, its influence on all trade became day by day more marked. The rules of societies voluntarily instituted can be enforced only by appealing to courts of law or by terrorism. But courts of law cannot sustain regulations which are in themselves illegal, and therefore

the latter alternative was necessarily had recourse to, just as it had been time out of mind. Not that the trades-unions, as soon as the Acts against combination were repealed, ran at once into extremes; on the contrary, their tone was at first moderate. Associated men supported one another in their differences with their employers, and used persuasion and arguments only to bring such as were without to make common cause with them. But argument and persuasion failing, they did not scruple to adopt by degrees stronger measures. The criminal annals of Glasgow give but a sorry account of their movements, as well after 1836 as before that date; and Sheffield and Bolton have, within very recent memory, earned for themselves a notoriety which is by no means enviable. Still, in one respect the trades-unions long kept themselves straight. They were social, or, if you please, commercial associations; they had nothing whatever to do with politics. They were formed for one purpose only—namely, to keep the men on a footing of independence towards the masters. The members, in their individual capacity, might be politicians as keen as they pleased; but between the corporate bodies and any particular views on the subjects of imperial or municipal government there was no connection. On the contrary, the corporation had been formed with the distinct understanding that it should keep clear of all such debatable ground—on which, as its founders well know, there was likely to be anything but unanimity of sentiment among the members. For all working men are not necessarily Radicals, any more than they are all Whigs or all Tories; and not a few, as is vouched for by the everyday experience of those who know them best, care nothing at all about the ascendancy of parties or party views, so long as they are left at peace

to earn their bread and support their families by the sweat of their brow.

There is nothing essentially wrong or blameworthy in belonging to a trades-union. If the union be conducted on proper principles, taking care only of its own members, it may even be productive of great and permanent advantage to society. Its tendency undoubtedly is to hinder capital from accumulating too fast, by diffusing over the largest possible surface the profits accruing from trade. Now this is in itself a beneficial arrangement. It is better that ten thousand men should earn each his competency, than that one hundred or five hundred should grow rich in a few years, while the remainder barely subsist, if they do even that. No reasonable master will therefore complain if his people unite to make with him the best bargain that they can for themselves. But the case is different when a trades' union assumes the power of dictating to working men who are not connected with it, and to say on what terms and to what employers these shall give their labour. It then becomes a tyranny which is the mere detestable that neither the law of the land nor the force of public opinion can be brought to bear upon it, so as to mitigate its force. No doubt the law will punish unionists if they offer personal violence to their fellow-workmen, and are convicted of the offence before a magistrate. But, in the first place, it is not always easy to bring home the act to individuals; and, in the next, the unfortunate wretch so vindicating the cause of justice always suffers for his magnanimity. It seldom happens that a knobstick who has prosecuted a unionist to conviction finds it either safe to pursue his business in the place where the conviction took place, or practicable, even by a change of name, to find employment elsewhere. Besides, there are other modes of constraining outsiders to submit to

the laws of the society quite as effective and far less dangerous than acts of personal violence. Who can long bear up against the scorn and passive hostility of his neighbours—against words which, if they break no bones, wound more deeply than if they did—against the refusal of those with whom he is brought daily into contact to associate with him, or even to salute him—against insults heaped not upon himself only, but upon his wife and innocent children? Nor is this all. The tools of the recusant invariably disappear, nobody can tell how. If he be a carpenter, his adze, or plane, or chisel, or whatever it be, is lost or broken just as he is preparing to use it. If he be a smith, his hammer-heads constantly fly off when he is wielding them, and his pincers fall in twain, the screw which keeps their limbs together having mysteriously escaped from its place. Trades-unions which act on such principles as these are horrible tyrannies.

Again, the rule which undertakes to determine how many apprentices shall be taken, and how long they shall serve the masters to whom they become bound, is an interference with the liberty of the subject as unjust as it is impolitic. It not only strikes at the undoubted right of individuals to train to their own craft as many pupils as they please, but it goes far to restrain the progress of art itself, by limiting the number of lads who shall take their start from such knowledge of the principles of their trade as is only to be acquired by passing through a regular apprenticeship. In this respect it operates very much as that other rule does which decides the amount of wages to be paid, irrespectively of the value of the workman. Each in its own way—both, in combination—effectually do away with all difference of value between skilled and unskilled labour; an arrangement unjust towards all who are affected by it, and leading, as a sure

result, to the extinction of zeal, and therefore of excellence, in art itself. Yet there is no law in England which can reach the perpetrators of the wrong. Master and pupil may, if they please, set the union at defiance, and sign their articles and come together. But if this is to be followed by a strike of the men, and the exercise of an invisible power, which stops others from coming forward to take the places of the absentees, what will either masters or apprentices gain? The one can teach nothing, the other learn nothing, while the workshops are empty. They are, therefore, constrained, however reluctantly, to cancel the indentures, and the trades-union conquers.

Almost more injurious is the operation of the society's rules, which undertake to regulate wages and to determine the number of hours which shall be given to labour, pushed as they now are to an extreme point. Wages, like the price of food, can only be determined by the relative proportion of supply to demand. An arbitrary law, which fixes the amount 'irrespective of this consideration, must inevitably lead to the ruin of trade and the interests of the classes which live by it. To a great extent, indeed, this has taken place already. Every strike—and we have had of late one in almost every trade—inflicts unheard-of sufferings on thousands who are not parties to it, as well as upon the infatuated men and the families of the men engaged in it. At this moment there are about twenty thousand iron shipbuilders and their assistants idle along the shores of the Thames, because the ship-carpenters have thought fit to strike for a rise of wages; and the public is appealed to by clergymen and others to help the sufferers by giving in alms what the sufferers are willing and anxious to earn, but cannot. Now we must be permitted to express the hope that no attention whatever will be made to these

appeals. The innocent, in this particular case, may suffer for the guilty. But what reason is there to believe that they who are now described as innocent sufferers will not, as soon as it suits their own convenience, change places with the guilty? whereupon, without doubt, a generous public will be invited to subscribe for the poor ship-carpenters, whom a strike among the builders of iron vessels has thrown out of employ. If strikes are to be put a stop to at all, or even controlled and kept within the bounds of reason, it must be by throwing upon their authors the responsibility of all the anguish and all the crime in which they result. Every soft-hearted man or woman who helps to maintain in idleness those whom a strike has thrown out of employ, is by so much encouraging the working classes in this country to ruin themselves in the attempt to ruin or enslave their masters.

It has happened more than once that the employers of labour have endeavoured to counterwork the men upon strike, by bringing in mechanics from other parts of the country, and even from abroad. English, Scotch, and Irish mechanics are soon taught the hopelessness of trying by such means to better themselves. Foreigners have fared even worse. The journey-men tailors brought, not long ago, from the north of Germany to Edinburgh, had a terrible life for a few days, and then in a body returned home: So it was with the men whom Mr. Poole imported from France into London. The union was too strong for them, and they gave up the contracts in despair. Meanwhile masters in other branches of trade are trying to get their work done on the Continent, and not in any instance unsuccessfully. Of the doors, window-frames, and fittings for very many of the houses now in the course of construction in London, a large proportion is purchased in Denmark, and brought

over as cargo in ships, just as deals and unsawn timber used to be. If it were possible to do the same thing with the houses themselves, the great builders would unquestionably do it; for of all the slaves that work out of fetters, journey-men bricklayers and masons are at once the most abject and the most insolent. What personal liberty can he claim to possess, who is prohibited from using more than one hand in laying and plastering a brick? What insolence can exceed that of men who give but half their strength and skill to their employers, yet claim to be paid extravagantly for the whole?

The effect of all this upon some of our most important industries has been most mischievous. We have ceased, for example, to be the machine-makers to the outer world. We do not always, in that respect, supply even our own wants. Liège is in higher esteem both here and elsewhere than either Birmingham or London. There seems every probability that shipbuilding in like manner will be transferred to France, and even to America. We are not unaware that the trades-union is trying to prevent this by moving the artisans in other countries to unite with them in an alliance against their masters. The conference which was held in Geneva not long ago proves this, and something more; for it shows, first, that the English association is in earnest in what it aims at; and next, that there are in Switzerland, France, and Germany, many restless spirits prepared to take their inspiration from London, and to make common cause with it. If the scheme succeed, then we shall have a war all over Europe of labour against capital; but will it succeed? We think not. Foreign governments are not so scrupulous as our own. They will scarcely tolerate the growth under their very eyes of combinations which, whatever may be their professed object, can at any moment be turned by skilful leaders to politi-

cal purposes. And foreign governments are too attentive to all that passes here in England to be blind to the fact that such is in truth their inevitable issue. We believe, then, that the present attempt will fail, in which case, English capitalists, being unable to use their capital profitably at home, will in every practicable instance transfer it to other countries. And what next?

Looking only to their effect upon the social condition of the country—to the bad blood which they have created, and are creating, between employers and employed—to the amount of misery which they entail upon the working men themselves, and their almost inevitable tendency to drive the trade of the country to other lands,—it cannot be denied that trades-unions have operated, since 1836, most mischievously for the honour and prosperity of England. And they have produced these results because their organisation has been abused. Used with moderation, even such an organisation would have effected permanent, as it effected partial, good. For it is no subject of regret to thoughtful men that enormous fortunes are not made now, as they used to be made a hundred years ago, in the space of a few years, by master-manufacturers. And undoubtedly the action of the trades-unions has been, in part at least, the cause of this. Had they been in active existence, and managed with the skill and without the asperity with which they are managed now, some of the families we could name would have had a more moderate share of this world's goods than their enterprising founders managed to bequeath to them. But the abuse of a good thing converts it at once into a bad thing; and so the trades-unions, even when looked at from a social point of view, have degenerated, through the fault of their governing bodies, into a mischievous

nuisance. There is, however, another aspect in which we are forced to regard them, and, seen by that light, they cannot be too severely censured and denounced. In direct contradiction to the well-known terms of their existence, and in opposition to the wishes of, probably, one half of the members, they have been converted by the management of their paid secretary into political engines. They make common cause with the Reform League, and walk in procession as well as meet to hear speeches in support of manhood suffrage and vote by ballot. Few incidents of late years have given greater pain to the real friends of the working man than this. It was distressing enough to witness the fatal mistakes which they were committing, the outrage which they offered to every principle of commercial economy. It is a thousand times more so to see their energies diverted from the very purposes of their existence, and themselves made the tools of an unprincipled and ambitious individual. And when we take into account the character and antecedents of the man who thus misleads them, our regret is not a little tempered with indignation, and even astonishment.

Mr. Thomas Potter, the Coryphaeus of the trades-unions, began life as an operative carpenter and joiner. He was employed, a few years ago, by the Messrs. Smith, the builders of Miss Burdett Coutts's model lodging-houses; and being found utterly worthless as a workman, to whatever branch of his trade they sent him, he was at last dismissed. Other employers tried him, with the same results, and he was forced to earn a subsistence by becoming a waiter at some eating-house or inferior hotel. Even there he failed; whereupon he betook himself to a railway. What his special business might be there we cannot exactly say, but whatever it might be, he did it so in-

differently that he received notice to quit, and quitted accordingly. It would be unjust to suppose, however, that Mr. Potter failed in these various branches of industry through any lack of talent. The talent which he possessed did not happen to be, in any case, the special talent required—that was all. He was a bad carpenter, a bad waiter, a bad railway official; but he was all the while a clever fellow, and is a clever fellow still, in his own way. At last he found his proper sphere of action, and succeeded. He wrote for that portion of the periodical press which has a large circulation among cabmen and costermongers, and his essays were well received. Whether he be the author of any or all of those stirring novels, of which 'Tyburn Dick,' now in course of publication, is a favourable specimen, he himself knows best; but whatever the nature of his literary productions, they gained him a good name among his readers, and were the means of introducing him to the Council of the Central Trades-Union. To that body he soon became secretary, and as secretary he soon succeeded in getting the power into his own hands. Himself an unskilled and intractable workman, he gave all his sympathies to those of his own stamp! Hating master-tradesmen, and making no disguise of the feeling, he became, as was natural, the idol of the worst classes of the Union. This is the hand which, for some years back, has pulled the wires that set the whole machinery of the trades-unions in motion all over the kingdom. His latest feat is, however, the most striking of the whole. Trades-unions have become, under his management, a political party in the State; and the 'Beehive,' which used to confine itself to the discussion of fiscal questions between men and their masters, now chronicles the doings of the Reform League, and writes up manhood suffrage and vote by

ballot. Nor is this all. Mr. Potter speaks at public meetings, and encourages others to speak. He has proved, likewise, that he possesses a decided talent for organisation, and is neither abashed when negotiating face to face with Secretaries of State, nor put out of his way when directing the march of thousands of marshalled men and their banners. At the same time it is not a little curious to observe with what skill and dexterity he plays his part in this game of agitation. Mr. Bright tells us that seven years ago he recommended the unions to apply their special organisation to the furtherance of a great political end. Mr. Potter has accomplished what Mr. Bright proposed, yet scarcely as Mr. Bright could have wished the deed to be done. The trades-unions are, or appear to be, at the beck neither of Mr. Bright nor of Mr. Beales, but of Mr. Potter. He appoints them their places of gathering—he nominates the speakers—he gives the tone to their resolutions. He is the ally, but not the tool, either of Mr. Beales or Mr. Bright; and he takes care to show that such is the case. The trades-unions disavow all participation in the outrages which occurred in London last July. They had no share, they tell us, in the assault on Hyde Park, however they may chuckle over it. That was the work of Mr. Beales's followers, against whose probable participation in the late march from St. James's Park to Beaufort Grounds Mr. Potter was as anxious to provide as either Mr. Walpole or Sir Richard Mayne. There is good policy in all this. Mr. Potter desires to keep the working-men apart from the "roughs," because his views extend to a seat in Parliament for himself as soon as the pressure of working-men and roughs together shall force the Legislature to concede what is demanded. He is willing that the trades-unions shall co-operate with the roughs, but not that the two

classes should be confounded together. And he flatters himself that by thus standing up for the dignity of the former he will be able to keep the unions, so long as is necessary, in the state of bondage to which they are now reduced. We suspect that he is a good deal deceiving himself. We doubt whether the working-men of England and Scotland are altogether satisfied with their present condition. We believe, on the contrary, that Mr. Potter's last move—the transformation of a social into a political organisation—has given offence to not a few, and that the violence of the language used at some recent public meetings has disgusted more. If proof be required of the soundness of this view of the case, here it is.

The late demonstration, orderly and well-conducted as it was, greatly disappointed its authors. Instead of 200,000, less than 25,000 took part in it. And though these may be accepted as the extreme thinkers among the unionists of London and the provinces, even they showed, by the reception which they gave to the principal speakers in Beaufort Grounds, that they were not quite pleased with all that they there saw and heard. Even the masses, as Colonel Dickson called his audience, knew too much to be flattered with the parallel drawn between their case and that of their fellows elsewhere. "In France every working-man is enfranchised; in Italy the case is the same; even the tyrannical Bismarck is giving universal suffrage to the Prussians." "The masses" are not yet very deeply versed in the history of Europe, but they can perfectly understand that neither in France, nor in Italy, nor in Prussia would such a gathering of the people be tolerated for a moment as that which the Colonel was addressing. From time to time his appeals were accordingly greeted here and there with a hiss, which was quite as frequently

stified by laughter as by cheers. Again, Mr. Leicester's eloquence, though twice exercised—first in Beaufort Grounds and next in St James's Hall—scarcely found a response in the feelings of no inconsiderable portion of the crowds who listened to it. The working-men of England do not believe that Mr. Beales is "a martyr to the cause of their independence," or that they are trodden down by "aristocratic domination, tyranny, impudence, and ignorance." The working-men of England do not sympathise with one who says—

"The question was, would they suffer those little-minded, decrepit, hump-backed, one-eyed scoundrels who sat in the House of Commons to rob and defraud them any longer of their rights—whether those who had squandered the people's earnings like water should continue to do so? From one end to the other of this land their fiat had gone forth that they meant to be and would be free. What had Lord Derby done? He had translated Homer. (Laughter.) But he could not make one of those beautiful specimens of glass-work which had been carried in procession that day. There was not a stocking-weaver in Leicester, or a clodhopper in the kingdom, rendering service to the State, who was not quite as useful as Lord Derby. (Laughter and cheers.) What the people meant to do was to drive the Devil out of the House of Commons, and let God Almighty in."

In Lancashire, at least, Lord Derby's munificence and indefatigable exertions in helping the sufferers from the cotton famine have won for him a place in the hearts of the working-men, from which such disgraceful verbiage as this cannot, we suspect, remove him.

Again the trades-unions, or the best of them, can hardly fail, we should think, to be suspicious of an alliance between their ruling body and Mr. Bright. Mr. Potter may flatter himself that he brings this matter before them in a light which shows to his and to their advantage. He tries to persuade

them that Mr. Bright is doing their work, not that they are doing his. But the working-men of England are scarcely so forgetful of the past as to be cajoled into believing that any unity or agreement can subsist between Mr. Bright's principles of action and theirs. Mr. Bright is an employer of labour and a capitalist. As such he is one of a class against which they have been taught that it is their duty to combine. His antecedents prove, moreover, that as a member of the legislature he has invariably thrown such influence as he possesses into the scale of capital against labour. He never gave a vote in favour of short time, even for factory children; he spoke and voted against the bill for the limitation of the hours of labour in factories for adults. It may serve his immediate purpose to throw himself upon the working-men now, because by no other apparent means is he likely to force his own crotchets through the House of Commons. But nothing is more clear than that their objects and his, even assuming the unions to be of one mind on the subject of parliamentary reform, agree only so far as this, to secure a monopoly of political power to the working classes, how to be afterwards used is quite another question. Trades-unions are Protectionist societies in the strictest sense of the term. Give them the upper hand, and they will soon do as their class have done in America, compel the Legislature to protect them by law from competition with foreign industries, and then dictate to their employers on what scale they shall be remunerated for their labour. Now if Mr. Bright be anything as a statesman, he is a free-trader, and there could not be a working-man in St. James's Hall on the 4th of last December who was ignorant of that fact. Though they cheered, therefore, every appeal which he made to them—and the more ferocious the appeals the louder were the cheers—it would be too much to suppose that even they who heard him speak

awoke next morning with a conviction that the voice to which they had listened was that of an oracle, and that they were acting wisely by submitting even thus far to his guidance. At all events there is the best reason to believe that his speech, as it was read in the newspapers and at a distance from the scene of action, created as much of disgust and alarm among the working-men of England as of any other class in the country. A minority, composed chiefly of youths under five-and-twenty, may contemplate without horror the alternative which he places before them. It is natural for young, and possibly reckless men, to rejoice in the prospect of physical strife, till they know from experience what it means. But we are persuaded, and there is ample evidence to prove it, that out of the whole body of working-men in this country, all that have attained the years of maturity, fathers of families and married men, threw from them with disgust the report of a speech which contained the following pieces of declamation:—

“Did they think that you would be silent for ever, and patient for ever, under a perpetual exclusion from the benefits of the constitution of your country? If they are dissatisfied with this movement, what would they have? Would they wish that, as many did fifty or sixty years ago, instead of making an open demonstration of your opinions, you should conspire with a view to change the political constitution of your country? Would they like that you should meet in secret societies, that you should administer to each other illegal oaths, that you should undertake the task of midnight drilling, that you should purchase throughout London and the provinces a supply of arms, that you should in this frightful and terrible manner endeavour to menace the Government, and to wring from them the concession of your rights? But surely one of two modes must be taken. (Cheers.) If there be a sentiment of the people, a deep, and widespread sentiment of injustice no longer

tolerable, then, judging from all past history of all people, one of two modes will be taken—either that mode, so sad and so odious, of secret conspiracy, or that mode so grand and so noble which you have adopted. (Cheers.) You have at this moment across the Channel, if the reports which the Government sanctions are true, an exhibition of the plan which I deplore and condemn. You have their secret societies, and oaths, and drilling, and arms, and menace, and a threat of violence and insurrection; is there any man in England who would like to see the working-men of Great Britain driven to any such course in defence of or in the maintenance of their rights? (Cheers.)”

This is pretty strong, and was so accepted by the more enthusiastic reformers present; but the following wrung from them such a burst of applause as has rarely thrilled the heart of a public meeting in this country:—

“Why, the Parliament of land-owners and rich men either were wholly ignorant of, or they wholly despised, that great national opinion which has been exhibited during the last three or four months; and they resisted that Bill with a pertinacity never exceeded, with an amount of intrigue, with an amount of unfairness to the Government which they durst not for one single night have attempted if they had ever felt any real responsibility to the English nation. (Cheers.) And now they resist up to this moment, and for aught I know they may possibly resist when they meet at the beginning of next February, until the discontent which is now so general shall become universal, and that which is now only a great exhibition of opinion may become necessarily and inevitably a great and menacing exhibition of force.”

So much for the uses to which the organisation of trades-unions has been turned. The social strain put upon the members was already severe enough. Many an honest and industrious operative had begun to repent the facile tempter which induced him to come over to the movement, or the timidity

which hindered him from standing out and daring the worst. But had the Association kept clear of politics, we are by no means sure that their feelings, however common and commendable, would have resulted in action, or at all events in immediate action. The case is different now. The ground begins to heave in more than one quarter, and it will not surprise us to find it break up by-and-by altogether. Many men belonging to various bodies in London are seceding one by one since the demonstration of last month; many more, it is expected, will follow the example. The compositors, as is well known, refused in a body to take part in the procession, and gave their reasons. And now we find that at Stavely, in Derbyshire, a public meeting of colliers and others has been held for the purpose of forming a non-union society, which, unless we deceive ourselves, will soon reckon up its members by the thousand. They voted Mr. Markham, one of the lessees of the coal-fields, into the chair, and greeted his manly exposition of his own principles and views with hearty cheers. Several working-men spoke much to the purpose, after which the following resolutions were unanimously carried:—

"1. That trades-unions cause strife between masters and men, and reduce the members to a state of slavery, and frequently destroy the industry that provides them with bread for their families.

"2. That this meeting is convinced it is for the mutual interests of both master and man that the most perfect confidence and goodwill should at all times exist between them."

Here, then, is the beginning of a counter-movement, which, if it be wisely fostered and encouraged, may before long lead to the happiest results. Meanwhile the opinion gains ground every day, among the middle and upper classes, and especially among the

employers of labour, that if measures be not taken to put a stop to the system of intimidation now rampant there will be an end in this country, not only to our greatness as a nation, but to our liberty as freemen. Ask any master tailor or shoemaker or builder in London on what terms he stands with his men? Push your inquiries a little further, and find out whether or no he be now, whatever he might have been last spring, a Radical Reformer or a Reformer at all? In the face of all this it is well-nigh marvellous to find the old Whigs standing up for the abortive measure of last session, and Radicals of the school of Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Bass presuming to broach their own theories in the presence of politicians more ardent than themselves. Mr. Ayrton, no doubt, carried some of his audience with him when he went out of his way at the gathering in St. James's Hall to insult the Queen; but the moment he began to speak of the sanctity of law, and of the duty of the Government to uphold it, he was hooted down. The latter met with a reception quite as little flattering, though he spoke to a meeting assembled in a room which he had himself lent for the occasion. We take the account of the scene from the 'Standard,' which, having first shown that almost every notable invited sept an excuse, transcribes a sentence or two from one of the letters conveying these excuses, and then goes on to say—

"It is not to be supposed that wise and moderate counsels like these would find much favour with an audience convened by the Reform Leaguers, and the practical commentary upon them was the immediate and unanimous adoption of a resolution insisting upon manhood suffrage, which was commended to what would be fancifully called the sense of the meeting by the chastened yet vigorous eloquence of Mr. Beales (M.A.) Upon this there rose, not from the platform, but from the body of the meeting, the one member who condescended to be present, but who speedily proved that, like Mr. Ayrton at St. James's Hall, he

came to curse, and not to bless them. Mr. M. T. Bass reminded them that he was not a new recruit in the cause of Reform, that he was the first member of Parliament who had ever advocated household suffrage on the hustings, and he declared, as he had a good right to do, that 'in that room there stood no other man who had been so long a steady and sincere parliamentary reformer as he had.' Amid much interruption and signs of disapprobation, he told them that, as in the case of Mr. M. A. Bass, he was unable to join the speakers on the platform, because he was rootedly opposed to manhood suffrage, and he showed them plainly the reason why. He did not think the working classes were sufficiently educated to exercise such a trust rightfully, and even to their own benefit. He gave them an illustration of the reasons which had drawn him to this conclusion. He had spoken on the subject to five respectable workmen, earning from 45s. to 75s. a week in his own employment, and not one of them even understood what he meant by the word franchise; and when he explained it, they replied, with melancholy unanimity, that 'they really did not know anything about it, and did not care much.' He repudiated the idea upon which the advocates of manhood suffrage take their ground, that every man has a 'natural right' to the franchise, and pointed out that the great principle upon which our form of government has been framed and developed from six hundred years back, is that the bestowal of the voting power should be conditional on the fulfilment of certain qualifications. Would they, he inquired, send youths of eighteen or twenty years of age to represent them in their trades-unions, and, if not, why should they be less careful as to the constitution of that body which elected the men who practically control the destinies of the British empire? A somewhat painful experience of the effect which calmly stated arguments of this kind usually have upon the audiences who assemble at the invitation of the Reform Leaguers, quite prepares us to hear that at this point the meeting 'lost its equanimity,' that a scene of confusion ensued, and that amid hissings and hootings this second inverted Balaam resumed his seat."

If Radical members like Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Bass thus irritate

and offend the great body of the Reformers, what chance have the legitimate representatives of the old Liberal party in Parliament of carrying public sympathy along with them? With the single exception of Lord Amberley, they have all declined to take any part—even to be present—at a meeting over which Mr. Beales or Mr. Potter presides. Such was Lord Henley's course when invited to co-operate with Mr. Beales in a Reform demonstration at Northampton. Such, also, was the line adopted by Mr. Brand and Mr. Hugessen Knatchbull; these latter, indeed, going so far as to state that they will exercise a fair and candid spirit of forbearance towards Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues. Meanwhile Mr. Moncreiff, having no fear of Mr. Beales before his eyes, meets his constituents in Edinburgh, on the same evening that Mr. Bright is addressing the delegates in St. James's Hall, and plies them with the arguments of sober Whiggery, with what effect there is little to show. He has no fancy—not he—for either manhood or household suffrage. The ballot has few charms for him. His heart is set upon a £7 franchise in boroughs, and a £14 franchise in counties; and he has very little hope of obtaining even these. We believe that he is perfectly right. "The dead weight," as he calls it, which defeated Mr. Gladstone's scheme last summer, would defeat it again if brought forward in the spring, and not a sound would be raised of lamentation over the failure. On the other hand, we are inclined to suspect that the horror which Mr. Moncreiff expresses for a largely increased constituency is not, so far as he and his party are concerned, unreasonable. He assured the good people of Edinburgh that the experience of English boroughs, as they are, demonstrates the following facts, and that from these facts his deductions are derived: Wherever the majority in the constituency consists of working-men,

Tories are returned to Parliament; where the working-men balance the other classes, and no more, Whigs are returned; wherever the working class happens to be in a minority, the boroughs return Radicals. Now, we do not profess to be so well read in the political statistics of the country as to be able to say that this calculation is either absolutely correct or absolutely the reverse; but we are inclined to believe that it is not very far from the fact. At all events, we know that all the larger boroughs, such as Birmingham, Manchester, Salford, and the like, return Radicals to Parliament, and that in these the proportion of working-men is less than one-fourth as compared with the other classes enjoying the franchise. Is it, then, Mr. Moncreiff's opinion, that we are likely to get from Lord Derby a measure more liberal than Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone would venture to propose? We suspect that it is; and we arrive at this conclusion from observing that the whole body of Whigs, old and new, appear to be beside themselves with terror lest the ground should be cut from beneath their feet. A good and liberal reform measure proposed by the present Government would be sentence of death to them. What care they about parliamentary purity in the abstract, or the enfranchisement of working-men, or anything else in all the category of politics, except their own return to Downing Street? The last thing on earth, therefore, which they desire, is to see the question of Reform taken up in earnest by Lord Derby; and certainly, by the encouragement which they gave to the temper which has since outdone even their desires, they have done their very best to render such an issue impossible.

The war of factions has passed, since their accession to office, into a new phase. The transformation of trades-unions into political leagues has thoroughly alarmed

the middle classes. They have suffered too much already from the effect of social combinations against them; they have a perfect horror of giving a larger measure of political power to the working-men. And this policy may—we do not say that it will—prove so strong as to prevent the Government from dealing with the question at all. Should the case be so, the country will sustain a great misfortune.

But the blame will rest entirely with the three allied powers—the Whigs, the Reform League, and the trades-unions. The first, by inciting the two latter to come forward; the two latter, by the ostentatious display of physical force, leave, as they imagine, no alternative to Lord Derby except either to stand still till better times come, or to throw himself on the crest of the revolution. Now, Whigs, Leaguers, and Unionists equally know that Lord Derby will not throw himself on the crest of the revolution; and if he did, it is very certain that the present House of Commons would not go with him. Meanwhile there is no attempt at concealment in regard to what the Reformers intend to do should Lord Derby either give the go-by to Reform, or propose a measure short of manhood suffrage. The letter of Mr. Hartwell, the Secretary of the Demonstration Committee, which appeared in the 'Times' of the 10th December last, has the merit of being, at all events, very explicit. We transcribe its closing sentences:—

"In conclusion," he says, "I would observe that the demonstration of the 3d of December may be looked upon somewhat in the light of a dress rehearsal; if found necessary, it will be followed up on a far more gigantic scale during the next session of Parliament. This was the first time the Trades-Societies of London have taken part in a political movement; and taking this fact into consideration, also the state of the weather, the time of the year, the necessity of all those attending los-

ing a day's work, the threatened discharge by several large firms employing thousands of workmen if they attended the demonstration (a threat, I regret to say, which has been reported to the committee as having been carried out in many instances), taking all these things into consideration, the London Working-Men's Association, by whom the demonstration was set on foot, and by whom, in conjunction with a committee of the Trades' Delegates, it was carried out, are quite satisfied with the result, as fully coming up to their expectations."

After this, nobody, whether he be a Cabinet Minister or a private citizen, can pretend ignorance as to what is coming unless measures be taken to guard against it. Demonstrations similar to that which took place on the 8d of December are, to say the least, both dangerous and inconvenient at all times. But if they be directed to overawe Parliament when sitting, and to compel the adoption of a policy of which Parliament disapproves, they assume a character which is not easily distinguished from rebellion. We cannot believe that they will be tolerated. We trust and believe that if attempted they will be immediately put down. All the respectability of London turned out when the capital was threatened some years ago with an invasion of Chartists headed by Mr. Fergus O'Connor. All the respectability of London will turn out again, and disperse whatever mob Mr. Beales and Mr. Potter, with Mr. Hartwell's combination, may collect. We are not friendly to letting loose

troops against any portion of her Majesty's subjects, however unlawfully engaged. And in the event of the threatened outrage on Parliament taking place, we are confident that the civil power will prove strong enough to hold its own, and to put down the disturbers of the public peace. But if the worst come to the worst, there must be no hesitation in employing such means for the safety of the metropolis as the Government has at its disposal. A mob marching upon the Houses of Parliament, and demanding that a particular measure which they support shall become law, is a mob in a state of insurrection. It must be dispersed; and for every life lost in so miserable a quarrel, the leaders in the movement must be held responsible. But in truth we have no apprehension that any such necessity will arise. The working-men of England are not all Leaguers. The thousands who refused to turn out when summoned by Mr. Hartwell and his committee will obey the call of the constituted authorities, and give a very good account of the roughs and vagabonds who brought discredit upon them on a former occasion, and would willingly discredit them now. And the Government thus strengthened will disappoint its rivals, by so dealing with the Reform and other not less important questions as to win for themselves the gratitude and respect of all who honour the laws and rightly value the Constitution.

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THE ARMY.

AN opinion generally prevails that, as soon as shall be convenient after the meeting of Parliament, the Secretary of State for War will propose, for the consideration of the House of Commons, a comprehensive and practicable scheme of Army Reform. We are not in a position to say, from our own knowledge, whether there be any, or what measure of truth in the prevalent rumour; but forasmuch as the wisdom of some such proceeding recommends itself to the common-sense of everybody else, it would be paying a poor compliment to her Majesty's present Ministers if we were to assume that, to their minds only, out of the whole population of these Islands, the idea had not presented itself. For, in our history as a nation, there never was a period when, towards our neighbours on every side, we stood more in an attitude of perfect helplessness than we do at this moment. That "rule of the waves" on which we once prided ourselves is gone from us, at all events for the present. It is worthy of remark, too, that we have lost it, not so much be-

cause of the negligence of former Administrations—though of negligence in former Administrations there has been more than enough—as through the operation of causes which no set of statesmen, had they been ever so sagacious and farsighted, could have entirely controlled. And the condition of our army, as regards both its numbers and organisation, is precisely such as to mislead ourselves more effectually than foreign powers are misled by it, into the belief that, if suddenly called upon, we might be able in some degree to make up, by our strength on shore, for the lamentable weakness into which we have fallen at sea. Now, this is a state of things which must on no account be permitted to continue a single day longer than is absolutely unavoidable. Reforms in other departments of the State may be desirable, perhaps necessary—we have no doubt that they are. The Church, the Law, with the constituted tribunals of each—the Home Office in its relations with the magistracy of Great Britain, and with the government of Ireland—the Poor-law—the

proper armament, offensive and defensive. Now, though we are by no means disposed to allow that all which might have been shown has been shown for the seventy millions expended on the navy in the ten years between 1855 and 1865, it would be uncandid to deny that they who during these years presided at the Admiralty had great and constantly-increasing difficulties to contend against. The plan which had recommended itself to their adoption yesterday was put out of court by the plan of to-day; and there was nothing to show but that they to-morrow would produce a third plan more feasible than either. Hence money which ought perhaps to have gone on the construction of ships, went to perfect, or bring proximately to perfection, models upon which to build. And thus, at the end of ten years, notwithstanding all the sums voted for the fleet, we are left with only such a squadron of ironclads afloat as proves rather our inability to cope with, say France and America united, than our power to hold our own, as we once did, against all the navies of the world.

We might stop here, not desiring to put on record a single word which can be read as if the spirit of party lay at the root of this paper; for this is no party question, and cannot fairly be treated as such, either here or in the House of Commons. But one obvious inference to be drawn from the facts just stated must not be passed over. We cannot now depend upon our navy even to protect the country from invasion. Be the causes what they may, we are scarcely at this moment the first naval power in the world. Like other maritime nations, we are indeed beginning to construct what may or may not become hereafter a great fleet; but as yet a great fleet has no existence for us, and years must elapse before it can reach that measure of strength, anything below which must seri-

ously affect our position in the world. Meanwhile other maritime nations are busy in the same direction; so that, in point of fact, we are running a fair race with the rest of the world over, a course of which, within the memory of middle-aged men, we were absolute masters. Can we afford to apply our undivided energies to this race, neglecting, with a view to insure success in it, all such precautions as seemed to be pressed upon us by the very incident which we are striving to provide against? We think not. We have no navy. We cannot have a navy for years. We have an army so weak, and put together upon a principle so defective, that we must not trust to it for supplementing what is defective in the navy. Will it be wise to leave the army in this state, under the pretext of applying all our resources and all our energies to the construction of a 'sufficient navy? Surely not. The fleet may be our right hand, and the army only our left; but we shall not do well, unless, our right hand being paralysed, we so train and strengthen the left hand, that it may be able to strike such a blow for the heart and head of the nation as shall give time for the right hand to regain its lost cunning. Nor is it any argument against the line of action which we venture to recommend, that, though the regular army at home be as weak as we represent it to be, there is an army of reserve to fall back upon amply sufficient to protect the honour and safety of the country, should either be threatened. Perhaps so. Far be it from us to under-estimate either the zeal or the efficiency of the militia and the volunteers. The latter especially, if well commanded, would do excellent service in the field. But is anybody ambitious of seeing England converted into one of the battle-fields of Europe, even if morally convinced that in every encounter with an enemy on English ground English volunteers would come off

victorious? Leave things, however, in the state in which they now are—the navy too weak to command the Channel, the regular army contemptible when spoken of in the same breath with the regular army of any other of the great powers—and who will guarantee to us a single year's exemption from the heaviest of all the calamities which can overtake a nation? And if this game be played only once, what security shall we have against its repetition? Not so. We need an efficient regular army at all times, and most of all when our navy is weak; because only through the instrumentality of an efficient army can we hope, if forced into war, to form such alliances on the Continent as shall give the enemy plenty to do without entering on an enterprise so bold as the invasion of this country. But this is not all. Of the 150,000 volunteers enrolled upon paper, how many, in the event of invasion, could be spared from other occupations to take the field? Probably 50,000, which, with 30,000 regulars and perhaps twice as many militia, would give us all that we could muster for the protection of our dockyards and arsenals, and to operate against, possibly, 100,000 invaders. But we need not argue this point, as if there were any rational or instructed man likely to take of it a view different from our own. We must keep war from our own door at any amount of sacrifice. We must meet it, if it come, with as much strength as we can collect. But the former object, certainly, is not to be attained—assuming the Channel to be open—by the enrolment of any number of men engaged to serve only in their own country; and, for the latter, the same arrangement will best provide, which promises to be most effective for enabling us to carry on war, if we must carry it on, at a distance from our own coasts. In plain language, if we desire to keep our place among the

nations—to have common attention paid to our opinions when negotiating for the world's wellbeing—to be safe from insult, which will surely be but the forerunner of injury, and result, without doubt, in a desperate struggle for national existence,—we must put our fighting power on a respectable footing, and begin at once with that branch of it which can be adjusted most speedily. In other words, we must reconstruct the army.

The work is not an easy one; but, as it appears to us, the difficulties with which it is beset are as much imaginary as real. Neither, if the Government set rightly about the undertaking, need it necessarily be productive of any enormous expenditure. We do not require a very large standing army. A very large standing army is objectionable on other grounds than the direct outlay which is necessary to keep it in a state of efficiency. Every man withdrawn from industry which remunerates, is so much deducted from the national wealth; and if, besides the loss of what his peaceful labours would earn, we are forced to pay him for living in a state of comparative idleness, we suffer a double drain, which soon becomes intolerable. We do not, therefore, want a very large standing army in this country; and we could do with a small one, were it not that India and the colonies act like running issues on our manhood. Our standing army, however, whether large or small, must be adequate to the demands which are made upon it, or it becomes useless. And recent experience seems to show that this is no longer the case. The Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the recruiting of the army, of which a copy now lies upon our table, opens with a statement which is very explicit on this head. "The evidence," they say, "which has been given before us, and the returns in the appendix to our Report, all tend to show that during the last two years the number of

recruits raised for the army has not been sufficient to supply the demand." And though the Commissioners affect to make light of the misfortune, and suggest remedies for it, we cannot say that either their opinion on the case itself, or the means which they propose with a view to better it, at all satisfy us that they have taken a right view of the subject. Besides, important as the question of recruiting the army is, it is not the only one which, when the efficiency or inefficiency of our military system comes to be considered, will call for investigation. It may be that the administration of the army, from top to bottom, is defective; that there is something radically wrong in that dislocation of authority which, both at the Horse Guards and in the War Office, appears to fix personal responsibility upon no one; and that our regimental organisation itself, satisfied as we have hitherto been with it, might be improved. Still, the point with which the Royal Commission had to deal is, we must allow, a cardinal point. If we cannot get men enough to serve in the ranks, it matters little whether our administrative system be good or bad. Let us see, then, in the first place, what our condition in respect to recruiting is, what it has arisen out of, and to what it might be brought, before we inquire into other and scarcely less important matters.

Without going farther back than the beginning of the present century, we find that what may be called the British army consisted of not fewer than five different descriptions of force. Lowest upon the scale stood the local militia, a vast county array, which grew out of the volunteer system, without absolutely superseding it. It consisted exclusively of infantry, and was made up of all that remained of the manhood of the country, who had not taken service in the army or the navy, nor been drafted into the regular militia. The country owed

the inauguration of the local militia scheme mainly to Mr. Wyndham, who, struck with the decadence of the volunteer force, introduced a bill into Parliament rendering service in the local militia imperative upon all who were not regularly enrolled in some company of volunteers or troop of yeomanry cavalry. The local militiamen used to assemble once a-year in the chief town of the county to which they respectively belonged. They were regimented, clothed, and armed exactly as were the militia and the regular troops; and those who are old enough to remember the appearance which they presented while on regular duty will vouch that, if their movements were somewhat irregular and their discipline loose, their *physique* was admirable, and their progress in drill very satisfactory.

Rising a step above the local militia came the regular militia, a force differing little, if at all, in efficiency and discipline from the infantry of the line. The ranks of the militia regiments were filled by conscription, and the men drawn were bound to serve for five years, or till the end of the war. We need not waste time in describing minutely how the process of the ballot went on. It was a tedious and a costly one, providing, as in those days was too generally the case, many good posts for attorneys, commissioners, and what not. With the ballot went also the liberty of providing substitutes, of which men in easy circumstances naturally availed themselves; and from the influence of the ballot certain privileged classes were exempt, such as ministers of religion, schoolmasters, students at the universities, and peers of the realm. Our readers may guess how stringently the law was carried into effect, when we add that latterly—that is to say, about the years 1808 and 1809—a substitute could not be procured, even in the agricultural districts, for less than £40 or £50.

Besides the local and regular militias, there was in those days a third description of force embodied by a species of conscription, which took its rise about the period of the Irish rebellion of 1798, and died gradually out not long before the great French war came to an end. This was the army of reserve. It consisted of ten or twelve battalions, towards raising which, and keeping them effective, all the parishes of Great Britain and Ireland were by law obliged to contribute. The drain upon the population was not great, and it ceased to be made after the local militia came into existence; but the battalions themselves continued to serve either in England or in Ireland, in which, and among the adjacent islands, they were liable to be employed. The men were limited-service men, and could not, except with their own free will, be sent even to the colonies. The army of reserve, not being of much use after an effective militia system came into operation, ceased by degrees to be recruited; but the battalions composing it were partially maintained—vacancies as they occurred in the ranks being filled by weakly and wounded men from the line. Hence the Garrison battalions, as contradistinguished from the Veteran battalions, the names of which will be found in any army-list of sixty years' standing. The Garrison battalions took the place, and blotted out the title of the army of reserve. They may be described as semi-effective, being composed of young men fit to occupy and to defend fortresses, though unequal to the wear and tear of a campaign. The Veteran battalions were made up mainly of pensioners recalled to active service, and barely equal, from the age and infirmities of the men, to perform garrison duty in places either out of the reach of the enemy, or favourably situated so far as regarded climate and abundant supplies.

We make another step on the ladder, and find ourselves standing

beside the Honourable East India Company's European regiments, of which the depots, consisting of artillery, engineers, and infantry, did duty and received their training in England, while the main body served in India. These were all enlisted for Indian service, and for that exclusively. Had danger threatened the mother country, the Company's depots would have marched to meet it, just as on more than one occasion they helped to overawe disaffection and to put down riots. But the regiments themselves never moved, nor were they liable under any circumstances to be moved, to any place over which the political authority of the Company did not prevail. The Company's European army expanded from time to time, as the limits of the great Eastern Empire stretched themselves out. It began with a company of foot at each of the Presidencies, and ended in being able to place in the field from 20,000 to 80,000 of as good troops as ever bore the brunt of battle. It was said of the Company's European army, that it contained in each corps a greater number of incorrigible rascals than perhaps any other armed body of similar strength in the world. This may be so, if the term rascal be limited in its signification to one who drinks, brawls, and, when the opportunity offers, loots, without being wantonly violent in the process. But if hard to manage in quarters, the Company's European troops were never backward in the day of battle. The rogues would go anywhere and do anything.

The character of the Indian European army was well known at home, and the Company proved to be a liberal master. Both incidents made the service popular, particularly with classes whom the commanding officer of a regiment of the line would rather see under any other body's orders than his own. There was no difficulty, therefore, in recruiting for that ser-

vice, nor would there have been had the 20,000 or 30,000 troops been doubled in numbers. The term of enlistment was nominally for life—in reality, till years and failing strength rendered the soldier unequal to the duties required of him; and when unable any longer to serve he was pensioned off or otherwise provided for. Few men, once embarked for India, ever returned. Most of them married native women, or found employment in civil life, if they survived to claim it, on the spot. Such as did return came upon Lord Olive's Fund, and, in or out of the hospital at Poplar, spent the evening of their days in peace. It was a very popular service, and it deserved to be; but it no longer exists—whether to the gain or detriment of the public service at home and abroad we shall take occasion presently to inquire.

Ascending thus, from step to step, we arrive at the regular army of Great Britain, with all its branches of artillery, engineers, cavalry, foot guards, and regiments of the line. In the whole of these it is generally assumed that one uniform mode of enlistment prevails, and has always prevailed. This is slightly inaccurate. So recently as 1779, soldiers were raised for line regiments by impressment; but the Act authorising the process, though claiming to be founded on what had been done in the reign of Elizabeth and even of Queen Anne, was unpopular, and the mode in which it was acted upon gave as much offence to the army as to the civil population. It was accordingly repealed; and the British army has ever since been raised upon one common principle—that of voluntary enlistment. In times of war, when the militia is embodied, inducements are indeed held out to the men of militia regiments to join regiments or corps of the regular army. And during the great struggle at the beginning of the century, especially towards its close,

perhaps one-half of the regular army was composed of volunteers from the militia. But there is a marked difference between the conditions of the case as it prevailed sixty years ago and as it prevails now, in its bearing both on the regular army and on the militia. Formerly a militiaman was a soldier, either because the lot fell upon him or because he had accepted a sum of money to take the place of somebody who had been drawn. Now he is as much a volunteer in the ranks as the linesman. The ballot is suspended; and the recruiting sergeant goes about soliciting young men, without any reference to their connection with localities, to join a militia regiment. He therefore bids in the same market against his comrade of the line. Nor is this all. During the late struggle with Russia the militia were encouraged to volunteer by regiments—not for service before the enemy, for that would have been intelligible enough, but for garrison duty at Gibraltar and in the Mediterranean, in order that the regular troops they came to relieve might proceed to the seat of war. Now, here, in our opinion, are visible two grievous mistakes, one of which still operates most injuriously against the interests of the country. The other, while it lasted, was indeed the more pernicious of the two. But time and circumstances having for the present got rid of it, we need not say more than that it struck at the very root of the principle on which our militia system rests.

The militia is essentially a defensive force, enrolled for the protection of the country, and kept during war embodied in order that, while the regular troops are abroad, there may at all times be at hand a well-disciplined and effective army wherewith to meet and repel an invader, should he bring the war home to our own shores. A worse policy, therefore, than that which, on a pressure for men in the field,

encourages the militia to take the duties of our foreign European settlements, cannot be conceived. It is bad enough to dislocate what may be called our second line, by enticing the best-drilled and most efficient members of many militia corps to transfer themselves from under their county colours in order to swell the ranks of the standing army; for the necessary consequence is, that our defensive force is thus kept in a state of chronic inefficiency, the places left vacant by drilled men being filled up, if they are filled up at all, by recruits who have everything to learn. But to withdraw whole battalions, and these perhaps the most effective in the force, and to shut them up in garrisons beyond the sea, is in point of fact, to leave the country by so much unguarded. It is true that from Russia there was no great reason to apprehend a military policy so bold as would include a plan for the invasion of England. But is it judicious to establish a precedent which, to a war minister hungering and thirsting for men, appears so convenient, even if by acting upon it he incur a danger which was never seriously thought of when the move was originally made? Surely not; and therefore, while condemning the past, we must express the hope, and indeed the expectation, in reference to the future, that, whenever the reorganisation of the army is set about in earnest, a device to which it would be unwise to resort in the event of a rupture with France, will be peremptorily condemned. Every man in his proper place—every regiment and troop to its proper duties; these are two rules of war so obviously sound that they ought never to be departed from. The regular army for operations in foreign fields, and the occupation and defence of our transmarine fortresses. The militia and volunteers for the protection of our homes, whether these be assaulted by an open enemy from abroad or domestic treason threaten them.

The other mistake into which the Legislature fell is so far more grave than this, in that, while it affects injuriously the means of keeping the regular army at a proper standard, it entirely changes the nature of our militia organisation. The old militia laws were but the practical application of a principle which holds that every man capable of bearing arms is bound to take them up when the country is in danger. Indeed, the old militia laws were more than this. They modified the principle and lightened the burden imposed by it upon industry, by determining that only a certain proportion of able-bodied men should be withdrawn from the pursuits of civil life and enrolled for the defence of the rest. But the new laws, striking at the root of this great national principle, make service in the militia a matter of private arrangement, into which no man can be hurried contrary to his own will, be the exigencies of the moment what they may. No doubt the right of recruiting by ballot is only suspended. So we may say, also, of the right to impress seamen. But will anybody venture to assert that any Government, without doing a great deal more, could venture to restore one or other of these customs to its original vigour? We trow not. Let the Minister for War confine his military policy to a mere repeal of the last militia law, and the First Lord of the Admiralty propose, by way of rendering the navy efficient, to give to press-gangs the power which they exercised sixty years ago, and see how the country will bear it. We should have all the seafaring men of the empire, all the lightermen and watermen upon our rivers, all the fishermen along our coasts, up in arms to resist the execution of the law; while town and country would alike condemn and oppose arrangements so unsuitable in every respect to their notions of what is now required to give us a practical system of military administration. Un-

doubtedly the militia law which was passed in 1852, must not be allowed to remain upon the Statute-book; but its repeal, to be effective, can form only a part, and by no means the most important part, of that great and comprehensive scheme to which we are looking forward; and to that scheme, as its details recommend themselves to our private judgment, we proceed to draw the reader's attention.

The first point to be aimed at in trying to galvanise the military resources of this country, is so to deal with the regular army as that it shall contain within itself a principle of ready expansion—in other words, that, without adding to the number of men actually serving in time of peace, which might perhaps be diminished, to the great economy of labour as well as of money, we shall have the means at hand, whenever war threatens, of raising the army to any strength which the Government may consider necessary and the House of Commons sanction. We speak of this as the first point to be considered, because it is beyond all comparison the most important. There are, however, other points intimately connected with it which we must endeavour to dispose of before we go farther, because on the right adjustment of these will, in a great degree, depend our ability to deal in an effective manner with the main object of our inquiry.

One of these subsidiary points, to which we may give the second place in order of importance, is the condition of our defensive army—in other words, the measures to which we have recourse for raising the militia, the organization which we bestow upon it when called out for muster, and the process through which it goes in time of peace, in order to convey to both men and officers some knowledge of their professional duty. The other takes account of the relations which actually subsist between England and her colonies, as well as of the condition of her Indian Empire and

the means adopted to preserve that empire intact. Here, then, are three questions raised, each of which must be taken separately, while all are so intimately blended together that, to deal fairly by one without taking account of the others at the same time, would be labour lost. We will do our best to grapple with them all, beginning with that which, in order of sequence, has been last mooted.

We are not among the number of those who believe that colonies are, *de rerum natura*, a source of weakness rather than of strength to an old country. A good deal of trouble and anxiety may be incurred in first settling them, and their growth to maturity must be watched and fostered; but the care and even the expense thereby incurred are more than compensated by the means of egress which they offer to a redundant population, and the markets which they provide for home manufactures. We speak now of colonies as they are, before they assert that right to self-government, which ought never to be refused after they have become fit for it; when depending for protection on the country which sent them forth, they willingly follow its lead in all that relates to their intercourse with foreign nations, when the commercial intercourse between the two is as free and unrestricted as between one portion of the mother country and another, and the colonists neither are nor pretend to be more than Englishmen settled, it may be, some thousand miles away from the chief seat of Government. So long as colonies stand in this relation towards the mother country, they are mutually beneficial to one another—the latter freely discounting both men and money in order to protect the former from wrong, the former paying back the benefits thus received from the commonwealth by the openings which are provided for the enterprise of individuals. But the case is different when the colonies, arrived at maturity, and

become able, as they assert, to walk alone, refuse any longer to follow the lead of the mother country in the management of their affairs, foreign as well as domestic. We may call that country what we will, which has its own legislature, its own laws, its own tariffs, its own social and constitutional arrangements; but it is, to all practical purposes, an independent nation. We may be proud of it, be loath to cut it adrift, ready to help it in the hour of need; but it is no longer an integral portion of ourselves, like Scotland or Ireland, or the Isle of Man. On the contrary, its interests may or may not lie quite apart from ours. Its commercial policy may be a protective policy, and very often is; insomuch that English merchants trading to a colonial port may there be called upon to pay heavier dues than are exacted at any port where the English language is not spoken. This is not a mere hypothetical case; it is a case which has occurred, is occurring, and may be expected hereafter to occur.

When matters come to this pass, the question naturally arises, Is it either necessary or becoming to tax the people of England, not in money only, but in what is of more importance—men—in order to give the appearance of military protection to States which may be loyal in their own sense of that term, but which are certainly not of the slightest benefit, socially or commercially, to the community from which they sprang? We do not mean to say that, so long as the connection between the two States subsists, we are otherwise than bound to co-operate with that which claims to be one of our colonies, in defending it from foreign conquest. But why should we, in time of peace, look up some thousands of troops, whom we can ill spare, either in Canada or at the Cape of Good Hope, or in any other of the self-governing provinces which give us

no voice in the general administration of their affairs, and deal with us commercially just as they deal with France, Holland, Denmark, Italy, and the United States of America? We confess that to us there seems to be but one reasonable answer to this question. We have no business to act as we do. Even if Canada, the Cape, New Zealand, and the Australian colonies, defrayed all the charges of conveyance to and fro, and supplied the pay and subsistence of the troops sent out to garrison their towns, we should still put an unnecessary strain upon our physical resources by holding them as they are now held. And when we remember that, with the exception of Australia and New Zealand, they contribute nothing towards the expense of conveyance, nor take either the pay or subsistence of the troops off our hands, then it appears to us that we are acting a very wasteful and foolish part in furnishing them with garrisons which they ought to furnish for themselves. They may, none of them, be able—Canada, especially, may be unable—to hold their own unsupported if war arose against great civilised nations. But the weakest of them all is surely adequate to restrain the incursions into their territories of Kaffres and Maories; and when sterner enemies than Maories and Kaffres come, they know that we shall be ready to support them. So, likewise, the Canadians need no military help from us to keep the peace within their own territories. If their militia be unequal to the duty of holding the few fortified places which belong to them, they can raise regular troops of their own to discharge that duty. Their native population is, perhaps, too sparse to spare as yet for military life the numbers that may be required; but, like their neighbours in the Union, they can recruit in Ireland and in Germany. Europe swarms at this moment with discharged soldiers; and the inducement of good pay, with

the promise of land to settle upon after some stipulated period of service, will bring as many men to the standard of United Canada as can be needed.

Our first proposal, therefore, with a view to effect a thorough reform of the military system of the country, is, that from every colony exercising the powers of self-government we withdraw our regular troops. There is not one among them all but is in a condition, if it be willing, to enrol an army adequate to its own defence so long as there is peace with civilised nations. And when that peace is broken we shall be the more able to support and defend them effectually, that neither the manhood of the country nor its pecuniary resources have been frittered away in keeping up that show, in profound peace, of imperial sovereignty and protection which is useless because it is unreal.

Turning next to the question of our relations with India, we find that the overthrow of the intermediate government by the East India Company, and the amalgamation of the Indian with the English army, have thrown upon the country a burden in every respect heavier than could have been contemplated when the change of system took place. We are not going to question the policy, perhaps the necessity, of withdrawing the government of 150,000,000 of people from a body of merchants, and committing it to the British Crown and Parliament. The machine had undoubtedly grown greater than the hands put to control it could manage. And the prodigious start taken since 1860 in railroads, canals, and other works of public utility, shows that India has benefited physically by the change. We believe, too, that it has benefited morally. That overtimidity in regard to religion which made the Company and its servants ashamed, so to speak, of their own faith, has passed away; and while the natives are still

protected in the exercise of their undoubted rights, neither is Christianity hidden under a bushel, in order to avoid giving them offence, nor are they permitted to practise rites against which humanity cries out. But with respect to the Indian army, our honest conviction is that we committed a mistake in making it one with the home army, and that if anything effectual is to be done in the direction of army reform, that step must be retraced. Observe that we make no objection to the transfer of the supreme military control from Leadenhall Street to the Horse Guards. The troops which hold India, whether they be Europeans or natives, ought to be the Queen's troops just as thoroughly as the troops which garrison London; but the troops which hold India ought to be enlisted now, as they were enlisted before the amalgamation, for the special defence of India itself, and for service which shall not carry them, except on some great emergency, beyond the geographical limits within which the Company's army used to be restrained. It appears, likewise, to us, that in assigning a permanent garrison of 70,000 Englishmen to British India, we are attempting too much. The drain upon our youth is heavier than it will stand, and greater than the necessities of the case require. For it is a mistake to conclude that, because the pampered Sepoys of Bengal rebelled, confidence can never again be placed in the natives of British India to support the British Government. The Madras troops remained faithful, notwithstanding the mutiny in Bengal. Some of the cavalry, we believe, consisting exclusively of Mohammedans, showed signs of disaffection; but the Hindoo infantry never, as far as we know, wavered in their loyalty; and such of them as were led against the rebels did good service. The Bombay people proved, as we believe, less trustworthy. But in

the Punjab we have an inexhaustible field of recruitment from among a population hardy, brave, and delighting in a soldier's life—on whose fidelity we may depend so long as they are well treated and regularly paid—and who, being free from the caste-prejudices which make slaves of the Rajpoots themselves, will go wherever they are ordered, and eat and drink whatever is set before them. You may not be able to trust entirely to the Sikhs—it would be unwise to think of doing so; but if matters cannot be so arranged as to render them and the natives of the south more available for military purposes than they are at this moment, the time must soon come when the people of England will begin to inquire whether the Indian Empire is worth the cost of maintaining it. We are of opinion, however, that, with a little management, matters may be so arranged as to make India at least as valuable an appanage of the English Crown as it ever was; and the following are some of the means by which, as it seems to us, this desirable end is to be effected.

Begin by rendering the Indian military service once more a distinct service from that of the European army. Put a limit, say of 60,000 men, to the European element in that army, and enlist for the service, as you used to do long ago, for life, or, which is virtually the same thing, for twenty-one years. There are plenty of reckless spirits in England—there are many more in Ireland—who, if the inducement of a little better pay were held out to them, would willingly close with these terms. For India has strong attractions for men of the class who are most forward to join the ranks, as is seen by the readiness with which, when regiments are about to be relieved, non-commissioned officers and privates volunteer to remain in the country. In like manner return to the good old custom of appointing young gentlemen to cadet-

ships in the Indian service generally. The local governments, when the lads arrive at their respective Presidencies, will post them to such corps as seem most suitable to their genius; and you will thus get back again a body of officers who, knowing their destiny, will reconcile themselves to it, and, for their own sakes, learn to understand and take an interest in the people among whom they have engaged to spend the best years of their lives. Such a class of officers we certainly have not now, nor are we likely to get them so long as the present order of things shall continue.

The European army of India need not, all its posts included, exceed in numbers 60,000 men. Of these, 45,000 would be required, and must always be kept effective, in India itself; the residue would constitute a depot or reserve force, of all arms, from which to fill up casualties in the active army as they occurred. Probably 25,000 European troops would not be too many for the occupation of the Bengal provinces; 10,000 would amply suffice for Madras, and even less than 10,000 for Bombay. And upon these 45,000 Europeans, 200,000 native troops at least might safely be engrafted. Of these, the Punjab could supply, say 50,000. The remainder would, of course, be raised in the older provinces, or in part, at least, from among the Ghoorkas, and even in Burmah. In this case, however, care must be taken never again to commit the charge of an arsenal or magazine of military stores to the exclusive keeping of native troops, nor in any case to leave even a single Sepoy regiment unsupported—for we will not use the term unwatched—by an adequate force of European soldiers. And here, again, we should of necessity be carried back to an organisation not very different from that which prevailed during the best times of our Indian progress. Instead of keeping our Eu-

ropeans massed, as is now done, with a view to the suppression of some new mutiny as soon as it occurs, we should recommend their being divided, so that in every cantonment where 1000 Sepoys are quartered, 200 Europeans may be quartered also. Such an intermingling of English with Asiatic troops would effectually prevent an outburst on the part of the latter, for which, indeed, no possible cause need hereafter arise, provided their own officers and the local governments behave justly and even kindly towards the men whom they enrol and arm.

This sort of distribution which we venture to advise would require some change in the organisation of European battalions of infantry and regiments of cavalry in India; but the change would, in our opinion, be an improvement. Our infantry and cavalry, both in Europe and in India, are ridiculously over-officered. Instead of battalions of 700 or 800 men, with their three field officers, ten captains, and twenty subalterns, we ought, in India, to have battalions of 1200 men at least, divided into six companies of 200 rank and file, and officered by two field officers, six captains and twelve subalterns. On no account whatever, except in the face of the enemy, ought a European company of infantry, or a troop of European horse, to be split up into lesser detachments. In like manner, the European cavalry in India should be composed of regiments numbering not fewer than 900 mounted men, subdivided into six troops of 150 each, and commanded by two field-officers, six captains, and twelve subalterns. In both cases the company and the troop would constitute the kernel of organisation for the regiment, just as in the artillery all superior combinations take their rise from the battery or troop; and the company and the troop being kept up, as it must always be, at its full strength, would be quite capable of practising battalion movements, so

as not to throw the other companies and troops into confusion when, on occasions of annual or other periodical manœuvres, they came together again, and were called upon to act in concert.

It will be objected to this plan that, by separating Indian from general service, you perpetuate, and indeed aggravate, that rivalry in the recruiting market, the evil effects of which are already complained of in the existing system of recruitment for the militia. We know that such rivalry existed before the amalgamation, and that, the Company's service being greatly preferred, the recruiting-sergeant for the line had no chance whatever in towns where the Indian army had established a station. Is it to be supposed that similar inconveniences would not occur again? To a certain extent, perhaps, such inconveniences would occur again, but they would be neither so general nor so serious as they formerly were. Remember that previously to the amalgamation the Crown and the Company offered the same terms to recruits, so far as length of service was concerned. Both equally invited young men to enlist for life; and the superior advantages of pay, rations, &c., which the Company was able to hold out, told in her favour almost as much as the old traditions about the Pagoda-tree, which her recruiting-sergeants never allowed to die out. But it will be seen, before we bring this essay to a close that, having regard to what has just been said of self-enlistment, the Crown, if it act on the principle which we shall take the liberty of proposing, will have advantages of its own to offer, different in kind, no doubt, but to all, except youths of a peculiar temperament, quite as attractive as these. The Indian army, recruiting for itself, may be expected still to absorb a fair proportion of young men fond of pleasure, eager to become rich, not very scrupulous as to the means to be adopted in order to attain that end—broken

sometimes in fortune, sometimes in character, sometimes in both, impatient of lives of steady industry, and burning for adventure. It was from among these classes of society that, previously to the amalgamation, the Company's European army obtained the larger proportion of its recruits; nor is there any reason to doubt that from the same source the same supplies will come, whenever the Indian army, transferred from the Company to the Crown, begins again to recruit on its own account. But though tempers of this kind may frequently impel young men to find a vent for their energies in military life, England abounds with youths neither so reckless nor so sanguine, to whom military life would hold out large attractions were it presented to them under an aspect less repulsive than in many respects it still wears. For, however kindly he may be treated at home—and we shall take occasion to show that he is very kindly treated—the fact must not be overlooked, that every youth is aware, when he takes the shilling, that he is liable to be sent to India or anywhere else across the sea. Nor is he long in discovering, after he has joined his regiment or depot, that out of the ten years for which he has engaged to serve, the whole may be—by far the greater proportion certainly will be—spent in foreign countries. Now, assuming him to have a father or mother, or sisters or brothers—to have left a home, in short, be it ever so humble, it cannot fail to go to his heart when he discovers that he must not hope to see it again for years—that he may never see it again at all. The consequence is, that in ordinary times we collect our voluntary army from among those who are either thrown out of employment or have got into a scrape, and cannot tell whither to go, or how to earn a subsistence in civil life. Very good soldiers these young men make, after the drill-corporal and sergeant-

major have worked them into shape; but the trade of the country has not hitherto been so depressed as to force more than enough of them upon the recruiting sergeant; and till a calamity of the sort overtake us, there is little probability that any increase which can be made to the soldier's pay will tempt others than the unfortunate to exchange home and the sweets of domestic life for ten or twelve years of service in an army, which spends the greater portion of its time in honourable exile.

The conclusions, then, at which, in reference to the point now under discussion, we arrive are these, that if you desire to render the army popular, and to reduce the expenses of its management within reasonable compass, you must begin by separating absolutely, and by an impassable gulf, colonial and Indian service from what may be called home service. Certain garrisons there are beyond sea which must always be held by detachments from the home army. Gibraltar is one of them, Malta is another. Perhaps, too, the West India Islands, if they be still considered worth keeping, might be garrisoned mainly by black troops, the expense of maintaining which should, however, be defrayed, as far as possible, out of the local treasury. But all the rest, including St. Helena, Mauritius, and Ceylon, ought to be called upon to provide for their own defence in peace time, just as they, in other respects, manage their own affairs. And as to India, it is rich enough to hire again, as it hired of old, as many European troops as are necessary to form the backbone of a great military power. How the recruiting of the available army and its capabilities of expansion are likely to be effected by these and other changes which it still remains for us to suggest, we will endeavour to show in a future essay.

(To be continued.)

AYRSHIRE CURLING SONG.

Air—"Come under my plaidie."

A' NIECHT it was freezan', a' niecht I was sneezan',
 "Tak' care," quo' the wyfie, "gudeman, o' your ouch."
 A fig for the sneezan'! hurrah for the freezan'!
 This day we're to play the Bonspiel on the loch!
 Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
 For the sun on the snaw-drift's beginning to blink;
 Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff for the lochan,
 To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink!

Chorus.

Then hurrah for the curling frae Girvan to Stirling!
 Hurrah for the lads o' the besom an' stane!—
 "Ready noo!" "scoop it up!" "clap a guard!" "steady noo!"
 Oh! curling aboon every game stan's alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended—
 Like a glass ye may glowr on't and shave aff your beard:
 And see hoo they gather, coming ower the brown heather,
 The servant and master, the tenant and laird!
 There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and early,
 Better curlers than him or Tamm Conn canna be,
 Wi' the lads frae Kilwinning, they'll send the stanes spinnan,
 Wi' a *whirr* and a *curr* till they sit roun' the tee.
 Then hurrah! &c.

It's an unco-like story, that baith Whig and Tory
 Maun aye collyshangy like dogs ower a bane;
 And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
 For nae Kirk will thole to let ithers alane;
 But in fine frosty weather let a' meet thegither,
 Wi' a broom in their haun' and a stane by the tee,
 And then, by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' parties,
 Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
 Then hurrah! &c.

N. M'L.

[Curling and golf, we must inform our southern readers who are ignorant of these grand northern sports, are the only public games—and perhaps we might add bowls—in which the Scotch clergy of all denominations, and from time immemorial, indulge. Some of the best and keenest curlers are furnished by the Kirk, who join in the sport without any thought or question regarding the creed of their fellow-sportsmen. Even their morals, if so-so during summer, would receive as charitable interpretation as possible, if in winter, and on the ice, they proved themselves to be steady, straightforward, genial, and, above all, victorious curlers. There is a story told of an old minister, who, after service, said to his congregation—"My brethren, there's no more harm in saying it than in thinking it: if the frost holds, I'll be on the ice to-morrow morning at nine."]

THE GAY SCIENCE.

THE Gay Science, as all the world knows, was the name the Troubadours gave to their poetry. It means here, not poetry of any kind, but criticism, and criticism of the profound and philosophic order. All the fine arts have pleasure for their aim; and therefore it is that Mr. Dallas has given the name of 'The Gay Science' to that analytic criticism which deals with the sources of pleasure, so far as they enter into the domain of art. The title is more attractive than appropriate. The science of pleasure is not necessarily a *pleasant science*. There is no especial gaiety in criticism of any kind, and least of all in that which assumes a metaphysical character.

If, however, this attractive title can be justified by the gay and sprightly manner of the writer, Mr. Dallas has a full right to its use. He writes, in a clear, bold, epigrammatic style. If his thought does not always stand out clear before us, this is owing to no want of the faculty of expression, but to some obscurity in the thought itself. He has read extensively, and enlivens his page—perhaps even overcrowds it—with quotation and anecdote. The reader will find, in spite of certain thorny passages through which he must scramble as best he may, that he has tripped lightly over the ground, and has come with marvellous rapidity to the end of the two handsomely printed volumes here presented to him. Nor will he be sorry to learn, from the brief preface, that these will be shortly followed by two other volumes.

It appears to be the ambition of Mr. Dallas to add another to that class of works of which Burke's 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful' and Alison's 'Essay on Taste'

are conspicuous specimens. Works of this kind have always enjoyed a considerable degree of popularity. They are philosophical, yet have none of the forbidding severity of philosophy; and if they are ever poking into the roots of things, it is here into the roots of flowers and beautiful trees, and they bid us look up into the air as often as down into the ground. As we have already intimated, Mr. Dallas has some qualifications for following in their footsteps; a style fluent, vigorous, sparkling with antithesis, and a wide range of reading supplying him with all the needful illustrations. In one point he differs from the predecessors we have mentioned. The philosophy, or psychology as we are accustomed now to call it, of Burke and Alison, may have been wanting in profundity, but it had the incalculable advantage of being intelligible. Later metaphysicians may find their explanations or analyses defective, but the measure of truth contained in them lies patent to all educated readers. They are accurate, at all events, up to a certain point. A disciple of Kant may look down with pity on the too empirical aesthetics of Burke and Alison, but he will admit that their modest light gave a cheerful guidance, and guidance in a useful direction. The metaphysics of Mr. Dallas are unfortunately of another character. Some may admire them as more profound, but the majority of readers will assuredly not find them intelligible. Nor can they be thrown aside as merely episodic or of secondary importance. They force themselves upon our attention—they occupy the central place in the picture. "These volumes," says Mr. Dallas in his preface, "are an attempt to settle the first principles of criticism,

and to show how alone it can be raised to the dignity of a science."

Those, therefore, who have been attracted to these volumes by their charming title, a title that prepares at once for pleasant and light-hearted thought, and who, moreover, on opening the pages, find themselves in companionship with a sprightly writer, whose sharp, ringing sentences forbid all fear of weariness and ennui, will be surprised, and perhaps not a little dismayed, when they discover that they are being led into the thorny tracks and bewildering maze of metaphysics.

"Thorough bush, thorough brier"—

such is the dance which our spirit, so gay and vivacious, in his movements, has resolved to lead us. Not that the foot treads at once upon the thorns, or that we are immediately imprisoned in the thick jungle of metaphysics. Our author is too considerate not to disguise his treachery, and too wise to keep us very long in the labyrinth he has constructed for us. We are conducted into it by observations not too abstruse, not too hard or indigestible for "human nature's daily food," and when we have passed our ordeal we again emerge *into the open*, and are allowed to expatiate on all manner of topics.

Mr. Dallas commences by some remarks on criticism as popularly understood, the empirical criticism of the day—such, in short, as we poor unphilosophical mortals write in Magazines and Reviews. He repeats all the caustic and bitter sayings that have been levelled against this common description of criticism, which at once takes it in hand to pronounce judgment on this or that author, and which is often, indeed, very little more than an expression of the individual taste of the critic. After amusing us with the exasperated outcries of poets and artists smarting under the lash of their tormentors, he ends by adopting the calm and severe sentence "of a distinguished

living critic, Mr. G. H. Lewes, who found occasion to write, 'The good effected by criticism is small, the evil incalculable.' We should have thought that if the good which good criticism effects is very trifling, the evil which bad criticism effects would be trifling also—the current of literary thought being, in fact, determined by more potent influences than a critic's praise or censure. Perhaps, however, both Mr. Lewes and Mr. Dallas are thinking of only one phase of criticism, that of fault-finding. In popular acceptance a critic means one who finds fault; and certainly a critic who should bind himself to this one function, would deserve all the witty abuse that has been thrown upon him. We think this must have been Mr. Dallas's meaning, since he concludes his paragraph with the following spirited image:—"Hissing is the only sound in nature that makes no echo; and if criticism is nought, can do nought, but hissing, it is dead already." Such criticism ought assuredly to die. But did such criticism ever live? The most venomous of critics must sometimes clap his hands, if only to give pungency to his hiss. Little good has been done by hissing, though there may be occasions when this coarse damnatory sound can be excused. The proper function of criticism is to teach us to admire, to teach us what and whom to esteem. Censure and reproof have their place as indispensable parts of this teaching.

We would say a word in favour of that empirical criticism which consists mainly in this: A man of full cultivated mind gives out to other men the impression which some work has made upon him, and so, chiefly by obtaining their sympathies, becomes for the moment their guide. Doubtless he gives his reasons for his admiration; but he admires first, and finds his reason afterwards. He tests the poem by submitting his open breast to it; he becomes your guide because, in fact, he has keener sympathies and

wider knowledge than you, and stands nearer to the poet. Who can read the enthusiastic as well as intelligent appreciation contained in many of our modern criticisms—say, for instance, the later papers of Professor Wilson—and not rise from their perusal with a warmer as well as wiser admiration of the author criticised? The reader, perhaps, looks back with a little shame on his own colder estimate of the poet; or, mingling what he has received from the critic with what he remembers to have felt himself, he is surprised and pleased at the extent and delicacy of his own appreciative judgments—feels that he admired more than he was altogether aware of—was happier and wiser than he knew. His faith in human genius is exalted. He himself treads nearer to the shrine than he ever did before.

We think that it is now generally understood that fault-finding is but the unavoidable counterpart in the task of detecting and expounding what is excellent in art. As to works which have no excellence in them, is not silence the best criticism?—at all events if the work, whatever it may be, essay or poem, will go its way and bury itself quietly in the earth, what more can be wished? Why disturb ourselves about it? Why ruffle our plumes, or our pens, as if there were some mortal offence in a stupidity which happily is not immortal? We want no more 'Dunciads.' The pillory is abolished for literary as well as other offenders. True, the man may have written a sort of libel on humanity at large; he may have caricatured every type of it he could get near enough to *mis*understand; but for all that we will not have him exposed in our market-places to the jeers of people even more ignorant than himself. At all events we will not make *that* use of him.

Mr. Dallas is not more complimentary to editors and commentators than to the ordinary race of

critics. It is curious, indeed, to observe that the species of criticism which has, perhaps, received the hardest measure from all sides, is of that kind which one would think gave least offence to any one. On no head do the blows fall so pitilessly as on the painstaking commentator. To remove obscurities from the text of some favourite poet, is undeniably a useful task, a modest, ingenious, studious labour, undertaken out of honour to the dead. How is it that those who are engaged in so reverent an office contrive to provoke the anger of mankind? Why is it that they have so often been assailed by the malice of the wits? Every intelligent and well-read man is, from time to time, a commentator. A lover of books has few keener pleasures than when, by a fortunate application of some knowledge, historical, antiquarian, or philological, he can elucidate an obscure passage in Shakespeare, or Spenser, or any other national favourite. Even the happy guess which, by correcting an error in the press made by a printer's boy some two hundred years ago, restores its meaning to the text, is a pleasant and certainly a most innocent triumph; nor is the triumph complete till the discoverer has shared it with another. The first friend who visits him, if he is worthy of the confidence, will participate in it. The Shakespeare will be brought down from the shelf, and after due examination made to convict the visitor of his present state of ignorance, and thus utterly to preclude him from the ungracious response that "he knew of that before," the new illumination is allowed to flash upon his mind. The friend listens to the comment with kindred pleasure, accepts, discusses, or is kindled into some rival display of ingenuity. If now the proprietor of the happy guess should have many of such revelations, he will at length make the public his confidant. And then all

changes. He is abused as a block-head, and denounced as an enemy to human peace. Why is this?

Commentators, it will be said, attack each other with needless vehemence, and by their anger and mutual recrimination bring ridicule on the whole proceeding. But why this needless vehemence over the verses of a poet? The fact is, that the pleasure which the commentator has himself, and gives to others, is that of solving a riddle—clearing up a puzzle. Poetry has little to do with the matter, except that it happens to afford the puzzle; nor are they poetical spirits who are much addicted to this exercise of ingenuity. Now the reading of riddles is a pleasure of which we very soon tire, and when opposite solutions are proposed, every one concerned becomes impatient and distracted, and a general volley of abuse discharged on all sides—half fun and half fury—will terminate the discussion. We have had too much of what, in small measure, is very agreeable. And hence a practical lesson may be gathered: use the commentators as you use a dictionary. Read your poet in a text that has no note or comment appended to it. Run to one which has the fullest array of notes when you meet with a difficulty you really desire to have solved. Treated in this way the commentator will become a very pleasant companion; he will again become to you what your friend was when you called on him in his study, and he took down Shakespeare from the shelf, and expounded to you some, till then unintelligible line.

After dismissing with some contumely what is popularly understood as criticism, Mr. Dallas approaches that profounder sort of critical inquiry which deals with the nature of art itself. He finds this also in an extremely unsatisfactory condition; and he calls for a good psychology as the proper foundation for this higher criticism. In which call many others would heartily

join; but, in the mean time, is he justified in the complaint he here makes of the neglect of psychology? Have we not our full proportion of psychological writers? and are they not read as extensively as writers of this description can expect to be read? We have amongst our contemporaries several psychologists of a very high order of excellence, and does any age produce them in greater number? Mr. Dallas laments that science has proved a weak substitute for the strong meat of philosophy. "Two centuries," he says, "have made a marvellous change. Science came into England with tea; with tea-drinking it spread, and it is now imbibed as universally." The temperance societies will perhaps thank him for this hint.

Certain theories of the nature of art, which have had more or less currency in the world, are next passed in review—as, 1, that all art is imitation; 2, that it is the manifestation of beauty; 3, that it is truth; 4, that it is power. Each of these our author has little difficulty in showing to be defective or inadequate. If all art is imitation, what does architecture imitate? what does music imitate? what does lyrical poetry, which is the very outpouring of a man's soul, imitate? If beauty is the sole object of art, what is to become of comedy, what of sculpture or painting, in all those cases where the object imitated is confessedly not beautiful? The two others need no comment; they are quite idle as definitions of art.

Mr. Dallas contents himself with taking the old and the safest ground, that the common purpose of all the fine arts is to give pleasure. If it is said that poetry and music produce tears as well as smiles, it will be answered that the sad emotions produced are pleasures in disguise. There is no object for exciting such emotions except that men like to be so moved. We have no intention to dispute

Mr. Dallas's position. We would merely add, so far as poetry is concerned—what we have no doubt our author would admit, and has perhaps somewhere himself stated—that although to give pleasure is the *distinctive* purpose of the poem, it is not therefore the *sole* purpose. A poem has justified its existence if it pleases; but unless it is a very trivial performance, it will do something more than please. We say that poetry is distinguished from other forms of literature by its pleasurable or emotional character—that while other forms of literature may or may not have this character, poetry *must* have it; but we should do very little honour to poetry if we sought to restrict it to its pleasure-giving office. We know not whether oratory has a claim to be ranked amongst the fine arts; but if it has not, the distinction between it and poetry lies only in the greater preponderance which, in oratory, is given to some ultimate purpose. Both share in the emotional character; but in oratory to excite emotion is not a final purpose—this is always a means to a further end. The political orator has to determine as to some line of action; the religious orator has to urge a precept, or to kindle our faith. But while excitement of our feelings is a distinctive aim, and even a final purpose, of the poet, he also may, and almost inevitably does, share in all purposes of the orator. He may kindle our faith and elevate our morality.

It may occur to some that architecture has a very substantial end in itself, and one very remote from that of exciting emotion. The building is itself wanted, then and there, for some needful purpose. It is impossible to separate the utility of the structure from any idea we can form of architecture. That is true; but nevertheless building does not rise into architecture, or become one of the fine arts, until it becomes *expressive* of some grand or noble purpose to which the building is devoted. A

temple expresses the solemnity of the worship for which it is designed; a palace the grandeur of the monarch, or whatever representative of the state, is to inhabit it. Four brick walls and a roof would answer all the purposes for which any building was ever erected. You have but to make your enclosure large or small; and upholsterers and carpenters could do the rest. A Christian congregation might meet to worship in it; or it might be honeycombed into cells, and made a hospital of; or it might be spread into saloons, and converted into a palace. But it would not be architecture. It becomes architecture by expressing to the world at large the solemn worship that is conducted in it, or the power and majesty of those who live in it. Beauty of form, exquisite proportion, grandeur of expression, these emotional elements raise building into architecture.

"But granting," says Mr. Dallas, "that pleasure is the characteristic aim of poetry and the other fine arts, there is still another question that may be asked. By what means is this pleasure produced? or what is the kind of pleasure to which we are constantly referring?" For it is manifest that all kinds of pleasure enter not into the circle of the fine arts. Good cookery contributes mightily to the pleasure of the world; but cookery, however good, has never been placed amongst the fine arts. To this question Mr. Dallas makes answer that the pleasure conceived is the excitement of our feelings through the imagination.

Then follows the question, What *is* imagination? And here it is we have to part company with our guide, or rather where we lose sight of him in the mist of metaphysics in which he has chosen to enshroud himself. Here follow chapters on the "Hidden Soul," and discussions on the working of unconscious thought—a mysterious sort of psychology which (albeit not altogether unfamiliar with speculations

of this nature) we find the greatest difficulty in the world in fixing into some shape which admits of examination. After collecting together all the various meanings that have been bestowed on the term imagination, and the various accounts which philosophers have given of it as a branch of our consciousness, he comes to the conclusion that all that has been done is vague and fragmentary. On him has been imposed the burden of forming altogether a new theory of the imagination. What that new theory is, we shall, of course, allow Mr. Dallas to explain in his own language; we shall be too happy to do so; but so far as we can venture to put it into words of our own it is this: Imagination is no especial faculty of the mind, or any special province of the consciousness to be marked off from memory, reasoning, or the like; it is any or all of our faculties when exercised *unconsciously*. Where unconscious thoughts or feelings (The Hidden Soul) have interfered to produce any manifested thought, there is imagination. "I propose," he says, "this theory, that the imagination or fantasy is not a special faculty, but that it is a special function. It is a name given to the automatic action of the mind or any of its faculties—to what may not unfitly be called the Hidden Soul."

We select with some care a few of the most explicit passages in which this theory is stated:—

"To lay bare the automatic or unconscious action of the mind, is indeed to unfold a tale which outvies the romances of giants and genii, wizards in their palaces and captives in the Domdaniel roots of the sea. As I am about to show how the mind and all its powers work for us in secret, and lead us unawares to results so much above our wont, and so strange, that we attribute them to heaven or to the whispers of an inborn genius, I seem to tread enchanted ground. The hidden efficacy of our thoughts, their prodigious power of working in the dark and helping us underhand, can be compared only to the

stories of our folk lore, and chiefly to that of the lubber fiend who toils for us when we are asleep or when we are not looking. There is a stack of corn to be thrashed, or a house to be built, or a canal to be dug, or a mountain to be levelled, and we are affrighted at the task before us. Our backs are turned, and it is done in a trice, or we awake in the morning and find that it has been wrought in the night. The lubber fiend, or some other shy creature, comes to our aid. He will not lift a finger that we can see; but let us shut our eyes, or turn our heads, or put out the light, and there is nothing which the good fairy will not do for us. We have such a fairy in our thoughts, a willing but unknown and tricky worker, which commonly bears the name of imagination, and which may be named—as I think more clearly—The Hidden Soul."

"To Leibnitz is due the first suggestion of thought possibly existing out of consciousness. He stated the doctrine clumsily and vaguely, but yet with decision enough to make it take root in the German system of thought. . . . It is recognised by Sir William Hamilton; it is recognised by his opponent, Mr. Mill; it is recognised by another great authority, Mr. Herbert Spencer. How they recognise it—whether or not they are consistent with what they say of it, and what use they make of the fact they have learned to acknowledge—are questions which we need only glance at. For me, the great point is that they admit the principle."

"I hope to avoid the nonsense and the jargon of those who have discoursed most on the sphere of the transcendental—that is, the sphere of our mental existence which transcends or spreads beyond our consciousness; but that consciousness is not our entire world, that the mind stretches in full play far beyond the bourne of consciousness, there will be little difficulty in proving. Outside consciousness there rolls a vast tide of life, which is perhaps even more important to us than the little isle of our thoughts which lies within our ken. Comparison, however, between the two are vain, because each is necessary to the other. The thing to be firmly seized is, that we live in two concentric worlds of thought—an inner ring, of which we

are conscious, and which may be described as illuminated; an outer one, of which we are unconscious, and which may be described as in the dark. Between the outer and the inner ring, between our unconscious and our conscious existence, there is a free and a constant but unobserved traffic for ever carried on. Trains of thought are continually passing to and fro, from the light into the dark, and back from the dark into the light. When the current of thought flows from within our ken to beyond our ken, it is gone—we forget it—we know not what has become of it. After a time it comes back to us changed and grown, as if it were a new thought, and we know not whence it comes. So the fish that leaves our rivers a smelt goes forth into the sea to recruit its energy, and in due season returns a salmon, so unlike its former self that anglers and naturalists long refused to believe in its identity. What passes in the outside world of thought, without will, and for the most part beyond ken, is just that which we commonly understand as the inscrutable work of imagination—is just that which we should understand as the action of the hidden soul—and which, after these generalities, it is necessary now to follow in some detail."

The first impression that these quotations will probably create in the minds of our readers will be that of unmitigated astonishment. They will hardly perhaps believe that Mr. Dallas is quite serious: they will be tempted to accuse him of practising on their credulity, of sporting with an amusing paradox to attract the crowd, or for the mere pleasure of bewildering his hearers. What is meant by *unconscious life* we all know; it is the life of the tree or the plant, or of the human body regarded only as a vital organism, the molecular movements of which are supposed to be intimately connected with feeling and thought. But *unconscious thought* will fall upon the ears of most of us as a quite unintelligible phrase, involving the same contradiction as if we were to speak of *motionless motion*. "That the mind stretches in full play

beyond the bourne of consciousness, there will be little difficulty in proving!" Difficulty in proving! But pray let us first get over the difficulty of understanding what is to be proved. The play of mind *means* some variety of consciousness. As well tell us that our limbs stretch themselves in full play beyond that bourne where motion ceases to exist. If we are first of all to picture to ourselves the mind as some peculiar *substance*, and then to say that some of the modifications of this substance are followed by thought and some not—this we can understand; but we can only understand it by materialising our conception of mind—and this would not be *unconscious thinking* any more than certain modifications of the cerebrum, not followed by thought, would be unconscious thinking.

Paradoxical as his statement is, it must be confessed that Mr. Dallas is able to quote one great authority, and that from quite modern times, in favour of it. The doctrine of unconscious thinking, which he calls his "corner stone," he finds in Sir William Hamilton. Not that Sir William Hamilton is responsible for Mr. Dallas's "Hidden Soul," or for the identification of the imagination with its mystical operations; but the germ of the theory may be found in certain passages in Sir William Hamilton's Lectures. It is, however, inexplicable to us on what grounds Mr. Mill is enrolled amongst the advocates of this strange doctrine of unconscious thought. Mr. Mill, in his late 'Examination,' devotes a chapter to its refutation, and we cannot do better than refer our readers to this chapter if they are curious upon the subject. If an admission by Mr. Mill that possibly the brain or nervous system may, under certain circumstances, pass through those physical states which are ordinarily followed by consciousness, *without producing consciousness*—and pass through those states to others which do

produce consciousness—thus accounting for the missing link in our associations—if an admission of this kind satisfies him, Mr. Dallas may find supporters enough for his "corner stone." We apprehend the name of Mr. Herbert Spencer has been used on quite as light grounds. Certainly the quotation here given from that writer is quite inapplicable. If every one who believes there are mysteries in thought is pledged to believe in unconscious thinking we are all supporters of this "corner stone."

We ought, perhaps, to look at some of the *facts* which are adduced in favour of this paradoxical doctrine.

We are all familiar with the manner in which habit seems to supersede the necessity of a multitude of distinct separate volitions. A series of habitual movements is performed (each of which must at one time have had its separate volition) as if the whole were under the sway of one act of will. These dropt volitions Mr. Dallas, and Sir William Hamilton also, would describe as still existing, but in an unconscious state. A person who learns to play upon the piano (the old illustration is as good as any) commences with a painful examination of each note in the music-book and each key of the instrument. He looks from one to the other and to the fingers of his own hand, and, with great solemnity, strikes a solitary note. It is long before he can read the two lines of notes at the same moment the one for the right hand, the other for the left. Yet after a certain amount of practice the same person will sit down to the piano, open a music-book he had never seen before, and, running his eye along the double lines, without once looking at his own hands, or the keys of the instrument, deliver you some terrible complication of sounds which you will have difficulty enough to follow with your ear. Must not many perceptions, you say, and many volitions, have passed through his mind of which

he was unconscious? Two explanations offer themselves. Either the acts of perception and volition pass with such rapidity that they cannot be remembered; they cannot the next instant be recalled, and therefore the player when questioned knows nothing of them. Or, it may be that even this rapid and instantaneous consciousness which leaves no trace in the memory has been suppressed—the intermediate volitions altogether dispensed with—and a given series of movements has become automatic—*secondarily automatic*, as some have named them. It seems to us that either of these explanations would naturally be preferred to the paradoxical assertion that we have a new kind of perception and volitions which belong to the unconscious mind.

Where, it has been asked, is our knowledge when we are not thinking of it? Where all the stores of our memory when we are not remembering? Must they not exist, as latent thought and in the unconscious soul? The answer seems very plain. Knowledge is thought of a certain description, consciousness of a certain kind, and when I am not thinking my knowledge can have no actual existence. I have still, however, the ability to think, and when I think again my knowledge revives. As Mr. Mill very pithily observes, in the chapter already alluded to, "I have the power to walk across the room though I am sitting in my chair; but we should hardly call this power a latent act of walking." I remember and again remember, but in the interval there is no memory, there is only my ability to repeat the act of memory.

Every one who has occupied himself with thinking upon any intricate subject, has known what it was, when waking in the morning refreshed by sleep, to find his subject assume a clearer shape than it had the evening before when he went jaded to his bed. Fresh light breaks in upon it. In fact, the

mind, or brain, has shared with the rest of the body in the delightful refreshment of sleep. What wonder that we should think more clearly than we did over-night? Yet, rather than adopt so simple an explanation as this, Mr. Dallas would have us suppose that, while we lay asleep, the unconscious soul had been working out our problem for us, and presents the solution to us in the morning when we awake.

"When in the conduct of his plot Sir Walter Scott became entangled in a knot which he could not quickly unravel, or when he was stopped by any considerable difficulty, it was his custom to put aside his papers for the day and to forget his embarrassment in other occupations. When he awoke on the morrow the problem was solved, and he got rid of the difficulty with ease. Some may account for the clearance of the stumbling block by the increased vigour of the mind after it had been refreshed with sleep. *The true explanation is*, that the mind, though it seemed to be otherwise engaged, was really brooding in secret over its work, and mechanically revolving the problem, so that it was all ready for solution at peep of dawn."

Mr. Dallas repeatedly contrasts the "conscious effort" of thought with the "automatic operation" of the hidden or unconscious soul. Has he enough considered what is conscious effort in the region of thought? In the case of muscular action—as when we move the arm voluntarily—we know the movement that is to be made. The accomplishment of our thought constitutes the voluntariness of the act. But when we are engaged in thinking, we do not know the thought *that is to be thought*. All that is in our power to do here is to retain before us thoughts that we already *have*, to keep these steadily before us, in the hope that others allied to them will rise into view. Mr. Dallas has given us a beautiful saying of Malebranche, that "attention is the prayer of the intellect." All that we can do is to desire—to attend—to wait—to accept. The

new thought comes ever as a gift. There is no other conscious effort than this prayer of the intellect.

Mr. Dallas presses into his service the extraordinary facts of somnambulism, and the marvellous tales of memories most unexpectedly revived. Many of these facts will be found, on examination, to be merely exaggerated instances of mental operations familiar to us all. He repeats the story of the German servant-maid who, in her fever, was heard to be uttering scraps of Hebrew, a language she had certainly never studied. The story was first told in England, we believe, by Coleridge in his 'Biographia Litteraria.' It is told here with somewhat more of detail than, so far as we can remember, is to be found in Coleridge's version. But it would be out of place to be sceptical in the main fact, for it is one of a class frequently met with in medical works. It is well known that in the excitement of fever there is an unusual display of memory and imagination. The German maid-servant had been, at one time of her life, in the service of a learned divine whose habit it was to repeat, as he walked about the house, the Hebrew psalms, or other sentences of Hebrew. Some of these, often repeated, we presume, had made upon the listening servant that impression which results in memory; yet not so that in her ordinary state of health she could recall them—in her fever she could. Now, a fact like this, however surprising, is still only a glaring instance of a very familiar experience; namely, that our memory, or our thinking generally, depends, in some inscrutable manner, on the state of our health or the condition of the brain. No hypothesis whatever is required to explain it that would not equally be required to explain the simple fact that a cup of coffee or a glass of wine gives vigour and clearness to our mental faculties. That a few drops of laudanum should occasion trains of thought

which, without the laudanum, would never have arisen, is a fact which embraces in itself all the wonder of all these wonderful stories. No hypothesis of a hidden soul or the unconscious mind can help us. It only puts off the difficulty, for we still ask, Why does the hidden soul act so differently at different times? The opium manifestly reaches it as well as the conscious mind.

Amongst the marvellous stories here given us, we have, of course, that of the drowning man, who, at the point of suffocation, remembers with the utmost vividness the whole of his past life, from infancy downwards. No book of marvels would be complete without this drowning man. Who it was who first, on being restored, gave us an account of his instantaneous vision through the whole vista of the past, we do not know; but his experience has been seized on with singular avidity. Some have seen in it a proof that nothing is forgotten, that the senses register whatever passes before them, and that "the register is imperishable." The story does not lose in Mr. Dallas's narrative. "Swifter than pen can write," says our vivacious author, "his whole life went into the twinkling of an eye. Burst upon his view all that he had ever done, or said, or thought. Scenes and events in the far past which had been long blotted from his remembrance came back upon him as lightning.

We do not suppose that the revived man ever said that he remembered his *whole* past life, or said this meaning it to be literally understood. At all events he could have had no just ground for saying it. How *could* he know that he had remembered all? How is it that we know, at any time, that we have forgotten? We cannot *directly* know that we have forgotten anything, for this would be to know the very thing we are said to have forgotten. We know it inferentially. We remember parts of

some narrative, whilst other parts we cannot recall. What is remembered reveals the gap in our recollection. But a complete series of events, not allied to anything present to the mind, might be forgotten without our having the least suspicion that it was forgotten. The drowning man, therefore, even in his state of marvellous enlightenment, could not be sure that many passages of his life had not been completely obliterated from his memory.

The story is one of which men will believe much or little, according to their temperament and the habit they have of sifting evidence. De Quincey made a religious application of it, and so sped it throughout the land. There is not a pulpit in England where the drowning man has not been held up by the hair of his head to testify that just as breath was deserting his body he remembered, in an instant, all the sins and pleasures of his past life. To this use of the story a reverential layman can make no objection; but we object to its being received as evidence of the psychological doctrine that we forget nothing. Whether we believe much or little of the story, it is still only a remarkable instance of that vivid rapid thinking which we have all experienced, to some degree, under very exciting circumstances.

The extraordinary facts connected with dreaming and somnambulism are, of course, to be explained as the operations of the hidden soul. Dreaming is, for the most part, a manifestly weak, enfeebled mode of thinking, and its wild, chaotic combinations speak much more of functional derangement than of creative faculty. But sleep may be very partial; and there are instances where the brain, or some portion of it, not sharing in the sleep of the rest of the body, acts with an unwonted power. Men have worked out arithmetical problems in their sleep, or have written

down quite logical statements on some subject which interested them in their waking hours. The most curious part of these stories is, not that the brain should be active in that state which we call sleep, and which, in fact, is only a partial sleep, but that the somnambulist should move about, find his papers, and write *in the dark*. The only explanation we can suggest is, that in his condition there is an unusual excitement of the memory. A waking man moving about in the dark must be guided by his memory of the position of objects; the somnambulist, undisturbed by any fears, distracted by no attempt by groping about to acquire immediate knowledge of external objects, finds in his memory a still surer guide. If, however, a case can be established where the somnambulist has walked about and performed a variety of actions in the dark, in a place to which he was a perfect stranger, this explanation falls to the ground. At all events, the hidden soul will not get us out of this difficulty, since it also must be in the dark.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Dallas would not hesitate to give to his hidden soul the faculty of seeing in the dark. For he assigns some most marvellous properties to it. "In its inner chamber," he tells us, "whither no eye can pierce, it will remember, brood, search, pierce, calculate, invent, digest, do any kind of stiff work for us unbidden, *and do always the very thing we want.*" Most benevolent of demons! "Time would fail us," he says in another place, "to recount the instances in which, through dreams, it helps us to facts—as where a stray will is to be found or how the payment of a certain sum of money is to be proved—which in broad day we have given up for lost." From inspiring our poets and prophets, to the keeping a sharp eye upon our bills and receipts—everything seems to fall into the province of this marvellous agent.

We have lingered long enough

over Mr. Dallas's inscrutable theory of the hidden soul, or of the human imagination—a theory which appears the more curious as coming from so sprightly a writer. Why should one, who are tempted to ask, who has so much vigorous life in him, turn from the broad daylight of the world, and go in chase of metaphysical entities, or non-entities? "Qu'allait-il faire dans cette maudite galère?" Nevertheless, before we leave this unfortunate theory, our readers will expect to be told what application is made of it to the "gay science;" they will naturally inquire what connection this curious psychology has with that scientific criticism which they have been promised. We might fall into some error if we attempted to answer their question in our own language; we will select for them a passage in which the author sets himself to answer it. The following quotation contains the most formal and precise statement of his views we can anywhere find. It was unavoidable that the quotation could not be, at the same time, one of the most amusing. We repeat that the book is all alive with quotation, and anecdote, and vigorous sallies, and that its general character must not be judged of by the psychological portions, to which, however, a critic of the work is compelled to address himself.

"I began by showing that pleasure is the end of art. I brought forward a cloud of witnesses to prove that this has always been acknowledged. And after showing that all these witnesses, in their several ways, define and limit the pleasure which art seeks, we discovered that the English school of critics has, more than any other, the habit of insisting on a limitation to it, which is more full of meaning as a principle in art than all else that has been advanced by the various schools of criticism. That the pleasure of art is the pleasure of imagination is the one grand doctrine of English criticism. But it was difficult to find out what imagination really is, and therefore the last three chapters were allotted to an inquiry into the nature of it. The result at which we have arrived is,

that imagination is but another name for that unconscious action of the mind which may be called the Hidden Soul. And with this understanding we ought now to proceed to the scrutiny of pleasure. I will, however, ask the reader to halt for a few minutes, that I may point out how this understanding as to the nature of imagination bears on the definition with which we have started—that pleasure is the end of art. Few are willing to acknowledge pleasure as the end of art. I took some pains to defend pleasure in this connection as a fit object of pursuit, and if I have not satisfied every mind, *I hope now to do so by the increased light which the analysis of imagination will have thrown upon the subject.*

"We started with the common doctrine that art is the opposite of science, and that as the object of science is knowledge, so that of art is pleasure. But if the reader has apprehended what I have tried to convey to him as to the existence within us of two great worlds of thought—a double life, the one known or knowable, the other unknown, and for the most part unknowable—he will be prepared, if not to accept, yet to understand this further conception of the difference between science and art, that the field of science is the known and the knowable, *while the field of art is the unknown and unknowable.* It is a strange paradox that the mind should be described as possessing and compassing the unknown. But my whole argument has been working up to this point, and I trust rendering it credible—that the mind may possess and be possessed by thoughts of which, nevertheless, it is ignorant . . . The object of science, we say, is knowledge—a perfect grasp of all the facts which lie within the sphere of consciousness. The object of art is pleasure—a *sensible possession or enjoyment of the world beyond consciousness.* We do not know that world, yet we feel it—feel it chiefly in pleasure, but sometimes in pain, which is the shadow of pleasure. It is a vast world we have seen; of not less importance to us than the world of knowledge. It is in the hidden sphere of thought, even more than in the open one, that we live, and move, and have our being; and it is in this sense that the idea of art is always a secret."—Vol. i. p. 311.

The few lines we have put in

italics will probably give our readers something to ponder on, and we must leave them to form their own conclusions. They have probably been accustomed to think that the pleasure of art, of poetry, for instance, arises from the vivid representation of things most knowable, the objects of the visible world as seen by the light of our own passions. They may find it difficult to dismiss this old prejudice and look upon art as an "enjoyment of the world beyond consciousness."

Happily we are not shut up entirely in this strange psychology of unconscious mind, and now, having given to it such examination as it seemed to demand, we may dismiss it, and look with freedom at some other topics of Mr. Dallas's book. We have a chapter on the "Ethics of Art," with some admirable passages on the character of Milton (see vol. ii. p. 152). Then there are some racy observations on the Pleasures of Conceit; showing how each man shapes his ideas of happiness according to such experience as he has had, and then holds himself happy according as that idea is realised. Thus Miss Marsh's navy, after having heard, we presume, that lady discourse on the joys of heaven, expresses himself confidentially to his mate in the following manner—"I wonder, Bill, whether it is true what they say of heaven being so happy; whether it can be happier than sitting in the public over a jug of ale with a fiddle going? I don't know a pleasure as comes up to that." Farther on we have some good remarks on the degree of fidelity with which the poetry of any period reflects the actual character of that period. Sometimes it appears to reflect that character, and sometimes, as Mr. Dallas observes, "it fails to express what historians would regard as the dominant life of the times." He remarks that Minnesingers have not a single war-song, and that the Epic of the Crusades is produced by the least crusading people.

"They (the Minnesingers) lived amid all the fighting of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and included in their number some of the foremost warriors of the time — emperors, princes, barons, knights. They crowded round the court of the Empire, the crusading courts of Conrad III. and Barbarossa. We can lay our finger on the ascertained compositions of no less than one hundred and fifty of them, and we have the anonymous songs of many more. But they sang only of love. They have not one war-song. The war-cry of a warlike age and of warrior-poets is not to be heard in the strains of all this vast throng of minstrels. And if we are surprised that we have no note of the crusades from the singers who swarmed around the crusading courts of Germany, we are no less surprised at the counter fact which we find in Italy. In the records of the middle ages, the princes and nobles of Italy have reproaches heaped on them for their indifference to the fate of the Holy Sepulchre. The Crusades enlisted all the enthusiasm, all the energies of Christendom, draining its best blood and untold treasure. In that great cause Italy was the most backward and made the least sacrifices, yet oddly enough, it is the Italian, Tasso, who is so kindled by the spirit of the Crusades as to write the epic of 'Jerusalem Delivered,' and in it he gives the foremost place to the prowess of his countrymen."

This is forcibly put, and the subject is one which may well detain us a little time.

When we speak of art in general without indicating to which of the fine arts we refer, we are in constant danger of some ambiguity. It is sometimes painting and sometimes poetry that is present to the mind, and sometimes we slide, with treacherous facility, from one to the other. And as what is true of one of the fine arts may not be true of the others, this leads to much confusion.

In painting, the pleasure arising from a skilful imitation of a familiar object stands conspicuous; it is the simplest and earliest pleasure which the art gives. Other higher pleasures are added afterwards, but this arising from imitation is the

first aimed at and is a constant element. The shadow on the wall thrown by the sun or the firelight, was doubtless our first picture, and suggested the art of painting. To this day no child, or boy, or grown-up man (if he has leisure enough to observe it), can see a well-defined shadow on the wall without some sense of pleasure. It may be difficult to explain the origin of this pleasure, but we know that there is this pleasure, and that the artist seeks to gratify our taste for it. Here art is from the commencement a reflex of the realities around us.

There is nothing strictly analogous to this in the development of poetry. Poetry cannot be said to commence in the imitation of what is familiar to us. It rather commences with what is marvellous or strange, with tales of foreign countries or of the mysterious past. Fables precede history, and gods are described before men are studied. Nor is the term imitation literally applicable to any other form of literature than the drama. Description and narrative can only be said, in a metaphorical sense, to be imitative. The drama represents the realities of life, but it does not aim at this in its earliest stage. It was at first a mere poem in the form of a dialogue, and when scenes were added they were not of familiar objects. The Greek tragedy was very little of an imitative art; the theatre has become strictly imitative only in modern times.

Thus poetry and painting develop in a somewhat different manner. Painting commences with close imitations of objects actually present to us, and advances to the ideal or fantastic. Poetry commences with the remote, the fabulous, the wonderful, and learns at a later period to content itself with realities.

We cannot, therefore, say of poetry that it begins with representations of the actual doings of men, or the realities of life, and then advances to imaginary and

fantastic inventions. But we have to note this great difference between an early and later epoch of poetry. In the earlier epoch it is the faith and passion, the credulity and the sentiments of the *listener himself*, that the poet appeals to. It is *his* god, *his* ancestor, the fable *he* believes in, that the bard is singing of. In an advanced state of culture we have learnt to sympathise with other men's faiths and passions and ideals, and the poet now brings before his listener the faiths of past times, and the sentiments of men whom he recognises as differing from himself. As civilisation advances, the various classes of society also diverge more widely in their characteristics. They become subjects of interest and study to each other. The civilian marvels at the soldier, the soldier wonders at the priest, and every cultivated man makes attempts, more or less successful, to understand his fellow-men, so like and so unlike himself.

There are thus, in a complicated state of society, sentiments, feelings, thoughts of two different kinds: those which men feel and recognise as their own, by which they themselves are stirred and actuated in their own lives; and those which they entertain only through sympathy with other men, their contemporaries or their predecessors. Literature, which commenced by appealing to the first, now appeals more and more to the second.

Now, when literature appeals conspicuously to this last class of sentiments, it ceases to represent the actual state of society—that is, it affords no test of the feelings and opinions which are swaying the actions of men—it merely represents the state of their imagination. An unwarlike people may be fond of hearing about battles and feats of arms; a people plagued with factions, civil and religious, may be delighted with pictures of rustic simplicity; the pastoral is a great favourite with artificial men and women; it is the Londoner, secured against violence, but a prey to

commercial anxieties, who contemplates with a strange satisfaction some Danish pirate, hard as his own battle-axe, who lives and dies without a fear. "The imagination," as M. St.-M. Girardin has said, in an extract given us by Mr. Dallas, "is like the merchant of Horace—it sighs for repose when the tempest is raging—it admires the storm when the vessel is in port. . . . Formerly," continues M. St.-M. Girardin, "society sought in literature a refined and exalted expression of its own sentiments; now it only seeks a distraction. It used to say to literature, Study me, in order to instruct and raise me; it now simply says, Amuse me. Imagination accepts the task, and takes the burden on herself of finding the materials. She does not always succeed in amusing the public, but she widens each day the distance between literature and society."

Thus it is that, as Mr. Dallas observes, it becomes a very difficult thing to judge of an age by its literature. The frivolity of some portion of our own literature, or some of our literary amusements, would be no proof that this is a frivolous age. Men who lead an arduous energetic life do not want amusements that require them to think; they will think hard over their science or their profession. The tragedy gives way to the opera, the comedy to the farce, the poem holds its ground with difficulty against the novel; but men are, for all this, thinking harder than they ever thought before. The popularity of what are called "sensational novels" is no proof that those men and women who read them are disposed to commit any of the crimes which are there so dexterously made use of to gratify the imagination.

Mr. Dallas, by the way, is indulgent, and wisely so, to the novelist; we mean the novelist of a somewhat trivial order; the higher ranks can well take care of themselves, and need no indulgence from any one. He says:—

"A novel may be described as gossip etherealised, family talk generalised. In the pages of a novel we can pry without shame into the secrets of our neighbour's soul, we can rifle his desk, we can read his love-letters, we are present when he first kisses the maiden of his heart, we see that little maiden at her toilet preparing for the interview, we go with her to buy her simple ribbons and to choose her bonnet. To transport us into new villages which we have never known, to lodge us in strange houses which we have never dreamt of, to make us at home amongst new circles of our fellow-creatures, to teach us to sympathise in all their little pursuits, to love their trifling gaude, to partake of their filmy hopes and fears, to be one of them and to join in the petty fluctuations of contracted lives—this may not be a lofty occupation, nor need great genius for its perfect exercise; nevertheless it is good healthy work, and I know not who in this generation is better employed than he who, if even he cannot boast of genius, yet with tact and clearness, widens through fiction the range of our sympathies, and teaches us not less to care for the narrow aims of small people than for the vast schemes of the great and mighty."

But although our author is far from being disposed to rush into severe and disparaging judgments of the literature or people of his own age, and although he is fully aware of the difficulty which a contemporary always has of forming an accurate estimate of his own times, he nevertheless feels himself compelled to arrive at a somewhat melancholy conclusion as to the character of this present England of the nineteenth century. What strikes him most "in the movement of our time is expressed by Tennyson in the saying that 'the individual withers, and the world is more and more.'" This withering of the individual he proves and illustrates through several pages. It is a sentiment which he shares with many high authorities, and, it seems, with the great poet whom he quotes. But we are at a loss to understand how the world can be "more and more," and the indi-

vidual less and less. The world is but a number of individuals. It is quite true that if all, or the majority of men in a society, were high-minded and well cultivated, any one man of this stamp would not stand out as a singularity, he could not be worshipped as a hero, nor have himself the consciousness of any remarkable superiority. But presuming such a process is taking place as *levelling upwards*—and this is what we mean by a progressive world—can we call this multiplication of excellent individualities a withering of the individual? Does excellence cease to be excellence because it is frequent?

Some who take a misanthropic or gloomy view of things roundly declare that society is deteriorating; they may very consistently pronounce that the individual is withering. But he who has faith in progress must multiply noble individualities, for this alone is progress.

What is meant by the lamentation we so often hear, and which Mr. Dallas repeats, that in a highly cultivated state of society individuals come to resemble each other till there is one insipid uniformity? "When men thus become gregarious they grow like each other, and one is the double of another." Are we afraid that nature will cease to grow her variety of temperaments, dispositions, abilities? or that the several avocations of life, trades and professions, will cease to have their accustomed influence in modifying our intellectual growth? That in certain *moral* features we should come to resemble each other—what is this but the goal and aspiration of every moral and religious teacher who has raised his voice in the world? Spartan differs from Spartan, though every Spartan is a patriot. If every man were honest there would be still room enough for variety.

But the influence of the individual is diminished—"the relation of the individual to the masses,"

as Mr. Dallas somewhere expresses it, "is altered;" everything is done *by* the multitude *for* the multitude. At all events, we have not yet arrived at any such state as this. Cavour in Italy, Louis Napoleon in France, Bismarck in Prussia—here are names sufficient to remind us that individuals have not ceased to work for the multitude. The whole of Italy from north to south could have been stirred to madness by one man, Garibaldi; and he had the superlative heroism to restrain and moderate the hero-worship of his own followers. In literature the influence of a man of genius is greater than ever, simply because there is an increasing multitude capable of appreciating him. Shakespeare and Milton did not exert such a power over their contemporaries as they have exerted since, in ages more cultivated. Our last great singer, Tennyson himself, cannot complain that the individual withers or loses any of his potency. Our mechanical arts, it is said, turn the artisan himself into a machine; but what of the genius who invents that great machine of which the artisan himself is said to be a part? What of those "captains of industry" who have organised enormous factories, dock-yards, iron-works, and the like? He who invented the electric telegraph was acting on the masses very potently. And what honours may not be yet in store for the chemist who shall discover a substitute for coal? Many may be labouring at the problem—it will be some one man who will ultimately solve it.

The literary aspirant, indeed, who looks at the multitude of his rivals and co-labourers may be excused if he sometimes yields to a feeling of despair. Of what use to add another volume to that pyramid of books, ever widening and ever heightening, which stands before him?—a pyramid which does not stand unalterable like those in the desert, but is ever enlarging and ever crumbling away. Courage!

we say to the youthful aspirant. Let the very multitude of your rivals string you to your utmost effort. We are told that no one now keeps his eye upon posterity. Nor is there any need. There are judges around you keen as any that posterity is likely to supply. Let the number of living competitors above whom you have to rise, be a substitute with you for that dream about posterity, and all the strength you might have won from it. Be assured that the highest in the crowd will be recognised as highest.

There is one art, we suspect, in which the highest has sore difficulty in getting recognised. Some remarks which Mr. Dallas makes in his first volume, upon architects and architecture, led us to think that the artist was here under some peculiar disadvantage. The painter can hang his picture on the walls of an exhibition; the young poet can always contrive to have the first-fruits of his genius printed and bound, and laid upon the bookseller's counter; even the musician whom no theatrical manager has heard of, can call a few friends together, and give them a specimen of his music; but the architect cannot all alone build his church or his senate-house, and no one gives him stone and marble, and workmen and land, that he may reveal his genius. He has nothing to show to the world but his paste-board drawings. Whether his professional brethren can judge of him by these, we pretend not to decide, but the public at large can make nothing of them. The multitude must see the building itself, before it can pronounce an opinion upon the architect. The architect, therefore, is in this unfortunate position—he must build before he can make himself known, and he must be known before he is permitted to build. According to strictest logic he ought never to build at all, but die, as it were, unborn, incapable of ever manifesting himself. Nevertheless, as buildings must be erect-

ed, and some one must design them, an architect of more or less ability makes his way to the front. The onerous nature of the task committed to him, and the serious results of a bad choice, quicken, let us hope, the judgment of those who have to make the selection.

Still, of all artists, the architect is manifestly most dependent on the aid and co-operation of others. This may, perhaps, in part account for that want of originality, or originality of a desirable kind, which is so often deplored in our architecture. The artist here suffers from a difficulty in getting at that multitude of judges which, so far from oppressing him, would be his support and inspiration. Only fellow-architects can at all estimate him until he has built, and these are divided amongst themselves upon the great question of the type or style of building to be adopted—some being devoted to medieval

or the Gothic, others to the classical type. This is the result of our historical position; we have inherited the types of our predecessors, and have to choose between them. A Greek, an Arab, even a Roman, or a Christian architect of the middle ages, had his type given him, and wrought thereon with unhesitating confidence. The English architect has the models of all ages thrown down before him, and has as many tastes to please, or to defy, as there are types to select from. No wonder the art makes little progress among us.

But we shall be in danger of wandering into an inexcusable variety of topics. It is the snare of books like Mr. Dallas's that they tempt the critic to diverge, on all sides, into pleasant subjects of discussion. We must resist the temptation, and make a timely retreat, recommending our readers to the perusal of the 'Gay Science' itself.

COLONEL GORDON'S CHINESE FORCE.

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"Not an ear of corn," it has been truly said, "is pure from the blood of men," and not a rood of ground but has been trampled by man in furious conflict with his fellows. So far back as Art ascends—whether to the sculptured rocks of Eastern cave-temples, the frescoes of Ajunta and Assyria, the friezes of Greece, or the tessellated pavements of Pompeii, down to the long array of battle-paintings which cover the walls of Versailles—its most constant subject is the fierce meeting of destroying hosts, or the sad line of captives led to grace the conqueror's triumph. Poetry itself has found no theme more inspiring than the glorious deeds and renown of heroes, since the first savage warrior uttered measured yells of triumph, down to the more articulate lyrics in which gentler modern

bards celebrate the victories of their country. History, it has been complained, was till yesterday little more than a record of battles; and even now no elucidations of the industry and thought of Man can render uninteresting the dread story of his ceaseless, self-destroying warfare.

War is not "the malady of princes," as Erasmus called it, for men engage in it under all forms of government; nor, strictly speaking, is it a malady at all so much as an external symptom of many maladies which afflict the human race, and a mean by which these are purged away. Napoleon III. has with much more truth remarked that the progress of the world may be traced by its great battles; but as civilisation advances, though war assumes more

impressive forms, yet, relative to population, it decreases in extent, and is conducted with increasing humanity. Among barbarians it is more frequent as well as more cruel than it is between civilised communities, while the benefits derived from it are less important. And war, as the *ultima ratio*, not so much of kings as of the conflicting tendencies of humanity, may be generally viewed, despite its occasional failure, as one of the most important means by which our race has gained its present position, and has prepared the ground for still greater achievements. It seems a necessary element in

"The awful balancing of loss and gain,
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
And proud deliverance issuing out of pain."

History is not the relation of a dreary and objectless struggle. There is something more than a *cursus* and *recursus* of the waves of mankind. Something has been gained in and by the long series of strifes, and for much more the foundations have been laid. At one point mistaking its path, and wandering into flinty deserts—at another, checked by internal disorganisation or by external powers of evil, there is, notwithstanding, an Ever-Victorious Army marching on from the first dawn of humanity to the light and perfection of a scarcely imagined day.

It is of a very small detachment of this great army that I now propose to give some account; but my title has a more local and special signification. The Chinese have a fine faculty for inventing happy names—their streams are fragrant, their mountains holy, the poorest hamlet may call itself the place of sweet-smelling grain, and the smallest junk be a wonder of the deep. Nor are such titles merely hollow sounds. Foreigners, on discovering the immense discrepancy between the Celestial phrase and that

which it represents, are apt to regard the former as a mere trivial absurdity; but to the Chinaman these titles have a vital significance, and the turn of a phrase will often influence his whole conduct towards the subject designated. No principle is more constantly enforced in the Chinese classics, than that wisdom lies in the proper knowledge and use of words. When it was asked of Mencius in what he surpassed, his brief reply was, "I understand words;" and elsewhere he complains of inauspicious, hurtful words, which throw men of virtue and talent into the shade. When inquiry was made of Confucius as to what was the first thing necessary to improve the government, he answered, "What is necessary is to rectify names;" and very expressively he said, that "to have a bad name is to dwell in a low-lying situation, where all the evil of the world flows in upon one." Views such as these have sunk deep into the national mind, and every Chinaman is singularly desirous that he and all his belongings should have auspicious and honourable designations. When the people are so inclined, of course the Government is very careful in all its edicts and proclamations to use either high-sounding or beautiful phraseology, whether the reference be to the Son of Earth and Heaven sitting on the dragon throne, or to a ragged lictor who runs by the chair of some petty mandarin. Crime and official imbecility are reprobated in the most vigorous and picturesque manner by the Emperor's vermilion pencil; but where praise is to be awarded for judicious counsel or for battles won, then

"Strength is gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soars beyond the sky."

Hence it is in a Celestial and somewhat transcendental, not in an occidental or literal, meaning, that this phrase, "The Ever-Victorious Army," must be understood. It is the official title of the Kiang-soo

force of disciplined Chinese, which, first under American adventurers, and then under officers of her Majesty's army, played such an important part in China, during the years 1862-64, in suppressing the great Tai-ping Rebellion. "Oh'ang Sheng Chi'un," however—the high-sounding title which this army received at a very early period of its existence, and by which it will be known, in Chinese history at least—turned out to be by no means extravagantly hyperbolic, seeing that the work virtually accomplished by it was the suppression of a most formidable movement, which had afflicted the Flowery Land for more than ten years, which at one time had threatened to subvert not only the ruling dynasty, but also the institutions of the empire, and which had caused a prodigious amount of devastation and slaughter.

Some account has already been given in this Magazine* of the circumstances which led to British interference with the Tai-pings, and to the first employment against them of an auxiliary foreign force under General Frederick Ward. The operations of this American adventurer were suspended in 1861; and in December of that year the French and British authorities warned the Tien Wang not again to attack Shanghai; and he agreed not to do so for a year, devoting that period to the movements up the valley of the Yang-tze, which we have already noticed. The failure of these movements, however, and the pressure upon him of the Imperialists, led the rebel chief, on the expiry of the year of grace in 1862, again to order an advance on Shanghai, where his troops were again repulsed by the Allies.† Throughout

* December 1866.

† The following list of the principal events connected with the suppression of the Tai-ping Rebellion may assist the reader:—

- 1813. Birth of Hung Sew-tsuen.
- 1837. His first trance, and proclamation of himself as a heavenly prince.
- 1853. He takes Nanking and makes it his capital.
- 1858. The Allies take the Taku Forts, and obtain from the Emperor the Treaty of Tientsin.
- 1859. The Imperialists nearly suppress the rebellion, and defeat the Allies at the Taku Forts.
- 1860, May. Imperialists defeated by the Tai-pings at Nanking, and pursued towards Shanghai.
- „ June. Ward and Burgevine engaged to discipline Chinese and fight against the Tai-pings.
- „ Aug. The Tai-pings attack Shanghai and are repulsed by the Allies.
- „ Sept. The Taku Forts taken from the Imperialists by the Allies, an event soon after followed by the advance on Peking, the burning of the Summer Palace, and the concluding of the Convention of Peking.
- „ Dec. Allies tell the Tien Wang not to attack Shanghai, and he agrees to leave it unmolested for a year.
- 1861. Hostilities suspended on the part of the Allies towards both Tai-pings and Imperialists.
- „ Aug. The Emperor Hienfung dies.
- „ Sept. Prince Kung makes his *coup d'état*.
- „ Nov. Tai-ping attempts towards Hankow frustrated.
- 1862, Jan. The Tai-pings again attack Shanghai and are repulsed by the Allies.
- „ Feb. Ward again takes the Field.
- „ Allies determine to drive the Tai-pings out of a thirty-mile radius round Shanghai.
- „ Feb.-June. The Allied forces co-operate with Ward and the Imperialists.
- „ May. Captain Dew, R.N., defends Ningpo.
- „ Sept. Ward killed; Burgevine takes command of the E. V. A.
- 1863, Jan. Burgevine dismissed, and Captain Holland takes command.
- „ Feb. 14. Captain Holland defeated.
- „ March 24. Major Gordon takes command of the E. V. A.

that year, it having been determined to keep a thirty-mile radius round Shanghai clear of the Rebels, there was a good deal of fighting took place between the Tai-pings on the one hand; and on the other General Staveley with her Majesty's land forces, the British Admiral, Sir James Hope, the French Admiral Protet, Captain Roderick Dew, R.N., with her Majesty's vessels at Ningpo, Ward's force, and the volunteers from the foreign residents at Shanghai. Thus Ward's force increased in size and respectability, and received from Chinese officialdom the name of the "Ever-Victorious Army of Kiang-soo;" but he was killed by a stray bullet when surveying the enemy at Tseki in September 1862. Burgevine, another American adventurer, his successor in the command, failed to satisfy the Chinese authorities, and made a personal assault upon Takee, the banker who advanced funds for the payment of the troops; and these circumstances caused his dismissal in January 1863.

So far we had nothing directly to do with the Kiang-soo force of disciplined Chinese, though sometimes acting in concert with it; but at this juncture General Staveley, who was in command of her Ma-

jesty's forces in China, being applied to by the Futai for advice and assistance, offered to place Captain Holland, the chief of his staff, in temporary command, and recommended Captain Gordon, R.E., to the permanent command if his Government should approve of its being taken by a British officer. While under charge of Captain Holland, in February 1863, this disciplined force made an attack upon the town of Tai-tsan, but was defeated by the Tai-pings, with the loss of some guns and of many officers and men, though the commander made great exertions, and exposed himself throughout the engagement to a very heavy fire. Another expedition, under Major Brennan, was repulsed in an attempt to take Fushan; and these two failures, together with the insinuations of Imperialists, made the Futai very much dissatisfied and disgusted with this far from victorious army.

But on the very day of Captain Holland's defeat a despatch arrived from Sir Frederick Bruce, sanctioning the placing of a British officer in command of this disciplined force; and on receiving this permission, General Staveley decided on placing Captain and Brevet-Major Gordon of the Royal Engin-

1863, April 4. Captures Fu-shan.

" May 1. Captures Tai-tsan.

" " 31. Captures Quin-san.

" July 27. Captures Kah-poo.

" " 29. Captures Wo-kong.

" July-Dec. Has many engagements.

" Aug. Burgevine joins the Tai-pings.

" Sept. Gordon attacks Soo-chow.

" Oct. Burgevine surrenders to Gordon.

" Nov. Gordon defeated before Soo-chow.

" Dec. Soo-chow surrenders to him.

" " Execution of the Tai-ping Wangs, and "massacre of Soo-chow."

" " Major Gordon resigns command.

1864, March. Major Gordon resumes command.

" March-May. Many engagements, in three of which Major Gordon was defeated or repulsed. Many towns taken from the Tai-pings.

" May. Gordon takes Chan-chow Fu.

" June. Gordon retires, and his force is broken up.

" July 19. Nanking is taken by the Imperialists under Tseng Kwo-fan (Tseng Kwo-sun being in immediate command). The Tien Wang is found dead; and shortly after, the principal Tai-ping Wangs are executed, and Tai-pingdom is broken up and expires.

eers in charge whenever that officer had finished with the survey on which he was engaged of the country within the thirty-mile radius round Shanghai. Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Gordon, O. B., had served before Sebastopol in the Crimean war, and been there wounded in the trenches. After peace had been made, he was employed in surveying and settling the Turkish and Russian frontier in Asia,—a work of no little danger and difficulty, owing to the wild character of the tribes of Armenia and Koordistan. Engaged in the expedition against Peking, he continued on service in China after our difficulties with the Imperial Government had been arranged; and in the end of 1861 made a long journey from that capital to the Chotow and Kalgan Passes on the Great Wall, striking down from the latter place through Shensi, and passing Tai-yuen, the capital of that province, a city before unvisited by foreigners, unless by Catholic priests in disguise. In his new position as commander of the Ever-Victorious Army, Major Gordon did not fail to display the judgment and tireless energy which had characterised his brief but not undistinguished career. Indeed, it very soon became apparent that the Tai-pings had to meet a more formidable opponent than any they had before encountered, and one who knew how to break their ranks, not less by his skill in the arts of war than by his personal prestige, and by the assurance which his character soon inspired, that those who gave up their arms to him would receive humane and honourable treatment.

Some curiosity may be felt in regard to the composition, arms, rates of pay, and so forth, of this disciplined Chinese force which Major Gordon now undertook to command; and, moreover, without such knowledge his operations and the state of affairs in China can hardly be understood. Its origin under Ward has already been no-

ticed, and as further organised by Gordon it may now be described generally.

The commissioned officers were all foreigners—Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, but Americans were in the majority. Among them were to be found many seafaring men, and old soldiers of our infantry regiments who had purchased their discharge; as a rule they were brave, reckless, very quick in adapting themselves to circumstances, and reliable in action; but, on the other hand, they were troublesome when in garrison, very touchy as to precedence, and apt to work themselves about trifles into violent states of mind. Excited by rebel sympathisers at Shanghai, and being of different nationalities, one half of them were usually in a violent state of quarrel with the other; but this, of course, was often an advantage to the commander. The non-commissioned officers were all Chinese, selected from the ranks; but very few of these were advanced to the higher grade, as it was found that, on such promotion, the most zealous sergeants became lazy and useless.

Up to the capture of Quin-san, in May 1863, the privates were principally natives of Kiang-soo and Che-kiang, inferior to Cantonese and Northerners; but after that date the force was largely recruited from the captured rebels, who were from all parts of China, and who having been accustomed to very hard work and no pay, found the new service an elysium, and, when taken one day, never objected to going into action against their old comrades the next.

The force varied in strength from 8000 to 5000 men, divided into from five to six infantry regiments, with four batteries siege, and two batteries field artillery. Each infantry regiment consisted, when complete, of six companies, averaging 500 men in all, commanded by

Foreigners.

	Per Menssem.
1 Colonel or Lt.-Colonel, at £75 to £85	
1 Major, " 60 to £70	
1 Captain and Adjutant, " 50 0 0	
6 Captains, each " 42 0 0	
6 Lieutenants, each " 30 0 0	

Chinese.

6 Colour-Sergeants, each " 4 0 0	
12 Sergeants, each " 3 0 0	
24 Corporals, each " 2 10 0	
480 Privates, each " 1 17 6	

When in garrison, they had to find themselves out of their pay; but when in the field, each man received daily, in addition to his pay, 2 lb. rice, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. salt pork or 2 lb. salt fish, besides vegetables and oil.

The artillery was commanded by one colonel at £70 to £75 per menssem. Each battery consisted usually of

Foreigners.

	Per Menssem.
1 First Captain, . at £60 0 0	
1 Second Captain, . " 45 0 0	
2 Lieutenants, each . " 35 0 0	
1 Sergeant, . " 20 0 0	

Chinese.

1 Colour-Sergeant, . " 4 10 0	
6 Sergeants, each . " 3 15 0	
12 Corporals, each . " 3 0 0	
120 to 150 Gunners, each " 2 0 0	

The whole of the men and officers were paid monthly by a Chinese official of high civil rank, Paymaster Kah, a good man of business, well educated, honest, pleasing in manner, and of venerable appearance. The payment was made in Mexican dollars, in presence of the commander, Major Gordon, "whose aim," one of his officers—a commissioned officer in H.M. service—writes, "ever was to prevent, as far as possible, squeezing and the misappropriation of funds." The dollars required for these payments monthly varied from the value of £14,000 to £26,000, and at no time were the men ever kept more than ten days in arrears. In addition to this rate of pay, on the dissolution of

the force in 1864, the officers received large *douceurs*, varying from £200 to £1600 each, and the men each from £2 to £3, those wounded receiving further donations, according to the nature of their wounds.

In General Ward's time it had been customary for the Ever-Victorious troops to receive from about £15,000 to £20,000 for each city they captured, the sum being agreed upon before the assault was made; but on the appointment of a British officer to command, this practice was discontinued, and it was agreed that the troops should be regularly paid so much *per diem*, and receive, for special feasts, anything which the Futai might deem it advisable to give. The high rates of pay were not necessary latterly, for recruits offered themselves in abundance; but no change in this respect could have been effected without causing delay in the operations, and perhaps danger. It would certainly have caused a revolt, as both officers and men would have been perfectly agreed on this subject, for if the pay of either the officers or of the men had been cut down first, the other section would naturally have expected their turn to come next, and would have acted accordingly. When the force was originated by Ward, high rates of pay were fixed, because the Chinese objected to being drilled and disciplined by foreign devils in a manner totally different from that to which they had been accustomed, and also because they were required to wear a motley half-European uniform which subjected them to the jeers of their own people, who used to call them "Imitation Foreign Devils." This European style of dress was adopted partly to make the Rebels imagine that they had foreign soldiers to contend with; and Wu, the Tao-tai of Shanghai, paid us the compliment of buying up some thousands of European boots, in order that the very footprints of the disciplined Chinese might leave a like impression. It was not till these troops became "victorious" that

their appearance was any source of pleasure to them; but after a time they became proud of the "imitation foreign devil" uniform, and would have objected to change it for a native dress.

The staff consisted of—

	Per Mensem.
The Commander, . . .	at £160
Adjutant-General, . . .	" 70
Quartermaster-General, . .	" 70
Principal Medical Officer, .	" 80
Paymaster, . . .	" 60
2 Adjutants, each . . .	" 60
Provost-Marshal, . . .	" 70
Commandant and second in Command, . . .	" 80
Aide-de-Camp, . . .	" 40
Brigade-Major, . . .	" 60
Medical Officers, each . .	" 60
Commissariat Officers and Assistants, each . . .	" 60
Military Storekeepers and Assistants, each . . .	" 60

Though these officers bore high-sounding titles, it was not office work, but practical work, which they had to do, each of them having not only to give his order, but to see that it was obeyed. To have invented new titles for their various positions would have been very troublesome; and so it is to be hoped that officers of H.M. army will not be displeased at the appropriation which has been made.

The infantry were for the most part armed with smooth-bored English muskets; but one regiment had Prussian rifles of the old pattern, firing conical balls, and 300 Enfield rifles were distributed in the ranks. Their pouches carried more than fifty rounds of ammunition. The artillery armament consisted of two 8-inch howitzers, four 32-pounder guns, three 24-pounder howitzers, twelve 12-pounder howitzers, ten American 12-pounder mountain howitzers, eight 4½-inch mountain howitzers, fourteen mortars, brass, 4½-inches to 8 inches, and six rocket-tubes. This was a heavy force of artillery in the circumstances; it was well supplied with ammunition, each piece having

from 250 to 500 rounds; and the greater portion of it was mounted on travelling carriages. Boats, however, were the usual means of conveyance for the artillery, there being sixteen of these for the artillery armament and ammunition. This part of the force was well provided with all the usual requisites, and had also large mantlets of elm, of sufficient thickness to afford the gunners protection from the fire of muskets and gingalls. So useful did these prove, that in an engagement at Tai-tsan one of these mantlets was found to have caught eighteen bullets. The country being intersected with creeks, each field-battery carried planks, to make a short tramway; and the infantry had planks strapped on their bamboo ladders, so that the troops were able to pass over the country easily enough. The artillery also carried a pontoon equipment, which consisted of about 150 feet of Blanchard's infantry pontoon bridge.

The drill of the force was according to that in use in H.M. army, and the words of command were given in English. Only the most simple manœuvres were attempted, and more stress was laid on speed than on accurate dressing. The men were trained to come into line quickly, irrespective of inverted order. The Chinese drilled well, and were very steady, their great fault being that of talking in the ranks. Each regiment had two buglers, some of whom knew the calls well. The practice of the artillery, both in breaching fortifications and in covering storming-parties, was considered by many persons unconnected with this army to be uncommonly good; and the officers and men of the artillery were far superior to any other arm of the force. The infantry were taught to form square, but on the only occasion when they were attacked by cavalry—at Wai-soo in March 1864—the two regiments engaged broke, and lost 320 of their numbers in killed and prisoners.

The punishment of flogging was inflicted by the bamboo, as is usual in the Imperial army; and the commanding officers of regiments had the power of inflicting it. The European method of flogging was objected to both by the men and the mandarins, so it was thought better to employ the Chinese mode, which consisted in giving a certain number of blows on the back of the thighs with a rattan, or with a small piece of bamboo, somewhat like a ruler. Dismissal from the force was sometimes resorted to, but only by the commander himself. There was, however, very little crime, and consequently very little punishment. Sometimes a regiment would be a whole month without any one in it deserving punishment, and the relationship between the men and the officers was on the whole affectionate. The Chinese were as a rule very orderly; and as drunkenness was unknown amongst them, the services of the provost-marshal rarely came into use except after a capture, when the desire for loot was a temptation to absence from the ranks. On the officers it was impossible to inflict minor punishments, because their service was voluntary, and no engagement was ever entered into with them by the Imperial Government beyond the promise of the current month's pay. Hence the only penalty which could be held over them *in terrorem* was dismissal from the force; and it says much for them, as well as for the commanding officers, that this means proved so effectual in preserving order. It was to their commanding officer they had to look for everything, as the Chinese authorities refused to give them any direct hearing; and he allotted, on the recommendation of the P.M.O., the various sums which were given to those who were wounded. If time had allowed, it would have been better to have entered into some arrangement with the Chinese Government which would have permitted

the force to have been governed by some sort of articles of war; but the Chinese were averse to binding themselves in the matter; time and circumstances pressed, and some of the bravest officers, who were not always the best behaved, would have been soon excluded by the regulations of a more regular army. Hence it was thought best to take the material as it was found, to lose no time in turning it to use, to treat it fairly, and then dissolve it if expedient, so that it could hurt no one. This plan was followed with success at considerable risk and expense—the finale being that the Chinese crushed the rebellion. The officers and men of the force were all handsomely dealt with at its dissolution, which was judged necessary in order to prevent likely future trouble.

After the artillery, the most important part of the force was the flotilla which belonged to it, and which was composed of steamers and Chinese gunboats. Each of the former was quite equal to 8000 men in a country such as that where the force had to act. The number of the steamers at one time in employ varied from one to four, and the Hyson may be taken as a specimen of them all. This vessel was a small iron paddle-steamer, of about ninety feet long and twenty-four feet wide, drawing three to four feet of water, and carrying one 82-pounder on a moving platform at her bows, while at her stern there was a 12-pounder howitzer. A loopholed protection of elm planking ran round the bulwarks to the height of six feet, and the steam-chests were protected by a timber traverse. She averaged eight knots per hour, and had a crew of one captain at £80 *per mensem*, a mate at £40, an engineer at £50, and an artillery officer at £30. The Chinese on board were four stokers, ten gunners, and twenty sailors. The steamers were usually managed by Americans, who handle river-boats of this class better than Englishmen do; and among these Captain

Davidson, of the *Hyson*, specially distinguished himself by his coolness, skill, and daring. He had served under Ward and Burgevine before Major Gordon gave him a steamer to command, but died at Shanghai as he was about to return to his native land. Strange to say, though the rebels were put in possession of two steamers, the *Kajow* and the *Firefly*, they failed to make any use of them, to speak of. Besides the steamers, the *Kiang-soo* force had two large siege gunboats, four large ammunition-boats, and eight large covered boats, each with a gun mounted at the bows. There were also attached to it a large flotilla of Chinese gunboats, sometimes to the number of fifty. These vessels were usually about forty feet long, ten feet broad, and did not draw more than two feet of water, being flat-bottomed vessels. Each had a crew of ten men, and they were propelled by a sweep working over the stern. They carried a 6-pounder or 9-pounder Chinese gun in the bows; and though not much used by the force, these guns were of great service, when in numbers, to the co-operating Imperialists, by firing with grape. The great use of this part of the flotilla was the means of transport which it afforded. The country being cut up by creeks, these boats enabled an attack to be made with great suddenness from unexpected points. By lowering their masts and taking down their flags they could creep unperceived along the creeks till quite close to the position of the Rebels. Moreover, these latter usually shut themselves up within their camps during the night, and even during the day knew little of what was going on beyond it, having no outposts or out-sentries, and receiving no reliable information from the villagers they had ill-treated; otherwise the boats would have been in great danger of falling into ambuscades.

The Imperialist forces which act-

ed in conjunction with the Anglo-Chinese, were generally composed of men from other provinces, and principally from Honan. They were fine able-bodied men, and were usually kept in a state of very strict discipline. As is usual with the Chinese, they were divided into camps of five hundred men, each under a blue-button military mandarin; and each of these regiments was complete in itself. No sooner was a regiment encamped than it began to intrench itself in a square earthwork; and sometimes these forts were rather formidable, though cast up in a very short time. In a few hours, on favourable ground, they could throw up an earthwork that would offer a most effective obstacle to a night attack; and they never encamped for the night without such a temporary security round them. When making any longer stay in a position, the work was surrounded with ditches and palisades within the space of three days, and stone flags were laid down where it was possible to get material. At night the drawbridge was raised, and six sentinels were placed at each angle, who kept beating bamboos or raising a peculiar cry through the whole night, and by these a very strict watch was kept, the penalty for sleep being death; whereas, in the Ever-Victorious Army, the sentries were often caught napping, as they had only to fear being bamboosed. It has often been said that the Chinese are not a fighting people, and have no genius for military matters; but the celerity with which they raised these earthworks, the skill with which they shaped them, the judgment they displayed in choosing positions, the facility with which they raised large bodies of men, and their systematic mode of working these to the best advantage, all went to prove very considerable genius for the art of war within the limits to which it has been developed amongst them. The long seclusions of the Chinese, and the primitive character of their opponents

to within the last few years, have prevented them from developing this art in any high degree; but so far as they have gone with it, they have not shown themselves inferior in courage or in military skill to any nation of the world. Among ourselves it is only the rivalry of the different European nations which has developed the art of war to so monstrous a height. Had Europe, like China, been under one rule for the last ten centuries, our weapons would not be better than those of the Celestials.

The soldiers employed by the Imperialists were badly armed, judged by European usage, but usually they were pretty well clothed, and had inscribed upon their uniform the names of their person, regiment, and province. The Cantonese were considered to be the best fighters, and after them came the men of Honan. The greater number of the military mandarins who officered the Imperialist troops had risen from the ranks, and were not much better educated than the rank and file. Ordinarily there was one mandarin of high rank to every twenty camps or regiments of five hundred men each; he had complete control over them, and was sometimes a military mandarin, sometimes a civil one bearing military rank. He generally had attached to him a fleet of thirty or forty gunboats. About twenty or so of these bodies of ten thousand men are often placed under a still higher official, such as the Che-tai of Kiang-nan Fu or Nanking, who may thus command a force of two hundred thousand men drawn from several provinces.

As sappers, the Chinese are equal to any Europeans. They work well; are quite cool, from their apathetic nature; and, however great their losses, do not become restless under fire like Europeans. At Chan-chou Fu, the mandarin in command was requested by Major

Gordon to construct trenches of approach at night, up to the edge of the ditch around the city; and, fully understanding what was wanted, he immediately set one thousand men to work, who, despite their number, made the trenches very well and quietly. At Nanking the Imperialists proved they were no contemptible engineers by carrying on mining operations for two hundred yards. In these engineering operations the Ever-Victorious Army took almost no part. Its soldiers could not easily have been made to raise earthworks, and the foreign officers, with their limited education, were not usually competent to superintend such operations, consequently this force had to remain untrenched; and it was a good deal due to the inertness of the Rebels that serious night-attacks were not made upon it in frequent circumstances when such attacks might have been very successful. The success it obtained was owing to its compactness, its completeness, the quickness of its movements, its possession of steamers and good artillery, the bravery of its officers, the confidence of its men, the inability of the enemy to move large bodies of troops with rapidity, the nature of the country, the almost intuitive perception with which its commanding officer understood the nature of the country so as to adapt his operations to it, and the untiring energy which he put forth. Major Gordon seems to have acted continually on the French principle, to which Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia so ably called attention a few years ago*—of always taking the initiative and acting on the offensive. In war the party thus acting has many points in its favour; for a force on the defensive is perplexed by looking out for and preparing to meet a great number of schemes, any of which its adver-

* 'L'Art de Combattre l'Armée Française.' Par le Prince Frédéric Charles de Prusse. Paris, 1860.

sary may undertake against it; while he who makes the attack has one well-defined object in view, and his troops are in much higher spirits than those which have to stand still and wait. If, in the Kiang-nan campaign, the Tai-pings, with their large numbers, had pushed out in their full strength and fallen on the Ever-Victorious Army, that small force could hardly have stood against them; but this was rendered very difficult by the nature of the country: and when the Rebels did attempt it at Quinsan, they were out-maneuvred, and so nearly annihilated that they never forgot the lesson. Moreover, the jealousy of the different chiefs was an obstacle in the way of formidable combined action, and led to their being overcome in detail. Each Wang, however gallant, was nothing more than the head of a lot of banditti, ignorant of almost everything pertaining to organised warfare, and thinking only of skirmishing and pillage. As such they fought well, and were capable of acts of very great bravery, but were easily panic-stricken when attacked in rear or in flank, or even when boldly assailed in front. To compare small things with great, the fighting in Kiang-nan was something like that which has occurred in Bohemia between the Prussians and Austrians. There was on one side the same superiority in arms and in tactics, while on the other there was the same want of cordial co-operation among the chief officers. But the great point of resemblance is, that in both cases there was, on the one side, a bold, energetic, assailing tactic, which took no thought of defeat, and which, if it had been met by an able general, might have resulted in most complete and disastrous defeat; while, on the other, there was a puzzled expectant attitude which dispirited the troops and paralysed the talent of the commanders.

During Ward's time the Ever-Victorious Army cost, from September 1861, to September, 1862, about £860,000. In the three months Burgevine was in command, about £180,000 were expended upon it; and after that it cost about £580,000. Altogether, at the lowest computation, £1,800,000 may be debited to it. If to this be added the half-million sterling expended on the Lay-Osborn flotilla, we have a total of about £1,800,000 paid in specie to foreigners in their employ within about two years by the Chinese Government, and that exclusive of the large expenditure on the ordinary service of the Imperial maritime customs. Let us also consider here the great and various expenses of the Imperialists besieging Nanking and in the province of Kiang-soo, which may be put down as at least half a million sterling monthly, and some idea may be formed of the military expenditure of the Chinese, at a time when they were paying two-fifths of their customs revenue to Great Britain and France. If at this period foreign governments did give China some assistance, it cannot be denied that the Celestials paid pretty handsomely for it.

Major Gordon's opinions as to his position when he took command of the disciplined Chinese were as follows, as expressed in a memorandum he made on the 5th May 1863. In entering on joint command with a mandarin, Li-a-dong, it was arranged that the latter should in no way interfere with the discipline of the force or with the appointment of its officers. Li (who must be distinguished from Li the Futai or Governor) appeared to Major Gordon a man well fitted for his position, and likely to be extremely useful, because his influence with the other mandarins was so great as to prevent the action of all petty intrigues against the force, and because his knowledge of the country,

and skill in obtaining information by means of spies, were of essential service. Major Gordon thought that the British Government was desirous that China should have armies able to cope with its internal disorder, and that the best means of assisting it to that end would be to make the disciplined Chinese force the nucleus of a new Chinese native army. The Sung-kiang, or any other force entirely irresponsible to the governor of the province, would have been in a most invidious position; daily reports about its bad conduct, sent in by the local mandarins, would have disgusted both the Peking Government and the foreign ministers, while its supplies and payment would have been uncertain. At the same time, Major Gordon considered that the precarious way in which this army existed from month to month was detrimental to its usefulness and an encouragement to plunder. Its service was by far the most dangerous to its officers of any that he had ever seen, and their apparently high pay was not a dollar too much. If the policy of the British Government was merely, while putting down the rebellion, to keep China weak, and leave the Imperialists as they were, then he considered that his position would be only that of a mercenary; but believing, in the absence of special instructions, and being by his commanding-officer appointed* with sanction of the British Minister at Peking, that the object of his Government was to strengthen China and create a national army, he held his command with pleasure.

Burgevine, of course, was very much dissatisfied with his supersession, and the appointment of a British officer; and on the 20th of February started for Peking, in order to lay his case before the

foreign minister and the Imperial Government. Being a man of gentlemanly and plausible address, he was well received at the capital, and, to some appearance, soon obtained his object. Sir Frederick Bruce evidently was charmed with him, for in a letter to Prince Kung,† dated April 2, 1863, the British Minister says, "I have formed a high opinion of General Burgevine's qualifications for the post he occupies. He is brave, honest, conciliatory in his manner, and is sincerely desirous of serving the Chinese Government, as he looks upon this country as his home." Mr. Burlingame, the American Minister, writes of him in similar high terms, but very loosely as to facts, for he speaks of him as having fought in nearly one hundred "battles" in the Chinese service, though Burgevine had really not been in more than five engagements. Prince Kung, in treating this subject, very clearly said that the restoration of Burgevine was a matter which lay in the hands of Li, the governor of Kiang-soo; and there does not seem to have been any disposition on the part of the native authorities either at Peking or at Shanghai to restore him to command, though it has been stated that he returned to the latter city in company of an Imperial commissioner directed to replace him in his former position. It is quite evident from the American diplomatic correspondence that neither Prince Kung nor Governor Li had the slightest thought of reinstating him; and whether his case were a hard one or not, the Chinese authorities knew very well what manner of man he was, and what chance there existed of their being able to work along with him. As to the action of the British Minister in this matter, the truth is, he at first considered Burgevine had been un-

* This appointment was soon after approved of by her Majesty's Secretary of State for War, then Lord de Grey.

† American Diplomatic Correspondence, 1863, p. 896.

fairly dealt with; and, taking this view, thought further, that if a man with such apparent claims upon the Chinese Government could be dealt with unjustly, the same course might be adopted in regard to any Englishman who entered the service of the Chinese. Moreover, as the officer to be appointed in Burgevine's place was an Englishman, Sir Frederick Bruce believed it would be extremely ungracious for the British Minister to refuse his support to the claims of this American.

On the 24th March 1862, Major Gordon was put in orders to command the force of disciplined Chinese in Kiang-soo, and next day went up to Sung-kiang to take over the command from Captain Holland, accompanied by Captain Stark, of her Majesty's 67th Foot as his Commandant; Ensign Stevens, of her Majesty's 99th Regiment, as Adjutant-General; Lieutenant Ward, R. A., as Commandant of Field-artillery; D. A. C. G. Cooksley as Quartermaster-General; and Dr. Moffitt of the 67th as principal medical officer. It was announced that both the officers and men had determined to obey no one but Burgevine; but Major Gordon, having assembled the officers and non-commissioned officers, told them plainly that they need not fear sweeping changes or anything that would injure their future prospects; and no outbreak took place.

The first operation requested of the new commander was an attack upon the town of Fu-shan, situated a considerable way from Sung-kiang, above the Tsung Ming Island; at the estuary of the Yang-tze. This place, long a haunt of pirates, was held by the Rebels; it threatened Kan-zu, about ten miles inland, in which an Imperialist force was besieged; and an unsuccessful attack had been made upon it shortly before, by Major Tapp, commander of the disciplined artillery, with 600 men and a few howitzers. Major Gordon proceeded against

Fu-shan in two steamers, with the 5th Regiment, a 32-pounder, and four 12-pounders, being supported also by Major Tapp's force, and by some ordinary Imperialist troops that were stockaded on the beach and on some neighbouring hills. The Rebel stockades were not strong, but there were heavy masses of Tai-pings in the rear and on each flank. The 32-pounder, however, which was placed in position during the night at some risk of being taken, was too much for their guns, and soon brought down the wall of the stockade in masses. On the advance being sounded, the defenders left and the place was taken with the loss of only two killed and six wounded on the Imperialist side. A slight effort was made by the Rebels to return, but they only succeeded in inflicting what eventually proved a mortal wound on Captain Belcher, of the 5th Regiment. On the road to Kan-zu, Major Gordon passed, near a large joss-house, no less than thirty-five crucified Imperialist soldiers, who had been burned in various places before death.

The garrison of Kan-zu itself had a curious story to tell. They had all been Rebels, but had suddenly transferred the town and their services to the other side. Their chief, Lo Kwo-chung, had persuaded them to shave their heads and declare for the Imperialist cause early in the year, and this they did in conjunction with the garrison of Fu-shan; but no sooner had they done so, than, to their dismay, the Faithful King came down upon them with a large force, took Fu-shan, and laid siege to them, trying to overcome them by various kinds of assault and surprise. He brought against them 32-pounders which had been taken at Tai-tan and partially breached the wall. He offered any terms to the soldiers if they would come over; and, in order to show his great success, sent in the heads of three European officers who had been killed at Tai-san. Lo, in

these trying circumstances, had been obliged to do a good deal of beheading in order to keep his garrison staunch; but he and probably most of his followers, felt they had committed too unpardonable a sin ever to trust themselves again into Tai-ping hands. For this affair Major Gordon was made by decree of the Emperor a Tsung-Ping, a title which is a grade higher than any Ward ever held, and which may best be translated by our phrase Brigadier-General. This alone, not to speak of the much higher position afterwards conferred upon him, is enough to confute Mr. Lay's statement* that this officer never held an Imperial commission. The following are the terms in which the conferring of this grade was announced:—

"Despatch from Li, Governor of Province of Kiangsu, to Major Gordon.

"May 16th, 1863.

"The Governor has already communicated a copy of the Memorial to the Throne, despatched on the 12th April from his camp at Shanghai, in which he solicited the issue of a decree conferring temporary rank as a Chinese *Tsung-Ping* (Brigadier-General) upon the English officer Gordon, on his taking command of the Ever-Victorious Force. He is now in receipt of an express from the Board of War, returning his Memorial, with the note that a separate Decree has been issued to the Prince of Kung and the Council of State; and on the same day he received, through the Prince and Council, copy of the Decree issued to them on the 9th May in the following terms:—

"Gordon, on succeeding to the command of the Ever-Victorious Force, having displayed both valour and intelligence, and having now, with repeated energy, captured Fu-shan, We ordain that he at once receive rank and office as a Chinese *Tsung-Ping*, and we at the same time command Li to communicate to him the expression of our approval. Let Gordon be further enjoined to use stringent efforts for maintaining discipline in the Ever-Victorious Force,

which has fallen into a state of disorganisation, and thus to guard against the recurrence of former evils. Respect this!"

"The Governor has accordingly to forward a copy of the foregoing Decree, to which the officer in question will yield respectful obedience.

"Translated by
(Signed) "WM. S. T. MAYKES,
Interpreter H. M.'s Consulate."

General Staveley having now resigned his command from ill-health, Major-General Brown was in command of the British troops in China, and Burgevine reappeared on the stage, accompanied by an Imperial commissioner from Peking. As has been pointed out, there is no reason for supposing that Prince Kung had any wish to reinstate the American in his former position; and Sir Frederik Bruce writes only of the commissioner as having been sent down "to settle the affair with the Governor"—namely Li;† and he had previously expressed his opinion on the subject, and given his authority in the following passage in an official letter to Brigadier-General Staveley: †—

"As respects Ward's corps, I regret that circumstances should have led to a misunderstanding between Mr. Burgevine and the Governor, as the accounts I had received of the former led me to think that he was well fitted to the post. But as this breach has taken place, it appears to me that the great amount of foreign property at Shanghai renders it desirable that this force should be commanded and officered by men who are not adventurers, and who afford a guarantee, by the position they occupy in the military service of their own country that they are both competent and to be relied upon; otherwise we should be constituting a force which would be as dangerous to us as the insurgents themselves."

Governor Li, in a long letter on this subject,§ remarks that he does not wish at all to remove Major Gordon, who had worked night and day harmoniously with the other

* In 'Our Policy in China,' a pamphlet published in 1864.

† Blue-Book, China, No. 3 (1864), p. 80.

‡ Ib., p. 68.

§ Ib., p. 82.

generals; who had already won conspicuous success; who had reorganised the force, and proved himself valiant, able, and honest. "As the people and place," he continues, "are charmed with him, as he has already given me returns of the organisation of the force, the formation of each regiment, and the expenses, ordinary and extraordinary, in the clearest manner, wishing to drill our troops and save our money, it is evident that he fully comprehends the state of affairs; and, in the expedition he is preparing, his men delightedly obey him, and preserve the proper order. I cannot, therefore, remove him without cause." Something very much the opposite of this is said of poor Burgevine, whom it is evident, Li, and not without some reason, would not have at any price.

In order to understand the operations which followed, it should be noted that the field of its action was the large peninsula formed by the river Yang-tze and the Bay of Hang-chow, an immense alluvial flat called Kiang-nan, having a superficial area of nearly 50,000 square miles. This district has been raised from the bed of the sea by the vast deposits of the great muddy river Yang-tze, and, though thickly peopled, it is for the most part only a few feet above the level of the ocean, and in some places is even lower than that level. Here and there isolated hills rise to the height of a few hundred feet, but for the most part there is a dead level, rich with trees, growing various kinds of cereals in great abundance, thickly studded with villages and towns, and intersected in every direction by rivers, creeks, and canals. On looking across any portion of this great plain, boats, with their mat sails, appear to be moving in every direction over the land, and in some places the waters spread out into lakes of considerable size, such as the Tai-ho. Except on a few lines there are no con-

veniences for transit by land but narrow footpaths, where people can only go in Indian file; but the network of waters affords great facility for the movement of boats and of small steamers. In order to realise this district as it was from 1861 to 1864, we must conceive the Tai-pings coming down upon its peaceful villages and rich towns, moving flags, beating gongs, destroying images and temples, seizing valuables, occupying houses, dealing with all disobedience according to the exterminating decree of Heaven, and being a terror unto young women; but still not at first destroying the crops or many of the houses, or slaying many of the males. Then we have the Allies driving them back, firing into their masses of men with long-range rifles, and pounding at their stockades with heavy guns and shells. On the retirement of these we have the Rebels again advancing to the neighbourhood of Shanghai, but this time in an infuriated, demoniac state, burning and destroying everything in order that there may be a waste round the starving city, and murdering or driving before them all the villagers. Lastly, the Ever-Victorious Army appears on the scene, not by any means always victorious, but very frequently so, and bringing European drill and officers, with heavy artillery, to bear on a settlement of the question. Let this be embellished with views of rich fertile plains, where the crops are trampled down or consumed, a few narrow bridges of the willow-plate pattern, a dilapidated pagoda or two, broken blackened walls of village houses, the deserted streets of towns, innumerable swollen, blackened corpses lying on the slimy banks of the muddy streams, or rotting underneath the graceful bamboos, red flames at night flashing up against the deep dark sky;—let us imagine, also, the Tai-pings throwing themselves into all sorts of postures impossible to the European, and uttering cries

scarcely less painful or hideous than those from the ravished villages; and we may form some conception of the great Chinese tragedy which was enacted in Kiang-nan.

The next movement of the Sung-kiang force was against the large town of Quin-san; and in the approach to that place good service was done by the steamer Hyson, a species of amphibious boat, which possessed the power of moving upon land as well as upon water, for she could drive over the bed of a creek upon her wheels when there was not sufficient depth of water to keep her afloat. But at this time, the end of April, the force was diverted to Tai-tsan by certain events which it is of importance to notice, because they had no small share in afterwards causing what has been ridiculously called "the massacre of Soo-chow." It is to these events that we must chiefly look for an explanation and vindication of the execution by Governor Li of the Tai-ping kings who surrendered to him at Soo-chow—an alleged breach of faith, which led Major Gordon temporarily to resign his command, and which, misrepresented and misunderstood, gave rise to a considerable outcry both in China and in this country.

After Chan-zu had yielded to the Imperialists, and Fu-shan was taken, the Tai-pings at Tai-tsan made proposals of surrender to Governor Li, who sent up his brother with about 2000 troops to arrange the matter. Tsah, the Tai-ping chief, led the Imperialists to suppose that he was prepared to give up the place, and even accepted a large number of mandarin hats to be put on by his officers when the besiegers entered. Presents were interchanged, frequent meetings were held between the two leaders, everything seemed going on smoothly, and the 26th April was fixed for giving up the city; but when, according to agreement, a portion of the Imperialists had entered the south gate, a gun was fired, the gate was closed, and 1500 of them

were treacherously attacked and seized, along with all their camp equipments. Of these not less than 300 were decapitated, their heads being sent to Soo-chow and Quin-san as a general encouragement to the followers of the Great Peace, and the remainder were of course compelled to join the Tai-pings.

In consequence of this act of stupid treachery Major Gordon and his force, to the number of 2800, were diverted against Tai-tsan. He halted about 1500 yards from the west gate, where the rebels had two strong stone forts, and captured two stockades, enclosing small stone forts. On the 2d May the 1st regiment was moved at an early hour towards the north gate, in order to prevent a retreat from that point, and to cover the left flank of the main body of the attacking force, which was established in the western suburb. The troops were so placed as to be under cover, and the guns, protected by portable wooden mantlets, were gradually pushed forward until they were within a hundred yards of the walls of the city, which, by 2 p.m., were rather dilapidated, as every gun and mortar Major Gordon had was in action. Two hours after this, a wide breach having been made in the walls, the boats were ordered up, and a storming party advanced to the assault. The resistance made, however, was now very serious—the place being garrisoned by 10,000 men, 200 of whom were picked braves, and its guns being served by several English, French, and American adventurers in Tai-ping employ. The Rebels swarmed to the breach, manned the walls, and poured down a tremendous fire on the attacking column as well as on the bridge beyond. Major Bannon, however, who led the storming party, succeeded in mounting the breach, and a hand-to-hand conflict took place, in which the assailants were for the moment worsted and compelled to retire, the Tai-pings being bravely headed by

the foreigners in their service. Again the guns played upon the breach for about twenty minutes, and then the assault was renewed. At last the 5th Regiment, under Major Brennan, advanced, and Captain Tchirikoff's company managed to plant the colours of that regiment on the top of the wall. On this the storming party crowded in while the Tai-pings fled in every direction, trampling each other to death in their eagerness to escape. Either during or immediately after the attack there were killed two Americans, two Frenchmen, who begged hard for mercy, and three sepoys, formerly of the 5th Bombay Native Infantry, all of whom were fighting with the Tai-pings. This may be called Imperialist cruelty, but every military man knows that whenever a place is taken by assault under the flag of any nation, many of the defenders are put to death though they throw down their arms and cry for quarter. The loss on the part of the Ever-Victorious army was also heavy, Major Bannon of the 4th Regiment, with twenty rank and file, being killed, while there were wounded Lieut. Wood, R. A., Commandant of the Field Artillery, Major Murant, Captains Chapman, Chidwick, Ludlam, Robinson, and Williams, with 142 privates, out of a force of 2800 men. It is doubtful whether this assault would have been successful had it not been for some 8-inch howitzers which were played over the heads of the stormers, and mowed down the Tai-pings on the breach, from a distance of only 200 yards. The steamer Hyson also did some service by moving in the neighbourhood, throwing heavy shells into the city; and General Brown afforded "moral support" by moving up a small British force of about 500 * to the village of Wai-kong, about six miles off. From the statements of Private Hargreaves, an English

deserter from H. M. 31st Regiment, who was taken prisoner in Tai-tsan, it appeared that, though the Europeans in the place had fought well, they had done so unwillingly, and had told Tsah, the Tai-ping chief, that it was useless for him to resist. The officers of the disciplined force who specially distinguished themselves in this engagement were Major Brennan, with Captains Howard and Tchirikoff of the 5th Regiment, and Captains Williams and Brooks of the 2d.

There were some circumstances connected with this capture of Tai-tsan which gave rise to a curious discussion, that did not confine itself to China, but was taken up also in this country, and was even allowed to occupy the attention of her Majesty's Foreign Secretary. It was a common thing among certain persons in China at this period to invent stories of Imperialist cruelty. For instance, most hideous accounts were published in the 'Times of India' of almost unmentionable atrocities, said to have been committed on Tai-ping women and children by the Imperialist authorities at Shanghai, and yet, on examination, the whole dismal story turned out to have been a pure invention. One might have thought that such a case, and similar ones only too abundant at this time, would have been a warning to respectable persons not to give a ready, and much less an eager, heed to anonymous stories of the kind; but such does not seem to have been the immediate result. After the capture of Tai-tsan, an anonymous writer in the Shanghai 'Daily Shipping and Commercial News' came forward under the specious *nom de plume* of "Justice and Mercy," and insisted that, after the capture, seven Rebel prisoners had their eyes pierced out by Imperialist soldiers,

* This force consisted of 60 Royal Artillery, 80 Lascars, 2 howitzers, two 54-inch mortars, 80 of the 31st Regiment, 150 Belooches, and 150 Fifth Bombay Native Infantry.

and were then roasted alive, their clothes being previously saturated with oil, and that more than one Englishman witnessed the deed, powerless to save. Behind the screen of the "North China Herald," of 13th June 1863, another anonymous person, under the signature of "An Eyewitness," asserted that "Justice and Mercy" had exaggerated the affair; but that he himself could say, from personal observation, that the prisoners referred to were "tortured with the most refined cruelty," that "arrows appeared to have been forcibly driven into various parts of their bodies, heads, region of heart, abdomen, &c., from whence issued copious streams of blood; that strips of flesh had been cut, or rather hacked, from various parts of their bodies;" and that "for hours these wretched beings writhed in agony" before they were led out to an inhuman death. Having had an interview with this witness—whose name, however, is still kept concealed—Dr. Smith, the Bishop of Victoria, thought fit to write to Earl Russell on the subject, and to express his opinion that there was no reasonable doubt as to the truth of the witness's allegations.

In an official letter to the Secretary of War,* General Brown, as commander of her Majesty's forces in China, very naturally expressed his surprise that the Bishop had not communicated with him upon this subject, and had not inquired whether he, the General, could supply any reliable information regarding it. From reports made by Lieutenant Cane, R. A., and other English officers who were witnesses of the affair, and who did not speak of it from behind a screen, General Brown had, almost at the time, been put in possession of the facts of the case, and had taken all the

action which it demanded. Major Gordon, and his force had nothing to do with the seven prisoners who were taken by Imperialist soldiers after they had escaped from Tai-tsan, and were condemned, near Wai-Kong, where a British force was, to the punishment of the "Ling-che," or slow and ignominious death. As the Tai-pings of Tai-tsan had been guilty of an act of bloody treachery, they had no claim to be treated as ordinary prisoners of war; and it was, moreover, alleged by the mandarins that these particular prisoners were special offenders. As it was, according to the testimony of several British officers, the sentence upon them was carried out only in form. They were tied up and exposed to view for about five hours, each with a piece of skin cut from one arm and hanging down, and with an arrow or two pushed through the skin in various places. They did not seem to suffer pain, and were afterwards beheaded in the ordinary way. Even this, of course, was objectionable; and General Brown, careful of the honour of a British officer, at once told the Futai, Li, that if any similar cases were reported to him he would withdraw his troops, and cease to act along with the Imperialists. This was quite right; but it should be noticed also, that we are apt to attach an exaggerated importance to the cruelty of Chinese punishments from our own superior sensitiveness to pain. What might be exquisite torture to the nervous muscular European is something much less to the obtuse-nerved Turanian; and it may be safely affirmed that the Chinese penal code, as actually carried out, is, considering the nature of the people, not a whit more severe than that of any European country.† Every doctor who

* Blue-Book, China, No. 3 (1864), p. 117.

† The 'Edinburgh Review,' in an article on Sir George Staunton's translation of that code, said—"We scarcely know a European code that is at once so copious and so consistent, or is nearly so freed from intricacy, bigotry, and fiction."

has had to perform operations on Chinamen, knows how little they suffer in comparison with more sensitive races. As to the conduct in such matters of the Ever-Victorious Army, Major Gordon wrote to the Shanghai 'Shipping News':—

"June 15th, 1868.

"I am of belief that the Chinese of this force are quite as merciful in action as the soldiers of any Christian nation could be; and in proof of this can point to over 700 prisoners, taken in the last engagement, who are now in our employ; some even have entered our ranks and done service against the Rebels since their capture. But one life has been taken out of this number, and that one was a rebel who tried to induce his comrades to fall on the guard, and who was shot on the spot. It is a great mistake to imagine that the men of this force are worthless; they will, in the heat of action, put their enemies to death, as the troops of any nation would do, but when the fight is over they will associate as freely together as if they had never fought. . . . If 'Observer' and 'Eyewitness,' with their friend 'Justice and Mercy,' would come forward and communicate what they know, it would be far more satisfactory than writing statements of the nature of those alluded to by the Bishop of Victoria. And if any one is under the impression that the inhabitants of the Rebel districts like their Rebel masters, he has only to come up here to be disabused of his idea. I do not exaggerate when I say, that upwards of 1500 Rebels were killed in their retreat from Quin-san by the villagers, who rose en masse."

The plunder it obtained at Taisan had somewhat demoralised the Ever-Victorious Army, which of course could hardly be kept in a state of strict discipline; and so its commander moved it back to Sung-kiang, in order that it might be reorganised. Previous to this the force had been accustomed to dissolve after the capture of any place, in order that the men might dispose of their loot; and though the practice was eminently unsoldierly, the abolition of it by Major Gordon was not at all appreciated by these

soldiers of fortune, who had no desire to peril their lives without compensating gratifications. General Ward had even allowed them coolies to clean their arms; and the idea of carrying their own rations was thought quite derogatory to their dignity. Many of the officers themselves did not show an example of discipline to the troops, and Major Gordon was glad to have an opportunity of filling the places of some of those who had been killed, and of others who had resigned, by officers of H.M. 99th Regiment, who had volunteered for the service. Finding it necessary also to have some officer of rank over the commissariat and military stores, he selected Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Cooksley, an excellent officer, for that duty, and gave him the rank of lieutenant-colonel in order that he might speak with authority to the majors commanding the different regiments, who were apt to be troublesome when rations were issued.

These efforts to improve the discipline of this rather anomalous force were not allowed to pass without violent opposition, threatening at one time to pass into open mutiny. When Lieutenant-Colonel Cooksley's appointment was made known, and just when the force was ordered to march against Quin-san, all the majors requested an interview with the commander, at which they complained of an officer of the English army being placed over them, and demanded for themselves the same rank and pay as the new lieutenant-colonel. This was at once refused, on which they retired, and soon after sent in their resignations, with the cool request that these should be accepted at once, but that they should be allowed to serve on the approaching expedition. In answer to this Major Gordon at once accepted their resignation, and refused to allow them to serve on the expedition; but the position in which he was placed was a very critical one. The force had been ordered to march at daybreak next morn-

ing, the 24th May, but at 8 A.M. only the commander's body-guard had fallen in; and the officers who had been placed in command came to report that none of the other men would do so.

After this matter had been settled, in compliance with his order, Major Gordon left Sung-kiang with 600 artillery and 2300 infantry in order to attack Quin-san, in conjunction with an Imperialist force under General Ching, which he had left stockaded before that place, and which, on his return, he found in some peril. The operations which now ensued were rather peculiar, and most destructive to the Tai-pings, who numbered about 12,000 men. In a strategical point of view, Quin-san was a place of immense importance, being the key to Soo-chow, and a point the possession of which would completely protect both Sung-kiang and Tai-tsan. No place could have better suited the requirements of the Ever-Victorious army than Quin-san, or enabled them at this time to hold so large a district of country safe from the inroads of the Tai-pings; but there were, to all appearance, serious difficulties in the way of gaining possession of it. A very large Rebel force was encamped within its walls, which have a circumference of about five miles—and stone forts in its neighbourhood were also held by the Rebels. Its ditch was more than forty yards wide; the high hill enclosed within its walls enabled every movement in the neighbourhood to be seen, and two or three guns placed on the spurs of this hill would have formed a very citadel. Altogether the position was one which afforded fine scope for the skill of a scientific assailing commander.

Major Gordon, judging from his official report,* and from other sources of information, seems to have detected the weak point of

this position. The only road between Quin-san and Soo-chow is so situated between the Yan-sing Lake and large creeks widening out here and there into small lakes or sheets of water, that it seemed possible to cut off entirely the communication between these two cities; and this road, though in the main good, crosses very long bridges and follows narrow causeways, sometimes only three or four feet wide, for the space of twenty or thirty yards, while on the inner side the creeks are very deep. Accordingly, the steamer Hyson, with its guns protected by iron mantlets, was employed to cut this line of communication. Ching, the Imperialist general acting in concert, was very anxious that the disciplined force should attack the east gate, that on the side of Tai-tsan; but this Major Gordon declined until he had reconnoitred the country on the other side; and the result of his investigations was a determination to attack two stockades and a very strong stone fort which he found on the road, and on the banks of the canal between Quin-san and Soo-chow, eight miles from the former and twelve from the latter city, at the village of Chun-ye.

At dawn of the 30th May, Major Gordon started on this adventure in the Hyson, accompanied by the 4th Regiment, 350 strong, with field-artillery in boats, and by about fifty small Imperial gunboats, the whole flotilla amounting to about eighty boats, with large white sails, and decorated with various-coloured flags. Some stakes, separating the creek which they came up from the canal between Quin-san and Soo-chow, were pulled up by the Imperialist boats, and a general advance with the steamer and troops was made. Immediately that the Tai-pings, who were in great force, saw this, they vacated the stockades, and, splitting right and left, fled

* Blue Book, China, No. 3 (1864), p. 111.

along the causeway, some to Quin-san and the remainder towards Soo-chow, the 4th Regiment being despatched in pursuit of the former, and the Hyson following up the latter. It was understood, however, that some bad feeling between the commander at Chun-ye and the Tai-ping chief at Quin-san was the chief cause of their defending the stockades so badly.

The events which followed sufficiently proved that the Tai-pings were taken by surprise, and completely confused by the novel mode of warfare which they had to encounter. The Hyson steamed slowly up the canal towards Soo-chow, somewhat impeded by the numerous boats, abandoned by their owners, which were drifting about, and occupied, as it advanced, in firing on the clusters of Rebels marching before it along the causeway. At Ta Edin a fine stone fort appeared, but this also was immediately abandoned on a shell from the steamer happening to go through one of the embrasures. Though this boat had on board only about half-a-dozen Europeans and thirty Chinese gunners, six men were landed to prevent the fort being reoccupied by any of the parties of Rebels that were coming up behind. Continuing its course, and always harassing the fleeing troops in front, the Hyson passed at Ta Edin another stone fort which had been evacuated; and then, having headed a party of about 400 Tai-pings, Captain Davidson had the almost incredible audacity to take 150 of them prisoners on board his small craft. Soon after this, four Rebel horsemen rode past the steamer, in the direction of Soo-chow, amid a shower of bullets; and when one of them was struck off his steed, the others waited for him and carried him off—a fine instance of Chinese courage and fidelity. The steamer got within a mile of Soo-chow, and did not turn till six p.m., being very uncertain as to what sort of a reception it might meet with on the way back.

The extraordinary good fortune which had attended this movement continued to befriend it. On the way down, a large force at Siaou Edin opened a sharp fire of rifles upon the Hyson, but they were enfiladed from their position by a charge of grape, and some of them were made prisoners. Even the boat's steam-whistle seems to have done good service in frightening the Tai-pings, most of whom had heard nothing of the kind before; and it may be imagined how great must have been the effect on their untutored minds of this fiery dragon coming shrieking down in the darkness, with the glaring eyes of its green and blue lights, and its horrible discharges of grape and shell.

On returning to Chun-ye, tremendous firing and cheering were heard, the Imperial gunboats being found engaged with the stone fort, which in the darkness was literally sparkling with musketry. It was most fortunate that the steamer came up at this moment, for as it got to the scene of action a confused mass of men, but dimly discerned, were seen on the causeway. This was the garrison of Quin-san, amounting to about 8000 men, attempting to escape to Soo-chow. On the steamer blowing its whistle, this dark mass wavered, yelled, and turned back. Then followed one of those terrible scenes which are so useful in war, and may be on the whole so beneficial, but which are often so painful to witness and to read of. The number of Tai-pings was so great, and their state of desperation such, that they could easily have swept Major Gordon's small force away; and the Imperialists being surrounded by the enemy, were so panic stricken that they had commenced to abandon their gunboats when the Hyson arrived. Hence it was necessary to fire into the Quin-san garrison, which the steamer accordingly did, driving back the dense yelling masses, step by step, with great slaughter, and pursuing them up to the walls of the city. The shell-

ing went on till half past-two in the morning, when as many of the garrison surrendered as could safely be made prisoners of; and, at a later hour, an Imperialist and disciplined force, which had been left at the east gate, entered Quin-san, and took possession of that place unopposed.

In this engagement the loss of the Tai-pings was very great indeed. It was evident that between 8000 and 4000 men must have been killed, drowned, or taken prisoners; but it is impossible to say how many more of the 12,000 or 15,000 in Quin-san, or on the fatal causeway, failed to reach Soochow, and perished miserably—drowned in creeks, choked in mud, and killed by the villagers, who, to show their appreciation of Tai-ping rule, rose *en masse* against the fugitives. About 800 prisoners were taken, most of whom entered the ranks of the Ever-Victorious Army; and 8000 might have been secured, had there been troops to collect them. In fact, almost the entire garrison of Quin-san must have been lost to the Rebels, while the casualties in Major Gordon's force, exclusive of the Imperialists with whom he acted, were only two killed and five drowned.

This almost unparalleled disproportion between the two losses may readily suggest the idea of a mere massacre, where superiority of arms on one side rendered the defence on the other a perfect farce; but such was not the case. It was the selection of the causeway as the weak point of the enemy, together with the hazardous, desperate, and totally unlooked-for character of the attack which made it so wonderful a success; and at almost any point up to the occupation of Quin-san the state of matters might easily have been reversed. Had the Rebels stood to their stockades and forts; had they returned to the stone forts which the Hyson had to leave unoccupied, or held by only a few men; had they attacked the steamer

on its return to Ta Edin, where it had a narrow escape from being taken; and had the Quin-san garrison not wavered in its fugitive attack when the steam-whistle began to sound,—then there might have been a very different conclusion to this bold adventure. This was one of those occasions which occur pre-eminently in Asiatic warfare, when a little hesitation on the part of the commander, and a little suspension of confidence on the part of the troops, might easily have led to a disaster on the side of the assailants quite as great as that which, as it turned out, befel the assailed.

The importance of Quin-san to the Rebel cause could not easily be over-estimated. It contained a manufactory for ordnance, shot, and shell, which was conducted by two Englishmen, whose fate I cannot discover, and it afforded a central point communicating by water with Soochow, Sung-Kiang, Tai-tsau, and Kan-zu. The boldness of the attack and the completeness of its success paralysed the Tai-pings and gave confidence to the country-people. Moreover, Quin-san afforded an excellent place for the headquarters of the Ever-Victorious, and one where the reins of discipline could be drawn tighter than at Sung-Kiang, where many Chinese resided who had been demoralised when serving under the lax system of General Ward. It can easily be conceived that this anomalous Chinese force was "disciplined" only to a very limited extent. Not a few of the officers were what are usually called "rowdies," yet exceedingly jealous of their position and presumed privileges; while the Chinese rank-and-file expected to be humoured, and, though brave enough at times, would, in the matter of plunder, have outgeneralled Bardolph and Ancient Pistol. These worthies did not at all like being quartered at Quin-san instead of being restored to their old location at Sung-Kiang. When this change of resi-

dence was communicated to the troops, the artillery refused to fall in, and threatened to blow the European officers to pieces with the big guns, and the Chinese authorities with the small ones. This intimation of serious mutiny was conveyed to Major Gordon in a written proclamation. He ordered up the non-commissioned officers, being convinced that they were at the bottom of the affair, and inquired of them who wrote the proclamation, and why the men would not fall in. They professed ignorance on these points, and were then told that one out of every five of them would be shot—a piece of information which they received with groans. As it was absolutely necessary to restore discipline, the commander ordered a corporal, one of the most prominent of the groaners, to be dragged out and shot, which was immediately done by two of the infantry who were standing by. The remaining non-commissioned officers were then put in confinement for an hour, with the assurance that if the men did not fall in, and if the name of the writer of the proclamation were not given up by the time that period elapsed, the arrangement of shooting every fifth man would be carried out; and this energetic measure brought them to their senses, the men falling in and the writer's name being disclosed.

At the time this fracas occurred, another serious dispute was going on between Major Gordon, whose hands must have been pretty full, and General Ching. This Imperialist leader had been annoyed at Gordon's method of taking Tait-san, because he had previously written to the Futai, stating that he himself only required guns to make a breach at the east gate in order to get in; and he was also opposed to the disciplined force being established at Quin-san. Whether purposely or accidentally, but most probably the former, some of his gunboats opened fire with

grape and round shot on 150 men of the Ever-Victorious under Majors Kirkham and Lowden, who were co-operating with another Imperialist force under General Li. Ching at first affected to treat this *contretemps* as a joke; and on being rather forcibly informed it was nothing of the kind, he affected ignorance of the unmistakable green-and-red flag on which his troops had fired. Major Gordon wrote to the Futai about this matter, and then, with a large force, started for the neighbourhood where the event had occurred, determined to fight Ching as well as the Rebels, if that general showed a disposition to make any more such mistakes. Mr. Macartney, however, formerly surgeon in H.M. 99th Regiment, who was then, as now, in the employ of the Chinese Government, and had undertaken charge of the Futai's arsenal at Sung-kiang, was sent up to arrange matters, and the affair ended in a humble apology.

No sooner was this over than another and more serious danger began to manifest itself in alarming reports concerning the intentions of Burgevine, formerly commander of the disciplined Chinese. It was known that he was enlisting loose characters at Shanghai, and was also in close communication with foreigners who had originally been in the force, but who had left it. Burgevine, however, wrote to Major Gordon, with whom he was on good terms, on the 21st July, in the following terms:—"You may hear a great many rumours concerning me, but do not believe any of them. I shall come up and have a long talk with you. Until then adieu." This was not very explicit or reassuring, but on the strength of it Gordon wrote to the Futai and became surety that Burgevine would not make any attempt in favour of the Tai-pings. The rumours about their old commander had an unsettling effect on the minds of the officers; and just before an expedition was about to start for

Wo-kong, there was a mutiny of the artillery officers, who were annoyed at a change being made in their commander. On the 26th July they all joined in a round-robin, refusing to serve under the new commander, Major Tapp, or to accompany the expedition. In this case, though Major Gordon, as he afterwards told them, had all the inclination to shoot one or two of the leaders, he had not the power, as all the officers of the force would have resented such a proceeding; so the course he pursued was to exercise all his personal influence in collecting any men who would offer to serve the guns, and in getting these latter started without the artillery officers. The guns were fortunately in the boats, and the common artillerymen were quite willing to go, so the expedition started without the officers. At dusk, however, a letter came from these now penitent gentlemen, begging that their conduct might be overlooked for that one time. Considering all the circumstances, this had to be done, the more especially as their place could not effectively be supplied. Though given to imaginary grievances, the officers of the force were gallant men, who evinced much ingenuity and quickness, and were wonderfully sharp in acquiring a knowledge of the country. One cause of their uneasiness was a dread of their places being supplied by officers from the British army; but of this there was little likelihood at the time, according to the General Order, which condemned officers so acting to half-pay. They would have had less suspicion of their commander had they known that at this very time he was being urged in influential quarters, and by well-wishers to China, to retire from his position and allow the Rebels a chance of

advancing, in order to force the Chinese authorities to grant terms to the force such as would induce British officers to serve.*

In order to explain the expeditions which now followed, it must be borne in mind that at this period the great object of the Imperial Government was the reduction of Soo-chow, the capital of the province, situated on the Grand Canal. Looking at the nature of the country and its system of water-communication, Major Gordon deemed it best to approach it gradually from all sides and cut its communications, rather than advance to an immediate attack. Soo-chow is peculiarly situated with regard to water-communication, for it stands on the Grand Canal, and is only eight miles from the Tai-ho Lake,† a sheet of shallow water fifty miles from north to south, and nearly as many in breadth. From the Grand Canal to this lake there are four entrances open to steamers. One of these is at Kah-poo, a place ten miles south of Soo-chow, and there the Rebels had two strong stone forts which it was of special importance to take, not only because they secured a good communication between the lake and the canal, but because they commanded the direct road from Soo-chow to the Tai-ping cities in the south. The city of Wo-kong, three miles south of Kah-poo, was also in possession of the Rebels, and it was thought best to attack it first.

The force employed consisted of about 2200 men, infantry and artillery, in boats, with the armed steamers *Firefly* and *Cricket*, and the attack was made, from the side of the Great Lake. The most exciting part of the affair occurred early on the 28th July, at a Rebel fort only a few hundred yards from Wo-kong, which had

* Private correspondence.

† As *Tai* means "Great" and *Ho* "Lake" or "Water," to speak of the Tai-ho Lake reminds one of the Indian griffin's "Boy, bring some *ag low*;" but the phrase has become too familiar to be now changed.

been left unoccupied. As soon as the Tai-pings, however, saw the advance of the Ever-Victorious Army, they rushed out to occupy this fort; and Major Gordon pushed out the 4th and 6th Regiments to cut them off and endeavour to get in before them. An exciting race ensued, and the Tai-pings managed to get in first; but the 6th Regiment was so little behind that they had immediately to run out again, with some loss. Leaving this regiment in occupation, Gordon took other stockades which commanded the town, so that every exit from the city was closed by 10 A.M. After a vain attempt to force a passage, the garrison surrendered, and about 4000 prisoners were taken, among whom were many chiefs, including the second in command, —the leader, Yang Wang, a brother of Chung Wang, having escaped the night before. Among those captured were a theatrical company who had just come up from Hangchow, and were sorely troubled at such a termination of their mimic fights. The Imperialist general Ching soon arrived, and was very anxious to get hold of the prisoners; but only 1500, including none of the chiefs, were given him, to be made soldiers, under a promise that they should receive good treatment, and these had the option of going with the disciplined force. However Major Gordon soon heard that five of these prisoners had been beheaded by Ching; and this, together with his determination to quit the command on account of the non-payment of claims which the force had necessarily incurred, determined him to leave for Shanghai.

At this time the commander of the Ever-Victorious Army must have had what many people would think the most pressing inducements to give up the command, and its army, and its victories. The service he was on was not only one of incessant toil, but of more than ordinary exposure to danger, as he had often himself to lead assaults, and, seizing

reluctant officers, to march them into the thick of the fire. Some of these officers were disaffected towards him, and he was even fired upon from his own troops. The Imperialist authorities, especially the redoubtable Ching, were a constant source of trouble, and the Futai took no steps to discharge the pressing claims of creditors against the force. At the same time influential persons among his countrymen were urging him to resign. But when he arrived at Shanghai on the 8th August at 8 P.M., and learned that General Burgevine had left for Soo-chow with a large party of foreigners in order to join the Tai-ping ranks, Major Gordon gave up his intention of resigning, and rode up to Quin-san that night in order to resume his command; because he did not think it creditable to leave the Imperialists when they were in so great a danger; because a change of command at such a crisis might have been most detrimental to the whole of the community at Shanghai; and also because he felt he had pledged himself to the Futai that Burgevine would not join the Rebels.

As this is the turning-point in Henry Andrea Burgevine's eventful history, it may be well to say a word as to his antecedents. Like Ward, he was one of those American adventurers who, trained by the circumstances of their country, could find no sufficient outlet for their restless energies before the great American war came to their relief. He was a Southerner by birth, and superior to Ward both in manners and education, though inferior in coolness and in the choice of means to an end. The latter flibuster had a nasty side-look, and a face which boded no good to any one in particular, unless it were himself; while the former had a pleasant expression on his dark countenance. The American papers say that he was born at Newbern, North Carolina, in 1836, his father having been a French officer under Napoleon; and that, though his

early years were ill provided for, he was an accomplished student, and even in his youth entertained dreams of being some day able to build up a great empire in the East; and whether that be the case or not, he certainly entertained such a dream in China, where it was the cause of his misfortunes. A much-wandering man, he seems to have turned up in California, of course, in Australia, the Sandwich Islands, India, where he studied Hindostanee, Jeddo, London, and other places—being, in fact, one of those nautical gentlemen who combine a taste for literature with the power of navigating coasting vessels, and, would fate allow, of founding great empires. After that, finding a post-office clerkship and the editing of an American newspaper rather tame work for him, he found his way again to China, became Ward's second in command, and, as noted before, on the death of that worthy, was put in command of the Ever-Victorious Army, quarrelled with the Futai, struck the patriotic merchant Ta-Kee, was dismissed from his post, applied for redress at Peking, and was not reinstated.

These latter events had naturally irritated Burgevine's soul; and it is admitted, even by his friends, that he was now in the habit of taking stimulants to an extent which at times disordered his brain, or at least that stimulants, whether taken in large quantities or not, had that effect upon him. There was a double motive for his action—revenge against the Imperialists, and his dreams of seizing an empire in China; so he entered into communications with the Mow Wang, now Tai-ping chief at Soo-chow, and engaged about 500 foreign rowdies at Shanghai to enter with him into the service of the Great Peace. This was a bold enterprise, for it was pretty well known at this time that the foreigners in the service of the Tai-pings had no very delightful time of it; but Burgevine was a persuasive person, his name had

considerable power with the troops on both sides, and it was believed, not without some grounds, that he could command the services of many of the officers of Gordon's army. As to himself, there is no doubt that his hope and intention was to get a large body of foreign adventurers and disciplined natives into his own hands, then to throw up the Tai-ping cause, and make an independent filibustering movement across China in the direction of Peking, in order to fulfil the dream of his youth. Considering the state of China at this time, wiser heads than his might have been carried away by such an idea; but the foreign powers, having treaty-rights with China, would never have permitted the success of such a movement; and even the Imperial Government would have been roused to measures which would have defeated it. The time for such a project was before the treaties of 1858.

This movement of Burgevine's was thus reported on to Major-General Brown by Colonel Hough, on the 4th of August:—

"Burgevine has gone over to the Rebels with some Europeans collected here; the number varies with the different reports from 100 to 1000, but 800 will probably be nearer the mark. From Captain Strode's information Burgevine's terms with the Europeans are, service one month and money paid down; and other information states unrestrained licence to pillage every town they take, even Shanghai itself. The latter would be an idle threat even under the present reduced state of the garrison, but for the alarming defection of Major Gordon's force, who are all, it is said, traitorously inclined to side with Burgevine. Names of traitors are freely given, being those of Major Gordon's best officers of the land forces, as well as those commanding steamers. This, if true, would virtually be giving our siege-train, now with Major Gordon, into the Rebels' hands, and to oppose which, Captain Murray informs me, we have not a gun of equal force. The Futai told Mr. Markham yesterday evening that Burge-

vine and 65 Europeans had seized the little steamer *Ki-fow*, under the walls of Sun-kiang, and taken her into Soochow, and had been made a Wang of the second class and commander of all the Rebel forces. The Futai also said that a report had reached him, of Quansan [Quin-san], Major Gordon's headquarters, having been given up to the Rebels by its garrison. Should this be true, the worst may be anticipated; Major Gordon a prisoner, the siege-train lost, and the speedy advent of the Rebels, commanded by Burgevine, before this place; for it is idle to suppose that they would respect the 30-mile radius when they had no town outside with wealth enough to support their rabble hordes, which exaggerated reports put down at 800,000, of which they say 20,000 are disciplined by Frenchmen and Europeans long resident in Soochow. In the present imperfect knowledge of affairs, to move out would perhaps be to leave Shanghai open to the Rebels, who can choose their own route, and whose advance would only be known by the country people flying before them and the smoke of burning towns. I trust to hear from Major Gordon to enable me to act decisively, of which I need not say I will send you the earliest information."

This shows a very alarming state of matters, and that Burgevine had not laid his plans without very

considerable skill. Any one in Major Gordon's place must have had serious thoughts on that solitary night-ride up to Quin-san, seeing how much hung upon the disposition of the officers whom he was to meet at dawn. On reaching his headquarters no unsatisfactory signs appeared; but the commander received reports during the day which induced him to send reinforcements to Kah-poo, his most advanced post, and to send the principal part of his siege-ammunition to Shanghai. In the evening three men actually walked into his room and asked for Burgevine, saying they had been engaged by him, and told to wait at the "second station," which looked as if neither the Americo-Tai-ping nor his station could be very far off. This movement of Burgevine made Major Gordon's position an exceedingly difficult and dangerous one, for in addition to attacks from without he was also very liable to attacks from within. The ostensible cause of Burgevine's dismissal—namely, his assault on the banker Ta-Kee, in order to get money for the force—had naturally left an impression on the minds of the men which was favourable to their late commander.

EAVESDROPPING AT BIARRITZ.

ANNO 1865.

I do not like to be an eavesdropper; but what is one to do under the following circumstances? During a morning stroll on the sands at beautiful Biarritz, a shower had thoroughly wetted my outer clothing. I might certainly have hastened home and changed, but the southern sun had shone out gloriously, and I thought of another expedient. I knew of a warm nook in some rocks at a little distance, and thought to myself, I will have a bathe, and spread out my clothes meanwhile on the hot slabs, and they will be dry in a few seconds: so in I went. The water was pleasant, and there was no gendarme near to prevent my enjoying my salting in the majestic simplicity of a naked Briton, so I swam for some minutes, and then retreated to my nook to dress. As my clothes were not quite dry, I contented myself with putting on the only garment which had not got wet, and sat down on a commodious ledge to enjoy the luxury of the sunshine, and a pipe. In a few seconds, somewhat to my consternation, I saw an august personage approach, and stop within a few yards of my lair, with nothing but a breast-high screen of rock between me and him. He led in his hand an august little boy. They luckily stopt, without observing me, before they came round the corner, to examine some "common object" of the shore. When I ducked my head they were out of sight, but within ear-shot.

Emperor.—Run away, my dear, a couple of hundred yards out on the sands, and amuse yourself with looking after specimens for your aquarium. I see a gentleman coming who will no doubt wish to talk with me alone.

Prince.—*Au revoir*, papa; don't

be late for breakfast, or mamma will—[I lost the last word.]

Emperor.—Good morning, Bismark!

Bismark.—Good morning, sire; beautiful weather!

Emperor.—It is generally so here; that is one reason why I am so fond of this place, close to our southern frontier. Having passed the middle of life, I prefer heat to cold, light to darkness.

Bismark.—Is it so in all matters, sire? People say that keeping matters dark is the secret of your Majesty's position, power, and policy.

Emperor.—Oddly enough, people say the same thing of your Excellency, and call you the Northern Machiavelli; but, with regard to myself, I wish you to disabuse yourself as soon as possible of an erroneous idea. I could never get through the business I have to do, and do, if I played a deep game and calculated all my moves beforehand like a chess-player. It would take too long, and we would be overtaken by circumstances while trying to create them. Circumstances are dealt out like a hand at whist by Fortune or Providence, and then I use my common sense in playing out my hand so as usually to secure the odd trick. Politics on a large scale far more closely resemble whist than chess, and the same may be said of strategy, though the movements of armies naturally suggest the comparison of the chess-board. I will give you in a moment a practical illustration of my policy. Though the sun is warm the wind is keen, and I want to know in what quarter it is that I may get out of it. So here I put up my handkerchief at the end of my cane and try. From the north-west—good! So now, if

you please, we will take a seat in this recess, which has the benefit of the morning sun and is sheltered from the north-west wind, and if you have anything particular to say to me, take one of my private cigars and say it between the puffs.

Bismark.—Thank your Majesty: a cigar bought by the “*fiscus*” or Imperial privy purse is doubtless very good; those which are made to contribute to the “*ararium*,” or treasury of the Empire, are not very bad. A man complained to me one day that when, in France, he wanted a better cigar than he could buy for one sou at the usual “*debits*,” by giving more money he only got a bigger one. As he declined to increase the quantity, he was fain to content himself with the quality smoked by the multitude.

Emperor.—This is an example in a small matter of how I am obliged to steer my course in deference to the wishes or whims of my subjects. Universal Suffrage, and not I, is master of the French. They hate quality, and like equality, so I supply them all with an indifferently good cigar—excellent, I may say, for the price, just as at our first Exhibition the price of admission for all persons on all days was fixed at one franc. I would willingly have obliged the English by making them pay more, and having a five-franc day for them, as they care nothing for amusements for which they pay little, and which are shared by the multitude, but I was afraid of offending my own subjects. The French are never fools enough to give five francs one day for what they may get the next day for one; and as for being select, their vanity rather tends to make them wish to shine before as many eyes as possible.

Just as I put up my handkerchief a minute ago to try what way the wind really blew, so I am in the habit of putting out a feeler every

now and then to see what the French people really want; and I have to do so very often, I can assure you, for they are always wanting something new. When I have found out their want, I endeavour as far as I can to satisfy it; and hitherto I have been moderately successful.

Bismark.—I fear that the Mexican expedition will prove an exception to your Majesty’s successes.

Emperor.—One cannot always succeed, and it is very hard work to satisfy so impatient a people as the French. Their temper is very much that of the mob at a balloon ascent, who, in case of delay, have been known to tear the balloon to pieces. However this Mexican business turns out, we have gained victories which have given their names to streets in Paris; and it is rather hard if, after they have had all this glory, my people should grumble at having to pay the bill for it. We sneer at the commercial nature of the English, and yet they never object to pay any amount for military glory, and at the end of their wars, in which somehow or other they generally manage to conquer, they are always worse off than the conquered. Who could have believed that the Northern States of America would have prevailed over the Southern?

I did not, nor did the English ‘*Times*,’ nor did the Yankees themselves. There is nothing like it in history except the wonderful triumph of the Roman Republic after it had been brought to death’s door by Hannibal. To tell you the truth, I think, as things are going, I shall have to throw over Maximilian, and withdraw the troops. I am tolerably firm in the saddle, or I should feel nervous about it with so unreasonable a people as the French, especially as in a short time I shall be obliged by the Convention with Italy to withdraw the troops from Rome also. Were I to act as my uncle would have done, whose fate has always

been a warning to me, I should push forward till heat and yellow fever played the same part that cold and hunger did in the Russian catastrophe. I wonder if France would be better satisfied in such a case? If my people can bear their first disappointment, they will soon come to see that I did all for the best. The fact is, I have spoiled them by succeeding too often. But to return to the principles of my policy: I have another, which I gained by observation of the acutest men of business in England. I know when to speak and when to hold my tongue, which is a gift thoroughly appreciated by my talkative people. Being once in the society of some Cambridge men in London, I heard an anecdote of some man, who, contrary to the strange laws of the University, had managed to hold his Fellowship after he had been for some years privately married. "How could you hold it?" asked a friend. The culprit answered, "A man who holds his tongue can hold anything." You know that I am not absolutely taciturn, only relatively so. Even now I am talking too much about myself, unless my experience can be of any use to you, and perhaps you are inwardly smiling at my thinking that possible. At all events, I have been delaying your communication, which from your face I should judge to be of importance. In what can I serve you, Count?

Bismark.—Your Majesty can assist me most materially in a course of policy I am recommending to my master, William I., by grace of God, as he says himself, King of Prussia. With all respect for him, he is not a man of the world like some others.

Emperor.—No flattery—at least in private! Please to come to the point.

Bismark.—Your Majesty once gave out to all the world, that "the Empire is Peace." I do not want anything done, I only want you to

promise to act on your motto towards Prussia, under certain contingencies.

Emperor.—What are they?

Bismark.—Before I state them, I must premise that the friendship of Prussia, under certain circumstances not unlikely to arise, would be of the last importance to France.

Emperor.—Well, that depends. You must take into consideration that France has still an unclosed account with Prussia. I have reckoned with the three other Powers whose joint efforts overthrew my uncle; with Russia at Sebastopol, with Austria at Solferino, with England by the moral victory of my accession, and also by snatching from her the choicest laurels in the Crimea, and then concluding peace just as she was warming to her work. The French people consider, on the whole, that these three nations have given them the satisfaction they required; as yet Prussia has not. And it is not for me to be satisfied, but the French people.

Bismark.—The French people are too magnanimous to be vindictive. Surely the field of Leipzig, gained by superior numbers and the defection of the Saxons, did not obliterate our repeated defeats.

Emperor.—But your army behaved like monsters when they invaded France in 1814.

Bismark.—It was the Cossacks, sire. And then your men were not quite angels when they occupied Berlin.

Emperor.—Very well, let bygones be bygones. You did us some service in the Italian campaign by refusing to join in the German outcry for helping Austria. But what future contingent events could make your friendship desirable to us?

Bismark.—As your Majesty was pleased to observe just now, the Southern States of America have had to succumb to the North-

ern. From the temptation to engage in a foreign war as a safety-valve to domestic passions, America is likely to become a most dangerous and quarrelsome power. England has offended her in the matter of the Alabama; France in the matter of the Monroe doctrine. England will find it cheaper to pay for the Alabama's frolics than to go to war. You, whether Maximilian succeeds or not, will have sown the seeds of Imperialism in Mexico. America is hand-and-glove with Russia, and Russia, if so cold a country can burn, is burning to establish her lost supremacy in the East; America and Russia together would be quite a match for France and England, more than a match for France alone. But you know better than any man what the alliance of England is worth, with her present government of babblers. I had taken the measure of England when I ventured on attacking Denmark. It was, I allow, a close shave. Old Palmerston would have gone to war, but I had faith in his colleagues and the Manchester people, and you know what happened. The lion growled, gave his tail a swing, then lay over on the other side, and went to sleep again. If you had supported England then, we must have stopped on the German side of the Eider.

Emperor.—I knew better. England had left me in the lurch before, and made a fool of me in the eyes of my own people in the matter of Poland. I was not to be caught a second time with Johnny Russell's chaff. If he made a mistake he risked nothing but loss of office; I cannot tell what I risk in such a case.

Bismark.—Well, then, as you agree with me that you cannot depend upon England, would it not be a comfort to have an ally on whom you can depend?

Emperor.—Decidedly. But it seems to me, by nature as well as by name, that Prussia belongs to

Russia—is, in fact, a sort of Russian satellite.

Bismark.—That is just it. We are most impatient of our Cossack thralldom. The dirty work we have done for Russia in hunting down refugee Poles, and handing them over to the hangman, has turned our stomachs. If we must serve a master, we should prefer a civilised one. This is indeed one strong reason why we want your alliance; I have said why you want ours.

Emperor.—Excuse me if I remind you, before you go into the matter further, that I have to satisfy France and not myself. What do you say to a trifling rectification of frontier? The coal-fields on the Saar, for instance, would be most useful to us, and, as a territorial cession, would be a trifle.

Bismark.—Allow me to suggest to your Majesty that Belgium possesses richer coal-fields than those on the Saar, or that Luxemburg is an important fortress, which we would place in your hands.

Emperor.—Excellent Count Bismark! You would pay me by putting your hands in your neighbour's pockets. Luxemburg belongs to Holland, which we have sufficiently mulcted already; and as for Belgium, England will stand a great deal, but not our getting Antwerp, which my uncle said, in France's possession, would be a pistol pointed at her throat. Her old lion, though drowsy, will be apt to wake if we tread on his corns with hob-nailed shooting-boots. We must return to the coal-fields.

Bismark.—Let me first explain what I want your Majesty to do for us, or rather, not to do against us. Under changed circumstances, I may have to satisfy Prussia alone; at present I have to satisfy the whole of Germany, gone stark mad on the subject of unity. You shall have the coal if you will engage to befriend us, and act as an impartial umpire, while Prussia, apparently the champion of nationality, is absorbing Germany,

including Austria and her dependencies.

Emperor.—(whistling long and loudly).—Well done, most patriotic Bismark! Let me see. We are some thirty-eight, or, in round numbers, forty millions. Germany, with Austria and her dependencies, the Germany of the Gross-Deutschen or Big German party, would number seventy-five millions of human and more or less rational, beings. You almost insult my understanding by supposing for a moment that France could allow anything of the sort, and for the paltry bribe of a few black diamonds. We are near the green sea, Bismark; do you see any reflection from its water in my eye? No, not even the Rhine Provinces would tempt us in such a case. It is only wasting words to discuss it. The amiable Prince-Consort of England made some project of the kind out of his own head, and Count Schmerling plagiarised it when he got Francis-Joseph to assemble the princes at Frankfort. But I kept quiet, for I knew from private sources that the bubble would burst from the jealousy of your Government, as it did.

Bismark.—Ah! poor Francis-Joseph meant well for Germany. But he could never have carried it out. He is afflicted by chronic conscientiousness. He believes in vested interests and rights, and he would have only placed himself in the old position of his house at the head of the confederation, leaving each of its members a perfect internal independence. But you must grant, Emperor, that we did you a service then by putting a spoke in Austria's wheel.

Emperor.—I am quite willing to allow that; but that is no reason why I should let you succeed where Austria failed. Besides, what a scandal it will be if Europe allows you to annex neighbouring states without any real provocation!

Bismark.—Europe let Cavour do it in Italy.

Emperor.—The circumstances

were peculiar. The princes that Cavour dispossessed were notorious for misgovernment, and the Pope was amongst them, which instantly disarmed England, thinking as she does nothing too bad for the Pope. As for me, to tell you the truth, Cavour stole a march on me; and having said that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic, I could not eat my own words because she had taken the law into her own hands. But be the case as it may, France cannot allow Germany to become the first state in Europe, perhaps in the world, without a fight for it. In plain French, it is impossible.

Bismark.—When your Majesty has said so, I know it must be. But suppose, as the result of a successful war, we oust Austria from Germany, throw her back on her non-German dependencies, and then unite the rest of the German name, including the German provinces of Switzerland, under the supremacy of Prussia?

Emperor.—I know well what your "supremacy of Prussia" means. Prussia is not afflicted with the chronic conscientiousness of our friend Francis-Joseph. You have shown the cloven foot in the Elbe Duchies already. Forgive me if I am rude, dear Bismark, but you put me out of patience. What can you think of me when you propose to annex the German cantons of Switzerland, implying, I suppose, as a bribe, that we may annex the French ones? You forget that I must feel gratitude to that dear little commonwealth which shielded me in misery and exile. You may smile, Count Bismark, never having been schooled in adversity, but I am still alive to such claims. And I do not mind telling you, moreover, that though men call me a despot, I love liberty in my heart, and I love Switzerland as the cradle of European liberty; and if the French people loved liberty as well as I do, they should have it to-morrow with all my heart. The

fact is, they love its name, and not its essence, or I should never be where I am. But as I am there, I am determined to remain there, while it pleases God, for their good. It is, I know, hard upon the educated classes that I am obliged to restrict the press; but they are but a small minority, and an oppressed minority, as in America. Their oppressor is universal suffrage, not I. If I were to abdicate to-morrow, the priests would get hold of the peasants, and political mountebanks of the people of the towns, and the chaos of 1848 would come again. By the way, as you have mentioned Switzerland, I cannot see why an arrangement of Germany should not be for the advantage of that Federal republic quite as much as for yours. Supposing that you were to be aggrandised to the north, I should like to see Switzerland strengthened to the south, and united, at least in an offensive and defensive alliance, with the German States south of the Maine. Princes have been members of her confederation before, and there is no reason they should not be again. And, on thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that, in case you succeed in ousting Austria from the German federation, no consideration of Prussian friendship shall induce me to allow you, without war with France, to tamper with the States south of the Maine. If Prussia were to unite, whether by fair means or foul, all the States north of the Maine, we should still be stronger than Germany; and, as far as we are concerned, no great harm would be done. But I must beg you to consider the Maine as the German Rubicon.

Bismark.—But all Germany is clamouring for unity; and what your Majesty suggests is not unity, but duality, or rather trinity. I cannot afford to do without the unity cry. The Prussians themselves will not fight. As it is, war is far from popular.

Emperor.—There is no necessity for you to show your hand at the outset; but should you really carry out my suggestion, and effectually stop the mouths of the German national party for ever, you will certainly earn the gratitude of France.

Bismark.—Well, to tell your Majesty the truth, neither I nor King William care one straw for German unity; but we do care very much for the strengthening and aggrandising of the Prussian monarchy. I must use the unity cry to beat Austria, and hold forth the hope of fulfilling it until such time as the bayonets we are able to command will enable us to laugh all such cries to scorn.

Emperor.—Well, Bismark, I must say that your morality is peculiar, but I suppose it suits the age in which we live. I shall trust you, I tell you plainly, as far as I can see you. By the way, there is a strange rumour afloat that while you are endeavouring to have our neutrality, you are scheming to obtain the active assistance of the Italians: is that true?

Bismark.—A mere newspaper *canard*, sire. Is it likely that we should think of entering into an alliance with Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the Revolution?

Emperor.—But you might with Victor Emmanuel and Ricasoli; and then supposing Italy successful against Austria by your means, what is to become of the Holy Father, whose interests I am bound to protect?

Bismark.—We are equally anxious with your Majesty that not a hair should be touched of that venerable head. He will lose his temporal power, be frightened at first, and then be surprised to find that he gets on all the better for the want of it. Head of Christendom he will always remain, while there are so many other heads in Christendom with their present allowance of brains.

Emperor.—Fie! Fie! But I

infer from all this that you have some understanding with the Italians.

Bismark.— Well, sire, to tell you the truth, we have; and it was partly to inform you of this that I sought the presence of your Majesty to-day.

Emperor.— I understood you just now to deny the fact; but I suppose there was a difference in the words. Well, Bismark, I cannot say the course you are pursuing is morally justifiable. But what are we to do? France cannot undertake alone to enforce international equity, and there is no one as yet to take the place of England, resigned. I have told you the utmost that you will be able to accomplish in Germany without a war with France; and should you succeed in permanently dividing Germany, you will lay France under an obligation, and I will say no more about the coal-fields. As to the means you use to accomplish your ends, that is your own business. I can enter into no distinct pledges; but you must make the best of what I have said, remem-

bering that it is my first duty to be guided by the honour and interests of the French nation. And now I am sure that the Empress will be happy to see you at breakfast. I must beg, in your conversation with her Majesty, that you will speak with all respect of the Holy Father, as she is rather sensitive on that point.

Having been a compulsory listener to this conversation, I continued to sit in a kind of ruminating state till the tide crept up and wetted my bare foot, and the cold sensation gave me a start. The scene suddenly changed, and I found myself in bed in my own home, with one foot protruding into the wintery air from the eider-down coverlet. Since I have been taking morphine for a neuralgic attack, I have had some dreams of surpassing vividness and continuity; and on the late occasion, during a visit, I was attracted by a view of Biarritz, and thought how delicious it must be to bathe on that sunny shore.

PEREGRINUS.

THE TURRET-SHIPS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BEFORE proceeding to show how hard necessity forced the United States of America into armoured ships, and to adopt as the best form for defence and offence the central-battery system, with heavy guns mounted on turning-tables, it is necessary, for the sake of the uninitiated, to concisely describe the advantages claimed by the inventor of that system over the old broadside principle. Captain Cowper Coles, as far back as 1859, maintained that by applying turn-tables (very similar to those in use on every railway in England) in the centre of a ship's deck, a gun of any weight could be turned as easily round the circumference of a circle as one of the heavy express locomotives and tenders, weighing sometimes sixty tons, are now turned by three or four men; that instead of the slide of the carriage being detached from the deck, as in an ordinary ship, it could be fixed to the platform of the turn-table, and act as a mere tramway on which the gun-carriage ran in and out. On the edge of and attached to his turn-table he placed a circular shield of iron, which could be increased in weight or thickness, so as always to be proof against any cannon the world's manufacturers could produce. Within it all the combatants or gunners were collected in action. The decks of such vessels, Captain Coles said, being properly curved or sloped, might be made perfectly proof against the impact of rifled or spherical shot or shell, so as to protect efficiently all the machinery, magazines, and other vulnerable parts of a war-ship; and lastly, he maintained the great importance of reducing the flat verti-

cal target offered by a ship's side to a minimum quantity, and obtaining height of battery, and what is called freeboard* for sea purposes, by curving or sloping the decks upwards towards the central battery. He argued that, startling as his innovations might appear to those accustomed to sail and fight in men-of-war whose guns were ranged in port-holes along the sides, time would show his system to be sound both in a seaworthy and fighting point of view; that the battery of such ships was invulnerable; and that, although the water might wash over the low side and decks up to the central battery, his vessels would be perfectly safe, far more steady in a seaway, and fight their guns longer than any of the armoured broadside ships.

On the other hand, those who had been forced into adopting armour as a defence for our navy were not at all prepared to abandon the broadside principle as well as wooden ships; and we do not know that it was at all desirable that they should have done so before proof of the efficacy of the new system.

Poor Captain Coles, he had indeed undertaken to prove the world was round to a disbelieving audience, and least of all did his own profession appreciate his discovery; and amongst all the obstacles in his path, not the least comical was the part played by the old-world party in starting the wildest and weakest possible objections to the central-battery system. What those were we will not, for the sake of our sailors' reputation in time to come, now place on record. The inventor, full of intelligence and

* Freeboard is a nautical term, used to express the height of side above water when a ship is laden ready for sea.

zeal, seeing farther than others, and, like all good inventors, earnest to a fault, threw down the gauntlet to all who opposed him, and went in against ignorance and prejudice in a battle-royal, which was magnificent to lookers-on, but destruction to a hope of a speedy adoption of his opinions. He ruthlessly exposed the blunders of some, and administered severe punishment to others of the official fuddles he had to deal with. They retreated, by no means in love with him or his central battery, and determined, *coute qui coute*, to oppose him and it. Perhaps the most serious fault our gallant friend committed, as evincing his want of knowledge of this wicked world, was opposing the wholesale waste of public funds in constructing coast-defences of stone, brick, and mortar, on which the hearts of the War Department and Government of England were set in 1861. By this he brought a host of hornets about his ears; and then he had the misfortune not to appreciate the talents of the present Constructor of the Navy, when he, Mr. Reed, in an editorial article in the 'Engineer,'* patronised the inventor of guns on turn-tables for ironclads.

Alas! Captain Cowper Coles should have remembered that it was open to Mr. Reed, when he became the Constructor of the Navy, to say that, after further consideration, he saw much reason to modify the views he had expressed; and he forgot how hard it is for the best man with right on his side to struggle against a whole department with the long and heavy purse of the nation to back its opposition. Consequently it was not until the 1st April 1862 that the Royal Sovereign, three-decker, was taken in hand to convert into a turret-ship by the dockyard authorities at Portsmouth. The news of the repulse of the ram Merrimac by a turreted ship had just reached England. The Royal Sovereign was cut down some feet too low amidships; and having got into a mess, on 10th June 1862, Captain Coles was applied to, and first officially informed of the odd idea entertained at Whitehall of what a turret-ship should be. We will leave him, the Admiralty, and the poor Royal Sovereign for a while, and cross the Atlantic.

A bloody war had suddenly broken out in the United States;

* See the 'Engineer,' 2d August 1861, from which we cull the following extracts of Mr. Reed's opinion at that date:—

"Moreover, the great elevation of the ports in the shield system is attended by another advantageous change—viz., their transfer from the sides to near the centre of the ship. This may be well illustrated by such a diagram as we have shown at figs. 2 and 3. Fig. 2 shows a shield ship inclined at a sufficient angle to bring her gunwale to the water, and yet carrying her gun and port many feet above it. Fig. 3 shows a loftier and larger ship of the ordinary construction inclined at the same angle, and yet burying her leeward ports and guns in the sea. It cannot be necessary to add a word by way of enforcing the lesson taught by this illustration.

"With the additional weight of the shield's plating only, Captain Coles secures a port of no less than 11 feet in height, sufficient for the gun-ports of the very largest war-ship ever yet constructed. At the same time, the entire side of the ship, 9 feet high from stem to stern, may be made of one solid and unbroken mass of framing and plating, perfectly proof to shot and shell, whereas the side of every iron-plated frigate yet built is impaired by the presence of numerous port-holes, every one of which not only weakens the structure of the side, but at the same time gives ready entrance to the enemy's shot and shell upon the fighting deck, where a single shell spreads panic and confusion." All this, we can only say, is just as true now in 1867, as it was before Mr. Reed was made Constructor of the Navy.

and while their once-famed wooden frigates stood paralysed in the face of granite fortifications and shell-guns in the hands of the Confederate forces, the Secretary of the Federal Navy in Washington "heard with great solicitude of the progress which the insurgents had made in armouring and equipping the large war-steamer *Merrimac* in Norfolk Dockyard."*

On the 3d August 1861 a bill was hurried through Congress authorising the construction of one or more iron or steel clad batteries. On the 7th August 1861 advertisements were issued calling for tenders; and on 16th September a report was made by a commission which had to decide on the tenders; recommending three contracts to be at once sealed, and one of them was that of Mr. Ericsson. He undertook, for about £55,000, to produce an ironclad in one hundred days that should be proof to shot and shell, draw ten feet water, steam nine knots per hour, carry a turret capable of working the heaviest guns, and be of about 1200 tons displacement. Within two hours the contract was signed. There was no time to be lost; the Secretary urged Ericsson "to go ahead," and the iron of the *Monitor's* keel was positively in the rolling-mill before the ink was dry on the contract!

On the 8th March 1862 the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac* issued forth to do battle with the enormous Federal force assembled in Hampton Roads blockading Norfolk. It is sufficient for our purpose to show what she was without entering on details of the action. She was a "razéed" wooden ship, with a fixed battery in the centre pierced with port-holes, very like the fighting quar-

ters of all *our* present broadside ships, but stronger, because all the sides were inclined inwards and upwards. She was covered with such armour as the resources of Norfolk could produce—mainly railway iron and boiler-plate—and had a formidable prow or beak on her stem just below water.

She first encountered the two fifty-gun frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland*. They were at quarters, and at anchor. Their shots fell harmless from her sides; she struck the *Cumberland* full, and sank her easily; the *Congress* slipped, fell aground, was fought with gun against gun, captured, and burnt. Three other heavy Federal frigates approached the *Merrimac*. The *Roanoke* and *St. Lawrence* grounded without testing their wooden sides against the Confederate ram; and the poor *Minnesota*, the finest fifty-gun frigate any navy could boast of, received such a severe mauling as to be obliged to take the ground, where she lay whilst the *Merrimac* went back to Norfolk to replenish her magazines and make good some defects. All efforts to float the *Minnesota* so as to get her under the protection of Fortress Munro were unavailing, and the morning of the 9th March "was looked for with deep anxiety," says the Secretary of the Navy!

That night, happily for the fate of the Federal blockading force in the Chesapeake, the *Monitor*, under a gallant young sailor, Lieutenant John L. Worden, arrived in Hampton Roads, and immediately proceeded to save the *Minnesota*. The 9th March 1862 saw the first combat of an ironclad ram with a fixed battery against the central battery and revolving turret. The *Merrimac* came down flushed with

* In a publication issued from the Washington Government's printing-office in 1864, entitled 'Report of the Secretary of the Navy on Armoured Vessels,' much curious information will be found, showing how they were forced into adopting the monitors, and what prejudices these vessels had to contend against.

her success of the previous day. The Monitor went forth like David to fight the giant, and like David won. Both ships were magnificently fought. The ram plunged at the Monitor with "a tremendous thump," but got the worst of it. The port-holes and large armoured target of the ram Merrimac were ill-matched against the low sides of the Monitor and her circular iron turret. After three hours of a severe and close action, in which the meed of heroism may be fairly divided, the Merrimac withdrew. *The turret had beaten the fixed battery with port-holes!* Let us, however, do no injustice to the Confederate officers who directed the construction of the Merrimac. They could not improvise, with the limited means at their command, either turn-tables or turret-shields; and there is no doubt that they approached as near as they could to the central-battery system. Necessity, not choice, compelled them to sacrifice two important elements of defence and offence, by placing their guns and men in a battery pierced with port-holes, and offering a large target, and limiting the power of training the guns by having no turn-tables on which to work them.

It was a strange coincidence, that within twenty-four hours not only was the Federal Navy enlightened as to the true value of an ironclad over a wooden war-ship, but likewise as to the inferiority of an ironclad broadside ship compared with a turret one! The Monitor's achievements insured her name being handed down as the general term for a class of vessels which we believe to have saved the Federal fleet from destruction at that time, and to have mainly conducted to the success of the Great Republic in its conflict with the seceding States.

The Monitor subsequently fought at Drury's Bluffs, and showed her superiority over even commanding earthworks; and next year, the Weehawken (Captain Rodgers), a sister vessel, fought and captured the Confederate broadside ironclad Atlanta, though a more formidable ship than the Merrimac, in fifteen minutes. The Weehawken had one gun, a 15-inch 440-pounder. The Atlanta had six—namely, two 7-inch guns, pointing out of ports to fire fore and aft; and four 6-inch guns as broadside ones. There was little to choose between the combatants so far as thickness of sides or armour went; but it was again the old, old story—and neither courage nor skill could avert it—the better weapon in as brave hands won the victory.*

One could have supposed that it was time for England to wake up, as well as America. We did, in a way; for, in addition to the Royal Sovereign, we actually now commenced to build in Mr. Samuda's yard on the banks of the Thames an ironclad turret-ship, to be called the Prince Albert, in compliment to that accomplished Prince, who was almost the first to appreciate the true value of the invention of our English naval officer. It is remarkable that Captain Coles's next difficulty was, insisting on his turrets being constructed to carry and fight 12-ton or heavier guns, instead of the 5-ton pop-guns then used in broadside ironclad frigates. Even His Grace the Duke of Somerset, in 1862, having consulted a naval oracle, asserted that it was out of the question to think of working such guns in a turret; and it was not until 21st November of that year that the inventor carried his point. Standing where we do, in 1867, we see that Captain Coles was right, and the department at Whitehall wrong. Furthermore, it

* Out of five shots that struck the Atlanta's broadside, one laid low forty, and another disabled seventeen of her men.—See report in 'Harper's Journal,' July 11, 1863.

is probable that instead of 12-ton 9-inch guns only being afloat, we shall before long have 30-ton guns in turrets! But if slow in adopting the central-battery system, 1863-64 saw our arsenals in full swing with ironclad broadside ones; and all the attention and resources of every department were directed to making them more efficient, more capable of carrying heavier cannon, and more fit to carry heavier armour. From long, fast, handsome ships like the *Black Prince*—from steady platforms like the *Achilles*—we launched into all the curiosities of naval architecture described in our last article; but nothing was done to assist Captain Cowper Coles in improving his designs, or testing his ingenious views.

All the defects of the monitors were exaggerated to serve a purpose, and the English invention was saddled with what were the mistakes in some cases of the copyist Ericsson, and in other respects necessary deficiencies, in order that the principle might be applied to an especial object—that of fighting in shoal water and intricate navigation.

Time has, fortunately for this country, allowed many of these fallacies to be disproved without our paying the penalty of our prejudice. We have not gone through our day of humiliation; and God avert from the Council Chamber of Windsor the state of anxiety and pain which, in the White House of Washington, followed the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress, and retreat of the rest of the Federal fleet, in March 1862; but still it pains us to see such misconstructions of the results of the late American revolutionary war current in high quarters, to find even the leading journal of Great Britain asserting, so late as September last, its belief that Admiral Farragut had in unarmoured ships fought both ironclads and batteries, at a

twenty yards' range,* and that the Congress was destroyed by the ram of the Merrimac, whereas we know she destroyed her with shells and fire; leaving it to be inferred that men so usually well informed as the writers of that journal are, labour under the impression—no doubt, shared by our naval authorities and constructors—that there was anything like a stand-up fight between the wooden frigate *Hartford* and the ram *Tennessee*; that it is possible to construct a wooden ship which shall be as fast as an iron one of like class without tearing herself to pieces; that a wooden frigate armed with heavy armour-piercing guns is a bit more a match for an ironclad, or safe against the fate of the Congress and Cumberland, than she was in 1861.

Let us endeavour to show how fallacious these deductions are, for they are most serious errors, if commonly accepted; and, happily, we have abundant data to disprove them.

We presume those who fancy that Admiral Farragut led wooden frigates against ironclads allude to the capture of Mobile; now the only Confederate ironclad there was the *Tennessee* ram, and to fight her Farragut had no less than four monitor ironclads, each more powerful than the one which had in Hampton Roads conquered the Merrimac. Let us tell the fight from our point of view.

Mobile Bay, in Alabama, is protected by two formidable works nearly east and west of each other, but 6200 yards apart, consequently useless for mutual support. Fort Morgan, the eastern work, commands the ship-channel to the inner waters and Mobile city. By July 1864, Admiral Farragut had assembled a Federal fleet to attack it, of four ironclad monitors, some of them with two turrets each, and fourteen heavy frigates and cor-

* See 'Times,' 24th September 1866, leading article.

vettes. On the 14th July, exactly three weeks before the action, he issued an order to these wooden ships to "strip and prepare for the conflict," and "desired them to lay chains or sand-bags on the decks over the machinery, to hang sheet-cables over the side, or make any other arrangement for security" that their officers could devise. That these instructions were ably carried out, a close inspection of the very minute reports of the carpenters of his different wooden ships satisfactorily attests.*

Now we maintain that a wooden ship that has been making three weeks' preparation for action, is not a wooden ship pure and simple. With chain-cables secured to her sides and laid over her decks, she is at least a partially armoured craft.

Farragut's plan of attack next shows us where he intended the brunt of the battle to fall. He attacked Fort Morgan on 5th August in two columns; the right column, which was the one nearest the fort, and the first to pass the Narrows under the raking fire of the Confederate ram Tennessee, consisted entirely of ironclad monitors; the left column was formed of the ships he had been weeks preparing for the fray, lashed in pairs. This was done to insure the off ship bringing the near ship through in safety, if the shot of Fort Morgan penetrated to the engines or boilers. Let the reader remember that Fort Morgan had no rifled cannon, and then estimate the amount of confidence Farragut had in his wooden ships, as compared with Lyons, Mends, Dacres, and Graham, when they laid the Agamemnon, Sanspareil, and London alongside the formidable works of Sebastopol on the 17th September 1854.

It is evident that the right column of ironclads ran the Narrows first, and took off the edge of the fight in every respect. In the

report of Captain Alden of the leading ship in the wooden or lee line, he says, waiting "for the ironclads to precede us;" but it is not so stated by Farragut in his report, which seems to dwell on the handsome butcher's bill, and long array of damages offered by the wooden ships which came up after the right column. Perhaps, as in this country, the secret of the distribution of honour lies in the fact that the big ships were commanded by admirals and captains, the little vessels by lieutenants. The ironclads weighed first, and were in action first; they were ahead of the left column of wooden craft, for the critical period in testing the value of the Confederate guns in Fort Morgan and from the Tennessee. The leading ironclad monitor nobly perished in passing over the only torpedo which injured a ship that day; and even taking Admiral Farragut's diagram as our guide, it is self-evident that when closest to the sea-face of Fort Morgan, which was, we know, the most formidable side it could boast of, the wooden or partially-armoured left column was firing over the right and ironclad column. Once past that critical point, all the force had only to steam ahead full speed. They went, we know, nearly five miles above Fort Morgan to fight the Tennessee.

If it comes to a question of who suffered most damage and lost most men, then we are ready to concede that doubtful credit to the wooden ships; for against the reports of the Manhattan ironclad monitor, which was the closest ship in leading up to Fort Morgan, and the vessel that disabled the Tennessee—"I was struck heavily fifteen times without losing a man, and ready for further service the same day;" of the Winnebago turret, "struck nineteen times, the deck penetrated in three places,

* See despatches and documents connected with the capture of Fort Morgan, published in vol. viii. of Putnam's 'Record of the Rebellion,' New York.

no casualties to report;" and of the Chickasaw, "that was heavily and frequently struck, yet suffered no injury, and had no casualties to report"—we may set the damage done to the huge targets offered to Fort Morgan by two leading wooden frigates of the lee column. The Brooklyn, leading ship, "was struck twenty-three times, and received extensive and serious injuries." On a scrutiny of the carpenter's report, we can only find one shell exploding in the ship out of these twenty-three hits, yet she could boast of eleven killed and forty-three wounded. The Hartford comes next. During the action with the Fort and the Tennessee ironclad she was struck twenty times, eleven of the projectiles being shell, the rest shot. Her list of killed and wounded is still more startling—viz., twenty-five dead and twenty-eight maimed. We need not pursue the comparison further than to say that, in the eighteen vessels of the Federal fleet engaged, there was a loss of 52 killed and 176 wounded; and that out of that number of casualties nearly one-half occurred in the two partially-armoured wooden vessels, Brooklyn and Hartford.

Of course, if the merits of the men-of-war engaged at Mobile are only to be gauged by the slaughter and damage which occurred on board of each ship, those two vessels carry off the palm; but where all did so well, we maintain the best ships were those which did their work with least loss or damage, and were ready to continue the battle the same evening. That the chain-armour of the Hartford was a good protection against the smooth-bores of Fort Morgan, the carpenter's report, dated the 8th August, from which the following are extracts, sufficiently shows:—

"(No. 7.) Solid shot struck *chain-armour*, cut through armour, lodged in spar-deck beam.

"(No. 8.) Solid shot struck star-board *chain-armour*, four inches above water-line; cut through armour, &c.; in timber.

"(No. 9.) Struck *chain-armour* on the water-line, cut through armour, and pierced the outer plank."

"(No. 10.) A 200-pounder rifle shell struck *aft of the armour*," and did much damage.

So much for the wooden unarmoured frigates which fought under Farragut at Mobile; and so far as we can learn, the only rifled cannon he had to contend against at all were the six in the Tennessee. We happen to know, besides, that the means at the disposal of the Confederates were very limited, and that for years. The forts of Mobile were a sort of bogie, grim enough to look at, but as easily captured, when seriously attacked, as the fortifications of Kertch and Yenikale proved to be to the Allied forces in 1855. All honour to the gallant sailor who put the fortifications of Mobile to the test of combat; but we will not allow any one to trade on his achievement by misrepresenting the means by which that victory was won.

As to the Tennessee ironclad broadside ram, we have shown how her sister vessel, the Merrimac, was beaten two years before by the Monitor; how, later still, the Weehawken, single-handed, had captured the Atlanta. What chance had the gallant and unfortunate Buchanan in her against such a host of enemies? Eighteen to one! and four of those eighteen formidable monitors, each of which could have captured the Tennessee single-handed. Is it fair to talk of the chain-armoured Hartford, as if she had engaged her single-handed, or as a wooden ship? * No, assuredly

* An eyewitness commanding one of the wooden ships, says "Our monitors now fairly got to work at the Tennessee, and made short work of her." Another honestly says that, after her steering gear had been shot away by a monitor, she was no longer dangerous to the Federals.

not; so we will pass on to the consideration of a still more stern fight, in which the share taken by ironclad monitors, compared with wooden or chain-armoured ships, is still more apparent—that of the capture of Fort Fisher, Wilmington.

On the coast of North Carolina, in about latitude 84° N., and not far from the dangerous shoals surrounding Cape Fear, the Confederates had constructed at the entrance of one of the many channels which lead snake-like along that low and sandy coast, a formidable earthwork fortification called Fort Fisher. It covered the approach to Cape Fear river through the new inlet passage, one much frequented by the bold seamen employed in running the blockade, and costing the Federal Navy an infinity of labour and risk, in closely investing so exposed and stormy a coast-line.

It was not until the autumn of the year 1864 that the United States could spare an army to co-operate with the navy in an attack on Fort Fisher, and without that co-operation it was well known to be too hazardous an undertaking for ships alone to attempt. At last a joint attack was arranged: and on Christmas Eve, as well as on Christmas Day, Admiral David Porter, who then commanded the North Atlantic fleet of 150 vessels of war, assailed the Confederate fortress by sea, while a considerable force of soldiers was disembarked under General Butler (of New Orleans notoriety), ready for assault.

The official Federal report shows fifty-six ships engaged in the bombardment, at distances ranging from 1500 to 2500 yards. From Confederate sources we have reason to know that the damage done to the

Fort was but trivial; and there is no doubt, although the gallant Admiral fancied, from the small fire returned by Fort Fisher, that he had silenced it, and that Butler ought to have stormed it there and then, that Butler and Weitzel would have caught a Tartar had they tried to do so. The Confederates could not afford to waste powder on an enemy 1500 yards off; they calculated rightly that a sterner fight would yet tax all their resources.

Fort Fisher was constructed somewhat in the shape of a redan, the rear being open to the Confederate water. The parapet was in no place less than ninety feet thick at the base, and about sixty feet thick in the casements, through which thirty-six guns, the heaviest the Confederates possessed; were to be fought; between every gun there were enormous traverses, capable of containing a hundred men each. There was cover, indeed, for the entire garrison of 2500 men, secure from all projectiles which entered the work; and the faces of the redan were properly swept by the fire of heavy guns, in bastions raised 28 feet above the general level of the works. It had stockades, stakes, and torpedoes in advance, and seemed to an observer to be about as likely to be injured by horizontal fire from ships' guns as a railway embankment would be.*

It was known in Wilmington, on the 12th of January 1865, that the Federal host were again bearing down on the devoted fortress. General Bragg at once detached the necessary reinforcements, and several persons hurried down to witness the conflict. Daylight on the 13th showed a vast fleet disembarking General Terry's division of troops, who immediately proceeded to intrench themselves right across

* We are not at liberty to give up our authorities for the statements from the Confederate side of the description we have given; but the reader may rest assured that our facts are easily verified by comparison with the reports and plans of the Federal Commander-in-Chief and those of his subordinates, to be found in the 'Report of the Secretary of the United States Navy, 1865.'

the narrow spit of sand on which Fort Fisher stands, and long before sundown they thoroughly established themselves with guns, stores, and provisions.* The Confederates would, of course, have sallied out and fought for sweet life rather than allow this to be done, but Porter had sent in his division of ironclads, consisting of the New Ironsides, and the monitors Saugus, Canonicus, Monadnock, and Mahopac, to engage that face of Fort Fisher which looked towards the Federal army.

This time the turret-ships meant fighting. About 7.30 A.M., they coolly and deliberately anchored within about 800 yards of the angle of the Fort, and the solitary ironclad broadside-ship took up a position outside them at about 1000 yards. All through that day and night, the next, and the next, they poured their huge 13, 14, and 15-inch missiles on the face of the hostile Fort, replenishing their store of powder and shot in the darkness of the middle watch.

No effort of the devoted garrison in Fort Fisher could make them move an inch. "There was something unearthly," says one who stood within the work, "to watch the terrible tenacity with which those low black hulls held on to their mission of destruction, and those deadly turrets revolved to belch forth in smoke and flame huge missiles of three and four hundred pounds weight, which swept away parapet, gun, men and casemate in an indiscriminate ruin." Brave men ground their teeth with rage and despair; and officers, one after the other, came to the front as gunners, hoping to make some of the accursed monitors retire, and give some respite to the garrison.

It was not to be. There were

guns of all sorts and sizes within the Fort known to the Americans. There were Whitworth guns; they were useless without steel bolts—these bolts had not then arrived. There was an Armstrong 100-pounder rifled gun in a certain embrasure; the monitors had had a taste of it in December, and took care now to keep that embrasure well masked; anyhow, its cast-iron ball would only, had it reached them, have broken upon their armoured sides.

Oh! the agony of despair to see ball and shell falling harmless from those turrets of iron, or rolling like pellets along the low decks, whilst the gallant defenders of Fort Fisher were falling in sheaves within a fortification which would, four short years before, have defied the efforts of any navy—"a work," as Porter says, "stronger than anything Sebastopol could boast of." One day a happy shot from the Fort succeeded in finding its way into a weak spot of a two-turreted monitor; a piece of iron evidently was turned up, and jammed the turret. Hurrah! one at last disabled, thought the poor Confederates. By Jove! see two sailors quietly walk out, and set themselves down, the one holding a chisel, the other striking with a hammer. They were cutting away the obstruction; and so secure was the monitor against any vital injury being inflicted on her, that, although silenced, she would not retire from her position. A swarm of Southern riflemen were thrown out to slay the two bold Federals; but no one hit them, and they worked on calmly, until General Whiting generously interfered, and said, "Such gallant fellows deserve to live; cease firing, my lads, at them." So the iron was cut away, and the only

* An eyewitness on shore who saw the landing says it was the most perfectly organised operation ever performed; and Admiral Porter asserts that between 8.30 A.M. and 2 P.M. he had landed a division of 8000 soldiers, stores, equipment, intrenching tools, and *twelve days' provisions* for the force. A wonderful feat on an open exposed beach, with a portion of his fleet engaging the enemy all the time.

turret which ceased firing during all those three terrible days again resumed its work of destruction.

Daily about sundown, says a friend of ours, Admiral Porter led in a tremendous force of wooden frigates, paddlers, gunboats, and all sorts of queer fry, who poured in a perfect *feu d'enfer*, but it was far more noisy than damaging; and the Confederates just kept them in check, if they came within a respectable distance, with a couple of guns, detailed especially for the purpose. "One day a heavy 50-gun frigate came playfully open of the Arm-strong gun; one shell was carefully planted under her fore-channels, and the giant reeled out of the fight. She was very like the Minnesota in appearance," but how strange a contrast in fighting capacity was this wooden leviathan to the little monitors!

At last the 15th January came—the third day of the bombardment—the ironclads had swept away every gun and casemate on their face of Fort Fisher. The wooden fleet now anchored and opened fire at about 1700 yards range; the garrison retired to their strongholds in the traverses to abide the inevitable assault. At 3 P.M. a powerful body of men from the ships landed on the opposite side of the Fort to that General Terry's division was beleaguering. At a signal two thousand sailors rushed at the parapet on the left face of the redan. The Confederates, dashing out of their cover, crushed the poor fellows with a withering fire of rifles. They retreated, leaving sixty-five killed and two hundred wounded, to attest that the face of the Fort which had only been engaged with the wooden ships was still impregnable; but not so the other face,

towards which the Federal troops under the gallant Terry were now hastening with loud cheers.

Here our information from within the work ceases, as our friend shook that gallant soldier, General Whiting, by the hand, and hurried to his boat, for non-combatants were no longer needed there. Whiting was seen to throw off his coat, and draw his sword, and calmly said to one he had known in happier days, "Good-bye, and God bless you; if ever we meet again, it will probably be at New-York; we will hope, at any rate, in heaven!"*

Admiral Porter tells us that up to a late hour that night the fight went on from traverse to traverse. Terry's division of eight thousand soldiers was desperately resisted by the Confederate garrison of two thousand men, but at last Fort Fisher fell.

Now, if our readers have followed us closely, they will observe how important a part the ironclad turret-vessels played in the fight; and we know of no parallel case in naval history, either ancient or modern, of steady, close bombardment between war-ship and fortress extending over such a period of time; and the issue in every action during that terrible war in America was invariably the same, and fully justifies the laudatory remarks of the Secretary of the United States Navy: "After procuring a supply of vessels for the blockade by purchase and capture, the next pressing want was an ironclad ship capable of operating in our waters, and going in all weathers from port to port. On a public appeal to the mechanical ingenuity of our countrymen this want was supplied by the Monitor, a turreted vessel,

* General Whiting, the gallant defender of Fort Fisher in this conflict, had been formerly an officer in the United States army—an engineer, we believe. Mortally wounded in the final assault, he subsequently died in New York; and, to the immortal honour of his old brethren in arms, they remembered that "blood was thicker than water," and buried him with full military honours. A soldier's volley never sounded over a braver or better man.

which vindicated its capability; and the model thus projected has been adopted and extensively copied abroad. This class of vessels stands as the undoubted and acknowledged defence of our shores against any armament at present in existence." Another remarkable feature the able Secretary alludes to, for which we were hardly prepared, but it is only an additional proof of how little mere opinion or theory can guide us to safe conclusions upon these novel structures. He says, page 21 of his Report: "The monitor class of vessels, it is well known, have but a few inches of hull above water, and in a heavy sea are entirely submerged. It has been doubted whether under such circumstances it would be possible long to preserve the health of the men on board, and consequently to maintain the fighting material in a condition for effective service. It is gratifying to know that an examination of the sick reports, covering a period of over thirty months, shows that, so far from being unhealthy, there was less sickness on board the turret-ships than on the same number of wooden ships with an equal number of men and in similarly exposed positions." He then quotes figures in support of this opinion, and justly asserts "that no wooden vessel in any squadron throughout the world can show an equal immunity from disease!"

Such are the conclusions after the practical tests to which the Americans had subjected the turret principle. It had everywhere conquered the ram and central-broad-side vessels of the Confederates; it had fought and beaten the granite works of Mobile and earthen parapets of Fort Fisher. Through summer and winter storms and seas those vessels had navigated and held on to that dangerous coast, nowise inferior to our own in furious gales. They had done the work with hardly any loss

of life, and done it thoroughly. What more can be wanted of the true war-ship?

But we admit that the United States did not attempt to construct vessels on that principle, capable of *keeping the sea* with health and comfort for a long period, such as England requires for her Eastern cruisers, or the long blockade, when necessary, of Continental ports or coasts.

In the first place, she did not require them; in the next, for such a purpose we think that Ericsson's turrets are crude and faulty to a degree when compared with the original designs of Captain Cowper Coles. We will try in a few words to explain the difference.

The base of Ericsson's turrets and platform rests on the *upper deck* when not required for fighting; directly they are called into action, they have to be raised by mechanical power a few inches off the deck, and all that enormous weight of shield, gun, projectiles, and turn-table, hangs mushroom-like on the spindle, which is made to revolve by steam whither the gunner requires the gun to be directed. In our turrets the base rests *below the upper deck* on a series of rollers working on a bed especially constructed. The spindle is hollow, carried down to the keel, and serves as a mere pivot round which the turret works. The action of the turret is obtained by the circumference of the bed being fitted with a ring of iron teeth, against which a ratchet with wheel and pinion is worked by men within the turret itself.

Now it is self-evident that the base of the English turret can only be reached by a missile after the ship's side is pierced. In the American turret, fragments of shell or shot may jam it. When a shot strikes our turret, the force not absorbed by the enormous anvil represented by the structure is expended over the whole base, which rests on rollers, and but a small

portion of the force of the blow could tell on the collar round the pivot. In the American turret the unexpended force acts directly on the spindle; and if engaged with an enemy when rolling heavily in a seaway, there is likewise fear of the American spindles being strained or twisted.

The Ericsson turret has, however, one advantage over ours, and that is the ease with which the spindle is made water-tight where it passes through the upper deck; but the advantage is more than counterbalanced by its other defects. The Americans, directly peace was restored, sent two of their largest monitors abroad—one to California, the other to Europe. "These vessels," says the Secretary of the U.S. Navy, in his report of December 1866, "have, in these two voyages, disposed in a great degree of the misrepresentations and prejudices which had been created, and proved the ability of the turreted vessels to perform long voyages."

We could tell, were it necessary, of the Rolfe Krake,* how she nobly and often single-handed upheld the red pennon of the gallant Dane against the hosts of Prussia and Austria; of the Huascar's successful passage to Valparaiso round the Straits of Magellan, ready to meet the Don if he repeats his bombardments of defenceless towns; of the turrets at Callao, and how they beat off with rifled guns the Spanish wooden frigates; of the Bahia and Bellona in the blood-stained waters of Paraguay; and last, but not least, we could even show that the iron-clads of the Italian force at Lissa, turret as well as broadside, did their part well, considering that all knowledge of naval matters, gunnery, or discipline, was unknown

to the officers and men, as a body, who served under Persano.

But we shall reserve these as so many arguments in hand, and meanwhile pass to a consideration of how we have progressed in the Government dockyards of Great Britain.

All 1863 had been frittered away in cavilling over the little imperfections exhibited by the American turret-vessels. The Royal Sovereign became what is known as a fancy job in our dockyards, on which workmen were put on and taken off in a way only to be understood by those conversant with the naval dockyard system, and what is called "appropriation" of expenditure. But even that had to come to an end; so one day, March 22, 1864, the Duke of Somerset thought it was high time to try a turret-ship, and his private secretary was directed to offer it to Captain Osborn, who had just returned from China and placed his services at the disposal of the Admiralty. That officer gladly accepted the Royal Sovereign; and although he knew she had been "a fancy job," he very soon discovered that she was not to be "a fancy ship;" and that apart from the civilian rulers of the navy, there was a very general wish implied in the naval quarters that Cowper Coles, the Royal Sovereign, and her captain (who had strenuously supported the turret system) should, in sailor parlance, "go to the devil together."

The Royal Sovereign was of that degree of ugliness which a wooden shipwright delights to produce when working at an ironclad; and our sailors generally suppose that the object in doing so is to frighten them back into wooden fleets. Her captain's heart almost sank as his eye for the first time lighted on

* The Rolfe Krake, Huascar, Bahia, Bellona, Prins Hendrick, and some others, were built in England, and represent various modifications of the turret system. The eminent firm of Messrs Laird at Birkenhead have built the majority, but the Rolfe Krake was launched by Messrs Napier of Glasgow on May 6, 1863.

England's youthful essay in the turret line.

From the old three-decker's ample proportions in the way of beam, the newly-razéed Royal Sovereign resembled a large washing-tub that had been cut down very low indeed; the fore-end was left with that silly overhung look which was so long the type of beauty with some sailors, and many ship-builders: to us it always gave an expression of idiocy to a ship, just as a man's face does when it has run all into nose. The captain sighed, but thanked Providence that the Constructor of the Navy had not placed any excrescences under water in the shape of rams, beaks, or bills, and then turned to look at the other end of his ship. It was still more wonderful, for around that Hottentot-Venus-like stern was spread a profuse arrangement in carved fir, elegantly decked out in black and white. "The trophies of war, sir," said a delighted carpenter, who was pleased to recognise the useful purposes to which timber could still be turned in an ironclad. It was evident the carver's department of her Majesty's dockyard did not intend turret-ships to exist without their services. Trophies of war they were indeed! Spoils of the State would have been the more correct term; but to show they had no prejudices against wood, when applied in so harmless a way, the inventor and captain, with the wisdom of serpents, suggested that to balance all the wooden drums and guns, fifes and pikes, banners and bayonets smeared over the stern, a gorgeous wooden lion should be stuck on the stem. It would render the beauty of the Royal Sovereign perfect and unique! The idea was gratefully seized upon; no sheets of foolscap or red sealing-wax were necessary. The thing was

done, and remains unto this day, a proof that advocates of armoured ships know exactly when and how to propitiate the wooden interest.

A truce, however, to badinage. There was, beauty apart, something formidable, however, in the five enormous guns which peered out of the low turrets, and sweep the wide and unprotected deck. There were four of these turrets, rising like castles about five feet high along the centre line of the ship. Each of the three after-turrets carried a single 12-ton gun,* but the foremost turret was a double-gun one, containing two 12-ton guns, fighting parallel to each other, just as a double-barrelled gun would. Now, as the double-gun turret only weighed 160 tons, and the single-gun turrets each weighed 150 tons, it was evident, as the inventor explained, that, provided the guns worked equally well in both, the double-barrelled turrets were the ones for ships where weight was an object. For instance, three double-gun turrets in the Royal Sovereign would have given her six guns instead of five, and 112 tons less weight to carry, with more room on the upper and lower decks.

Below, everything was in a more unfinished state than is usually customary in a man-of-war. There was, however, plenty of room, good ventilation, and many mechanical novelties, such as steam-capstans and steam-pumps, calculated to make the ship all the more efficient and formidable as a war-ship.

To make her a success—to make her win—was her captain's as well as inventor's determination, and that resolution carried them over many disappointments and many obstacles, on which it is unnecessary now to dwell.

On July 5th the pendant was hoisted on board the Royal Sovereign, with a crew of 296 men and

* These are mere smooth-bores, because we were not then sure of the best mode of rifling them; but although the 9-inch rifling has long since been decided on, the Royal Sovereign has smooth-bores still.

15 boys, and orders were given to victual and prepared for sea. Rather a scratch crew was put on board of her, with a few good petty officers. It was evident Jack had his prejudices as well as his master, doubtless because he saw another drill, another learned instruction in prospective. The night they came on board the first-lieutenant reported, half-smiling, that some of these seamen were cursing pretty freely, and wondering "what an (adjective) tar was to do amongst so many (adjective) winch-handles," "what he was wanted at all for in such a (sanguinary) ship," "where he was to sleep," and so on. The captain could make allowance for these poor ignorant seamen far more than he was prepared to make for their superiors, and told that first-lieutenant to hurry on the fitting-out of the ship, so as to get her outside the harbour, and be able to convince the men, who were growlers but not fools, of the wonderful fighting machine they had been sent to serve in. On the 21st July the ship was ready for her maiden experimental cruise, and on the 25th she passed out of Portsmouth Harbour, where there was no small excitement at the strange, and, we acknowledge, monstrous form she presented.

If our readers could have been on board the ship during the previous week and heard all the ominous forebodings (in spite of what we knew from America), he would have been very much alarmed or very much amused. At any rate, away she went through Spithead nigh twelve knots per hour, and steered, twisted, and turned like a wherry, and having no resistance aloft, held her way a mile when required.

There was no established turret-gun drill, but the whole principle was so simple that, although the crew had only been stationed without exercise, according to the views of the inventor, at the guns, turrets, and magazines for a day or so be-

fore going out of harbour, they were as much at home at the drill with an hour's sham-fighting as if Jack had been in a turret all his life, and 12-ton guns, instead of 5-ton ones, his usual weapon. Seeing how kindly things were going, advantage was taken of it to commence firing blank-cartridge until dinner-time. After dinner she opened with larger charges and solid shot, and the turret-ship was now fairly in action.

When, after a long day at quarters, the retreat was beat, her success was perfect, and the officers and crew in quite an excitement at all that had taken place—for they had it all to themselves. No one had had the curiosity to accompany the Royal Sovereign in this trial; and many, we believe, were deterred by the strange reports of what was to occur by the concussion of the guns to decks, boilers, and men within the turrets. That night the captain was able to report to Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, that "the first trial was most satisfactory: no concussion to men within or on top of turrets—no inconvenience by smoke to the gunners—no blowing-up of the decks;" and he might have added, And all his crew converted to and delighted with the turrets and great guns!

There was no one point on which the fighting capacity of the ship had not exceeded the anticipations of her officers. The concussion was everywhere less than could have naturally been expected, and the entire absence of smoke within the quarters was a charming novelty to men-o'-war's men; the captains of the guns, looking above the gun and turret, could calmly direct the fire with certainty, and the gun's crew were not distracted by any other duty than merely loading and sponging. There was no fuss, no noise. The captain of the ship held his battery perfectly in hand, and could direct it as no other captain of a large war-ship can to-day. To illus-

trate how slight had been the concussion of the largest guns ever fired at sea in the British navy, we may relate that, anticipating the breakage of all the men's crockery as a possible contingency, which it was desirable should not fall as a loss on the seamen's slender means, they had been privately supplied with all that was necessary for their messes. At evening inspection the broken crockery was ordered to be brought on deck in order that other might be issued—the reply from every mess was, "Not so much as a basin broken, sir."

Next day the Royal Sovereign cleared for action early, and continued at it, except during the dinner-hour, until evening. The guns were fired in pairs with the highest charges; then in broadsides, with different degrees of training and elevation; then at a target placed 1000 yards distant, singly; and lastly, in a converging broadside, which cut a tiny staff away at the same distance. The only defects apparent were in the fastenings of the hatchway-coverings, which blew up, although the large bull's-eye screwed into the deck for giving light below stood admirably. Then the ship was taken out into the Channel, and rolled in the race off St. Catherine's Point. It was the first time in English naval annals that guns of such a size with 45-pound charges of powder had been worked and fired in a sea-way; yet all went well. The precision of the practice, and accuracy of the novel system of sighting the guns, proved all that could be wished; and by the end of the week Captain Cowper Coles's anxieties were over, and the system an acknowledged success by all who tried and witnessed it.

The men and officers were delighted. Here in a couple of hours they had mastered all that it was requi-

sites to know of turret-drill; they had fired for days in action without disturbing a fastening of gun or tackling, and had not lost by a scratch of hands or face. No ship in the navy could have worked such guns for so many consecutive hours without breaking down her crew with fatigue; and there was nothing Jack discovered which even the ship's boys could not understand, either in machinery of turret or steam-capstan.

Going from one extreme to the other, it was amusing, when the ship returned into port, to hear the stout yarns told by the formerly disbelieving crew to the numerous visitors now crowding on board. "Concussion! Lor' bless you, no, marm! Why, the auxiliary gun numbers goes to sleep in our turrets in action ready to relieve the others." "You might nurse a baby, my lady, and it would never be woked by either noise or smoke in No. 3 Turret." "Tired, sir! with heaving of them round, and running the guns in and out! Why, the powder brings them in—they run themselves out; and as to training, just you try 'extreme training' with a broadside gun of half the weight, and then you'd know what being tired was."

Even the steam-capstans had warm advocates. "Ah! that is the capstan, sir!" said Joe, the marine, as he was polishing it; "and I don't mind rubbing him up either, for he is a man, sir! and does 'is own work—unmoors ship and picks the anchor up while we sits and looks at him going round as cheery as may be. Ah! that is a capstan, sir!"*

In short, there was no want of turret advocates on board the Royal Sovereign; and the great desire of her captain was to show the Duke of Somerset how she did her work by taking him out to Spithead. His Grace was expected round from Plymouth. He came, but arrived

* Steam-capstans are with difficulty being introduced into the navy. Apart from saving much uncalled-for labour, they enable a crew to combine fighting their guns whilst working anchors and cables.

too late. Telegrams from Whitehall sent the ship expeditiously into dock, and the Duke was disappointed. We wonder if so remarkable a coincidence as the bottom of the ship requiring examination—although she had been already two years in the hands of the Dockyard—just as the First Civil Lord of the Admiralty wanted to see her tried at Spithead, ever flashed across the Duke's brain. At any rate, he did not have the trip he wished for; and after some fifty tons of wood and copper had been plastered over the bottom of the poor turret-ship, and before the necessary improvements had been applied to her various novel ship-fittings, the ship was one day, at an hour's notice, bundled away to Portland. There was a very general feeling on board the Royal Sovereign that her success was a crime; and it was at once well known all over Portsmouth Dockyard that she was to be "shunted." After lying at anchor for a while, the captain, on his own responsibility, weighed anchor, and continued daily to test the ship as far as possible in a seaway and in smooth water. Apart from the leakage round the turrets, a defect subsequently remedied, the ship was every day proving herself a greater success. She had been purposely cut down as a harbour-service ship, and for that she proved admirably adapted, and could, when service required it, have visited any hostile port in Europe. The reports upon her qualifications, sent through the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth to the Admiralty, were so accurate, that, in spite of all subsequent intrigues against the turret-ship, no fact has been shaken bearing upon her capabilities as a war-ship; and what mares' nests have been discovered in the way of objections to the principle during the last two years, it would be easy to dispose of in a short summer's day cruise on board the Royal Sovereign.

On the 14th September 1864 the captain was induced, by those who insisted that the guns, low as they were, should be fired with depression, to test the bow guns in that position. A huge chock of timber had been introduced over the cable-pipes for their security since the original plan of the deck had been laid down. The consequence was it was blown away, and with it one of the cable-pipes. It required some days to repair damages before the ship could be driven against a head sea. Next morning a telegram came ordering the ship to Devonport. She had to go to Portsmouth instead.

For about a fortnight it was difficult to tell what was going to be next done. The Duke of Somerset was away at Malta, the Royal Sovereign was without a friend amongst the rulers at Whitehall, and an order came down on the 1st October ordering the ship to be paid off with "the utmost despatch," the crew to be distributed into the Victory and Achilles, and the vessel handed over to the Reserve at Portsmouth.

The order was obeyed forthwith; and after having been eighty-seven days together, the crew were dispersed, wondering what crime they or their officers had committed. Was it in human nature for the captain of that ship's heart to be overflowing with admiration for the sense of justice entertained by the First Naval Lord? And can Captain Cowper Coles be considered unreasonable for having doubts about his impartial friends in the same quarter?

The proceeding was not cleverly managed, and the press made a considerable clatter. So, by way of allaying the storm—which we strongly suspect hastened home the Duke of Somerset from Malta to Charing Cross—a specious arrangement was made, putting the Royal Sovereign and her captain in the odd position of tender to

the gunnery-ship *Excellent*, under Captain A. C. Key, for her gunners to drill in. It was forgotten that it had only required her crew about one hour to learn turret-drill, and that the little *Monitor* fought the *Merrimac* the same day she reached Hampton Roads. There was no mystery in the turret. Captain Osborn felt he could do no more good to the turret cause in the position he was placed in, and therefore resigned a command he had hoped to have held for years. People in office blundered into all sorts of excuses. Captain Osborn's reports were so satisfactory, so conclusive, that nothing further could be necessary. The ship was tried, and a perfect success. The country could not afford to keep her in commission as a mere defence-ship. The seamen gunners of the navy wanted her to learn the drill. Captain Key would supervise Captain Osborn's experiments; and, more amusing still, the Secretary of the Navy went all the way down to Kent to tell his constituents that the *Royal Sovereign* was going now to be *fairly tried*, and that he would make a very frank statement afterwards. We should like that noble Lord to tell us when she was unfairly tried, what further trials of any value have been made, and why he did not, between the autumn of 1864 and middle of 1866, give us the promised information; for he cannot say that either Captain Osborn or Captain Coles stood in his way.

We can aver that the *Royal Sovereign* has been subsequently subjected to very unfair tests, and that as yet nothing has shaken one statement or result arrived at or reported upon in 1864. The untrained men in turrets, with old-fashioned carriages and gearing, have been pitted for quick firing against 12-ton guns manned by picked crews in broadside ports fitted with every improvement so as to make the latter win. Every

officer who would give his time or attention to improving broadside guns in their fighting capacity has been cherished and rewarded; those who had honesty enough to say a word on behalf of the unpopular system have been losers by it professionally. A committee has sat on turret-ships, who had never seen or exercised one at sea; some of the members had never even commanded an ironclad, or seen a heavy gun in action. Witnesses were called, who during the examination acknowledged that they had day by day to modify their opinions on a subject of which they knew little or nothing; and, last of all, it was agreed that the *Royal Sovereign's* turret, only built to resist the 5-ton Armstrong 100-pounder rifled gun of 1863, should be fired at with a 12-ton gun of 9-inch calibre, throwing a shell bullet of 300 lb. Every one knew it could penetrate a flat target of 8-inch armour; whereas the turret it was to be directed against was only armoured with iron 5 inches thick! The experiment was rendered still more severe—*unfair* is the term we apply to it—by removing the gun, and so giving the projectile a chance of entering the port which it otherwise could not do. The turret was stationary, too, instead of traversing freely to and fro, as it would have done in real action, so as to prevent any one aiming for any particular part of the arc its curved surface offered to the enemy.

Cruel as the test was, the pivot did not yield to a stroke of more than 100 tons; for such was the momentum of the projectile. The turret was not even fairly penetrated, thanks to its curved surface; and, better still, after three of these tremendous shots, the turret, though wounded, continued to work as well as ever on its rollers! Captain Cowper Coles could afford to smile at the congratulations showered upon his invention. But who shall say that, after such proceedings, he

is unwarrantably suspicious in his dealings with those at the Admiralty who take all for granted that Mr. Reed tells them of broadside-ships, yet subject his discoveries to such severe and partial trials; for Captain Coles, with one shot from his gun at the same range, could disable the best gun the Bellerophon can boast of.

The change to the present Administration affords an opportunity for dealing with the whole question of turret-ships in a fair and liberal spirit, without having to force an Admiralty to acknowledge themselves wrong; and it is with that hope we make the following suggestions.

Drop the imposition of pretending that the gunnery-ships require as tenders the Royal Sovereign and Prince Albert, which have cost this country more than a quarter of a million sterling each. If they want to show seamen how to work turrets, build a wooden model full-size, on the deck of the Excellent and Cambridge, for a thousand pounds. Take the Sovereign and the Prince Albert, and give them to officers who will identify themselves with the principle, and while discovering its weaknesses strive to remedy them. Form a little experimental squadron of those two vessels and the Scorpion and Wyvern, place them under some intelligent officer. Let him exercise and cruise with them round our coast of England all next year, and give Captain Cowper Coles permission to move about from ship to ship as he may think fit. By next autumn we should then know what alterations, what modifications are necessary in turrets, whether for sea cruisers or coast-defence purposes.

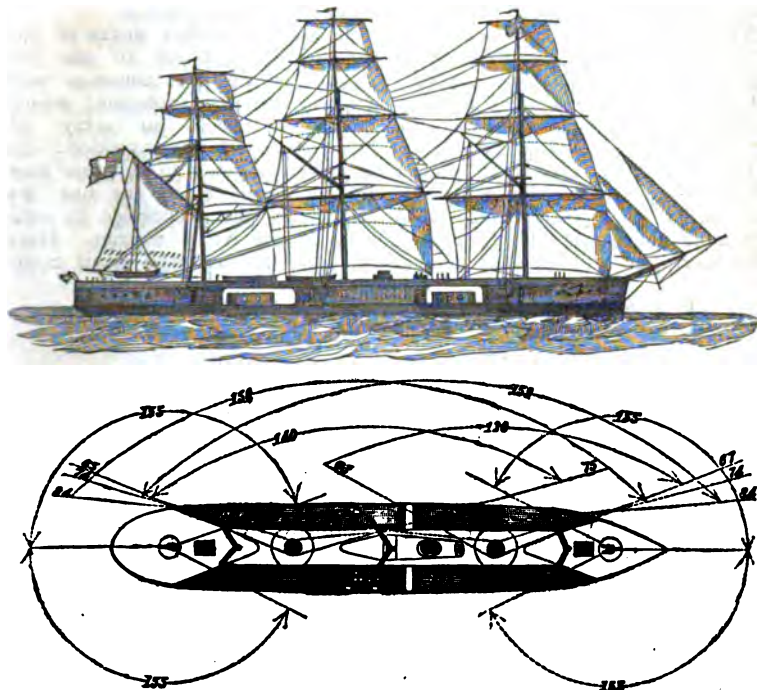
It is a sheer insult to Captain Osborn's common-sense to tell him or Captain Coles that in a commission of ninety days they could develop all the advantages or disadvantages of the turret system, or bring that young crew to a state of perfection in their exercise of the

guns the Royal Sovereign then carried. We know that instead of 12-ton guns and 9-inch calibre, we are tending towards 80-ton guns and 18-inch calibres. Such guns the revolving platforms will enable us to handle with quite as much ease as they now do the 23-ton guns of Shoeburyness.

The public funds have been freely spent on developing improvements in working heavy guns out of broadside ports. All we claim is, that a portion should be laid out in developing the other principle likewise. We look to the Conservative party to redeem the pledges they gave when out of office, and it will be to the honour of Sir John Pakington and Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, and his sailor colleagues, if they can succeed in doing it. Without experience derived from actual tests of his discovery, it is difficult for the inventor of so novel a system of working guns at sea to meet all the requirements of a sea-going turret-ship, but the annexed diagram (No. 1) appears to us to dispose of most objections. It represents nearly what The Captain, to be built by Messrs Laird of Birkenhead, will be when launched. She will have splendid quarters below for her officers and men, as well as a poop and forecastle, and an upper deck for exercise or manœuvre of sails. If our readers can imagine the whole of the mid-ship portion of a fine frigate's side carried in towards the centre of the gun-deck, forming a sort of recess, it will resemble The Captain's broadside appearance; out of the recessed side project the curves of two great turrets capable of containing two 23-ton guns each to-day, but competent to receive 80-ton guns when they can be manufactured. The deck of the recessed portion will have a steep incline; it may be considered the side proper, a portion being, as it were, vertical, the rest forming a glacis to the turret ports. In fine weather or in harbour, use can be

made of the inclined deck, but at on the proper upper deck, some sea the water may play over it, twenty-one feet above water; and whilst the crew get air and exercise that upper deck is as fine a one as

No. 1.—The Captain, a turret-cruiser for foreign and remote stations.



any man-of-war's, indeed as broad and as clear and as high above the sea as one of our famed Cunard transatlantic steamers.

turret-ship are as follows :—Length, 320 feet; breadth, 53 feet; tonnage, 4234 tons; draught of water, 23 feet; speed, 14 knots with two screws.

The dimensions of this sea-going

Armament.	For turrets plated with ten-inch iron,	Guns {	4	Of 28 tons or 30 tons each. The heaviest England can produce.
	On poop and fore-castle,		2	18-ton guns of 9-inch calibre for chasing purposes.

With the guns at present in existence, such as the 12-ton and 23 ton guns, she may be considered to have a broadside of four 600-pounders and two 800-pounders; but there is no limit to the size of guns such a vessel could carry and safely fight in all weathers; and the training of her turret-guns would be for the foremost one from 130 to 158 degrees of the

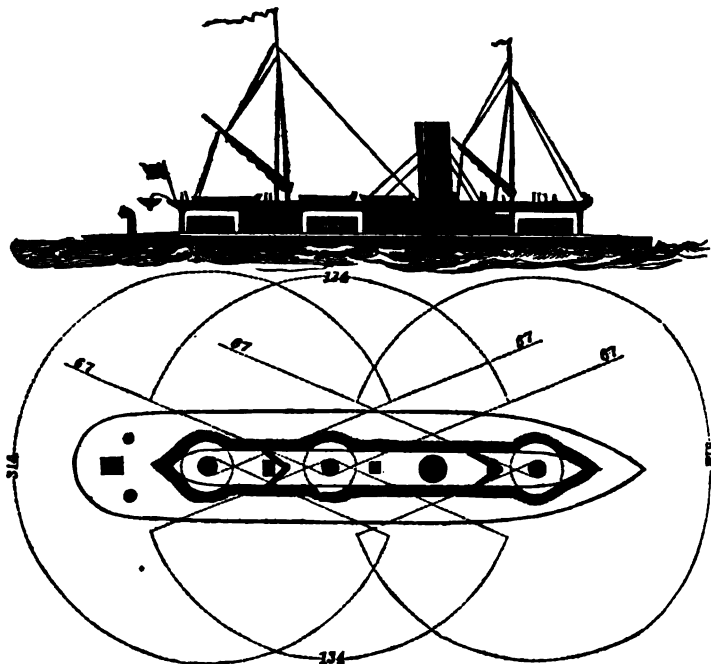
horizon on each side, and for the after-turret from 140 to 158 degrees on each side. She would spread plenty of canvass for those who deem it essential for cruising purposes, and do not know that America blockaded her own coasts for years with engines and coals, and did it far more effectually than we ever did Toulon or Brest. She will stow salt provisions enough

to insure her crew becoming scorbatic as occasion or routine may require. She will or can have a figure-head at one end and an ensign-staff at the other, according to the strict orthodoxy of Mother Navy. She is not without a gilt truck and a lofty spar, from which a captain's pendant or admiral's flag may wave. There is a lovely deck for the zealous first-lieutenant to holystone as often as he pleases. The Admiralty may even copper her bottom over wooden sheathing, in order that blacklistmen may tremble and smart officers rejoice. In short, she will, to meet popular

prejudices, have as much as possible of everything found in an old world man-of-war, with a power of attack and defence, and capability for close fighting, which no other ships of war can possess.

It was the wicked desire of the inventor to get rid in one fell swoop of all the nonsense and frippery of his profession, which created so dense an array of enemies against his invention: he is evidently going to be wiser now by the model before us, but we tremble for the proposition he submits in his No. 2 diagram. Here we have an improved Royal Sovereign.

No. 2.—Coast-defence ship with hurricane deck; or, if a conversion, an improved Royal Sovereign.



Length, about 180 feet; beam about 50 feet. Three turrets, with six 23-ton guns, 600-pounders; or a broadside of 3600 lb. If built expressly, her draught and length would be dependent on circumstances or service required; if a converted line-of-battle ship, she would draw 24 feet of water, about

reign with an upper-deck platform, would be far more formidable than to which height all her hatchways either that Miantonomah or Monitor and skylights can be carried. She adnuck which Admiral Porter right-

ly averred were "*capable of crossing the ocean alone, and could destroy any vessel in the French or British navy, lay their towns under contribution, and return again.*"*

Part of his prophecy has been verified; we would willingly spare Great Britain the humiliation of being unprepared for the rest. Captain Cowper Coles says the conversion may be effected for about £100,000 per ship, and eminent shipbuilders say he is right. We have given our reasons for having faith in the gallant officer, and have expressed our bitter indignation at his having had so little of that fair-play which we are ever vaunting is an Englishman's pride and birthright. Had he had it, when the *Miantonomah* arrived in our waters, she would have been nursed by at least a couple of improved Royal Sovereigns, just as the Swedish Government did when she appeared off Stockholm, and we should not still have to sigh over the mountains of prejudice the gal-

lant inventor has yet to struggle against.

For our part, we don't expect we shall convert the Constructor's department of our navy to our way of thinking without plenty of patience and persistence, but we promise them both, for we have always, sooner or later, seen the right come right, in spite of every prejudice and intrigue. The storm-lashed coasts of the American Republic are too like our own; the seamen resemble us too closely; the reasons which make her anxious to protect her commercial capitals and emporiums from insult or occupation, touch us too nearly in Great Britain—not to assure us that sooner or later the means by which the United States was saved in the past and rendered secure for the future, will have to be applied to preserve the coasts and narrow seas of our own dear country from the hostile combinations of the huge soldier-ridden empires of Europe.

* The italics are in the original report of Admiral Porter to the United States Navy, January 1865; and Admiral Porter is an officer who has seen more of iron-clads in action against every description of opposition than any living officer of any nation.

THE WORKING CLASSES.

THERE is a great cry just now about the working classes. May we not be permitted to inquire who are the working classes, and what the cry means? A stranger to our politics and modes of life and thought, might judge, from the temper in which the advocates of working men speak of their alleged rights, that to be a member of this class in England or Scotland was to be, *ipso facto*, trodden down, kept down, and otherwise humiliated and defrauded; and that powerful parties in the State were banded together to perpetuate the ill-treatment, serfdom, slavery, or whatever other word might be employed to designate the supposed unhappy condition of the toilers by land and sea who compose the majority of the British people.

A preliminary word or two about work and its meaning may help to clear away a few misconceptions and prejudices in this respect. People too commonly make use of words without defining to one another the true value of these counters in the game of argument. Men speak of "morality" as if every one understood the word in the same sense. In the Feejee Islands it is "moral" (or according to the manners of the place), if you have an old grandfather too old to help himself, to put the patriarch to death, solemnly, sacredly, and with all the honours. In China and elsewhere it is not "immoral," if your wife have too many daughters and no sons, to put the little baby girls to death to preserve the equilibrium of the sexes. If one had to argue with an Asiatic or a Feejeean about "morality," one would have to define the word very closely and mathematically to avoid an interminable argument, branching out like the roots of a tree, and spreading into irrelevant issues.

The Feejeean might contend that it was immoral *not* to put your good old grandfather out of his misery in a country where there was no public or private charity, no poor-law, and no Miss Burdett Coutts to care for the aged and the helpless. And the Chinaman, with as much reason, might assert that it was a cruel shame to allow of such a disparity between the sexes as five women to three men, polygamy being at the same time made criminal. "Education," "Virtue," "Honour," and even "Religion," are all words that have no strict invariable meaning; and that may convey very divergent and irreconcilable ideas to different minds. "Work" is another of these general words which people are apt to use in a preconceived sense of their own, without inquiring whether other minds accept the same interpretation. The Scripture says that there is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; so of WORK—there is work of the intellect, of the imagination, of the educated and trained fingers, and of the strong right arm. In one sense we are all of us, from the highest to the lowest, working people; and we live in a hard-working age. Nay more—the stars, the planets, the solar system, the kindly mother earth on which we live and move, are all workers, and would be resolved into original chaos if by any possibility they could cease to obey this great and fundamental law of Life and Eternity. Here, in our sturdy old realm of Great Britain, work is the fashion and the passion, as well as the duty, of us all. The unfortunate wight who has plenty of money, inherited or acquired, and nothing particular to do, so far from shirking labour, actually courts it as a luxury. The hardy young fellows who, for three

parts of the year, study law, or physic, or grind at the classics, or devote themselves to literature or art, betake themselves to very hard work indeed in their holiday of leisure. They tread the treacherous glaciers and crevasses of the Alps, they climb the icy summits of Mont Blanc, they imperil limb and life, and go through more hard word in a week than the ordinary labourer or mechanic goes through in a month. They travel to remote and savage countries for the love of adventure, fare hardly and sparingly, and encounter risks and dangers by sea and land that would appal the often comparatively puny workman or artificer who labours in a Lancashire manufactory, or sweats in a coal-mine. When the hardy men who explored the interior of Africa—when Speke and Grant and Livingstone and Baker—set out on their travels, it was no holiday excursion they undertook, but a serious business, involving not only work of the hardest kind, but hardship, sorrow, and privation, such as few persons would like to encounter, either for love or for money, but which had no terrors for these adventurous people. It would be easy to multiply examples to prove that love of work is quite as much the characteristic of our wealthy as of our poorer classes, and that the best of us would toil by choice if we were not compelled to toil by necessity. If it were not so, who would go into Parliament? who would serve in committees of the House of Commons? who would be a Minister of the Crown? and who, above all, would consent to be a wealthy philanthropist?

Of late years, however, in consequence of the efforts of such men as Mr. Bright and Mr. Beales (M.A.), who would Americanise our politics and our manners, and hand over the government of the country to the numerical majority of the whole people, irrespective of property or intelligence, a new cant has arisen, the sing-song of which is that the special class of men who labour with

their hands for their daily bread are the best class in the community—that they are unjustly deprived of representation in Parliament, and that if such deprivation be much longer continued, the consequences may be perilous to the peace, if not to the stability, of the State. To this doctrine we take exception. Nay more; we repudiate it wholly. The assertion on which it is based is false. No class in Great Britain is, as a class, excluded from the suffrage; and no class, unless it be the clergy, who make no complaint on the subject, is excluded from the House of Commons. Any man who labours with his hands for his daily bread may obtain the privilege of a vote for the borough or county in which he resides, if he will become a householder paying a certain amount of rent, or the owner of a freehold of the annual value of forty shillings. If he be excluded, it is not because he is a labourer skilled or unskilled, but because he does not conform to the conditions. There are thousands of mechanics and working men in such towns as Birmingham who do conform to the conditions, each of whom, as a unit, counts for as much in the political system of the borough as the merchant, banker, physician, or attorney. We do not mean to assert that every agricultural labourer or shepherd, and every artisan in towns and boroughs, can, by any amount of frugality and industry, afford out of his wages as much for the rent of a house as would qualify him for a place on the electoral list. Neither do we maintain that many thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands, of men in this condition are not as well fitted, by honesty of purpose, native intelligence, and general good conduct in all the relations of life, for the exercise of political functions, as the small shopkeepers who compose the majority in towns and cities. All we mean is, that the labouring classes are not under the ban of the constitution any more

than shopkeepers or the trading and professional classes generally; and that the agitators who raise the cry, and make the assertion, do so dishonestly, with a view of stirring up political strife, and of placing the question of the extension of the suffrage on a false basis.

There is an old antagonism between labour and capital, just as there is between the buyer and the seller; an antagonism that exists in all countries, and has existed in all ages, and that has taken many shapes and developments, as was shown in these pages last month, by the writer of the article entitled "Who are the Reformers, and what do they want?" When it is proposed by Mr. Bright, or any one else, that the association of labourers and workmen, organised for the purpose of getting as much wages as they can extort for the least amount of labour that their conscience will permit them to employ, should be diverted from social and economic to political ends, and their energies and numbers brought to bear upon a subject alien to their original intention, and tending, if successful, to overthrow the political balance which vests power in this country in wealth and in intelligence as well as in numbers, the public is entitled to examine what amount of intelligence these associations of working men have displayed on the questions at issue between themselves and their employers; and whether, if they could have their own way entirely, the result would not be mischievous alike to themselves and the capitalists who feed them, and to the prosperity of the country in which they live.

It is alleged by the working men that capitalists combine to keep down the price of labour, and that consequently labourers must combine to keep up the price of labour, or, in other words, to reduce the profits of capital. The fact may be granted. As it is the interest of him who has anything to

sell, to sell it for as much, and of him who has anything to buy to buy it for as little, as possible, so it is the interest of the employer to get as much work out of his labourer at the lowest price consistent with the due maintenance of the physical strength and wellbeing of the latter. As in a thickly-peopled country like Great Britain, where labourer competes with labourer, this natural action of the employer was likely to be abused, not only by the operation of the cupidity and selfishness of the capitalists, who live by making a profit out of the labour of others, but by the competition of the labourers themselves, and in some instances by that of women and children, the working men found it expedient and useful to combine in their respective localities, and to fix the terms in their several trades and handicrafts for less than which they would not consent to do a day's work. So far all is intelligible. Each party to the controversy acts within his own province, and is fully justified in all steps he may take for the furtherance of his own interests, provided always that he does not overstep the limits of the Law. The employer must not pay his wages in kind, and force the workman to buy articles from his truck-shop, thus depriving the labourer of his right of choice to deal with whom he pleases, and taking an extra profit out of the goods supplied. Neither, on the other hand, must the single labourer, or any combination of labourers, use force or threats against any brother of the craft who chooses to accept lower terms from the master than will satisfy the majority of his fellows or the Council of the Trades-union. If each side keeps scrupulously within these limits, the law takes no cognisance of their doings. If the dispute proceeds to such length, that the employers, on the one hand, shut up their workshops and factories rather than pay the price for labour which the

men demand, or that, on the other, the workmen strike work altogether rather than accept the terms offered, the case may, and often does, become one of public concern. Were such disputes frequent or long protracted, they might eventually assume a national importance; and according to the temper or obstinacy of the parties, might either drive capital to foreign countries to escape the tyranny of labour, or force away the labourers, the bone and sinew of the State, to take refuge in America or elsewhere from the grinding weight of capital—a loss in either case to the community at large, and leading directly to the decrease of national wealth and power, and a consequent lowering of our place in the councils of the world.

Before we come to treat more particularly of the antagonism of capital and labour, and its results within the last few years, and more especially at the present time—when it is proposed to make every labourer a politician, and every Trades-union an *imperium in imperio*, to bring into the game of politics the forces and the discipline of an army—it is desirable to show that there are other agencies at work than these two; that capital is not a unit; that labour may be; and that capitalists compete with capitalists to the great advantage of the public and of all the labouring classes; whereas by the system of Trades-unionism labourers are not allowed to compete with labourers. The result is a state of affairs which condemns the labourer to be for ever a labourer, one of a class apart, and that the lowest class in the country; and that effectually prevents him, whatever be his zeal, his energy, his sobriety, his industry, and his talents, from rising above the level of the laziest and most worthless of his fraternity. The competition of capitalist against capitalist, while it gives the public the advantage of the comparative cheapness in the

price of the commodities which rival capitalists make or sell, does not prevent an individual capitalist from growing rich in the face of all competition, if he be able to display any extraordinary degree of skill, ingenuity, and enterprise, and bring to bear upon his business any peculiar gifts of mind or body. In the same manner, if labourer were allowed to compete with labourer,—if a strong man who chose to work for twelve or fourteen hours a-day, where a weaker man could only work for eight, were permitted to do so; if the rules of trade applied to the rules of labour, and if a man could say, "The more I work the more I win," and were allowed by his fellows to carry his doctrine into practice, a far greater number of labouring men would rise from the ranks to the position of capitalists and employers that can possibly rise out of the dead level to which they are enregimented under the system of Trades-unions and combinations. At present, if a labouring man have youth, health, and strength, a large family, and unusual demands upon his earnings, there are no means available to him except the strictest economy and self-denial by which he can ever hope to become an iota richer than his compeers, if he happen to be a member of a Trades-union. As the lowest of them is, so must he be. If he have more than ordinary spirit, he kicks against the trammels; becomes a knobstick, a non-unionist, a persecuted man; and if the persecution be too strong and too long continued, he either succumbs to it by dying, or joining the Union; or what is better, by emigrating to some other land, where "a man's a man," and not a card in a pack, valued not for himself, but for his relationship to the body of which he is a member. The system not only tends to keep down every man who supports or is governed by it, but to demoralise the whole thought and practice of the labouring classes. To do the

least possible amount of work for the greatest possible amount of wages; to shorten the day, and not diminish the fee paid for it; never "to make work scarce" by any extra zeal or assiduity in performing it; to apportion the strong and willing man's toil to that of the weakest and least willing,—is a course of procedure that can scarcely be called honest. It is not the Christian principle of doing as one would be done by, as every workman who by rare good fortune becomes an employer very well knows, and very vigorously asserts. Doubtless, by this system, labour as a unit makes itself very formidable to capital, though whether the great body of labourers ever examine, or are competent to examine, its effects upon themselves as individuals, is not so certain. The "organisation of labour" is a high-sounding phrase; but wherever in the whole history of the world we find that labour has been organised on any great scale, we find also that the organisers were of necessity tyrants, whether they were committees of trades, philosophers, contractors, or monarchs; and that such organisation, whatever its physical results may have been, depressed to one level, and that the lowest, the social status of the single worker. It was by the organisation of labour that the Pyramids were constructed; it was by the organisation of labour that the Southern States of the American Union were enabled to grow rich by the cultivation of cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco; it is by the organisation of labour, the result not of intelligence but of instinct, that the small coral insects of the Pacific Ocean build up islands from the bottom of the sea, and have already laid the foundations of a new continent; it is by the organisation of labour, also instinctive, that the industrious bees combine to make honey. But we are justified in inquiring what was the individual status and condition

of the workers who built the Pyramids for the Pharaohs, or cultivated cotton for the Southern planters; and of what account is the one coral insect or the bee that works to such stupendous results in the one case, and to such useful results in the other? The human workers were slaves to the will of others. The insect-workers are slaves to a law which they cannot resist. In the case of the English Trades-unions, the body of workmen are slaves to an oligarchy of their own choosing, and consent to debase themselves individually in order that the class to which they belong may be aggrandised collectively. It is the old story of universal suffrage culminating in a despotism. Every member of a Trades-union is practically either a slave or a tyrant, or a combination of both, like an Eastern vizier. The Unionist resigns his individuality; he is but a leaf upon a tree or a drop of water in the ocean. At best he is but a private soldier in the army of industry, and forfeits his chance to become a general or commander unless he can contrive to become a Union leader, and as such a portion of the oligarchy that governs all the rest. How despotic the Unions are—to what lengths they go in persecuting, and in some cases in ruining, the men of their own class who presume to think for themselves, and refuse to conform to their rules or contribute to their funds, we need go no further than the nearest manufacturing town or city to inquire. How by intimidation, by violence, and by strikes, they attempt to set aside the laws by which capital as well as labour is governed—how they will not permit of the employment of women in trades for which women are pre-eminently fitted—such, for instance, as that of the printer's compositor—and how, in consequence, they make themselves the instruments of driving the superabundant female population, unable to find either husbands or work, into the

ranks of that awful prostitution which is the great scandal of our age, our country, and our religion—are facts that lie upon the surface, and may be seen and noted of all men. When it is proposed by Mr. Bright, and when the proposition is cheerfully adopted by the committees, directors, and secretaries of the affiliated Unions throughout the country, that this great agency and organisation should be brought to bear, with the force of an army, upon the purely political questions of the extension of the suffrage, and the reform of the Commons House of Parliament, statesmen, and moderate men of all parties, may well ask whether a great danger is not to be immediately and resolutely confronted; and whether it is not the interest and duty of every friend to the intelligent and educated liberty that prevails in Great Britain to resist the beginning of evil, lest in no long time the classes who earn their daily bread by manual labour—the most numerous, and, as we have seen, the most completely organised classes in the country—do not seize the largest share of political power, and virtually become the rulers of the nation. If these men were as wise and as virtuous as they are multitudinous, there might, perhaps, be no great danger in admitting their claim to political privilege on the plea of their manhood, not on that of their labour; but not even their best friends can allege that they are wiser and more virtuous than others; and few can assert that poverty, which is the inevitable lot in a thickly-peopled country of the vast multitude who have nothing to depend upon but the day's wage of the day's work, can be in a position to form safe and accurate judgment on the multifarious public questions in which the stability, the prosperity, the liberty, and the place in the world, of a highly civilised, wealthy, and ancient empire such as Great Britain, are involved. And

when the leaders of these men—ignorant as they are of the laws of social and political economy—assume the part of bullies towards all other classes, and seek to intimidate public opinion by a display of their numbers in the streets—the fact alone is worth volumes of arguments to bring conviction to the minds of all other sections of the public, that to give them as large a share in the government of the country as they claim, would be an experiment fraught with the greatest peril; a false step not easily, if possibly, to be recalled; and a virtual abandonment of the wholesome principle under which Great Britain has become the freest, if not the only truly free, country in the world—the principle that men of education, wealth, and learned leisure, though in a minority, should possess a larger share in the government, than could be given to a majority in which poverty and comparative ignorance must of necessity prevail. We hear a great deal too much of the rights of the majority, and of the old fallacy, and false assertion, that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Christianity itself was long in a minority of one, and is yet in a minority, if the population of the whole world be counted. Every great and good cause must necessarily have its origin in a minority—for a great and good cause, if new, must interfere with that which is old; and the old being in possession, dies hard, and the majority sides with it. As in religion and in science, so in politics, it is the minority which lays the foundation and builds the edifice, which the majority afterwards must consent to inhabit. In point of fact, no nation in the world was ever governed by a majority—not even the United States of America; where the women and children, who have no political right or privilege, outnumber very considerably the adult males, who are the sole voters. It is not because Mr.

Bright and the Trades-unions desire a Reform in Parliament—for Conservatives and Liberals, Tories and Whigs, may unite in desiring it, if the true basis of a Reform Bill can be agreed upon—but because they seek to hand over the government to the majority of adult males in this country, which majority is poor, and, therefore, not fit to be entrusted with the government of the wealthy; ignorant and therefore incapacitated for the government of the well-informed; and so busy, and more than busy, in gaining its daily subsistence by hard labour, as to have neither taste nor leisure for studying all those nice questions on which the wealth, no less than the liberty and happiness, of nations depends, and most of all, those very questions of labour and capital that lie at the root of manufacturing industry and commercial enterprise.

That the labouring classes, as a body, are not as honest and intelligent as the petty shopkeepers and retail dealers who form so large a portion of the existing constituencies in populous boroughs and cities, is a proposition which we have no intention of controverting. On the contrary, we think that the skilled mechanics of the country are, as a body, very superior, if not in intelligence, most certainly in honesty, to the small retail dealers, who, by virtue of their stationary character as householders and the payment of a certain annual amount of rent, possess the privilege of voting for Members of Parliament. Instead of opening the doors of the Constitution to larger numbers of the lower sort of traders, we would much rather shut them against every one of the class, who within three or even seven years previous to an election had been convicted before a magistrate of selling short weight or measure, or of adulterating his goods. The labouring classes have no such means or opportunities of dishonesty as the shopkeepers, and

as a class we may well believe that their probity is greater, and in the case of skilled mechanics that their intelligence and education are superior. It is not the individual workman or artificer who can be objected to. It is the organisation of the class which they turn to unwise account, and their great numbers, all acting together, which, if political privilege were granted to such a mass, would overthrow the delicate balances of political power, and give the real direction of the State machine into the hands of manual labour. But while we think that on this ground true statesmanship should resist the claim of manhood suffrage put forward so lustily on behalf both of workers and non-workers, we should not be at all sorry, but on the contrary very much pleased, to see a few handicraftsmen or mechanics elected to the House of Commons. The Trades-unions have a large accumulated fund for the sustenance of men on strike, and have sometimes paid as much as £3000 in a week for this purpose. They might well spare a few thousands for the purpose of contesting a metropolitan or other borough, in the interest of one of their class. Why, for instance, if there be a man among them who can speak eloquently, who feels what his class feels, who wants what his class wants, who possesses all their confidence, and can tell the world exactly what they want, and how they want it, should he not stand for such a borough as Birmingham, Lambeth, the Tower Hamlets, or Manchester? The property qualification for Members of Parliament has been abolished, and less than half the weekly cost of a strike among the carpenters, builders, blacksmiths, or tailors of the metropolitan district, or the spinners of Lancashire, would suffice to place a working man, as the working man's candidate, in a proper position before the electors, and pay all the expenses of a contested

election. The idea has been mooted already in the 'Beehive'—the London weekly organ, not only of the Bright and Beales Reform movement, but of one great section of the Trades-unions. The 'Beehive' is of opinion that "Labour will never have fair play in Parliament, or be properly understood, until some dozen or so of veritable working men are returned to represent it;" and, furthermore, expresses its belief that "this result might be accomplished, *even under the present electoral system*, if set about with good will, union, and determination." Though we cannot agree with the writer in thinking that "ignorant aristocrats" and "interested commoners" in Parliament pertinaciously misrepresent and misunderstand the labour question; and that a dozen intelligent working men in the House of Commons would speedily demolish the arguments of the statesmen, philosophers, and practical men of business in that assembly,—we think the whole country would rejoice to see the attempt made, and to welcome the whole dozen into the halls of St. Stephen's. The writer in the 'Beehive' thinks

"That he could without trouble, at any moment, pick out from the two sections or parties into which the working class leaders of London are unhappily divided, at least a dozen men who, were they in the House of Commons, would effectually revolutionise public opinion on the subject of Trades-unions in the course of a single session. With a few such men in the House, the fallacy of the cry of 'Trades-unions driving trade to foreign countries' would speedily be shown, and the real object of that cry—the reduction of wages, that employers may still keep up their enormous profits to maintain the luxury and extravagance indulged in, if not by themselves personally, by their families—mercilessly exposed. With a few such men in the House, the ridiculous and miserably false statement, that the present stagnation of trade, and distress of the unemployed workmen, had been brought about by Trades-unions and strikes, would be exposed and scattered to the winds, and the real cause would be made

patent to the world—viz., the late monetary panic brought about by the reckless over-trading, fraudulent speculations, Stock Exchange gambling, bank and company swindling, and general cupidity, avarice, and roguery of a large portion of the capitalists and middle classes; all eager to get rich by any other than honourable and legitimate means."

The 'Beehive' is not to be blamed for this fling at the commercial immorality of the time; but the writer only states his own side of the case. There has been undue speculation, there has been a monetary crisis, there has been great extravagance of living among manufacturers, there is among them generally an over-hastiness to get rich; but notwithstanding all these things, the working classes may have faults of their own. The charge brought against them by many employers is that trade in several great departments of industry is being driven from Great Britain by the unwise conduct and exorbitant demands of the British workmen, and that Continental workmen not only do the work as well, but do it more regularly and for a lower rate of wages. The workmen deny all these allegations except the inferior wages given on the Continent, and assert that if an English workman receives higher payment, he turns out a superior article from his hands. Agreeing with the writer in thinking that it would be to the advantage of all parties to have a few working men in Parliament to state their case there, rather than in newspapers like the 'Beehive,' we do not think that the success of such a reform movement in Parliament as they now seem to desire under Mr. Bright's leadership would serve their turn. Our firm belief is, that it would be much easier to introduce a few working men into the House of Commons without such a reform in Parliament as Mr. Bright, the 'Beehive,' and the Trades-unions desire, than into a House elected by manhood suffrage.

In America, where manhood suffrage is the rule, and the institutions of which we are asked to imitate as the perfection of political wisdom, there is not a single mechanic in either House of Congress. There are men who once were mechanics, like the late President, Mr. Lincoln, who was once a splitter of wooden rails and a boatman; like the actual President, Mr. Johnson, who was once a tailor; like Gen. N. P. Banks, who was once a blacksmith; like Mr. Wilson, who was once a journeyman shoemaker; and like many others who might be mentioned; but there is not and never was a member in either House who was a day-labourer at the time of his election, and who had not, like Messrs. Lincoln, Johnson, Banks, and Wilson, abandoned labour for the law or for mercantile pursuits before he sought the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. In some remote and thinly-peopled States of the Union, where all men are labourers engaged in the great work of clearing the wilderness and dispossessing the wild Indians and the wild beasts, it is very likely that rail-splitters, farmers, boatmen, millers, blacksmiths, and other handicraftsmen have seats in the local legislatures; but no such men ever found their way into Congress, until they had become either professional men, bankers, or rich merchants. No day-labourer or mechanic has a seat in the present Congress; no day-labourer or mechanic has been elected to the next, which is to assemble on the 4th of March. It is true that a prize-fighter has been elected for one of the districts of New-York; but neither in England nor in America would such a man have a chance of obtaining the suffrages of a constituency, unless for circumstances unconnected with his vocation. The New-York prize-fighter was elected because he had become rich enough to pay the very enormous price necessary to be paid in America when a numerous

constituency has to be managed and bought; and such a man might perhaps get in for Lambeth or a smaller borough, if he had the ambition, the means, and the unscrupulousness necessary to effect his object. That the case as regards the election of veritable day-labourers, representatives of their class, and able to speak for them in Parliament, would be different in Great Britain and Ireland under a system of manhood suffrage, we do not believe; but that, under the present system, a few artisans could be brought into Parliament if the artisans themselves would use the machinery and the money of the Trades-union to effect the purpose, we hold to be highly probable. Such men in Parliament might be useful; and if they could not convert the gentlemen whom the 'Beehive' calls "ignorant aristocrats" and "interested commoners" to their views upon the question of the relation of labour and capital and the rights of labourers, they might—who knows?—be converted to those of their present opponents, and recognise in time the great fact that labour and capital ought not to be enemies, but friends and partners in business. At all events, the collision of mind with mind in the House of Commons could not fail to enlighten the public, and draw into full daylight many social truths as yet but partially recognised, or half hidden in the dim twilight of imperfect knowledge.

Our preceding remarks apply entirely to the combination of labourers to keep up the rate of wages, to coerce capitalists and employers, to encourage and maintain strikes, and the perversion of this organisation — already mischievous enough when confined within its original intention — to the political purpose which finds favour with Mr. Bright and the ultra-Democratic party in England. There is another branch of the subject on which we desire to say a few words, in the interest of that por-

tion of the labouring classes who have had the good sense to keep aloof from the Trades-unions, and who, knowing what capital is, how it is to be obtained, and what it can accomplish, have learned to respect and not to quarrel with it, and determined, by thrift, good management, and union among each other, to become capitalists themselves. We allude to the numerous Co-operative Societies which have been established in London and the manufacturing districts, and which are not to be confounded, either in character or object, with the Trades-unions. In establishing co-operative societies or partnerships of workmen to divide profits among themselves, after the payment of wages, the working classes stand upon firm ground. They break no social or economic law; they exercise no tyranny over their fellows; they work together voluntarily for a defined and wholly legitimate object, and combine in their own persons the functions of the employer and the employed—of the capitalist and the labourer. Such associations, if prudently conducted, have generally proved successful, and productive of unmixed good to all concerned, as well as to the outside community. The principle on which they stand is directly at variance with that of the Trades-unions. As a member of a co-operative society, a workman becomes a small, and may ultimately become a large, capitalist. By sharing in the profits of the concern, he is directly interested in its success, and impelled to the exercise of all his zeal, talents, and energy, to advance this desirable object. As a member of a Trades-union, a workman has no direct incentives or prospects, and can only become a capitalist by saving something out of his wages, which very few labourers can, and which still fewer do. Like a Scotch bailie, "who is aye a bailie," a Trades-union workman is always a work-

man, forbidden to excel, and of no greater importance in the community of which he forms a part than a bee in a hive, or a rabbit in a warren. In this respect the 'Beehive,' from which we have quoted, is a well-chosen title for the organ of such an association. It is the old idea of the organisation of labour—Communism, Socialism, Fourierism, Proudhonism, or whatever else it has been or may be called. It substitutes society for the individual, emasculates the intellect, deadens the energies, and can only be held together by a despotism. That it may send one representative to the House of Commons, or even the dozen that the 'Beehive' thinks possible, may well be desired in the interest of truth. If there be truth, partial or general, in the idea of those who would create armies of industry, acting under generals like other armies, each private soldier yielding, like other soldiers, implicit obedience to the orders of one supreme chief, the House of Commons is the best place in the world to confirm and give currency to it. If, on the other hand, the idea be founded on error, and must, if carried into execution, be productive of nothing but evil to all classes, and to the labouring classes more especially, the House of Commons is, in like manner, the best place to prove its falsehood, by the conflict of minds, the sifting of evidence, and the deductions of reason. We doubt, however, whether the ranks of labour possess a man competent to argue the question. If such a man is to be found among them, it would be a national advantage to have him in Parliament. Let him be found; let him become a candidate, say for Birmingham; let him be elected, and there is neither a true Conservative nor a true Liberal who would not be glad to hear what he has to say, and to give the most respectful attention to his facts and arguments.

BLACKIE AND JONES—DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

THE little passage-of-arms—or, as they are both Grecians, we may say the logomachy—between Professor Blackie of Edinburgh and Mr. Ernest Jones of London on the demerits and merits of Democracy, though not a matter of much importance, is highly characteristic of our country and time. In olden days, if any foolhardy wight denied the virtue and the charms of Dulcinea del Toboso, or any other supposed paragon of her sex, he had to maintain his opinion against all on-comers by thrust of lance or cleave of sword. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* In our prosaic and practical age we do not fight for ladies. We do not even fight for ideas, as the Emperor of the French has done; or, if we do, it is for a commercial idea, or because we cannot help ourselves, or are, to use a vulgar phrase, "in for it." When we fight for an idea, it is *with* ideas, as the least costly, the most agreeable, and perhaps, in the long-run, the most effectual method of gaining the victory. Professor Blackie, though a professed Liberal in politics, does not estimate very highly the beauty of that celebrated Dulcinea, DEMOCRACY, but rather inclines to the opinion that she is an ill-favoured and unprincipled old harridan, a person of worse than questionable character, and one, in fact, with whom a truly wise and virtuous government will have as little as possible to do. Mr. Jones, as enthusiastic for this particular charmer as the Knight of La Mancha was for the damsel of Toboso, sees Democracy with different eyes, and from a different point of view. To his mind she is all loveliness, all grace, all virtue, all wisdom, all perfection. She is the cynosure of the expectant world, the fairy queen under whose benignant aus-

pices all the evils and sorrows that afflict humanity are to fade away like morning mists before the majesty of the noonday sun; when every peasant and every working man is to have a fowl in the pot, a pipe in his mouth, and a vote by ballot every week, every month, and every year, for everything and everybody. The opinions of the disputants were known beforehand; and when it was announced that these two scholars, who could both quote Greek, who had both written poetry, who had both studied history, and who were otherwise men of mark, and possessed of oratorical powers, were to discuss publicly, the one the pessimist and the other the optimist side of the subject, with arguments for their only knock-down blows, and sarcasms that draw no blood for their only cuts, it is no wonder that the good folk of "Auld Reekie," well skilled themselves in the arts of disputation, should have turned out in large numbers to see the "ploy." The combatants were well matched. The Scotch Professor was lithe, limber, daring, and aggressive; the English Barrister was steady, well trained, cunning of fence, and had not only the advantage of the last word, but the stimulus of having suffered in the cause which he had at heart, and the sense of personal wrong to back the point of his invective. Mr. Blackie had lived at home unmolested in his opinions, while Mr. Jones had gone to prison for his, and been harshly treated by a Government that was too aristocratic to forgive his ultra-Democracy when it had taken the shape of sedition. Mr. Blackie commenced the discussion, and made his statement with fairness and courtesy. He ran rapidly over the whole ground of authentic history, dwelling more particularly upon

the Republics of Greece and Rome, and the Italian commonwealths in the Middle Ages; thence he passed to modern times—to France, to Australia, and the United States, uniformly drawing conclusions unfavourable to the rule of the multitude, but no more unfavourable than were to have been anticipated by any one who knew the idiosyncrasies of the speaker. Being the attacking party, he had the most to say, and the most lively portions of the argument. Mr. Jones was equally fair and courteous, if not quite so learned; and if he drew less upon Plato and Aristotle, he relied more than his opponent upon the teaching of the Apostle Paul, and the Democratic spirit of Christianity. As there was no umpire to decide which of the two was right—as the question at issue was not even put to the vote of those present, to elicit the opinion of the majority—and as such an opinion would have been of no particular value, even if it had been taken—the discussion was without result. In an ancient tilting-match with sword and spear, the unhorsing and disablement of a champion decided the question in dispute, whether it were a knight's honour or a lady's virtue, in a manner that every spectator could understand; but in a logomachy, when each *preux chevalier* is firmly seated on his hobby, there is no unhorsing to be done, no spear to be shivered, no wound to be inflicted, and no palpable proof to be afforded to the bystanders that one warrior is of greater prowess than the other. Professor Blackie, as we may very well suppose, did not convince Mr. Jones of the error of his belief; and Mr. Jones, we may be equally sure, did not prove to the satisfaction of Professor Blackie that Democracy was but another name for true liberty. Each but explained his own views to the comparatively limited audience gathered by the Working Men's Institute of Edinburgh; leaving that

audience, and the far larger one to be reached by the press, to be strengthened or weakened in the foregone conclusion; though, if the truth were known, with a very forlorn hope indeed that any person would be convinced either on the one side or the other.

It is because we think that both of the disputants somewhat misstate the case which they had to present, and dwelt a little too much upon ancient, and somewhat too little upon modern, Democracy, and because neither of them very strictly defined what he meant by the word, that we are induced to give a short abstract of the pros and cons of the two speakers, and to supplement their ancient lore by a little modern experience of America, of which both the speakers knew nothing, except by hearsay, and the authority of other people. The Democracies of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and of the middle age Italians, were not the kind of Democracies with which the world is now threatened. They existed under conditions very different from those of modern society, either in France, Great Britain, or the United States, which are all more or less Democratic in the forms of their governments. It is to the history of these three nations, during the last century, that we have to look for the merits as well as the demerits of Democracy, and to gather such instruction and warning as we may.

Let us first hear what Professor Blackie means by Democracy. He makes no preliminary dalliances with his topic, but in his very first sentences jumps boldly into the heart of his argument. He quotes Aristotle's dictum, that "the best of all animals, when governed by reason and justice, is man; when without them, the most terrible." He adds—

"This is the sentence of the most sagacious and the most far-sighted of political writers, and of all speculative men certainly the most practical. And to this undeniable dictum we may,

without fear of question, add, that of all animals man is the most difficult to govern, and of all arts, the art of government is that one which at once demands the greatest talents for success and entails the most terrible penalties by failure. Nevertheless, and in spite of the terrible lessons of history written everywhere in characters of blood, there has always been a class of persons of hasty wit and superficial conclusions, who have been of opinion that the government of human beings is one of the simplest of all arts—as simple, in fact, as any sum in addition; and that the one infallible way to find the wisdom by which a community of reasonable beings shall be governed, is to gather them into indiscriminate masses, portion them off like sheep into separate pens, take the votes of the several pens by the poll, add the votes together, and the sum will give a verdict which, by a cunning machinery of social wire-pulling (well understood in America), will give good government. The maintainers of this opinion are known in history as *Democrats*, and *universal suffrage* is the watchword of their doctrine.

Mr. Jones has not the same ideas of Democracy as the Professor, and yet he defines something under that name to which Mr. Blackie might take no objection, and which he might accept as orthodox doctrine if known by some other designation. The Professor says Democracy is the rule of mere numbers, and of the ignorant mob. Not so says the Barrister:—

“Democracy means not the rule of a class, but of a nation—it embraces all, it tempers one class with another—it does not exclude the peer or the prince; on the contrary, it embraces them, it harmonises them—a peerage may flourish in its midst, and a throne is but the representative of one of its highest and noblest forms. There may be Democracy under a King as well as under a president; and that system of checks and counter-checks, that tempting influence to which allusion has been made, is perhaps more perfectly realised under a Democracy than under any other form.”

If tested by this passage alone, Mr. Jones would not appear to be much of a Democrat; for not only Mr.

Blackie, but such very widely separated political thinkers as Earl Russell, the Earl of Derby, and Mr. John Bright, might be found to agree with him in the main points, and only differ with him as to the quantum of Democracy necessary to leaven the whole lump of the government and produce a wholesome fermentation. Men who argue should always begin by a strict and mutually accepted definition of the thing or the idea that they are arguing about, otherwise they darken counsel with vain words, and fight either shadows or windmills or the miscreations of an irregularly trained intellect. Messrs Blackie and Jones are both agreed that government is the business of the wise and good. Mr. Blackie says that only a few are good and wise, and therefore the minority must rule. Mr. Jones, on the contrary, holds “that the good are the majority in every Christian land;” and that on Professor Blackie’s own principle the majority should rule. Both of them, after having exhausted their budgets of learning with regard to the republics of antiquity, and said their say upon the Democratic revolutions of modern times, settle down upon Democracy in the United States; and, as was to be expected, speak of it, not as it is, but as it appears to their minds—the one looking upon it as the concentration of all that is evil and corrupt in politics, the other as the incarnation of all that is good and beautiful. Both of them are unhappy in their proofs and illustrations of the facts which they desire to affirm, more especially Mr. Jones, who has contrived to string together a larger faeces of mistakes, errors, perversions, and misconceptions with regard to American institutions and the American people, than can be accounted for on any other principle than that his love has obscured his understanding, and made him as blind to the “truth as Titania was when she saw in Bottom the Weaver, with the ass’s head and the long ears, all the beauties and graces of an Apollo,

and all the virtues of the highest humanity.

Mr. Blackie's error with regard to America is very slight compared with those into which Mr. Jones has fallen; and consists in the fact that he dwells too much upon the bad character of New York, which is an exceptional city, and too little upon the Democratic corruptions that prevail elsewhere. The people of New York City are the most corrupt in America, partly because all the refuse of Europe pours into that city; partly because, as in the British metropolis, the great merchants, bankers, and professional people are much too busy and much better employed than to be able to spare the time for the work of municipal government, and principally because Democracy is invariably and necessarily corrupt in thickly populated cities, where the bulk of the people are day-labourers and small shopkeepers, needy enough to be the paid tools of the political managers—themselves men of a low and unscrupulous class, who turn the votes of the multitude to account for party and personal purposes. But what is true of New York is also true, though in a minor degree, of other cities in America—even of Boston the “immaculate;” and the error of judgment in the conduct of his argument which Mr. Blackie committed was, that he did not make a complete survey of the Union and prove, as he might easily have done, that purity of election is known nowhere but in the very small towns and villages, even if it be known there; that the ballot, so loudly insisted upon here, is no protection in America, where everybody's vote is as well known as if it were posted at the church door, or shouted by the town-crier through the streets; that the cost of a contested election is often as high as a hundred thousand dollars (£20,000), which sum is paid partly by the candidates and partly by the forced contributions of every

office-holder, great or small, who owes his place to his political opinions; that a well-known maxim in elections is, “*to vote early and vote often*,” that both parties resort to the same devices; that no member of a party is allowed to have a voice or an opinion of his own, adverse or different from that of the “caucus” that has agreed upon the “platform,” the “ticket,” and the men to be supported; and that any person, great or small, who, having belonged to a party, does not carry out the party behest, is a marked man for life—a political outlaw, for whom there is no forgiveness. Neither can any man, however great or eminent, become a candidate *ex proprio motu*, as in Great Britain. He must first of all ask for and obtain the consent of irresponsible wire-pullers and intriguers, who organise the primary and other meetings, and form part of the secret caucuses, before his name can be mentioned as an aspirant. “If my party nominates the devil for a seat in Congress,” said a well-known politician, *not* a New-Yorker, “it is my duty and that of every man of the party to vote for the devil.” Even if a man succeeds in getting into the House of Representatives by suberviency to all the despotical decrees of the party by whose votes he has been elected, he must not think that the bonds of discipline are to be relaxed. His party follows him into the House and coerces him there. He is not a representative of the people, but the delegate of his party. He must do as he is bidden; and if, presuming to think for himself, or to place before his mind a higher standard of duty and patriotism than is accepted by those with whom he has previously acted, he gives an independent vote, he runs the risk, if his party be in the majority, of being expelled from the House. Nor is the risk a slight one. Senator Jesse D. Bright was expelled in 1861 because he did not think that “war was the proper mode to restore a volun-

tary union"—a very logical idea, which met with the greatest disapproval. Senator Bayard resigned in disgust rather than be expelled, because he had expressed the opinion that civil war, however it might end, would imperil the liberties of the Union; just as, if England had been the ultra-Democracy which Mr. Jones would like to see it, Messrs. Cobden and Bright might have been expelled from the House of Commons during the Crimean war for denouncing that war as a blunder and a crime. Not an instant too soon has Professor Blackie raised a warning voice on the subject.

"Our House of Commons," he says, "is already as Democratic as it can be made, without destroying the just influence of the middle and upper classes. Our system of election is already too Democratic in many respects to afford any rational guarantee for the return of members to the great National Council who possess the essential requisites of large views and independent character. I see manifest signs in various places of the Democratic habit of degrading a national councillor into a local deputy, of sending up a partisan instead of a thinker, of preferring the spokesman of a faction to the advocate of a people. I see men of high character and intelligence rudely called to account, reproached, slandered, and dismissed, merely because they did their duty in the House of Parliamentary deliberation with more than common intelligence, independence, and courage. And, what is worse, I see men afraid to speak the truth, and willing to set their names to measures of which they do not approve, merely to tide over the moment, to 'settle the question,' and to stop the mouth of dangerous declaimers. Is this not Democracy? And we are to have more of it, forsooth! If a Reform Bill, on American principles, be carried in this country, one result of it I can predict with perfect certainty, that it will not improve the character of our national councillors. We shall have fewer of the rare and useful class of cool thinkers, more of the speaking-trumpets of local faction, the standard-bearers of popular passion, and the vendors of speculative crotchets. I say, therefore, again, much rather no Reform Bill at all than one that shall acknowledge no

principle other than that which has produced the greatest of all social tyrannies in America."

The Professor is entirely right; and if either Messrs. Lowe or Doultton had been members of the House of Representatives in Washington, and had broken adrift from their party only half as independently as these gentlemen did in the matter of the Reform Bill of Mr. Bright and Earl Russell, they would assuredly have been made to do penance in sackcloth and ashes before the secret "caucus" of the wire-pullers; or, in default of such penitence or promise of implicit obedience for the future, been ignominiously expelled or forced into a resignation. If Mr. Blackie or Mr. Jones desires to see further evidence of the corruption that prevails, not merely in New York State or City, but throughout the whole Union, let him read the two large volumes of evidence taken before a committee of the House of Representatives in December 1861, on the subject of "Government Contracts:" a book easily to be obtained, and of which several hundred copies have been circulated in New York by a friend of rational liberty, under the alliterative title of "Political Putrefaction Portrayed." He will therein learn many things worth knowing; the sums that Senators and Representatives paid for their seats—their share of public plunder in the shape of fraudulent contracts with the Government, and the profits of which they distributed among their agents; and will perhaps come to the conclusion, after careful perusal, that not only the lowly but the highly placed were parties to some of the most stupendous frauds recorded in history, and committed at a time when the Federal Government was struggling for its very existence, against one of the most formidable wars that one great people ever commenced, or another great people resisted. In England, to be called a politician conveys a compliment to the person

to whom the name is applied. In America, all over the country, and not in New York alone, to call a man a politician is as bad as to call him a swindler. It is such a term of opprobrium that no one cares to accept, and every one hastens to repudiate it. To be great, or good, or identified conspicuously with any noble cause, is to lose all chance of the Presidency, as the names of Clay, Webster, Crittenden, Scott, Bayard, and scores of others can testify. If it had fallen to the lot of Mr. Ernest Jones to commence the discussion by a vindication of Democracy, and to Professor Blackie to reply, it is probable that the Professor might have been enabled to turn to greater account the mass of materials which, by a little research, would have been at his command, and thereby deprived his opponent of the seeming, but by no means real, victory, which some may consider Mr. Jones to have obtained, when he admitted the corruptions of New York; while he affirmed, at the same time, that they were the exception, and not the rule, of political life; and that, black as they were, they formed but a small spot on the brightness of the great Democratic sun. But what Professor Blackie failed to do for want, partly perhaps, of knowledge of the country, and certainly for want of the opportunity of reply, we propose to do on behalf of the principle he so zealously advocated—the principle of government by the wise and good, and not of government by the whole people, who may very often be good, but cannot under any system of education and training be rendered uniformly wise, unselfish, and unimpassioned.

With great unction, and as if he were secure of triumph, Mr. Jones accepted the challenge to speak of America.

"I am invited to America," he said, "the country that spent £600,000,000 and a quarter of a million of its best blood to preserve the Union and liberate the slave!—the country that, having succeeded in both, pays off its debts at the

rate of £30,000,000 per annum!—the country where the Sanitary and Christian Commission raised for its soldiers £2,000,000!—the country whose grand system of free schools is the admiration of the world!—the country where, within five years, seven millions of dollars were given by private individuals to Literary Institutions!—the country of which 'wise' men said it was rushing to bankruptcy and ruin, yet in which, during the war, £5,000,000 were contributed to the establishment of universities!—the country where education stands higher than in any other country in the world, and of which the Professor coolly tells us that it cares only for its material prosperity! What has the learned Professor to say of this great country? That there is rowdiness and immorality in New York, and bribery in Albany! In New York? But why not tell us of Philadelphia and Cincinnati—of Baltimore and Pittsburg—of Boston, with its public library, planned only in 1852, yet containing 130,000 volumes, lent entirely free to every inhabitant over sixteen years of age, who merely gives his name and address, with a population so noble that not a book is lost or stolen in a twelvemonth—of Chicago, numbering 200,000 inhabitants, founded only thirty-two years ago, yet already possessing two theological colleges, some of the finest upper-schools in the world, and a flourishing University—of that great constellation of order-loving, moral, and prosperous municipalities that shines along the surface of the land? Why talk of New York alone, and pick out the one black spot upon the face of the sun? Why select as your authority a partisan article from a partisan Review, for whose truth there is no single voucher? Why not ascertain whether you are correct before you make a statement such as that about the Government not daring to levy a tax on spirits because the drunken nation would not permit it, when the fact is that at this very moment brandy is one of the most heavily-taxed things in all America?"

Beautifully painted!—*en couleur de rose*, if not with all the colours of the rainbow. The poetic pencil to which this fairy sketch is due was not dipped in the ink of Truth, but in the gallipot of Imagination, where every tint and hue was at command, except the sober

tint and gray shade of reality. If America spent 600 millions of pounds sterling in the Civil War, she spent them to coerce an unwilling brother, who was no more a rebel to her authority than Washington was to that of George III. Of the 600 millions, Mr. Jones should ask how much went to dishonest contractors, who sold crazy steamers to the Government, not worth £5000 each, for ten times the money? How much went for spavined horses and fictitious mules, that had no existence but in the bill? How much for shoddy cloth, that would not stand a shower of rain, or the touch of a clothes-brush? How much for poisonous whisky, that even the stomachs of the hardest campaigners revolted against? How much for the rations and pay of 710,000 men, at a time when there were not 500,000 men either in the field or the hospitals? How much for bounty-money to mercenary Irishmen and Germans, who, if they were honest, fought for a cause which was none of theirs, and which, in the majority of cases, they neither cared about nor understood; and who, if they were dishonest, as was mostly the case, deserted at the first opportunity, and drew the bounty-money a second, a third, and frequently a dozen times in as many different cities and districts? If Mr. Jones would make the calculation with the aid of documents presented to Congress, and published by its authority, he might deduct a full two-thirds of this magnificent debt, and place it to the debit of value not received. Mr. Jones is right when he says a quarter of a million of lives were sacrificed to restore the Union,—which, by the way, is not yet restored, nor likely to be, if the Northern majority have their way; but he is *not* right when he says that all or any part of this blood was shed for the purpose of liberating the slave. If he had read the history of the war with attention, and if he had not suf-

fered his ardour in the cause of abstract liberty, and the supposed goodness and wisdom of the majority in all Christian countries, to hide unpalatable truths from his understanding, he would have been convinced that the war was not undertaken in any sense for the emancipation of the negroes; that Mr. Lincoln repeatedly disclaimed any such purpose, in the most solemn and emphatic manner, denying, at the same time, his own right, and that of the American people, to take any step with regard to slavery, except to confine it to the States wherein it already existed under the sanction of the law and the Constitution; and that, when he finally proclaimed emancipation, it was not that he might benefit the negro race, which he thought to be a nuisance, and which he expressed his wish to deport from America, but to injure the enemy, and solely on the plea, that all is fair in war, and that with such object he had as much right to destroy slavery as he had to destroy ships, fortifications, the military stores of his opponents, or anything living or dead that helped to protract the contest. When Mr. Jones speaks of the wealth and munificence of the Union, he stands upon firmer ground as regards accuracy; but we should think that even he will scarcely contend that wealth and liberty are identical; or that a large portion of the liberal expenditure which he vaunts so highly was not due to the immense issues of inconvertible paper money with which the country was flooded, and might not perhaps have been incurred for these or any corresponding purposes, if gold and "hard cash" had been the only legal tender. Nor is Mr. Jones more correct when he speaks of education standing higher in America than in any other country in the world. There are, it is true, more common schools in America in proportion to its population than there are in England, though

not more than there are in Scotland, and not so many as in Prussia and Saxony. But that schools and education are synonymous terms we have yet to learn; and that "education," properly so called, stands higher in America than in the country which possesses the ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and Glasgow, is a point that the most intelligent Americans decide against themselves. The superficial character of the education given in the common schools of America is a general complaint among the best class of Americans—as is also the fact that scarcely one member out of every hundred in Congress, or the various Legislative Assemblies of the several States, knows a word of any foreign language, ancient or modern, and that it is often difficult to find a properly qualified diplomatist who can speak French, to represent his country at the Court of the Tuileries. As regards the public libraries in cities, Mr. Jones, before he draws an unfavourable conclusion between New York and other cities where such libraries exist, ought to know that New York, "black spot on the sun" as he chooses to call it, is not a whit behind its civic compeers—as he would convince himself in a week, if he visited the magnificent Astor Library, the Cooper Institute, and other similar establishments in the island of Manhattan. And, in the last place, with respect to the "partisan article" in a "partisan review," which complains of the corruption of the municipality of New York, that "partisan review" is, like Mr. Jones himself, a partisan of extreme Democracy; and the facts for which he says it gives no voucher are as notorious as the sun at noonday, as every impartial American is ready to confess. All Mr. Jones's illustrations of American life and politics are singularly unhappy. As regards the tax on brandy, with which he twits his opponent, he is

as wrong as he is on every other point on which he has touched. It is true there is a large tax on alcoholic liquors (not on brandy especially, for the Americans drink twenty times as much whisky as they do brandy); but, as every traveller and resident in America knows, you can purchase whisky in any city of the Union, at about one-half the price per gallon of the duty supposed to be levied by the Government. Mr. Jones may ask how? Simply by the systematic acceptance of bribes by the excise-officers, and by the organized frauds of the distillers—a body of men who form what is called a "Ring," who can make large purses to control elections, embarrass the Government, and set it at defiance. The *modus operandi* is no secret in America. The merest tyro knows all about it.

In another passage, which we quote for its curiously perverse optimism, Mr. Jones, weary apparently of New York, exclaims jubilantly, as if he had Professor Blackie in a very tight place:—"You say, *Look at New York!* I say, *Look at America!* Turn from a New York row to that noble spectacle, the re-election of President Lincoln, when, after years of civil war, the bitterest ever waged, when every passion would be stirred to its profoundest depths, and faction did its utmost to inflame the partisan, two hostile parties went to the ballot-urn of Democracy, and not a riot disgraced the wide circle of the Northern States, but in majestic peace and order this unequalled people registered the fiat of its will. You have seen in New York the creation of European class rule; again, *I say, Behold the creation of Democracy!*" Does Mr. Jones know why New York and other cities were so quiet on that memorable occasion? If not, we can tell him. The whole North was under stringent military rule. Baltimore and New York, and every other city where the inhabi-

tants differed in opinion on the question of the war, were in the power of the soldiery. Gunboats were stationed at the end of all the principal streets in New York leading to the wharves of the Hudson and the East River; and General Butler, the most truculent, despotic, and unscrupulous man who ever wore the uniform of the United States, was especially deputed to keep the peace of the city, and would doubtless have crushed any attempted disorder, if it had cost as many lives as it cost Charles X., Louis Philippe, or Napoleon III., in any of their conflicts with the Democracy of Paris. Yes, we too may say with Mr. Jones, "Look to America"—look at it as it is to-day. Its blood and treasure have been expended in vain. One section has conquered another section by brute force—pauperised everybody in the South, the negroes as well as their masters—and resolutely declines even to attempt the restoration of the Union, which it took up arms to uphold. The Constitution, with its fine checks and balances, is destroyed or laughed to scorn; State rights and local liberty—without due regard to which it is utterly impossible for the government to exist in any other shape than that of a military despotism—are set at naught; the chief magistrate is threatened with impeachment, for no other offence than strict adherence to the Constitution which he swore a solemn oath to defend; and even the Supreme Court, the most august body in the United States, is threatened with suppression, because the Radical faction, that has the majority in a Congress that is really no Congress unless the South be represented in it, is apprehensive that its deliberate judgment will be legally pronounced in favour of the acts of the President and against their own. George Washington foresaw the evils that were likely to flow from the angry and aggressive

passions of an unlimited Democracy, and solemnly warned his countrymen of the danger. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson—all these illustrious Presidents saw them also, and sounded the alarm. Webster, Crittenden, and Douglas—well fitted to become Presidents, but not destined for the perilous position—also predicted the sad results of to-day. But the Democracy had no eyes to see, no ears to hear. It lusted for dominion; and in order to obtain it destroyed the liberty of the white men of the South to give liberty to the blacks, converting the latter from well-fed labourers into wretched paupers, and reducing their number from four millions to about two millions and a half. In the process it left for the whites, both of the North and South, a crushing legacy of debt, demoralisation, disunion, and the certainty of a financial crash that has yet to come and astonish the world by its magnitude, renewed conflicts, sectional hates, and all the crop of the dragon's teeth which the ruling faction are engaged in sowing, as if they delighted in the prospect of bloodshed, and sniffed the carnage from afar.

But turning from American affairs, on which it would be easy, but is needless, to expatiate, and coming to Democracy in Great Britain, of which Professor Blackie desires to restrict, and Mr. Jones to extend the growth, we find, notwithstanding the admission of the latter, that he would not in theory, according to the passage we have already quoted, exclude either a monarchy or an aristocracy from his model commonwealth; that he would outnumber and outvote the upper and middle classes, and reduce their influence in the councils of the nation to a scarcely perceptible minimum. And he would do this, simply because he does not properly understand the difference between a "right" and a "privilege." Mr. Blackie holds with per-

fect justice, and all the lovers of true constitutional liberty agree with him, that it is a privilege which the wise and good and industrious man in our Islands can obtain if he pleases, to elect his representatives to the national council, and not an inherent right. Mr. Jones is of the contrary opinion. He says, speaking of himself as one of the multitude, "I have a right to my life; and if so, I have a right to all the rights of my life; and the power of looking after my own interests is one of the most important of them." That is to say, because he has a right to live, he has a right to vote for Members of Parliament! But a woman has a right to live as well as a man; and a youth of twenty and a child of ten years of age have as much right to live as a man or woman of full age. And if the right to live includes the right of voting, Mr. Jones is but half a Democrat after all, if he would deny to these, the larger portion of every community and nation, the right which he claims for himself. According to his own showing he restricts the suffrage, and thereby does injustice; and manhood suffrage, which he vaunts so highly, is but another name for an oligarchy. It is this fundamental error—this obstinacy in claiming a privilege as a right—which vitiates the whole argument of the ultra-Democrats of Great Britain, of whom Mr. Jones is the best specimen we know. We do not suppose that Mr. Jones wishes to give votes to a woman and children; and would not insult him, or the women and children, by supposing that he would recognise the right of idiots, paupers, or felons to share in the government; but if he would exclude any man or woman from the right or privilege which he holds so dear, he is pledged to the principle of exclusion: and the question at issue between him and Professor Blackie is one of degree and expediency only. Mr. Blackie thinks the majority of men are not

wise and good, and therefore not fit to be intrusted with a share in the government. Mr. Jones thinks the contrary. Who shall decide? To be well governed is the right as well as the privilege of the poor, the ignorant, and the bad; but to govern others is in no sense the right, and can never become the privilege, of the ignorant or the bad, unless this great nation is to be hurled from its foremost place in the councils of the world, and political chaos is to come again.

In his great admiration of a class to which he does not belong (for Mr. Jones, if we mistake not, was born in the aristocratic circles of the Court of Hanover: his father being equerry to King Ernest, the English Duke of Cumberland), Mr. Jones believes that the masses, and especially the mechanics and labourers, can do no wrong. "What," he asks, in a burst of fervour, "has been the voice of the masses—that nation within a nation, our working men, *whom you would place outside the brotherhood of man?* [*sic*!] Show me any great measure—religious, social, political—which they did not either originate or support. Look at Catholic Emancipation; look at the admission of Jews to Parliament; look at the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; look at the abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge; look at the extinction of West India slavery; look at Free Trade; look at Reform. Who were for these? The men you would exclude! Who were against them? The classes who exclude them!" We had thought in our simplicity, and by the evidence of history and of the Parliamentary debates, that all these measures were carried, the first by an unreformed Parliament, and all the rest by Parliaments elected under the operation of the Reform Act of 1832. If they were so carried, it follows that the exclusion of the "masses" from political power did not prevent the passing of the meas-

ures which Mr. Jones considers so excellent, and that consequently no harm was done to the unrepresented "masses." As regards Free Trade, Mr. Jones is unfortunate in his selection of that particular measure, as one for which any special thanks are due to his clients. As once a leader of the Chartists, he ought to know, though he seems to have forgotten, that Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Fox, Villiers, and other agitators in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws, were persistently opposed by the working men; and that in organised gangs they so often broke into and disturbed the Free Trade meetings, that it was ultimately found necessary to exclude from such meetings every one unprovided with a ticket from the Council of the League; and who, by his asking for and acceptance of such ticket, pledged himself to support the object for which such meeting was held. If Mr.

Jones have any doubts upon the matter, Mr. Bright can enlighten him—unless Mr. Bright have a political memory as defective as his own.

Mr. Blackie in this discussion is the philosopher, the politician, and the man of business; Mr. Jones is a mere theorist and believer in a non-existent virtue of the mob. Were all men in reality such as he conceives them to be, Republicanism would be the best form of government, as every man in point of fact would be a noble man, nobler than any king by his fiat could create. The great mistake of Mr. Jones is to think that the multitude are as wise and good as himself. Let him but live long enough, and time and experience will correct what may be generous and creditable to his heart, though it reflects no lustre upon his intellect or his appreciation of history.

THE UNION REALISED; OR, THE TRUE REGIMEN FOR IRISH EVILS.

A NEW SONG.

Air—"When I was a-walking."

["When the inhabitants of a country like *Ireland*,^{*} *Norway*, *Egypt*, or *Hindustan*, neglect the due admixture of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous aliments, by confining the diet too exclusively to such substances as potatoes or rice, in which the amylaceous bodies predominate, the result is seen in the excessive poverty of the masses and in the idle habits of the people. With such a diet idleness is a physical necessity, not a moral delinquency, for work of an average amount is an impossibility."—'North British Review' for December 1866, p. 343.]

Orr late in the day we find out some great truth,
And perhaps our best knowledge is yet in its youth;
For the Chemists are only beginning to trace
Some clue to the secrets of Nation and Race.

When a nation is idle the neighbours cry, Shame!
But the Chemist inquires if the food is to blame:
From potatoes or rice we can't vigour expect;
But a due share of nitrogen cures the defect.

The Potato, some think, is the root of all evil,
But the best of God's gifts are abused by the Devil:

The Potato won't bring its consumers to grief,
If they duly conjoin it with rations of beef.

But to people who trust the Potato alone,
It must needs prove the mother of mischief, I own :
And on this, as a staple, no nation can flourish,
For it does not well keep, and it doesn't well nourish.

Our own Scottish kitchen was better than *that*,
With its Parritch and Cakes and its muckle Kail-pat ;
But the Irish Potato was winning its way,
Till a loud voice of warning was heard to say, Nay.

In the battle of life when fierce trials assail,
'Tis the eaters of Beef or of Corn that prevail ;
And still wearily lagging behind in the march,
Will be found the poor devils that starve upon Starch.

BRIGHT lately prescribed for the evils of Erin ;
But a true Irish audience refused him a hearing :
I think they were right ; for they wouldn't have heard,
Had they listened till doomsday, a sensible word.

His plan is to sell all the Absentees' land,
Which the penniless peasants shall purchase off-hand ;
And, of course, if they can't, why, then off they'll be sent,
Or more strictly than ever distrained for the rent.

Another contrivance to patch up the flaw,
Is to make Primogeniture cease to be law ;
Whereby their small holdings, already too small,
Will be split at each death into nothings at all.

Now *I* have, like Bright, a prescription for Erin,
Which I hope you will try, and will long persevere in :
For I'm sure it would bring her prodigious relief,
If you'd give all her sons *an ambition for Beef*.

Could they eat now and then their own Cattle and Pork,
It would tempt them, and prompt them, and help them to work ;
And in plenty and peace you would fully instate us,
By the true British Union of Beef and Potatoes.

O! a very fine matter is good Legislation,
And a very fine matter is good Education :
But to make people thriving, contented, and quiet,
'Tis a *sine qua non* to begin—with their DIRT.

BROWNLOWS.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.—SARA'S SPECULATIONS.

THE next morning the frost had set in harder than before, contrary to all prognostications, to the great discomfiture of Jack Brownlow and of the Dartfordshire hounds. The world was white, glassy, and sparkling, when they all looked out upon it from the windows of the breakfast-room—another kind of world altogether from that dim and cloudy sphere upon which Jack and his companion had looked with hopes of thaw and an open country. These hopes being all abandoned, the only thing that remained to be thought of was, whether Dewsbury Mere might be “bearing,” or when the ice would be thick enough for skaters—which were questions in which Sara, too, took a certain interest. It was the parish of Dewsbury in which Brownlows was situated, and of which Mr. Hardcastle was the parish priest; and young Keppel, along with his brother, Mr. Keppel of Ridley, and all the visitors he might happen to have, and Sir Charles Hetherton, from the other side, with any body who might be staying in his house—not to speak of the curate and the doctor, and Captain Stanmore, who lived in the great house in Dewsbury village, and a number of other persons less known in the upper circles of the place, would crowd to the Mere as soon as it was known that it might yield some diversion, which was a scant commodity in the neighbourhood. Mr. Brownlow scarcely listened to the talk of the young people as he ate his egg sedately. He was not thinking of the ice for one. He was thinking of something quite different—of what might be waiting him at his office, and of the changes which any moment, as he said to himself, might produce. He

was not afraid, for daylight disperses many ghosts that are terrible by night; but still his fright seemed to have opened his eyes to all the advantages of his present position, and the vast difference there was between John Brownlow the attorney's children, and the two young people from Brownlows. If that change were ever to occur, it would make a mighty alteration. Lady Hetherton would still know Sara, no doubt, but in how different a way! and their presence at Dewsbury then would be of no more importance than that of Fanny Hardcastle or young Stanmore in the village—whereas, now—This was what their father was reflecting, not distinctly, but in a vague sort of way, as he ate his egg. He had once been fond of the ice himself, and was not so old but that he felt the wonted fires burn in his ashes; but the office had an attraction for him which it had never had before, and he drove down by himself in the dogcart with the vigour and eagerness of a young man, while his son got out his skates and set off to ascertain the prospects of the Mere. In short, at that moment Mr. Brownlow rather preferred to go off to business alone.

As for Sara, she did not allow her head to be turned by the prospect of the new amusement; she went through her duties, as usual, with serene propriety—and then she put all sorts of coverings on her feet and her hands, and her person generally, and set out with a little basket to visit her “poor people.” I cannot quite tell why she chose the worst weather to visit her poor people—perhaps it was for their sakes, to find out their wants at the worst; perhaps for

her own, to feel a little meritorious. I do not pretend to be able to fathom Sara's motives; but this is undeniably what she did. When it rained torrents, she put on a large waterproof, which covered her from head to foot, and went off with drops of rain blown upon her fair cheeks under her hood, on the same charitable mission. This time it was in a fur-trimmed jacket, which was the envy of half the parish. Her father spoiled her, it was easy to see, and gave her everything she could desire; but her poor people liked to see her in her expensive apparel, and admired and wondered what it might cost, and were all the better pleased with her tea and sugar. They were pleased that she should wear her fine things for them as well as for the fine people she went to visit. I do not attempt to state the reason why.

When she went out at the park-gates, Mrs. Swayne was the first person who met Sara's eyes, standing at her door. The lines of the road were so lost in snow that it seemed an expanse of level white from the gate of Brownlows to the doorstep, cleared and showing black over the whiteness, upon which Mrs. Swayne stood. She was a stout woman, and the cold did not seem to affect her. She had a black gown on and a little scarlet shawl, as if she meant to make herself unusually apparent; and there she stood defiant as the young lady came out. Sara was courageous, and her spirit was roused by this visible opponent. She gave herself a little shake, and then she went straight over the road and offered battle. "Are you not afraid of freezing up," she said to Mrs. Swayne, with an abruptness which might have taken away anybody's breath—"or turning into Lot's wife, standing there at the open door?"

Mrs. Swayne was a woman of strong nerves, and she was not frightened. She gave a little laugh to gain time, and then she retorted briskly, "No, Miss, no more nor you in all your wraps; poor folks

can stand a deal that rich folks couldn't bear."

"It must be much better to be poor than to be rich, then," said Sara; "but I don't believe that,—your husband, for instance, is not half so strong as—; but I beg your pardon—I forgot he was ill," she cried with a compunction which covered her face with crimson, "I did not mean to say that; when one speaks without thinking, one says things one doesn't mean."

"It's a pity to speak without thinking," said Mrs. Swayne; "if I did, I'd say a deal of unpleasant things; but, to be sure, you're but a bit of a girl. My man is independent, and it don't matter to nobody whether he is weakly or whether he is strong."

"I beg your pardon," said Sara, meekly; "I am very sorry he is not strong."

"My man," continued Mrs. Swayne, "is well-to-do and comfortable, and don't want no pity: there's a plenty in the village to be sorry for—not them as the ladies visit and get imposed upon. Poor folks understands poor folks—not as I mean to say we're poor."

"Then, if you are not poor you can't understand them any better than I do," said Sara, with returning courage. "I don't think they like well-to-do people like you; you are always the most hard upon them. If we were never to get anything we did not deserve, I wonder what would become of us; and besides, I am sure they don't impose upon me."

"They'd impose upon the Apostle Paul," said Mrs. Swayne; "and as for the Rector—not as he is much like one of the apostles; he is one as thinks his troubles worse than other folks.—It ain't no good complaining to him. You may come through everything as a woman can come through; but the parson'll find as he's come through more. That's just Mr. Hardcastle. If a poor man is left with a young family, it's the Rector as has lost two wives; and as for children and

money—though I don't believe for one as he ever had any money—your parsons 'as come through so much never has—”

“You are a Dissenter, Mrs. Swayne,” said Sara, with calm superiority.

“Bred and born and brought up in the Church, Miss,” said Mrs. Swayne, indignantly, “but drove to the chapel along of Swayne, and the parson being so aggravatin’. I’m one as likes a bit of sympathy, for my part; but it ain’t general in this world,” said the large woman, with a sigh.

Sara looked at her curiously, with her head a little on one side. She was old enough to know that one liked a little sympathy, and to feel too that it was not general in this world; but it seemed mighty strange to her that such an ethereal want should exist in the bosom of Mrs. Swayne. “Sympathy?” she said, with a curious tone of wonder and inquiry. She was candid enough, notwithstanding a certain comic aspect which the conversation began to take to her, to want to know what it meant.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Swayne, “just sympathy, Miss. I’m one as has had my troubles, and as don’t like to be told that they ain’t troubles at all. The minister at the chapel is ’most as bad, for he says they’re blessin’s in disguise—as if Swayne being weakly and awful worritin’ when his rheumatism’s bad, could ever be a blessin’. And as for speaking to the Rector, you might as well speak to the Mere, and better too, for *that’s* got no answer ready. When a poor body sees a clergyman, it’s their comfort to talk a bit and to tell all as they’re going through. You can tell Mr. Hardcastle I said it, if you please. Lord bless us! I don’t need to go so far if it’s only to hear as other folks is worse off. There’s old Betty at the lodge, and there’s them poor creatures next door, and most all in the village, I’m thankful to say, is worse off nor we are; but I would like to know what’s the good of a

clergyman if he won’t listen to you rational, and show a bit of sympathy for what you’ve com’d through.”

Perhaps Sara’s attention had wandered during this speech, or perhaps she was tired of the subject; at all events, looking round her with a little impatience as she listened, her eye was caught by the little card with “Lodgings” printed thereon which hung in Mrs. Swayne’s parlour window. It recalled her standing grievance, and she took action accordingly at once, as was her wont.

“What is the good of that?” she said, pointing to it suddenly. “I think you ought to keep your parlour to sit in, you who are so well off; but, at least, it can’t do you any good to hang it up there,—nobody can see it but people who come to us at Brownlows; and you don’t expect them to take lodgings here.”

“Begging your pardon, Miss,” said Mrs. Swayne, solemnly, “it’s been that good to me that the lodgings is took.”

“Then why do you keep it up to aggravate people?” said Sara; “it makes me wild always when I pass the door. Why do you keep it there?”

“Lodgers is but men,” said Mrs. Swayne, “or women, to be more particular. I can’t never be sure as I’ll like ’em; and they’re folks as never sees their own advantages. It might be as we didn’t suit, or they wasn’t satisfied, or objected to Swayne a-smoking when he’s bad with the rheumatism, which is a thing I wouldn’t put a stop to not for forty lodgers; for it’s the only thing as keeps him from worritin’. So I always keeps it up; it’s the safest way in the end.”

“I think it is a wretched sort of way,” cried Sara, impetuously. “I wonder how you can confess that you have so little faith in people: instead of trying to like them and getting friends, to be always ready to see them go off. I couldn’t have servants in the house like that:

they might just as well go to lodge in a cotton-mill or the workhouse. There can't be any human relations between you."

"Relations!" said Mrs. Swayne, with a rising colour. "If you think my relations are folks as go and live in lodgings, you're far mistaken, Miss. It's well known as we come of comforable families, both me and Swayne—folks as keeps a good house over their heads. That's our sort. As for taking 'em in, it's mostly for charity as I lets my lodgings—for the sake of poor folks as wants a little fresh air. You was a different-looking creature when you came out of that stuffy bit of a town. I've a real good memory, and I don't forget. I remember when your papa come and bought the place off the old family; and vexed we all was—but I don't make no doubt as it was all for the best."

"I don't think the old family, as you call them, were much use to anybody in Dewsbury," said Sara, injudiciously, with a thrill of indignation and offended pride.

"Maybe not, Miss," said Mrs. Swayne, meekly; "they were the old Squires, and come natural. I don't say no more, not to give offence; but you was a pale little thing then, and not much wonder neither, coming out of a house in a close street as is most fit for a mill, as you was saying. It made a fine difference in you."

"Our house in Masterton is the nicest house I know," said Sara, who was privately furious. "I always want papa to take me back in the winter. Brownlows is very nice, but it is not so much of a house after all."

"It was a different name then," said Mrs. Swayne, significantly; "some on us never can think on the new name; and I don't think as you'd like living in a bit of a poky town after this, if your papa was to let you try."

"On the contrary, I should like it excessively," said Sara, with

much haughtiness; and then she gave Mrs. Swayne a condescending little nod, and drew up a corner of her dress, which had drooped upon the snow. "I hope your lodgers will be nice, and that you will take down your ticket," she said; "but I must go now to see my poor people." Mrs. Swayne was so startled by the sudden but affable majesty with which the young lady turned away, that she almost dropped her a curtsy in her surprise. But in fact she only dropped her handkerchief, which was as large as a towel, and which she had a way of holding rolled up like a ball in her hand. It was quite true that the old family had been of little use to anybody at Dewsbury; and that they were almost squalid in their poverty and pretensions and unrespected misfortune before they went away; and that all the little jobs in carpentry which kept Mr. Swayne in employment had been wanting during the old regime; in short, it was on Brownlows, so to speak—on the shelves and stands, and pegs and bits of cupboard, and countless repairs which were always wanting in the now prosperous house—that Swayne's Cottages had been built. This, however, did not make his wife compunctious. She watched Sara's active footsteps over the snow, and saw her pretty figure disappear into the white waste, and was glad she had given her that sting. To keep this old family bottled up, and give the new people a little dose from time to time of the nauseous residue, was one of her pleasures. She went in and arranged the card more prominently in her parlour window, and felt glad that she had put it there; and then she went and sat with her poor neighbour next door, and railed at the impudent little thing in her furs and velvets, whom the foolish father made such an idol of. But she made her poor neighbour's tea all the same, and frightened away the children, and

did the woman good, not being bad any more than most people are who cherish a little comfortable animosity against the nearest great folks. Mrs. Swayne, however, not being democratic, was chiefly affected by the fact that the Masterton lawyer's family had no right to be great folks, which was a reasonable grievance in its way.

As for Sara, she went off through the snow, feeling hot at heart with this little encounter, though her feet were cold with standing still. Why had she stood still to be insulted? this is what Sara asked herself; for, after all, Mrs. Swayne was nothing to her, and what could it matter to Brownlows whether or not she had a bill in her window? But yet unconsciously it led her thoughts to a consideration of her present home—to the difference between it and her father's house at Masterton, to all the fairy change which, within the bounds of her own recollection, had passed upon her life. Supposing anything was to happen, as things continually happened to men in business—supposing some bank was to fail, or some railway to break down—a thing which occurred every day—and her papa should lose all his money? Would she really be quite content to go back to the brick house in which she was born? Sara thought it over with a great deal of gravity. In case of such an event happening (and to be sure, nothing was more likely), she felt that she would greatly prefer total ruin. Total ruin meant instant retirement to a cottage with or without roses—with only two, or perhaps only one servant—where she would be obliged, with her own hands, to make little dishes for poor papa, and sew the buttons on his shirts, and perhaps milk a very pretty little Alderney cow, and make beautiful little pats of butter for his delectation. This Sara felt that she was equal to. Let the bank or the railway break down to-morrow, and

the devoted daughter was ready to go forth with her beloved parent. She smiled to herself at the thought that such a misfortune could alarm her. What was money? she said to herself; and Sara could not but feel that it was quite necessary to take this plan into full consideration in all its details, for nobody could tell at what moment it might be necessary to put it in practice. As for the house of Masterton, that was quite a different matter, which she did not see any occasion for considering. If papa was ruined, of course he would have to give up everything, and the Masterton house would be as impossible as Brownlows; and so long as he was not ruined, of course everything would go on as usual. Thus Sara pursued her way cheerfully, feeling that a possible new future had opened upon her, and that she had perceived and accepted her duty in it, and was prepared for whatever might happen. If Mr. Brownlow returned that very night, and said, "I am a ruined man," Sara felt that she was able to go up to him, and say, "Papa, you have still your children;" and the thought was so far from depressing her that she went on very cheerfully, and held her head high, and looked at everybody she met with a certain affability, as if she were the queen of that country. And, to tell the truth, such people as she met were not unwilling to acknowledge her claims. There were many who thought her the prettiest girl in Dewsbury parish, and there could be no doubt that she was the richest and most magnificent. If it had been known what heroic sentiments were in her heart, no doubt it would have deepened the general admiration; but at least she knew them herself, and that is always a great matter. To have your mind made up as to what you must and will do in case of a sudden and at present uncertain, but on the whole quite possible, change of fortune, is a thing to be very thankful for. Sara felt that,

considering this suddenly revealed prospect of ruin, it perhaps was not quite prudent to promise future bounties to her poor pensioners; but she did it all the same, thinking that surely somehow she could manage to get her promises fulfilled, through the means of admiring friends or such faithful retainers as might be called forth by the occasion—true knights, who would do anything or everything for her. Thus her course of visits ended quite pleasantly to everybody concerned, and that glow of generosity and magnanimity about her heart made her even more liberal than usual, which was very satisfactory to the poor people. When she had turned back and was on her way home, she encountered the carrier's cart on its way from Masterton. It was a covered waggon, and sometimes, though very rarely, it was used as a means of travelling from one place in the neighbourhood to another by people who could not afford more expensive conveyances. There were two such people in it now who attracted Sara's attention—one an elderly woman, tall and dark, and somewhat gaunt in her appearance; the other a girl about Sara's own age, with very dark brown hair cut short and lying in rings upon her forehead like a boy's. She had eyes as dark as her hair,

and was closely wrapped in a red cloak, and regarded by her companion with tender and anxious looks, to which her paleness and fragile appearance gave a ready explanation. "It ain't the speediest way of travelling, for I've a long round to make, Miss, afore I gets where they're a-going," said the carrier; "they'd a'most done better to walk, and so I told 'em. But I reckon the young un ain't fit, and they're tired like, and it's mortal cold." Sara walked on remorseful after this encounter, half ashamed of her furs, which she did not want—she, whose blood danced in her veins, and who was warm all over with health and comfort, and happiness and pleasant thoughts. And then it occurred to her to wonder whether, if papa were ruined, he and his devoted child would ever have to travel in a carrier's cart, and go round and round a whole parish in the cold before they came to their destination. "But then we could walk," Sara said to herself as she went briskly up the avenue, and saw the bright fire blinking in her own window, where her maid was laying out her evening dress. This, after all, felt a great deal more natural even than the cottage with the roses, and put out of her mind all thought of a dreary journey in the carrier's cart.

CHAPTER VI.—AN ADVENTURE.

Jack in the mean time was on the ice.

Dewsbury Mere was bearing, which was a wonder, considering how lately the frost had set in; and a pretty scene it was, though as yet some of the other magnates of the parish, as well as Sara, were absent. It was a round bit of ornamental water, partly natural, partly artificial, touching upon the village green at one side, and on the other side bordered by some fine elm-trees, underneath which in summer much of the lovemaking of the pa-

rish was performed. The church with its pretty spire was visible through the bare branches of the plantation, which backed the elm-trees like a little host of retainers; and on the other side—the village side—glittering over the green in the centre of all the lower and humbler dwellings, you could see the Stanmores' house, which was very tall and very red, and glistened all over with reflections from the brass nobbs on the door, and the twinkling glass of the windows, and even from the polished holly

leaves which all but blocked up the entrance. The village people were in full possession of the Mere without the *gêne* imposed by the presence of Lady Hetherton or Mrs. Keppel. Fanny Hardcastle, who, if the great people had been there, would have pinned herself on tremblingly to their skirts and lost the fun, was now in the heart of it, not despising young Stanmore's attentions, nor feeling herself painfully above the doctor's wife; and thus rosy and blooming and gay, looked a very different creature from the blue little Fanny whom old Lady Hetherton, had she been there, would have awed into cold and propriety. And the doctor's wife, though she was not exactly in society, was a piquant little woman, and the curate was stalwart, if not interesting, very muscular, and slow to commit himself in the way of speech. Besides, there were many people of whom no account was made in Dewsbury, who enjoyed the ice, and knew how to conduct themselves upon it, and looked just as well as if they had been young squires and squireses. Jack Brownlow came into the midst of them cordially, and thought there were many more pretty faces visible than were to be seen in more select circles, and was not in the least appalled by the discovery that the prettiest of all was the corn-factor's daughter in the village. When little Polly Huntly from the baker's wavered on her slide, and was near falling, it was Jack who caught her, and his friendliness put some very silly thoughts into the poor little girl's head; but Jack was thinking of no such vanity. He was as pleased to see the pretty faces about as a right-thinking young man ought to be, but he felt that he had a great many other things to think of for his part, and gave very sensible advice, as has been already seen, to other young fellows of less thoroughly established principles. Jack was not only fancy free, but in principle he was opposed to all that sort of

thing. His opinion was, that for anybody less than a young duke or more than an artisan to marry under thirty, was a kind of social and moral suicide. I do not pretend to justify or defend his opinions, but such were his opinions, and he made no secret of them. He was a young fellow with a great many things to do in this world, or at least so he thought. Though he was only a country solicitor's son, he had notions in his head, and there was no saying what he did not aspire to; and to throw everything away for the sake of a girl's pretty face, seemed to him a proceeding little short of idiocy. All this he had expounded to many persons of a different way of thinking; and indeed the only moments in which he felt inclined to cast aside his creed were when he found it taken up and advocated by other men of the same opinion, but probably less sense of delicacy than himself.

"Where is your father?" said Mr. Hardcastle; "he used to be as fond as any one of the ice. Gone to business!—he'll kill himself if he goes on going to business like this all the year round, every day."

"Oh, no," said Jack, "he'll not kill himself; all the same, he might have come, and so would Sara, had we known the Mere was bearing. I did not think it possible there could have been such good ice to-day."

"Not Sara," said the Rector; "this sort of thing is not the thing for her. The village folks are all very well, and in the exercise of my profession I see a great deal of them. But not for Sara, my dear boy—this sort of thing is not in her way."

"Why, Fanny is here," said Jack, opening his eyes.

"Fanny is different," said Mr. Hardcastle; "clergywomen have got to be friendly with their poor neighbours—but Sara, who will be an heiress—"

"Is she to be an heiress?" said Jack, with a laugh which could not but sound a little peculiar. "I

am sure I don't mind if she is; but I think we may let the future take care of itself. The presence of the cads would not hurt her any more than they hurt me."

"Don't speak of cads," said the Rector, "to me; they are all equal—human beings among whom I have lived and laboured. Of course it is natural that you should look on them differently. Jack, can you tell me what it is that keeps young Keppel so long about Ridley? What interest has he in remaining here?"

"The hounds, I suppose," said Jack, curtly, not caring to be questioned.

"Oh, the hounds!" repeated Mr. Hardcastle, with a dubious tone. "I suppose it must be that—and nothing particular to do in town. You were quite right, Jack, to stick to your father's business. A briefless barrister is one of the most hopeless wretches in the world."

"I don't think you always thought so, sir," said Jack; "but here is an opening, and I'll see you again." He had not come there to talk to the parson. When he had gone flying across the Mere, thanking of nothing at all but the pleasure of the motion, and had skirted it round and round, and made figures of 8, and done all the gambols common to a first outbreak, he stopped himself at a corner where Fanny Hardcastle, whom her father had been leading about, was standing with young Keppel, looking very pretty, with her rose cheeks and downcast eyes. Keppel had been mooning about Sara the night before, was the thought that passed through Jack's mind; and what right had he to give Fanny Hardcastle occasion to cast down her eyes? Perhaps it was purely on his friend's account; perhaps because he thought that girls were very hardly dealt with in never being left alone to think of anything but that confounded love-making; but the fact was that he disturbed them rather ruthlessly, and stood before them, balancing

himself on his skates. "Get into this chair, Fanny, and I'll give you a turn of the Mere," he said; and the downcast eyes were immediately raised, and their fullest attention conferred upon him. All the humble maidens of Dewsbury at that moment cast glances of envy and yet awe at Fanny. Alice Stanmore, who was growing up, and thought herself quite old enough to receive attention in her own person, glowered at the Rector's daughter with horrible thoughts. The two young gentlemen, the envied of all observers, seemed for the moment, to the female population of the village, to have put themselves at Fanny's feet. Even Mrs. Brightbank, the doctor's little clever wife, was taken in for the moment. For the instant that energetic personage balanced in her mind the respective merits of the two candidates, and considered which it would be best for Fanny to marry; never thinking that the whole matter involved was half-a-dozen words of nonsense on Mr. Keppel's part, and on Jack Brownlow's one turn on the ice in the skater's chair.

For it was not until Fanny was seated, and being driven over the Mere, that she looked back with that little smile and saucy glance, and asked demurely, "Are you sure it is quite proper, Mr. John?"

"Not proper at all," said Jack; "for we have nobody to take care of us—neither I nor you. My papa is in Masterton at the office, and yours is busy talking to the old women. But quite as proper as listening to all the nonsense Joe Keppel may please to say."

"I listening to his nonsense!" said Fanny, as a pause occurred in their progress. "I don't know why you should think so. He said nothing that everybody might not hear. And besides, I don't listen to anybody's nonsense, nor ever did since I was born," added Fanny, with another little soft glance round into her companion's face.

"Never do," said Jack, seizing

the chair with renewed vehemence, and rushing all round the Mere with it at a pace which took away Fanny's breath. When they had reached the same spot again, he came to a standstill to recover his own, and stood leaning upon the chair in which the girl sat smiling and glowing with the unwonted whirl. "Just like a pair of lovers," the people said on the Mere, though they were far enough from being lovers. Just at that moment the carrier's cart came lumbering along noisily upon the hard frosty path. It was on its way then to the place where Sara met it on the road. Inside, under the arched cover, were to be seen the same two faces which Sara afterwards saw—the mother's, elderly and gaunt, and full of lines and wrinkles; the sweet face of the girl, with its red lips, and pale cheeks, and lovely eyes. The hood of the red cloak had fallen back a little, and showed the short, curling, almost black hair. A little light came into the young face at sight of all the people on the ice. As was natural, her eyes fixed first on the group so near the edge—pretty Fanny Hardcastle, and Jack, resting from his fatigue, leaning over her chair. The red lips opened with an innocent smile, and the girl pointed out the scene to her mother, whose face relaxed, too, into that momentary look of feigned interest with which an anxious watcher rewards every exertion or stir of reviving life. "What a pretty, pretty creature!" said Fanny Hardcastle, generously, yet with a little passing pang of annoyance at the interruption. Jack did not make any response. He gazed at the little traveller, without knowing; it, as if she had been a creature out of another sphere. Pretty! he did not know whether she was pretty or not. What he thought was that he had never before seen such a face; and all the while the waggon lumbered on, and kept going off, until the Mere and its groups of people were left behind. And Jack Brownlow got to

his post again, as if nothing had happened. He drove Fanny round and round until she grew dizzy, and then he rushed back to the field and cut all kind of figures, and executed every possible gambol that skates will lend themselves to. But, oddly enough, all the while he could not get it out of his head how strange it must look to go through the world like that in a carrier's cart. It seemed a sort of new view of life to Jack altogether, and no doubt that was why it attracted him. People who had so little sense of the importance of time, and so great a sense of the importance of money, as to jog along over the whole breadth of the parish in a frosty winter afternoon, by way of saving a few shillings—and one of them so delicate and fragile, with such a face, such soft little rings of dark hair on her forehead, such sweet eyes, such a soft little smile! Jack did not think he had much imagination, yet he could not help picturing to himself how the country must look as they passed through; all the long bare stretches of wood, and the houses here and there, and how the Mere must have flashed upon them to brighten up the tedious panorama; and then the ring of the horses' hoofs on the road, and their breath steaming up into the air, and the crack of the carrier's whip as he walked beside them. Jack, who dashed along in his dogcart the quickest way, or rode his horse still faster through the well-known lanes, could not but linger on this imagination with the most curious sense of interest and novelty. "It must be poverty," he said to himself; and it was all he could do to keep the words from being spoken out loud.

As for Fanny, I am afraid she never thought again of the poor travellers in the carrier's cart. When the red sunset clouds were gathering in the sky, her father, who was very tender of her, drew her hand within his arm, and took her home. "You have had enough of it," he said, though she did not think so;

and when they turned their backs on the village, and took the path towards the rectory under the bare elm-trees, which stood like pillars of ebony in a golden palace against the setting sun, Mr. Hardcastle added a little word of warning. "My love," he said—for he too, like Mr. Brownlow, thought there was nobody like his child—"you must not put nonsense into these young fellows' heads."

"I put nonsense into their heads," cried Fanny, feeling, with a slight thrill of self-abasement, that probably it was quite the other way.

"Not a doubt about it," said the Rector; "and so far as Jack Brownlow is concerned, I don't know that I should object much; but I don't want to lose my little girl yet awhile; I don't know what I should do all alone in the house."

"Oh papa, I will *never* leave you," cried Fanny. She meant it, and even, which is more, believed it for the moment. Was he not more to her than all the young men that had ever been dreamed of? But yet it *was* rather agreeable to Fanny to think that she was suspected of putting nonsense into their heads. She liked the imputation, as indeed most people do, both men and women; and she liked the position—the only lady, with all that was most attractive in the parish at her feet; for Sir Charles Hetherton was considered by most people as very far from bright. And then the recollection of her rapid whirl across the ice came over her like a warm glow of pleasant recollection as she dressed for the evening. It would be nice to have them come in, to talk it all over after dinner—very nice to have little parties, like the last night's party at Brownlows; and notwithstanding her devotion to her father, after they had dined, and she had gone alone into the drawing-room, Fanny could not but find it dull. There was neither girl to gossip with, nor man into whose head it would be any satisfaction to put nonsense, near the Rectory, from whom a familiar visit might be ex-

pected; and, after the day's amusement, the silent evening, with papa downstairs enjoying his after-dinner doze in his chair, was far from lively. But it did not occur to Fanny to frame any conjectures upon the two travellers who had looked momentarily out upon her from the carrier's cart.

As for Jack Brownlow, he had a tolerably long walk before him. In summer he would have crossed the park, which much reduced the distance, but, in the dark and through the snow, he thought it expedient to keep the high-road, which was a long way round. He went off very briskly, with the straps of his skates over his shoulder, whistling occasionally, but not from want of thought. Indeed, he had a great many things to think of—the ice itself for one thing, and the pleasant run he had given little Fanny, and the contemptible vacillations of that fellow Keppel from one pretty girl to another, and the office and his work, and a rather curious case which had lately come under his hands. All this occupied him as he went home, while the sunset skies gradually faded. He passed from one thing to another with an unfettered mind, and more than once there just glanced across his thoughts, a momentary wonder, where would the carrier's cart be now? Had it gone home yet, delivered all its parcels, and deposited its passengers? Had it called at Brownlows to leave his cigars, which ought to have arrived a week ago? That poor little pale face—how tired the little creature must be! and how cold! and then the mother. He would never have thought of them again but for that curious way of moving about, of all ways in the world, among the parcels in the carrier's cart.

This speculation had returned to his mind as he came in sight of the park-gates. It was quite dark by this time, but the moon was up overhead, and the road was very visible on either side of that little black block of Swayne's Cottages,

which threw a shadow across almost to the frosted silver gates. Something, however, was going on in this bit of shadow. A large black movable object stood in the midst of it; and from Mrs. Swayne's door a lively ray of red light fell across the snow. Then by degrees Jack identified the horses, with their steaming breath, and the waggon-wheel upon which the light fell. He said "by Jove" loud out as he stood at the gate and found out what it was. It was the very carrier's cart of which he had been thinking, and some mysterious transaction was going on in the darkness which he could only guess at vaguely. Something or somebody was being made to descend from the waggon, which some sudden swaying of the horses made difficult. Jack took his cigar from his lips to hear and see the better, and stood and gazed with the vulgarest curiosity. Even the carrier's cart was something to take note of on the road at Brownlows. But when that sudden cry followed, he tossed his cigar away and his skates along with it, and crossed the road in two long steps, to the peril of his equilibrium. Somehow he had divined what was happening. He made a stride into the thick of it, and it was he who lifted up the little figure in the red cloak which had slipped and fallen on the snow. It was natural, for he was the only man about. The carrier was at his horses' heads to keep them steady; Mrs. Swayne stood on the steps, afraid to move lest she too should slip; and as for the girl's mother, she was benumbed and stupefied, and could only raise her child up half-way from the ground, and beg somebody to help. Jack got her up in his arms, and pushed Mrs. Swayne out of his way, and carried her in. "Is it here she is to go?" he cried over his shoulder as he took her into the parlour, where the card hung in the window, and the fire was burning. There was nothing in it but firelight, which cast a hue of life upon the poor

little traveller's face. And then she had not fainted, but blushed and gasped with pain and confusion. "Oh, thank you, that will do," she cried—"that will do." And then the others fell upon her, who had come in a procession behind, when he set her down. He was so startled himself that he stood still, which was a thing he scarcely would have done had he known what he was about, and looked over their heads and gaped at her. He had put her down in a kind of easy-chair, and there she lay, her face changing from red to pale. Pale enough it was now, while Jack, made by his astonishment into a mere wondering, curious boy, stood with his mouth open and watched. He was not consciously thinking how pretty she was; he was wondering if she had hurt herself, which was a much more sensible thought; but still, of course, he perceived it, though he was not thinking of it. Curis are common enough, you know, but it is not often you see those soft rings, which are so much longer than they look; and the eyes so limpid and liquid all through, yet strained, and pathetic, and weary—a great deal too limpid, as anybody who knew anything about it might have known at a glance. She made a little movement, and gave a cry, and grew red once more, this time with pain, and then as white as the snow. "Oh, my foot, my foot," she cried, in a piteous voice. The sound of words brought Jack to himself. "I'll wait outside, Mrs. Swayne," he said, "and if the doctor's wanted I'll fetch him; let me know." And then he went out and had a talk with the carrier, and waited. The carrier knew very little about his passenger. He reckoned the young un was delicate—it was along of this here brute swerving when he hadn't ought to—but it couldn't be no more than a sprain. Such was Hobson's opinion. Jack waited, however, a little bewildered in his intellects, till Mrs. Swayne came out to say his services were not needed, and that it was a sprain,

and could be mended by ordinary female remedies. Then young Mr. Brownlow got Hobson's lantern, and searched for his skates, and flung them over his shoulders. How queer they should have come here—how odd to think of that little face peeping out at Mrs. Swayne's window—how droll that he should have been on the spot just at that

moment; and yet it was neither queer nor droll to Jack, but confused his head somehow, and gave him a strange sort of half-commotion in the region of his heart. It is all very well to be sensible, but yet there is certainly something in it when an adventure like this happens, not to Keppel, or that sort of fellow, but actually to yourself.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FATHER'S DAY AT THE OFFICE.

While Sara and Jack were thus enjoying themselves, Mr. Brownlow went quietly in to his business—very quietly, in the dogcart, with his man driving, who was very steady, and looked as comfortable as his master. Mr. Brownlow was rather pleased not to have his son's company that morning; he had something to do which he could scarcely have done had Jack been there—business which was quite justifiable, and indeed right, but which it would have been a disagreeable matter to have explained to Jack. His mind was much more intent upon his own affairs than were those of either of his children on theirs. They had so much time in life to do all they meant to do, that they could afford to set out leisurely, and go forth upon the world with a sweet vacancy in their minds, ready for anything that might turn up; but with Mr. Brownlow it was not so: his objects had grown to be very clear before him. He was not so old as to feel the pains or weariness or languor of age. He was almost as able to enjoy, and perhaps better able to do, in the way of his profession at least, than was young Jack. The difference was, that Mr. Brownlow lived only in the present; the future had gradually been cut off, as it were, before him. There was one certainty in his path somewhere a little in advance, but nothing else that could be counted upon, so that whatever he had to do, and anything he might have to enjoy, presented themselves with double clearness in the limited perspective. It was the only time in

his life that he had felt the full meaning of the word "Now." The present was his possession, his day in which he lived and worked, with plenty of space behind to go back upon, but nothing reliable before. This gave not only a vividness and distinct character, but also a promptitude, to his actions, scarcely possible to a younger man. To-day was his, but not to-morrow; whereas to Jack and his contemporaries to-morrow was always the real day, never the moment in which they lived.

When Mr. Brownlow reached his office, the first thing he did was to send for a man who was a character in Masterton. He was called by various names, and it was not very certain which belonged to him, or indeed if any belonged to him. He was called Inspector Pollaky by many people who were in the habit of reading the papers; but of course he was not that distinguished man. He was called detective and thief-taker, and many other injurious epithets, and he was a man whom John Brownlow had had occasion to consult before now on matters of business. He was sent for that morning, and he had a long conversation with Mr. Brownlow in his private room. He was that sort of man that understands what people mean even when they do not speak very plainly, and naturally he took up at once the lawyer's object and pledged himself to pursue it. "You shall have some information on the subject probably this afternoon, sir," he said as he went away. After this visit Mr. Brownlow went about his own busi-

ness with great steadiness and precision, and cast his eyes over his son's work, and was very particular with the clerks—more than ordinarily particular. It was his way, for he was an admirable business man at all times; but still he was unusually energetic that day. And they were all a little excited about Pollaky, as they called him, what commission he might have received, and which case he might be wanted about. At the time when he usually had his glass of sherry, Mr. Brownlow went out; he did not want his mid-day biscuit. He was a little out of sorts, and he thought a walk would do him good; but instead of going down to Barnes's Pool or across the river to the Meadows, which had been lately flooded, and now were one sheet of ice, places which all the clerks supposed to be the most attractive spots for twenty miles round, he took the way of the town and went up into Master-ton. He was going to pay a visit, and it was a most unusual one. He was going to see his wife's mother, old Mrs. Fennell, for whom he had no love. It was a thing he did not do for years together, but having been somehow in his own mind thoroughly worked up to it, he took the occasion of Jack's absence and went that day.

Mrs. Fennell was sitting in her drawing-room with only her second-best cap on, and with less than her second-best temper. If she had known he was coming she would have received him with a very different state, and she was mortified by her unpreparedness. Also her dinner was ready. As for Mr. Brownlow, he was not thinking of dinners. He had something on his mind, and it was his object to conceal that he had anything on his mind—a matter less difficult to a man of his profession than to ordinary mortals. But what he said was that he was anxious chiefly to know if his mother-in-law was comfortable, and if she had everything according to her desires.

Mrs. Fennell smiled at this in-

quiry. She smiled, but she rushed into a thousand grievances. Her lodgings were not to her mind, nor her position. Sara, the little puss, had carriages when she pleased, but her grandmamma never had any conveyance at her disposal to take the air in. And the people of the house were very inattentive, and Nancy—but here the old woman, who was clever, put a sudden stop to herself and drew up and said no more. She knew that to complain of Nancy would be of no particular advantage to her, for Mr. Brownlow was not fond of old Mrs. Thomson's maid, and was as likely as not to propose that she should be pensioned and sent away.

"I have told you before," said Mr. Brownlow, "that the brougham should be sent down for you when you want to go out if you will only let me know in time. What Sara has is nothing—or you can have a fly; but it is not fit weather for you to go out at your age."

"You are not so very young yourself, John Brownlow," said the old lady, with a little offence.

"No indeed—far from it—and that is what makes me think," he said abruptly; and then made a pause which she did not understand, referring evidently to something in his own mind. "Did you ever know anybody of the name of Powys in the Isle of Man?" he resumed, with a certain nervous haste, and an effort which brought heat and colour to his face.

"Powys!" said Mrs. Fennell. "I've heard the name; but I think it was Liverpool-ways and not in the Isle of Man. It's a Welsh name. No; I never knew any Powyses. Do you?"

"It was only some one I met," said Mr. Brownlow, "who had relations in the Isle of Man. Do you know of anybody who married there and left? Knowing that you came from that quarter, somebody was asking me."

"I don't know of nobody but one," said the old woman—"one that would make a deal of difference if she were to come back now."

"You mean the woman Phœbe Thomson?" said Mr. Brownlow, sternly. "It is a very strange thing to me that her relatives should know nothing about that woman—not even whom she married or what was her name."

"She married a soldier," said Mrs. Fennell, "as I always heard. She wasn't my relation—it was poor Fennell that was her cousin. As for us, we come of very different folks; and I don't doubt as her name might have been found out," said the old woman, nodding her spiteful old head. Mr. Brownlow kept his temper, but it was by a kind of miracle. This was the sort of thing which he was always subject to on his rare visits to his mother-in-law. "It's for some folks' good that her name couldn't be found out," added the old woman, with another significant nod.

"It would have been for some folks' good if they had never heard of her," said Mr. Brownlow. "I wish a hundred times in a year that I had never administered or taken any notice of the old hag's bequest. Then it would have gone to the Crown, I suppose, and all this trouble would have been spared."

"Other things would have had to be spared as well," said Mrs. Fennell, in her taunting voice.

"I should have known what was my own and what was not, and my children would have been in no false position," said Mr. Brownlow, with energy; "but now——" Here he stopped short, and his looks alarmed his companion, unsympathetic as she was. She loved to have this means of taunting and keeping down his pride, as she said; but her grandchildren's advantage was to a certain extent her own, and the thought of injury to them was alarming, and turned her thoughts into another channel. She took fright at the idea of Phœbe Thomson when she saw Mr. Brownlow's face. It was the first time it had ever occurred to her as possible that he, a gentleman, a lawyer, and a clever man, might possibly have after

all to give up to Phœbe Thomson should that poor and despised woman ever turn up.

"But she couldn't take the law of you?" Mrs. Fennell said, with a gasp. "She wouldn't know anything about it. I may talk disagreeable by times, and I own that we never were fond of each other, you and I, John Brownlow; but I'm not the woman that would ever let on to her, to harm my poor Bessie's children—not I—not if she was to come back this very day."

It is useless to deny that Mr. Brownlow's face at that moment looked as if he would have liked to strangle the old woman; but he only made an indignant movement, and looked at her with rage and indignation, which did her no harm. And, poor man, in his excitement perhaps it was not quite true what he himself said—

"If she should come back this very day, it would be your duty to send her to me instantly, that I might give up her mother's trust into her hands," he said. "You may be sure I will never permit poor Bessie's children to enjoy what belongs to another." And then he made a pause and his voice changed. "After all, I suppose you know just as little of her as I do. Did you ever see her?" he said.

"Well, no; I can't say I ever did," said Mrs. Fennell, cowed for the moment.

"Nor Nancy?" said Mr. Brownlow; "you two would be safe guides certainly. And you know of nobody else who left the Isle of Man and married—no relation of Fennell's, or of yours?"

"Nobody I know of," said the old woman peevishly, after a pause. "There might be dozens; but us and the Thomsons and all belonging to us, we've been out of the Isle of Man for nigh upon fifty years."

After that Mr. Brownlow went away. He had got no information, no satisfaction, and yet he had made no discovery, which was a kind of negative comfort in its way; but it was clear that his mother-in-law,

though she made so much use of Phoebe Thomson's name, was utterly unable to give him any assistance either in discovering the real Phoebe Thomson or in exposing any false pretender. He went across the Market Place over the crisp snow in the sunshine with all his faculties, as it were, crisped and sharpened like the air he breathed. This was all the effect as yet which the frosts of age had upon him. He had all his powers unimpaired, and more entirely serviceable and under command than ever they were. He could trust himself not to betray himself, to keep counsel, and act with deliberation, and do nothing hastily. Thus, though his enemies were as yet unknown and unrecognised, and consequently all the more dangerous, he had confidence in his own army of defence, which was a great matter. He returned to his office, and to his business, and was as clearheaded and self-possessed, and capable of paying attention to the affairs of his clients, as if he had nothing particular in his own to occupy him. And the only help he got from circumstances was that which was given him by the frost, which had happily interfered this day of all others to detain Jack. Jack was not his father's favourite child; he was not, as Sara was, the apple of John Brownlow's eye; and yet the lawyer appreciated, and did justice to, as well as loved, his son, in a just and natural way. He felt that Jack's quick eye would have found out that there was something more than usual going on. He knew that his visit to Mrs. Fennell and his unexplained conference with the man of mystery would not have been passed over by Jack without notice; and at the young man's hasty, impetuous time of life, prudence was not to be expected or even desired. If Jack thought it possible that Phoebe Thomson was to be found within a hundred miles, no doubt he would make off without a moment's thought and hunt her up, and put his own fortune, and, what was more, Sara's, eagerly

into her hands. This was what Jack would do, and Mr. Brownlow was glad in his heart that Jack would be sure to do it; but yet it might be a very different course which he himself, after much thought and consideration, might think it best to take.

He was long in his office that night, and worked very hard—indeed he would have been almost alone before he left but that one of the clerks had some extra work to do, and another had stayed to keep him company; so that two of them were still there when Inspector Pollaky, as they called him, came back. It was quite late, too late for the ice, or the young men would not have waited—half an hour later at least than the usual time at which Mr. Brownlow left the office. And he closed his door carefully behind his mysterious visitor, and made sure that it was securely shut before he began to talk to him, which naturally was a thing that excited much wondering between the young men.

"Young Jack been a naughty boy?" said one to the other; then they listened, but heard nothing. "More likely some fellow going in for Miss Brownlow, and he wants to pick holes in him," said the second. But when half an hour passed and everything continued very undisturbed, they betook themselves to their usual talk. "I suppose it's about the Worsley case," they said, and straightway Inspector Pollaky lost interest in their eyes. So long as it was only a client's business it did not matter. Not for such commonplace concerns would the young heroes of John Brownlow's office interrupt the even tenor of their way.

"I suppose you have brought me some news," said Mr. Brownlow; "come near the fire. Take a chair, it is bitterly cold. I scarcely expected you so soon as to-day."

"Bless you, sir, it's as easy as easy," said the mysterious man—"disgusting easy. If there's anybody that I despise in this world, it's folks that have nothing to con-

ceal. They're all on the surface, them folks are. You can take and read them clear off, through and through."

"Well?" said Mr. Brownlow. He turned his face a little away from the light that he might not be spied too closely, though there was not in reality any self-betrayal in his face. His lips were a little white and more compressed than usual, that was all.

"Well, sir, for the first thing, it's all quite true," said the man. "There's seven of a family—the mother comely-like still, but older nor might be expected. Poor, awful poor, but making the best of it—keeping their hearts up as far as I could see. The young fellow helping too, and striving his best. I shouldn't say as they had much of a dinner to-day; but as cheerful as cheerful, and as far as I could see——"

"Was this all you discovered?" said Mr. Brownlow, severely.

"I am coming to the rest, sir," said the detective, "and you'll say as I've forgotten nothing. The father, which is dead, was once in the Life Guards. He was one of them sprigs as is to be met with there—run away out of a good family. He come from London first as far as she knows; and then they were ordered to Windsor, and then they went to Canada; but I've got the thread, Mr. Brownlow—I've got the thread. This poor fellow of a soldier got letters regular for a long time from Wales, she says—post-mark was St. Asaphs. Often and often she said as she'd go with him, and see who it was as wrote to him so often. I've been thereabouts myself in the way of my business, and I know there's Powyses as thick as blackberries—that's point number one. Second point was, he always called himself a Welshman and kept St. David's Day. If he'd lived longer he'd have been sent up for promotion, and gone out of the ranks."

"And then?—but go on in your own way, I want to hear it all,"

said Mr. Brownlow. He was getting more and more excited; and yet somehow it was a kind of pleasure to him to feel that his informant was wasting time upon utterly insignificant details. Surely if the detective suspected nothing, it must be that there was nothing to suspect.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that's about where it is; he was one of the Powyses; naturally the children is Powyses too. But he died afore he went up for promotion; and now they're come a-seeking of their friends. It ain't no credit to me to be employed on such an easy case. The only thing that would put a little credit in it would be, if you'd give me just a bit of a hint what was wanted. If their friends want 'em I'll engage to put 'em on the scent. If their friends don't want 'em—as wouldn't be no wonder; for folks may have a kindness for a brother or a son as is wild, and yet they mightn't be best pleased to hear of a widow a-coming with seven children—if they ain't wanted a word will do it, and no questions asked."

John Brownlow gave the man a sharp glance, and then he fell amusing, as if he was considering whether to give him this hint or not. In reality, he was contemplating, with a mixture of impatience and vexation and content, the total misconception of his object which his emissary had taken up. He was exasperated by his stupidity, and yet he felt a kind of gratitude to him, and relief, as if a danger had been escaped.

"And what of the woman herself?" he said, in a tone which, in spite of him, trembled a little.

"Oh, the woman," said the detective, carelessly; "some bit of a girl as he married, and as was pretty, I don't doubt, in her day. There's nothin' particular about her. She's very fond of her children, and very free in her talk, like most women when you take 'em the right way. Bless you, sir, when I started her talking of her husband, it was all that I

could do to get her to leave off. She don't think she's got anything to hide. He was a gentleman, that's clear. He wouldn't have been near so frank about himself, I'll be bound. She ain't a lady exactly, but there's something about her—and awful open in her way, with them front teeth——”

“Has *she* got front teeth?” said Mr. Brownlow, with some eagerness. He pitched upon it as the first personal attribute he had yet heard of, and then he added, with a little confusion, “like the boy——”

“Yes, sir—exactly like the young fellow,” said his companion; “but there ain't nothing about her to interest *us*. She told me as she once had friends as lived in Masterton; but she's the sort of woman as don't mind much about friends as long as her children is well off; and I judge she was of well-to-do folks, that was awful put out about her marriage. A man like that, sir, might be far above her, and have friends that was far above her, and yet it's far from the kind of marriage as would satisfy well-to-do folks.”

“I thought she came from the Isle of Man,” said Mr. Brownlow, in what he meant for an indifferent way.

“As a child, sir—as a child,” said the detective, with easy carelessness. “Her friends left there when she was but a child, and then they went where there was a garrison, where she met with her good gentleman. She was never in Masterton herself. It was after she was married and gone, and, I rather think, cast off by all belonging to her, that they came to live here.”

Mr. Brownlow sat leaning over the fire, and a heavy moisture began to rise on his forehead. The speaker was so careless, and yet these calm details seemed to him so terrible. Could it be that he was making terrors for himself—that the man experienced in mystery was right in being so certain that there was no mystery here—or must he accept the awful circum-

stantial evidence of these simple particulars? Could there be more than one family which had left the Isle of Man so long ago, and gone to live where there was a garrison, and abandoned its silly daughter when she married her soldier? Mr. Brownlow was stupefied, and did not know what to think. He sat and listened while this man whom he had called to his assistance went over again all the facts that seemed to point out that the connection of the family with the Powyses of North Wales was the one thing either to be brought forward or got rid of. This was how he had understood his instructions, and he had carried them out so fully that his employer, fully occupied with the incidental information which seemed to prove all he feared, heard his voice run on without remarking it, and would have told him to stop the babble to which he was giving vent, had his thoughts been sufficiently at leisure to care for what he was saying. When he fully perceived this mistake, Mr. Brownlow looked upon it as “providential,” as people say. But, in the mean time, he was not conscious of anything, except of a possibility still more clear and possible, and of a ridiculous misconception which still it was not his interest to clear up. He let his detective talk, and then he let him go, but half satisfied, and inclined to think that no confidence was reposed in him. And though it was so late, and the brougham was at the door, and the servants very tired of their unusual detention, Mr. Brownlow went back again to the fire, and bent over it, and stretched out his hands to the blaze, and again tried to think. He went over the same ideas a hundred times, and yet they did not seem to grow any clearer to him. He tried to ask himself what was his duty, but duty slunk away, as it were, to the very recesses of his soul and gave no impulse to his mind, nor so much as showed itself in the darkness. If this should turn out to be true, no doubt

there were certain things which he ought to do; and yet, if all this could but be banished for a while, and the year got over which would bring safety—Mr. Brownlow had never in all his life before done what he knew to be a dishonourable action. He was not openly contemplating such a thing now; only somehow his possessions seemed so much more his than anybody else's; it seemed as if he had so much better right to the good things he had been enjoying for four-and-twenty years than any woman could have who had never possessed them—who knew nothing about them. And then he did not know that it was this woman. He said to himself that he had really no reason to think so. The young man had said nothing about old Mrs. Thomson. The detective had never even suspected any mystery in that quarter, though he was a man of mystery, and it was his business to suspect everything. This was what he was thinking when he went back to the fire in his office, and stretched his hands over the blaze. Emotion of any kind somehow chills the physical frame; but when one of the detained clerks came to inform him of the patient brougham which waited outside, and which Sara, by reason of the cold, had sent for him, it was the opinion of the young man that Mr. Brownlow was beginning to age rapidly, and that he looked quite old that evening. But he did not look old; he looked, if any one had been there with eyes to see it, like a man for the first time in his life driven to bay. Some men come to that moment in their lives sooner, some later, some never at all. John Brownlow had been more than five-and-fifty years in the world, and yet he had never been driven to bay before. And he was so now; and except to stand out and resist, and keep his face to his enemies, he did not, in the suddenness of the occurrence, see as yet what he was to do.

In the mean time, however, he

had to stoop to ordinary necessities and get into his carriage and be driven home, through the white gleaming country which shone under the moonlight, carrying with him a curious perception of how different it would have been had the house in the High Street been home—had he had nothing more to do than to go up to the old drawing-room, his mother's drawing-room, and find Sara there; and eat his dinner where his father had eaten his, instead of this long drive to the great country-house, which was so much more costly and magnificent than anything his forefathers knew; but then his father, what would he have thought of this complication? What would he have advised, had it been any client of his; nay, what, if it was a client, would Mr. Brownlow himself advise? These thoughts kept turning over in his mind half against his will as he lay back in the corner of the carriage and saw the ghostly trees glimmer past in their coating of snow. He was very late, and Sara was anxious about him; nay even Jack was anxious, and had come down to the park gates to look out for the carriage, and also to ask how the little invalid was at Mrs. Swayne's. Jack, having this curiosity in his mind, did not pay much attention to his father's looks; but Sara, with a girl's quick perception, saw there was something unusual in his face; and with her usual rapidity she leaped to the conclusion that the bank must have broken or the railway gone wrong of which she had dreamt in the morning. Thus they all met at table with a great deal on their minds; and this day, which I have recorded with painstaking minuteness, in order that there may be no future doubt as to its importance in the history, came to an end with outward placidity but much internal perturbation—at least came to an end as much as any day can be said to come to an end which rises upon an unsuspecting family big with undeveloped fate.

NOTE TO ARTICLE IN OUR LAST NUMBER UNDER THE HEAD "WHO ARE
THE REFORMERS, AND WHAT DO THEY WANT?"

WE regret much to find that statements in the above-mentioned article regarding Mr. Potter, now Secretary to the Trades-unions, are erroneous, and have given him pain and offence. We have consequently been led to make inquiry into the matter, and are now anxious to state precisely what we know on the subject, and what we would have stated in that article if we had not been misinformed.

Mr. Potter, we believe, was originally an operative carpenter and joiner, and has always been a man of steady conduct and good character. He was not dismissed by the Messrs. Smith, the builders, or found worthless as a workman by them, or, as far as we know, by any other employers. On the contrary, we find that he was a workman of full average skill and persevering habits, and that he worked with several London firms, and gave satisfaction to his employers. It appears that there is no foundation for saying that he was a waiter at any eating-house or hotel, that he was ever employed on any railway, or that he ever wrote for any publication other than the 'Beehive.'

We avail ourselves of this our first opportunity to express to Mr. Potter our deep regret that statements so unjust to him should have appeared in our last number, and at the same time to tender to him our most sincere apology.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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THE ARMY.

PART II.

THE damage done to the political influence of England by permanently looking up in India and the Colonies wellnigh two-thirds of her standing army, is only one of the many inconveniences to which she is subjected, by adhering to arrangements which might have been reasonable, perhaps necessary, when first adopted, but have long ago become both obsolete and mischievous. The reliefs, as they are now carried on, occasion an outlay in money which adds very considerably to the estimates year by year. You cannot send troops from England to Quebec in steamers under a cost of £8, 8s. 9d. per man; you cannot bring them back again for less money. A voyage to the West Indies costs £20; to St. Helena, £16 by steamer, £11, 8s. by sailing vessel; to India, £26, 18s. 11d.; to Ceylon, £31; to Mauritius, £30, 17s.; to the Cape of Good Hope, £14; to Australia, £25, 18s. 4d.—the five last stations being supplied exclusively by sail. Now, as this process is continually going on, except in the case of St. Helena, which has its local corps of infantry serving side by side with royal artillery and engineers, and

as every regiment serving abroad must be periodically reinforced, in order to keep it effective, the outlay rendered necessary to carry on the operation forms a serious addition to our military expenditure, which is the more to be regretted that the money thus sunk contributes only to render us for the time being more feeble than we were before. Regiments *in transitu* to and from North America, and still more, to and from India, are regiments temporarily extinguished. The longer the voyage the more inconvenient the loss of their services; which, were hostilities to break out suddenly between us and a great maritime nation might become permanent by the capture of the transports with all their occupants. No doubt the Indian army must be kept efficient, whether it be raised for general or for particular service; and the transmarine fortresses which we shall find it necessary to hold, such as Malta and Gibraltar in Europe, and Bermuda in America, can be reached only by crossing the sea. But the risk is infinitely less, just as the pecuniary outlay is far more inconsiderable, if we have only a few,

than if we have many, of these foreign posts to hold; while the feeding of a local army by detachments, whether the country be at peace or at war, is very different in all respects from carrying on periodical reliefs of whole regiments by whole regiments. Independently, therefore, of the obstacle which the present system interposes to the working out of a suggestion yet to be offered, we see much in the proposed severance of Indian from

general service, and the handing over of the colonies to their own military resources in time of peace, which well deserves to be considered both by the War Minister and the Legislature. Indeed, it appears to us that, unless some such method be adopted of economising not money only, but men, all attempts to place England on a fair footing towards the great military powers of the world must end in disappointment.*

* The scale here subjoined, and which we take from a Parliamentary paper, shows exactly what the transport of each man from our foreign stations abroad costs to the country. We presume that the charges for whole regiments are upon the same scale :

Return of the Foreign Stations from which the men taking their discharges were brought home; stating the number from each, and the average cost of passage, and of the average cost of the said men from the time of leaving the headquarters of their regiments at the several stations in the Colonies, to the date of their discharge, exclusive of passage-money—

Arm of the Service.	Station from which sent.	Numbers sent Home.				Average Cost of Passage per Man.		Average Cost per Man, from time of leaving the headquarters of the regiments in the Colonies, to the date of Discharge, exclusive of Passage-money.
		1860-1	1861-2	1862-3	1863-4	By Sailing Ship.	By Steamer.	
Cavalry,	India, . . .	110	35	41	48	£26 18 11	..	£10 0 10
	India, . . .	40	23	26	30	25 18 11	..	10 3 4
	China, . . .	2	7	1	1	20 1 0	..	11 19 34
	St. Helena, . . .	1	..	..	..	11 8 0	£16 0 0	4 11 23
Royal Artillery,	Malta, . . .	..	..	1	..	No cases.	7 10 0	3 1 05
	Gibraltar, . . .	..	..	1	..	do.	5 10 0	2 12 45
	Mauritius, . . .	..	..	..	1	29 17 6	..	8 0 24
	Ame-Quebec, rics, Halifax, } ..	..	..	..	1	No cases.	{ 8 8 9 } { 4 0 0 }	3 2 54
Royal Engineers,	India, . . .	3	..	..	..	26 18 11	20 0 0	9 15 10
	West Indies, . . .	..	..	1	..	..	..	3 7 114
	China, . . .	2	4	..	..	29 1 0	No rates for deck passengers in the contract steamers.	11 10 24
	Mauritius, . . .	2	1	..	..	29 17 6	..	7 14 7
Foot Guards,	Cape of Good Hope, } ..	1	2	..	..	18 15 0	..	6 7 1
	Australia, . . .	5	..	2	..	25 13 4	..	9 2 1
	Ionian Isles, . . .	1	..	..	..	No cases.	10 0 0	3 6 7
	Malta, . . .	1	..	..	..	do.	7 10 0	2 19 84
Infantry,	Ame-Quebec, rics, Halifax, } ..	2	2	2	1	do.	{ 8 8 9 } { 4 0 0 }	3 1 1
	Gibraltar, . . .	..	1	1	..	do.	5 10 0	2 11 54
	Ame-Quebec, rics, Halifax, } ..	..	..	5	52	do.	{ 8 8 9 } { 4 0 0 }	2 18 4
	India, . . .	810	683	784	719	26 18 11	..	8 10 0
Infantry,	China, . . .	7	42	28	..	29 1 0	..	10 0 0
	Ceylon, . . .	8	5	27	21	31 0 0	No rates for deck passengers in the contract steamers.	7 7 6
	Mauritius, . . .	4	..	..	1	29 17 6	..	6 15 10
	Cape of Good Hope, } ..	29	25	14	..	18 15 0	..	5 12 6
Infantry,	Australia, . . .	2	2	..	10	25 13 4	..	7 19 2
	Ionian Isles, . . .	1	2	8	..	No cases.	7 0 0	3 1 2
	Malta, . . .	6	8	14	24	do.	10 10 0	2 15 4
	Gibraltar, . . .	13	8	3	3	do.	5 10 0	2 8 4
Infantry,	Ame-Quebec, rics, Halifax, } ..	11	14	36	47	do.	{ 8 8 9 } { 4 0 0 }	2 16 6
	West Indies, . . .	22	42	42	50	do.	20 0 0	3 2 4

We proceed now to consider what may and indeed ought to be done, with a view to create and maintain, in a state of comparative efficiency, a purely defensive force, equal, should the country be invaded, to meet the danger and to repel it.

Our army of defence consists at this moment of 150,000 volunteers, partly infantry, partly artillery; of 14,000 or 15,000 yeomanry cavalry, of 80,000 militia, which the Act of 1852 enables us to increase, if necessary, to 120,000; and of 12,000 or 14,000 enrolled pensioners. This looks well upon paper. It seems to show that we are in a condition, should the need arise, to place 300,000 men under arms,—of which, after providing garrisons for our fortresses and arsenals and dockyards, probably 200,000 or thereabouts would be available for the field. But can we trust to appearances? Scarcely. Take first the volunteers, and consider the nature of the engagement into which they have entered, the condition and occupations in life of a vast majority of the men, and the relations in which they stand towards their officers, and their officers towards them. Volunteers may be said to enlist for a fortnight and no more. Every one of them, by giving a fortnight's notice, is free to lay down his arms; and if he lay them down without giving the notice required by law, it is hard to say how he can be compelled to take them up again. We are not supposing for a moment that with an enemy encamped on English ground, a single volunteer, physically capable of wielding a musket, would refuse to carry it. But enemies do not encamp on English ground the day after war is declared; neither, let us hope, are they likely to do so in a month or in a year. Now it is exactly this season of suspense and expectancy which will try, and may be expected to overstrain, the volunteer's power of endurance. It is pleasant enough, profound peace

prevailing, to drill by companies and battalions on ground contiguous to our own homes, and from time to time at Brighton, or in the Queen's Park at Edinburgh, to go through a great field-day and fight a sham battle. But if the time ever come, as come it may, when volunteers shall be liable at all hours of the night or day to be turned out, and marched to their respective alarm-posts, how many of the gallant men, now proud of the uniform which they wear, will long stand, or indeed be able to stand, so constant an interruption of their proper business? It is one thing to be willing to fight, and one thing to be willing to die, for one's country; it is quite another to have the whole order of our existence broken in upon, and affairs of great moment to ourselves and our families set aside, in order that we may hurry off to some distant encampment or fortified town, and remain there, doing private soldier's duty for weeks and weeks without ever seeing the enemy whom we are supposed to be resisting, or hearing the sound of his cannon. The volunteers could not do this. It would be too much to expect of them. We doubt, therefore, on this ground alone, the possibility of using the whole, or even a moiety, of our volunteer force just when there would be the greatest need of it; and if we look further we see only increasing difficulties in the way of being able to use it at all. Take as a fair specimen of the force the very best of our metropolitan regiments. Could the Inns of Court be expected to leave the law and their own clients to take care of themselves, while they marched away to Portsmouth, and shut themselves up in the forts which protect the dockyards there? Could the Civil Service companies of the Middlesex regiments close their books in the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and the War Office, letting the country manage its business as it best might, while they manned the

works at Dover, or Chatham, or Sheerness? Is it probable that the mercers of Cornhill and the corn-factors of Thomas Street will spare their assistants and clerks for, say, a month at a time, and that, too, in the very season of the year when both trade and war carry on their business most vigorously? The thing could not be done; and if it were done, of what nature are the relations which subsist between the officers who command and the men who obey? Let us not be misunderstood. There are among officers of volunteers many first-rate soldiers, not all of whom may have served an apprenticeship in the line, or even in the regular militia. Such is Lord Ranelagh; such was the late commandant of the gallant "Devil's Own;" such are many more whom it would be invidious to particularise. But how much military knowledge have we a right to look for in gentlemen who never turned their attention to the subject at all, till the command of a volunteer regiment or company suddenly devolved upon them? Very little; and very little will be found. Some of the volunteers, if they took the field, would do so under the distressing conviction that they must obey the orders of gentlemen as little conversant with military affairs as themselves, and would therefore be quite as likely as not to get involved in inextricable confusion at the moment when order and self-possession were most necessary to them. The truth is, that a volunteer army, like a national guard, is something rather to be looked at and admired than turned to practical purposes. It is well that it should exist, because a certain number of young men learn from it how to move in unison with others, and how to shoot both with rifles and cannon. But if the force is really to be utilised in the hour of danger, Parliament must pass a bill putting the volunteers, equally with the militia, under the Mutiny Act, and with-

drawing the privilege from individuals of resignation at a fortnight's notice. Would the volunteers submit to this if it came about? We suspect not. Nine-tenths of them, on the contrary, so soon as the scheme got wind, would, unless we are greatly deceived, give notice of retirement at once, and so defeat the object of the bill, before there was time to pass it into law. And observe that we write not hypothetically, but from calling to mind what actually came to pass sixty years ago. The volunteer ardour was as keen when the invasion of England by Bonaparte was expected as it could possibly be at any time, or has ever been since, and the martial spirit remained at fever-heat for a good while. But frequent alarms and inconvenient musters gradually cooled it, till at last the Local Militia Act was passed as an arrangement of paramount necessity. So, we suspect, it will be again if England finds herself at strife with any power strong enough to threaten her with a landing; and as we are certainly not now, what we were sixty years ago, masters of the sea, the sooner our volunteer system is either improved or merged in something else the better.

The yeomanry cavalry stands on quite a different footing. It is a defensive force of which, as it appears to us, we cannot speak too highly. It can scarcely indeed be used as regular cavalry is used, for neither men nor horses are sufficiently trained to act in line of battle. But it is not liable to be called away from the homes of the men for the purpose of garrisoning forts or defending dockyards; nor are the yeomen themselves free, like the volunteers, to resign when they please. They come under the Mutiny Act as soon as embodied; and for all the purposes to which irregular horse can be turned, they would prove, in the event of invasion, or threatened invasion, most valuable. In the first place, a

few troops of farmers, well mounted and sufficiently armed, could make a desert, and in no time, of the whole district on the shores of which a landing might have been effected. They would know exactly how, and in what direction, to drive away the sheep and cattle; they would be prompt to burn such corn and hay-stacks as they found it impossible to remove; they would sweep the whole district clean of horses, waggons, and other means of transport, and render railways themselves useless to the invader. Well acquainted also with every lane and alley, they would hover about the enemy, halted or on the march, cutting off his stragglers, and harassing his foraging parties, as no other troops could do; and when hard pressed, would always be able to escape across country, just as in the hunting-field they allow neither hedges nor ditches to stand between them and their sport. And for collecting information they would be invaluable. Let us express the hope, therefore, that whatever else may be done to modify the constitution of our defensive army, no profane hand will ever be laid upon the yeomanry cavalry of England. They are to us far more than the Cossacks can ever become to Russia, for they consist of men intelligent, as well as hardy and brave; and have, perhaps, the very best seats on the very best description of horses that were ever liable to be used for war purposes. All that we venture to suggest concerning these corps is, that as much as possible they be kept up at their full strength, and that more pains be taken to drill them to the requirements of irregular than of regular warfare. For example, if they met from time to time by squads, say of thirty or even a dozen troopers, and practised, each squad, in its own immediate neighbourhood, the evolutions which it would become their business to execute were an enemy near, far more useful knowledge would

be acquired than can possibly come by a weekly drill once a-year at squadron and regimental movements. These, however, are questions of detail into which it is not our business on the present occasion to enter. We have done our part when we venture to propound the opinion that there is no portion of our defensive force which more deserves that attention should be paid to it, and everything done which can be done to keep it efficient, than the yeomanry cavalry.

We come now to the militia, about which a good deal still requires to be said, notwithstanding the general survey which we took of its constitution and of the conditions of its existence in a former paper. And in order that we may make ourselves fully understood, it seems desirable to begin with a sort of historical sketch of the rise and progress of the force.

The militia of England grew out of and succeeded to that feudal system which the Wars of the Roses had virtually destroyed, and which came to an end formally by Act of Parliament after the restoration of Charles II. Two enactments, one in 1661, the other in 1662, gave to the new order of things shape and consistency. These, assuring to the Crown absolute control over the armed force of the country—one of the great points, be it remembered, in dispute between the King and the House of Commons in the preceding reign—transferred from tenants *in capite* to housekeepers and other substantial persons in general the burden of providing for the public service men, horses, arms, ammunition, and pay, each in proportion to the value at which his real or personal property was rated. The same Acts of Parliament called into existence the Lieutenants and Deputy-Lieutenants of counties, the former appointed directly by the Crown, the latter by the Crown on the recommendation of the former; and upon these officers de-

volved the duty of raising, commanding, and training the militia. All appointments of trust and command in the militia, from that of colonel to an ensigncy or cornetcy, were henceforth conferred by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. He was constrained, indeed, to select his officers from among gentlemen possessed of a certain amount of property in land within the county; but his commissions once issued were held valid in law, unless the Crown within a period of fourteen days objected to any one of them. Hence, till times comparatively recent, militia officers held commissions signed only by the Lord-Lieutenant, the right of the Crown in such appointments being limited to the exercise—and to the prompt exercise, too—of a veto.

The powers thus conferred upon the Lieutenants of counties were very extensive: so was their patronage. Each of them was authorised to put upon his oath every resident within the limits of the county whom he might suspect of underrating his means; and all had the appointment, not of militia officers only, but of treasurers, clerks, and a whole array of civilian officials. The results were anything but satisfactory. At considerable expense and much inconvenience to individuals, a force was enrolled which met four times in every year for drill in troops or companies, and once a-year for drill in regiments; but which, being kept out only two days at company drill and four days at regimental drill, never arrived, nor could be expected to arrive, at a state of even moderate efficiency. And all the cost of such gatherings, including the ammunition brought by each individual soldier, fell upon the aggregate property of the city or county which furnished the array.

In this state the militia continued from the reign of Charles II. to that of George II., when a fresh Act of Parliament placed the "constitutional force of the coun-

try," as it was called, on a new footing. It was no longer left to the Lord-Lieutenants to assess individuals according to their property; but a specific amount of force being determined upon for the whole kingdom, the same was apportioned according to population among the several counties comprising it. By this Act, 30 George II. (1757), 80,740 men, all of them infantry, were levied upon England and Wales. The requirements from different counties varied very much, descending from 1600 men to 80 men respectively. Middlesex, exclusive of the Tower Hamlets, and Devonshire, furnished each the former amount; Anglesea, Caermarthen, and Monmouth, the latter. The others ranged between 1200, which was the contingent laid upon Lincoln, through 950, 800, 600, and 400, to the 120 in which Radnor was assessed.

The new arrangement effected no essential change in the principle on which the militia had previously been officered. Property qualifications were still required in the various ranks, just as Deputy-Lieutenants could be chosen only from among the owners of estates of a certain specified value. And the host of officials, not military, whom the enrolment of the men called into play, was multiplied. But the grand results were a decided improvement on those which they superseded. The enrolments were more rigidly enforced, and conducted with greater regularity. It was no longer left to this landowner or that, or to a group of owners of land or houses, as the case might be, to provide a man, mounted or dismounted, with the arms and ammunition prescribed by law, and to pay and subsist him when out for his periodical training. Counties and counties of cities were henceforth dealt with, in the order of their immemorial distribution, by hundreds, rapes, and parishes. A general meeting of the Lord-Lieutenant and De-

puty-Lieutenants told off the county into sub-divisions, over each of which a quorum of functionaries presided; and to that Court of Lieutenancy the constables and parish officers within the subdivision were required to deliver personally, on a fixed day, a list of men liable to serve in the militia, and not by any physical or mental ailment disqualified. All men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, resident within the several rapes, hundreds, parishes, were included in such lists. Of these, however, certain classes were allowed to claim exemption, and, on proper proof afforded, their names were struck off the roll. Such were peers of the realm; officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the regular army; officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates serving in the king's castles or forts; officers who had served four years, or were then serving in the militia; members of the two universities; clergymen, and dissenting ministers being licensed, constables and other peace-officers, articulated clerks, apprentices, poor men having three children born in wedlock, workmen mustered in royal dockyards, freemen of the Company of Thames Watermen, and seamen and seafaring men. These latter, as we need scarcely stop to observe, were all liable, when war broke out, to be impressed into the naval service of the country. The rest were held exempt by privilege or considerations of moral right.

The whole manhood of England being thus rendered available for the defence of the realm, it rested with the Legislature to determine from time to time the exact amount of the contingent which each county should furnish, with a view to keep the militia numerically effective. In like manner the Courts of Lieutenancy allotted to the several hundreds, rapes, and parishes, their respective quotas; and each of these was in its turn permitted to

evade the operation of the ballot by sending in the names of volunteers, if any such could be found. The process was this: The churchwardens were authorised at vestry meeting to look out for able-bodied men of the requisite age, measuring not less than five feet four inches in height, and otherwise fit for military duty. If these professed themselves willing to become militiamen, and the Court of Lieutenancy agreed to accept them, each received a bounty, the necessary sum being raised by parish rate. It is scarcely necessary to add that volunteers for the militia thus obtained were not usually the steadiest or most industrious members of the society to which they belonged.

Many other details entered into this legislation, which the space at our command will not permit us to notice; but it is important to observe, that any one drawn by ballot, the militia not being embodied, could refuse to serve, and was for three years exempt from service, on the payment of ten pounds; that the drawn man providing a substitute was free till his regular turn came round again, though his substitute was not; and that, when the militia regiment came to be embodied for permanent duty, the churchwardens were required to pay out of the parish rate a sum of money not exceeding £5 to each poor man thus called away from his ordinary occupations. Thus the machine, though complete in a certain way, was complicated in its operation, and the costs of keeping it in gear were very heavy, for the expenses of Lieutenancy Courts, of working the ballot, of journeys to and fro by constables and other public officers, and of advertising, all fell upon the county rates; and the poor-rates were enormously swelled, both by the bounties wherewith men were tempted to volunteer, and by the bonuses paid to the enrolled militiamen, when war or the threat of war induced

the Government to place the force under arms.

The penalty imposed upon a militiaman if he failed to appear when the regiment came to be embodied, was a fine of £40 or imprisonment for a year. When embodied the militia became subject to the Mutiny Act, and were brigaded and did duty in England with the regular troops; while the families of the men so serving were maintained by their respective parishes, for which reimbursement was eventually made out of the county rates.

It is not worth while to describe one by one the modifications which were from time to time introduced into this order of things. They were not such as to affect the principle on which the force rested. They were more palliatives. For example, the law of 1786, without touching the ballot, allowed whole companies of volunteers to be added to the conscribed battalions. The Act of 1796 increased the force still further by calling out a supplemental militia, and sanctioned volunteering into the line to the extent of 10,000 men. Even the Act of 1802, which consolidated all that had preceded it, introduced no new principle into the constitution of the force. The machinery for raising it was not changed. The expense attending its enrolment and service was not lessened. The patronage secured to Lord-Lieutenants and Deputy-Lieutenants was not interfered with; and treasurers, and commissioners, and clerks, continued as they had done before to derive handsome emoluments from the necessities of the State. At last, however, in 1811, and again in 1813, two laws were passed which immensely increased the efficiency of the force by establishing an unrestricted interchange of service between the militias of Great Britain and of Ireland. Up to that date the British militia was not called upon to cross the sea to Ireland, nor the Irish to England or

Scotland; and at the time of the Irish Rebellion, corps called Fencibles were embodied to do the work to which the British militia was not set. But subsequently to 1813 the United Kingdom afforded a common field of duty to the militia of the whole empire; and Sussex and Kent were, in consequence, often filled with Irish, while English and Scotch regiments garrisoned Dublin and Cork. We may observe in summing up this outline of what once was, that the term of training established by the Act of George II. remained, and still remains, in use, with this slight change, that it is no longer optional with Lord-Lieutenants, as it formerly was, to call out the militia twice in one year, if convenient to himself. All trainings are now annual, and everywhere the same, extending for old soldiers to twenty-one days, for recruits to twenty-eight days, one week being thus spent by the latter in preliminary drill, in order to fit them for their places in the ranks when the regiment assembles.

The last of all the modifications introduced into our militia system took place in 1852, when the right of enrolling men by ballot virtually came to an end. The constitutional law still affirms, indeed, that in case of invasion or rebellion every man capable of bearing arms is bound to take them up; and the special Act of Parliament of which we are now speaking merely determines the amount of force which, under ordinary circumstances, shall be raised for militia, as well throughout the United Kingdom as in each particular county. But partly with a view to avoid the expense, partly to escape from the delays and complications which attended the old system, voluntary enlistment is substituted for the ballot, and the cumbrous machinery of Courts of Lieutenancy and the inferior courts dependent on them, is put, so to speak, in abeyance. In like man-

ner the dignity and patronage of the Lord-Lieutenant are both guarded. He is still the head of his county. He still appoints clerks, treasurers and such like. He still recommends for commissions in the militia, with this slight change in the order of appointment, that whereas in the reign of George III. the Crown could only object to the Lieutenant's nominations, the Lieutenant's nominations are not now of value till the Crown shall have confirmed them. And finally, as has elsewhere been stated, the ballot continues to lie in the background of the whole; so that in the event of any county failing otherwise to contribute the quota required to complete its militia force, the Lord-Lieutenant of that county has still the power of ordering Courts of Lieutenancy to sit, and the ponderous and costly process to be resumed, which was little relished fifty years ago, and would in these days be held to be intolerable.

The old militia force was embodied in 1816. Many of the regiments had, indeed, been sent to their homes at the peace of 1814, but in 1815, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, they were called out again, and remained with their colours till 1816. From that date up to 1852 the very existence of the militia appears to have been wellnigh forgotten. Only on four separate occasions—namely, in 1820, 1821, 1828, and 1830—were any portions of it called out for training, after which it expired, the men having universally served their time, and no fresh enrolments being effected. The consequence was, that for twenty years and more, this country had no military force to depend upon except its regular army; and of the state of pitiable inefficiency into which the regular army had been permitted to fall between 1830 and 1853, it would be as unnecessary as invidious to speak now. Enough is done when we state that an English cavalry regiment, not on the Indian establish-

ment, could muster on parade only 240 mounted men—that our infantry, comprising ninety-four regiments, showed an average available strength of 600 men per battalion—and that the artillery, reduced to 4000 or 5000 in all, had neither horses nor waggons enough to turn out more than twenty field-guns at the most, had a sudden call been made upon their energies. No wonder that the great Duke of Wellington, after the three glorious days of July, spoke and wrote day by day of the risks which the country ran. His demand was modest in comparison with what must now be made. He asked for an addition of only 20,000 men to the regular army, and for 150,000 well-trained militia; but he asked in vain. Successive governments persisted in believing that with the evils of war England would never be visited again; or else that there was something so peculiar in the genius of her people that without any previous arrangements, without training or military preparations, she would be quite able to engage in hostilities, and to come out of them without disaster.

From this dream of security the French Revolution of 1848 in part awakened us. We opened our eyes, so to speak, turned round in our beds, and tried to sleep again. But the Orsini plot came, and with it the anger of French colonels, and by-and-by the consciousness that, in order to carry their threats into effect, nothing more than a nod of the Emperor's head was necessary. Even John Bull's self-confidence was shaken by these things, and the necessity of doing something in the way of defensive armament pressed itself on general attention. The Militia Act of 1852 was in consequence passed; and in little more than a year, the wisdom of the proceeding became self-evident, for we were then in all the perplexities of the Crimean War.

Two obvious objections lie to our militia system, as recent enactments have established it. The

first bears upon the number of men which the Legislature has placed at the disposal of the Government; the second has reference to the mode by which the force is enrolled and recruited. A militia consisting of only 80,000 men, even though capable of expansion, in case of war, to 120,000, is altogether inadequate to the wants, and out of proportion to the capabilities, of this country. France keeps on foot in time of peace upwards of half-a-million of regular troops, which she can raise to 800,000 at a few days' notice; and if any of the schemes lately proposed for reorganising the army be carried into effect, her available force will amount to upwards of a million. Yet of young men between the age of twenty and thirty, the latest census shows that she can produce no more than 2,958,401. The standing army of Great Britain, on the other hand, inclusive of the garrisons of India, and of all the colonies, does not exceed 200,000 men; to which, if we add the full force of the militia, we obtain a total of 320,000 men under arms. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance, that the men in Great Britain and Ireland whose ages range between twenty and thirty years, come very little short of the corresponding class of population in France. France can produce, as we have just said, 2,958,401; Great Britain and Ireland can turn out between them 2,331,864. On the other hand, it is a well-ascertained fact, for the results of the conscriptions prove it, that a far greater proportion of men between twenty and thirty years of age are physically unfit for military service in France than in England. Observe the difference between the two countries in regard to the uses to which they apply their physical strength. England, encumbered with her Eastern and colonial empire, could not bring together, for any purpose of sustained war, more than 150,000 able-bodied

men out of wellnigh two millions and a half. France can place in the field at a moment's notice 800,000 at least, out of less than 3,000,000. And England's 150,000 cost, in money, very nearly as much as France expends upon her 300,000.

A case like this needs only to be stated in order to secure its immediate condemnation. The militia of the three kingdoms ought to consist of half a million; but forasmuch as we neither are, nor, let us hope, are ever likely to become, a military nation, in the well-understood sense of that term, the requirements of the country will be sufficiently provided for if the peace establishment of the militia be fixed at 300,000 of all ranks. Neither is it necessary that the whole of this large force should be simultaneously armed, clothed, and called out for training. On the contrary, it may safely be divided into three orders or *bahns*, each of which should take it in turn to assemble for annual drill, while the other two are mustered at the homes of the men, in order to prevent the possibility of tricks being played, and the same men appearing year after year on the regimental parade-ground. And here we would suggest one or two important changes in the mode of organising and training the dormant militia. The expense will be very much diminished, the efficiency of the force will not be injuriously affected, if to the militia of Great Britain and Ireland be given an organisation similar to that which we have recommended for the European army of India. Let every battalion consist of 1200 men, and every company of 200. Add as much as may be necessary to the numbers of non-commissioned officers; but of commissioned officers, one lieutenant-colonel, one major, six captains, and twelve subalterns, with the usual regimental staff, are all that can be needed. A battalion thus formed will cost the country about as much as a battalion of 1000 men officered on the existing system,

and considerably less than one of 800.

Again, instead of keeping each battalion out, as is now done, for twenty-eight days, we should advise that in no case the term of training should fall short of two months. You cannot, it is true, make a perfect infantry soldier in this time, but you may go a good way towards it; whereas twenty-eight days' drill brings your men exactly to that state when all that they may have learned passes out of their heads before they have been six months at home, and is but very partially recovered when the day arrives, after their second training, to send them home again. Besides, the plan now proposed does not look to an annual training for the same men. If you make the militiaman's term of service extend to six instead of five years, each individual of the force, whether he belong to the first, the second, or the third *bahn*, will be twice called out for training; so that before he falls back into the order of civil life, from which only invasion, or the threat of invasion, can bring him forth again, he will have pretty well mastered the soldier's craft, and be fit at once to take his place in the ranks.

. Looking next to the machinery which different Acts of Parliament have created for raising and keeping up the militia force of this country, we see so much in it to object to on the score both of clumsiness and expense, that we can feel no surprise at the attempt which the Legislature has recently made to get rid of it, so to speak, by a side-wind. Indeed the substitution of voluntary enlistment for compulsory service is precisely such a line of action as might be expected from a government which despairs of tinkering a system rotten to the core, yet shrinks from the responsibility of abolishing it. If Lord-Lieutenants are to be continued in counties, with all the power and patronage which the old militia law confers upon them, there is nothing for it except to

turn their flanks by seeking our men for the militia, as we seek them for the line, by voluntary enlistment. But can this go on? We think not. The country must have an efficient militia; the country cannot get by voluntary enlistment both an efficient militia and an efficient regular army; and assuming that we have not yet arrived at a point where the word "conscription" may be used in connection with the regular army, there seems to be only one alternative open to us—viz., by some better process, and under new conditions, to render service in the militia compulsory. In plain language, the first enrolment and subsequent recruiting of the militia must be conducted on a plan which shall at once economise time and money to the public, and operate upon individuals less oppressively than they have heretofore done.

And first with respect to time. Under the old law, 30 George II., which is still, be it remembered, substantially in force, a militia regiment cannot, under any circumstances, be raised, nor the vacancies in its ranks filled up, by ballot, under an interval of three months. Not fewer than thirteen separate meetings of Lieutenancy, each divided by a week from that which went before it, are necessary to carry into effect the order of embodiment; and every year, or as often as recruits are needed, a like delay must take place. This is waste of time with a vengeance. And next, in the matter of expense, observe what these multitudinous meetings involve. They are all attended by clerks of lieutenancy, one in each subdivision. These clerks, being attorneys, are paid for their services five guineas a-day; and as no business can be transacted under a three days' sitting, and most of it requires five days, the expense thereby thrown upon the county is very great. For example, if there are ten subdivisions in the county, and ten attorneys take part in their meet-

ings, each attorney pockets his fifty guineas, over and above the fifteen or twenty guineas that go to the clerk of the Lord-Lieutenant's Court; while overseers and constables, and a whole army of officials besides, gather in, some of them ten shillings daily, and others a great deal more. It must be a small county which, so beset, gets off from a militia ballot under £1200 or £1400; and in large counties the process will cost from £1500 to £2000. But the pay to attorneys, overseers, constables, and so forth, severe as it is, by no means completes the drain to which the county is subjected. Appeals from the ballot are frequent; and they involve both the appellant and the county in expense. The preparation of schedules, of forms, of balloting-papers, of advertisements, is not done for nothing, and what is the result? That, at the end of three months—a space of time sufficient in these days to begin a war and conquer a peace—a rabble is brought together which no officer, with any experience of what undisciplined men are worth, would carry, if he could help it, within sound of an enemy's cannon.

Our ancestors, no doubt, had reasons of their own for inventing and maintaining a measure so complicated as this. The stately feudal system was still fresh in their recollection, and they did their best to render the new as little dissimilar as might be to the old. But time and events have changed our ideas on that as on other heads. We live in an age of railways, of steam navigation, of the electric telegraph. What we do now we do quickly; what we know or desire to know we learn rapidly. Courts of Lieutenancy are too grand and deliberate for us. We cannot wait for the periodical making up of lists just as it may be necessary to use them. Our parochial distribution itself, so far as the relief of the poor is concerned, has been swallowed up in the unions; and a well-

managed census informs us, at the end of every decade, what the population of the country is, and how diversified in point both of age and sex. Again, the Home Secretary—the proper head of our lieutenancy and of the unpaid magistracy of the country—has made over his charge of the militia to her Majesty's Secretary of State for War; thus, in a great measure, altering the nature of what used to be considered the constitutional force of the country. Now this, as it appears to us, not only suggests the propriety of a radical change in the constitution of the militia itself, but points to the mode in which such change can most advantageously be brought about. Arrangements which required three months to complete them a century ago, may now be completed in as many weeks. There is no need for ten or twelve special courts to bring about, at great expense, what poor-law unions might do for nothing. And as to mustering, exercising, and swearing-in men, have we not staff-officers of pensioners, as well as the permanent staff of the militia, in every county, with a doctor in every parish, and a magistrate able and willing to co-operate with him? Let us see what the application of all this strength to one end may be expected to bring about.

The Order of Council is issued for enrolling the militia. It reaches simultaneously the lord-lieutenant of the county and the general in command of the district within which the county is situated. The former communicates at once with the magistrates and the chairmen of boards of guardians within his county. The latter directs as many officers as the occasion may require, employing first the staff of the militia itself, next the staff-officers of pensioners, and supplementing the whole with officers of the line, to repair to certain specified towns, or other centres of union, and there discharge certain duties which are assigned to them. Mean-

while the boards of guardians, with copies of the latest census before them, the same having been supplied from the War Office, instruct the relieving officers to throw into the ballot-box the names of all the men between the ages of twenty and thirty resident within the union. Out of this box the chairman, in open court, draws as many papers as are necessary to complete the full quota at which the union is assessed. Observe that from the list of eligible recruits the names only of peers, and of ministers of religion, are to be omitted. All the rest, high and low, rich and poor, whether they be labourers or employers of labour, lawyers, doctors, merchants, or squires, must equally take their chance of the ballot. For a rational militia law will make it an essential condition of citizenship that every man, not physically disqualified, shall, within certain limits as to age, qualify himself for defending his country if it be invaded.

If three hundred thousand names be thus shaken together, the chairmen of unions will proceed, each in his own district, and all simultaneously, to a second and a third drawing. The purpose of these supplemental drawings is to determine which of the youth of the county shall be enrolled in the first, which in the second, and which in the third batch or order of militia. The persons chosen for the first batch being rated in Class I., shall without delay be medically examined. Such examination need not be very strict; because you do not require in a militiaman that perfect symmetry of form which is necessary for a soldier of the line; but it must be sufficient to show that the recruit is sound in wind and limb. Then will follow, all in a single day, or at the most in two days, the attestation and enrolment of every man passed by the parish doctor. And now the officers appointed to take charge of the levy will do their part. The

staff officer of pensioners will provide for the men's pay and subsistence. He or his colleague of the line will form them into squads; and in squads they will be marched to the headquarters of the regiment, where their own officers will take them in charge.

At this stage in the operation—or earlier if preferred—arrangements may be made for facilitating exchanges of duty among the drawn men, and the providing of substitutes by such of them as are disinclined to serve in the ranks at all. For example, John Smith finds it inconvenient, from some cause or another, to be trained this year. William Brown is indifferent on that subject. They are both drawn: they are willing to exchange—to the exchange there can be no objection. Or John Smith is in easy circumstances, or his business requires his presence, or he is going to marry. He can afford to hire a substitute, and the substitute, not having been drawn at all, is, if he be medically fit, accepted. Nor will the substitute thereby escape his own term of service if, by some extraordinary luck, his name should come up at the next ballot. As to John Smith himself he is safe; for, limiting the military age to thirty, and considering the vast number of men under that age from which to choose, it is morally impossible that any one of them can be drawn twice in a lifetime.

It is a wise arrangement which confines this liability to compulsory service between the ages of twenty and thirty. At twenty most men have finished their education, without as yet having had time to engage in a trade or profession. Under thirty, marriages, if not more rare, are less fruitful of children than over that age. And, after all, the interruption of two months, twice in six years, cannot seriously interfere with the business of any class of persons. But this is not all. By calling out the militia for training in batches or batches, you

obviate the necessity of throwing on any one year the expenditure both of money and remunerative industry which is spread over three. And if this be done, as we have ventured to suggest—if the militia be drilled in strong battalions of six companies each—the outlay on the drill of 800,000 men will scarcely, at the termination of the six years, exceed, if indeed it amount to, the sum actually expended on the imperfect annual drill of less than 80,000 men.

It is no doubt desirable, for many reasons, to keep militia regiments as much as possible connected with special counties and cities. The efficiency of the force must not, however, be sacrificed to considerations of this sort. There are, especially in Scotland and Wales, many counties so sparsely peopled as to preclude the possibility of raising within their limits their own separate regiments. These must be grouped one with another; for the country cannot be burdened, on grounds purely sentimental, with battalions—skeletons so far as the men are concerned, yet officered to the full. And here we should recommend that, wherever practicable, the command of militia battalions be conferred upon gentlemen who have served in the regular army. Beyond this, however, no deviation from the established mode of officering the militia is necessary, nor is it probable that there will occur hereafter the same difficulty in procuring subalterns, or even captains, which has for some time back been experienced. As soon as men of all ranks of society find themselves equally open to the ballot, many who now hesitate about accepting lieutenancies and ensigncies in the militia will get over their scruples. It is as well to serve, if serve we must, in the grade of an officer as in the ranks; and seeing that there is no further exemption except to yeomen or the members of volunteer corps; a commission in the militia will be-

come again what it was a hundred years ago, an object of ambition to numbers who now affect to hold it in contempt.

We make no apology for having devoted so much space to a consideration of what the militia is, and what it is capable of being made. On that particular organisation our entire military system may be said to rest; and unless we adopt means to render it both manageable and popular, we shall only beat the air when striving to create an effective regular army. We shall have yet a word or two more to say about it when we come to discuss the question of all questions—how best to create an army of reserve. For the present, however, we pass on to the armed pensioners, concerning whom, and their value in the hour of need, there cannot, we imagine, be two opinions. Regimented and distributed into companies, as they now are, they are quite useless. People ignorant of such matters speak of them either as coming in at the end of a hard day, like Napoleon's Guard at Ansterlitz, or as peculiarly well adapted to garrison fortified places, such as Dover, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. But to garrison aright the works at Dover, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, you must fill them, not with invalids, but with young, active, vigorous soldiers—soldiers capable of long and rapid marches, such as shall bring them on the enemy's communications, enable them to inflict a severe blow, and escape back again to the cover of their lines before they can be punished for their daring. And as to what the old gentlemen might do if they could be brought into action at the close of a hard day, the real question is how we are to get them to their ground at all. They cannot march, even at their own slow pace, more than eight or ten miles in a day. A thousand Zouaves would run round three thousand of them and destroy them before they could get into line of battle. The idea of

enrolling them originated, we believe, with the late Sir Alexander Tulloch, an able man in his own way, but, as a soldier, quite destitute of experience. Sir Alexander is dead, and the sooner his army passes away into oblivion, the better for both the credit and the finances of the country. Still a good many of the men composing this force may be turned to account. The militia must be recruited in its non-commissioned officers; and from among the most active and intelligent of the pensioners, a fair proportion might be picked out, still capable of drilling recruits, and teaching them how to clean their accoutrements. But as to counting upon the corps as part of our defensive force, that is out of the question. Neither, as it appears to us, are men of this class fit agents to be employed in the business of recruiting. In the first place, a large majority of them are of drunken habits. Drunkenness was even more the vice of the army and of the country when they were young than it is now; and habits of intemperance acquired in early life are not easily broken through when men grow old. In the next place, the appearance and manners of the pensioners are against them. The young take to the young as companions; they come to the aged only when they want advice, or are out of spirits, or out of health, or both; and men seldom enlist or think of enlisting when so circumstanced. Perhaps, too, the pensioners might be made useful in guarding, or helping to guard, that great central arsenal of which this country stands in need, and which, sooner or later, the Government must establish, where it shall be safe from at least the sudden dash of an enterprising enemy. But till this arsenal is constructed, and the intrenched camp which is to cover it made fit

for occupation, the sooner the pensioners are allowed to go home, and enjoy their well-earned annuities in peace, the better. We therefore dismiss them entirely from our thoughts, while we go on to discuss the state and prospects of the regular army, and to offer such suggestions in regard to it as are the results, not of a day's or of a month's, but of long and earnest consideration.

We have indicated elsewhere the step which ought, in our judgment, to be taken preliminary to all others, if the project be seriously entertained of so manipulating the military resources of this country as to render them, without any addition to the present military expenditure, capable of meeting a great emergency when it shall arise. You cannot, subject as the army is now to service both in India and the colonies, keep men to their colours for a shorter period than ten or twelve years. Even this arrangement greatly enhances the cost of the regular army for twelve years will run out; and almost always when men find themselves entitled at some foreign station to their discharge they claim it, in order that they may see their relatives again, and be carried to their homes at the public expense. They may, to be sure, be bribed, by the offer of a considerable bounty, to take on again; but in this case the revenue suffers, and, failing the expedient, the country loses at one and the same time the price* of the man's going home, and the services of a trained soldier. Adopt the course which we have ventured to suggest, however, and this difficulty is got rid of. India, providing its own army on the plan suggested in our last number, enlists her own men for life, pays them while they serve out of her own revenues, and pensions such as live to claim a pension. She can well afford, also, to supply

* What the pecuniary sacrifice is has been shown in the table appended to page 262.

Ceylon, Mauritius, and whatever of China we may think fit to hold. The colonies, in like manner, will provide for their own defence against the incursions of savage tribes, either by a well-organised militia, or by raising and keeping up each its own little army of regular troops. Now, observe the relief which this latter arrangement will afford to the present drain upon the youth of Great Britain and Ireland. In round numbers, we have scattered through our transmarine possessions, India not included, a force of 50,000 men. From 15,000 to 20,000 of these hold Malta, Gibraltar, Bermuda, and the West India Islands; and probably the deduction which it would be possible to make from that force is not great. But say that we could dispense with 80,000 men,—is not that a point well worth considering? And if we further take into account the losses sustained, both physically and pecuniarily, in carrying on the more distant reliefs, shall we claim too much if we assert that 85,000 at least might, by the proposed arrangement, be dispensed with? But that is not all. The re-establishment of a separate army for India, and the withdrawal of our garrisons from North America, the Cape, the Australasian settlements, Mauritius, and Ceylon, will enable us to keep on foot a permanent garrison for Great Britain and Ireland, stronger in point of numbers, yet considerably less expensive than the existing system renders indispensable. We believe that our figures are tolerably correct when we say that the army in Great Britain and Ireland amounts at this moment, on paper, to about 80,000 men. A good many of these are old soldiers waiting to be discharged; a good many more are recruits, unfit to take their places in the ranks. But the nominal force is as we have stated, and it is kept up, or supposed to be

kept up, at this strength, in order that reliefs may be ready at the appointed seasons, and some thousands of able-bodied men be periodically shut up and rendered useless for more or less of time on board of ship. Now if we cut off the demand, the supply will not be needed. You may, therefore, without any detriment to the public service, allow the home army to dwindle down till it shall reach the level which is adequate, and not more than adequate, to provide for the internal peace of the country, and to feed the few out-stations still claiming to have their garrisons relieved. Take 85,000 from 50,000, and there remain only 15,000 men, whom it will become our duty to replace at intervals in their foreign posts. And forasmuch as the posts virtually abandoned are all far away, and those retained lie within a few days' sail of England, the saving, in point both of time and military strength, will be enormous.

Assuming these calculations to be correct, and bearing in mind that of the Indian army 15,000 will be permanently quartered in England,* it appears to us that a regular force of 65,000, or at the most 70,000, general-service men, would amply suffice in time of peace to garrison Great Britain and Ireland. The outward drain to which this garrison will be subjected becomes light when you restrict your foreign occupations to Malta, Gibraltar, Bermuda, and perhaps the West Indies. The duties thrown upon it at home may likewise be made even lighter than they now are. And above all, it seems to us that one half at least of the present outlay may be saved by keeping the troops either permanently, or at all events through much more protracted intervals, stationary in the same quarters. All these results, are of course, contingent on the right adjustment of

* See "The Army," in last month's number, where this point is discussed.

another point still to be noticed. Let us explain ourselves.

The recall of the troops from the colonies will give us, in Great Britain and Ireland, about 120,000 men. But it has been settled that not more than 70,000 at the most are in time of peace required for home and foreign service. What are we to do with the 50,000 supernumeraries? Turn them adrift? Certainly not; but from among the whole 120,000, weed out all who have served more than five years and send them to their homes—soldiers still, though soldiers upon *congé*. They are yours, remember, for whatever space may still intervene between the date of their enlistment and the completion of their term of service; and you must keep them yours, first by a retaining fee, say of sixpence a-day, or half-pay, and next by periodical musterings—not for drill, because of drill they have had enough, but for purposes of inspection, and in order to make sure that they still live, and are forthcoming when needed. Here you have at once an army of reserve. These men on leave are as much soldiers as the men actually serving. The first rumour of war brings them back to their colours; and you will have ready for any emergency, whether of defence or offence, 50,000 veteran troops.

The plan thus proposed for adoption immediately on the assumed return of the colonial garrisons to England, should enter into all future arrangements for recruiting the army. It would be well, perhaps, to equalise the period of nominal service in the various branches of the army; and, looking to what is to follow, it may be better to raise that for the infantry to twelve years than to bring down that for the cavalry, artillery, and engineers to ten. But in every instance five years with their colours will make the men good troops, and five or even seven devoted to the pursuits of civil industry will not undo the work

which five years' careful training had achieved. There was a time when language such as this would have been scouted as the ravings of a madman. Enlistment for life was then the order of the day; and a constant reiteration of drillings and pipe-clay, and the furbishing up of bright barrels, and the same manœuvres performed over and over again—these were thought necessary to convey to the soldier that knowledge of his profession which he might be expected to store up after some sixteen or eighteen years' practice, but not sooner. Now we know better. A young soldier is interested by his work, if it be kindly yet firmly pressed upon him. He enjoys a division or a brigade or a regimental field-day, when he feels himself capable of going gracefully through it. But all these things are an abomination to the old soldier, who, having nothing to learn, either sulks or executes mechanically movements which worry, without either interesting or instructing him. So also in the matter of ability to stand the wear and tear of a campaign. For this a man is never so fit, considering the fatigue and privations which are involved in it, as between the ages of 22 and 30. Under 22 he may be active enough, but his muscles have scarcely attained their full vigour. Over 30 he is strong, but the elasticity of youth is passing from him. And in regard to coolness under fire, and that dogged obstinacy which neither pain nor hunger nor thirst can subdue, that is the growth rather of experience in war than of years. A man of 24, who has been two years before an enemy, is more to be trusted than one of 30, who sees the enemy for the first or even for the second time.

The men admitted to long-furlough should have their names still retained upon the books of their respective regiments. Each will thus be ready, when called upon, to fall in beside his comrades of other

days; and the place which he vacates temporarily should at once be filled up by a recruit. Thus, from year to year, while your standing army is kept at a fixed establishment, your army of reserve will go on increasing till it reach the limits beyond which it may not be proposed to carry it. What these limits are to be, it is for her Majesty's Government to determine; but a hint dropped, as it were, for their consideration, may not be without value. The expense of keeping 100,000 available men in the manner here proposed, will amount to considerably less than the maintenance of 50,000 under their colours; for, while the latter are clothed, housed, and partially fed and otherwise attended to, the former receive nothing except each man his retaining fee; and if this be fixed at sixpence a-day, the outlay in money alone will come short, by a penny, of half that the active soldier receives under the head of daily pay.

While thus relieving the estimates in one direction, it will be necessary to increase them slightly in another, by raising the pay of the non-commissioned officers, and rendering it worth the while of that most useful body of men to adopt the army as a profession. It appears to us that this will be best done by fixing intervals of good service, at the termination of each of which an addition shall be made to the non-commissioned officers' wages. Thus a soldier promoted to the rank of sergeant receives 2s. 4d. in cavalry, 2s. 2d. in the guards, 2s. in the infantry, and so on. At the end of three years' good service as sergeant, these several sums should be increased, say by threepence a-day, and the process should go on till the pay is doubled, if it be thought desirable to keep the recipient long enough with his colours to cause this increase. And when years or infirmities render it necessary for him to retire, care should be taken to find him, either in the civil

or military service of the State, honourable occupation. These are the men from among whom to supply the militia with competent quartermasters, and even adjutants. They will make excellent instructors for the yeomanry and the volunteers; and better candidates for copy-clerkships in our public offices could nowhere be found.

We come now to the distribution of the home army, which must, of course, be in all its parts complete. Probably the aggregate proportions already fixed, between the artillery and engineers on the one side, and cavalry and infantry on the other, are pretty much what they ought to be. At all events, it is most desirable that the scientific corps, as they are called, should be kept at their full strength. For in places like Malta, Gibraltar, and Bermuda, the garrisons ought to be strong in gunners and engineers; and the training of soldiers of these arms is a more complicated affair than the training of a dragoon or a foot-soldier. But in other respects change may be introduced for the better. The artillery and engineers constitute already two strong regiments. Their organization is by batteries and companies, the battery comprising, when complete, from 150 to 280 men, the company never less than 100, which becomes in time of war 120. There is no objection to this. The duties of engineers are so multifarious, and the trust necessarily reposed in each man as well as officer is often so great, that in their case a formal distribution into bodies comparatively weak is little objectionable. It is not so with either infantry or cavalry. A company of infantry liable to serve against a corresponding body, should in no instance fall short on the peace establishment of 100 men, and in the event of war it should be raised to 150. A battalion of infantry, whether in peace or war, should not exceed eight companies. In like manner, a troop

of cavalry should, on the peace establishment, turn out 80 mounted men, and be increased in the event of war to 120. This would give to each regiment six troops, or three squadrons, the effective strength of which would be in peace 480 mounted men, in time of war 720.

Putting the strength of the effective artillery at 15,000 men, and of the engineers at 5000, there will be left for distribution between the infantry and cavalry exactly 50,000 men. Say that 8000 of these are cavalry, and that each cavalry regiment shall, on a peace establishment, number 500 men, mounted and dismounted, we have thus the materials ready for exactly sixteen regiments of horse. The number of cavalry regiments at this time reported in the Army List is exactly 28, exclusive of the brigade of household cavalry. Now with this latter force we have no wish to interfere. It may be said to belong specially to the court—to be the Queen's body-guard; and for keeping up a body-guard, which is capable of rendering excellent service in the field, no loyal subject would grudge the necessary outlay. But in cutting down our regiments of cavalry of the line to 16, we shall effect an enormous saving. Again, the 42,000 left, divided into battalions of 800 men each, will give us exactly 54 regiments of the line. Add to them, as we add to the cavalry, the household troops, and even then the saving will be enormous. Our present establishment comprehends, West Indian and colonial corps included, a list of not fewer than 118 regiments of infantry. Some of these, such as the Rifle Brigade and the 60th, number three battalions each; and all, as far as the 25th of the line, are formed into two battalions. Cut these down to 54, and you will have officers more than enough to provide for all your army of reserve, and for some portion of the militia where-with we propose to supplement it.

Far be it from us to make light of the sacrifices which, in order to complete this arrangement, must be made, not alone of patronage in high places, but in the enjoyment of present comforts, and in the prospect of future advancement to deserving men, over whom it will cast a blight. Let us not, however, overestimate the extent of this drawback. The Indian army must be officered as well as manned. The latter process will not, we are inclined to believe, prove either a tedious or a difficult one. Offer the troops now serving in India a small bounty, and out of the Indian revenue make a moderate addition to their pay, and we take it upon us to predict that, with very few exceptions, they will all volunteer for life. A similar process will soon give you as many officers as these 60,000 men require to command them. The reduction to half-pay will therefore fall mainly upon those for whom the reduced home establishment could not provide, and even of these not a few may be partially compensated. The army of reserve will require a certain number of officers to pay and periodically to muster it. To that duty the displaced officers of the line may be turned, and a generous country will not complain if, at the outset at all events, the staff so scattered about in towns and villages be numerous. Each successive year will fine it down, till in the end it becomes like the corps of officers attached to the Landwehr in Prussia, a national institution, not more expensive than it is valuable.

Again, the military establishments in the colonies, whether these take the form of militia or of small standing armies, cannot fail to turn for aid to officers trained in the home army, and to benefit from their exertions. Numbers of gentlemen, reduced to half-pay, will thus find openings for their energies in Canada and Australia; and it will be but an act of justice if to such

the mother country continue for their lives the pittance which she affords them when disbanded. By these and other expedients—such as training, or helping to train, the militia and volunteers—all who have served too long to be neither able nor willing to turn their attention to civil affairs, may find the means of ameliorating—if it be impossible entirely to heal over—the wound which a revolution so complete in our military system has inflicted upon them. Nor is this all. A revolution so complete as is here shadowed forth cannot be brought about in a day. You may succeed in cutting off the Indian from the home army almost

as soon as you seriously attempt it. If the men volunteer for Indian service, there will be no lack of officers to go with them. But years may elapse before the colonies shall be prevailed upon to undertake their own military defence; and these years will be best employed by the authorities at home in making gradual provision for what is to follow. For, after all, we must not forget that the army exists for the sake of the country, not the country for the sake of the army. Enough, however, for the present; our readers are not all either statesmen or soldiers, and we must not try them too far at a time.

FERRIER.

"THERE is a slight reaction in his favour," says the cautious physician watching a critical case; and so it may be said of metaphysics, "There is a slight reaction in its favour," but whether the patient will continue to recover health and strength it may be rash to prognosticate. In this interval of favourable reaction, the reading public, or a section of it, will be obliged to the surviving friends of Professor Ferrier, for this publication of his *Philosophical Remains*. Of all our philosophers there is none who has combined close and profound reasoning with so clear and vivid a style; there is none to whose writings we would more willingly receive an accession. These two volumes consist of his lectures on Greek Philosophy, an essay on the Philosophy of Consciousness, published originally in the pages of this Magazine, of several separate lectures and some letters, all throwing light on that philosophical

scheme which he had systematically developed in his well-known work, 'The Institutes of Metaphysics.' The collection is preceded by a slight biographical sketch, which tells, we presume, all there was to tell, and tells it without any clamorous partiality—with due fervour and with due candour. Professor Lushington has, indeed, written this memoir with excellent taste and judgment.

It is difficult to abridge the very brief and succinct account which it gives us of James Frederick Ferrier. He was born in Edinburgh in the year 1808, the son of John Ferrier, W.S. He was the nephew of Professor Wilson; his aunt, Susan Ferrier, was the author of 'The Inheritance,' and some other novels, which had, and still have, a very high reputation. We see him, therefore, growing up under circumstances highly favourable to a cultivation of a taste for letters. After studying at the University of Edinburgh he was trans-

'Lectures on Greek Philosophy, and other Philosophical Remains.' By James Frederick Ferrier, B.A. Oxon., LL.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews. Edited by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D., and E. L. Lushington, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. 2 vols. William Blackwood & Sons.

ferred to the Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1831. Returning to Edinburgh he became a member of the Scottish bar, but whether he ever practised as an advocate we are not told. Philosophy and not jurisprudence had become his favourite pursuit, and we hear of him spending several months at Heidelberg to be nearer to the source of that illumination which was then supposed to be emanating from Germany.

"Mr. Ferrier's earliest public essay"—we cannot do better than continue the brief narrative in the words before us—"in metaphysical science, consists of the papers here republished, which, under the title of 'An Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness,' he contributed to 'Blackwood's Magazine' in 1838 and 1839, 'undertaking,' as Sir William Hamilton said, 'the solution of problems hitherto unattempted in the humbler speculation of this country.' For some years after this he wrote occasional articles in that Magazine, and must have become in the meantime well known to many persons in Edinburgh as one who delighted in exploring questions that task powers of abstraction and subtle thought. In 1842 he was appointed Professor of Civil History in the University, an office at that time neither very laborious nor lucrative, and generally looked upon as likely to be a stepping-stone to some more important professorship. In session 1844-5, during Sir William Hamilton's severe illness, Mr. Ferrier acted as his substitute, and taught the class of logic and metaphysics for some time; his zeal and success in the discharge of this task are warmly acknowledged by Sir William in a testimonial given to Mr. Ferrier when applying for a chair in another university. In 1845, he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in St. Andrews, and held that office till his death."

When we add to this that in the year 1837 he was happily married to a daughter of Professor Wilson, we seem to have completed the record of our philosopher's biography. On the resignation of Professor Wilson he became a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, and

on the death of Sir William Hamilton for that of Logic and Metaphysics, in Edinburgh. On both occasions he failed, and the second of these elections produced some asperity of feeling. In the interval between the two elections (in 1854), Professor Ferrier had published his 'Institutes of Metaphysics,' and it seemed to him that some misapprehension or misinterpretation of the doctrine he had developed in that book had contributed to his failure. In a pamphlet entitled, 'Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New,' he defended himself with some warmth. The editors of these Remains have wisely refrained from reviving animosities forgotten and forgiven; they have suppressed such parts of this pamphlet as were merely personal, and, with these omissions, have reprinted it under the title of 'An Appendix to the Institutes of Metaphysics.'

In this we cannot doubt they have acted wisely and in accordance with what would have been the wishes of the author himself. Professor Ferrier, at a later time, would have frankly acknowledged, that he was more angry at being misinterpreted than a metaphysician—who may think himself happy if half-a-dozen men have given themselves the trouble quite accurately to understand him—ought to have been. And as to the distinction between voluntary and involuntary misunderstandings, who on earth can draw it? We all have our prejudices, our prejudgments. The new book has always to be judged by men educated by its predecessors. Here the new Scotch philosophy had to be judged by the old. We can quite believe that the publication of the 'Institutes,' however much it may have raised the author in the estimation of some of its readers, did not, on the whole, advance his position at the Edinburgh election. And we can believe this without thinking very hardly of the electors, who probably remembered to have received, in their youth, a mental discipline

of a very different kind from that which the 'Institutes' promised.

Few men, even in Scotland, have more thoroughly devoted themselves to the abstract study of metaphysics than Professor Ferrier. An extraordinary perseverance and pertinacity seems to have been characteristic of his intellect. He never wearied of his subject, he could return to it again and again, he held to it, he *worried* it with a terrier-like tenacity. Yet it must not be said of him that he was the metaphysician only; he had a general love of letters, a taste for poetry, and was distinguished in conversation by a flow of humour. Least of all did his abstract studies interfere with the natural current of his affections. He was a man much beloved, a man of cordial greetings, who had friendly relations with those about him. He was not incapable of anger, which we note as a good human quality where it submits to the great moral law of due proportion. He was, in fact, a man of the true Scottish breed—earnest, persevering, very self-reliant, warm-hearted to his friends, with just a leaf of the thistle in his bonnet. But why should we attempt to characterise him, since the brief memoir here before us closes with several graceful and masterly sketches of the man, from those who personally knew him? Principal Tulloch, Professor Sharp, Professors Campbell and Veitch, have each contributed their impressions of their late companion and co-labourer. Principal Tulloch's is a very tender and affectionate memorial; Professor Veitch gives, in a short compass, a very complete and discriminating portrait both of the man and the thinker.

'Lectures on Greek Philosophy' may not, to the generality of readers, prove an attractive title; but the series here published will be found anything but dull or wearisome. They are, on the contrary, remarkable for the novel and vivid interest

they throw over the speculations of a remote epoch. Mr. Ferrier throws too much of modern speculation, and especially of his own thinking, into his review of the ancient sages, to allow us to be cold or uninterested. In explaining the Greek fathers of Philosophy, it is impossible to keep aloof from modern thought, and the attempt to do so would only render the explanation unintelligible. It is better, as Mr. Ferrier himself has remarked, that the reader should have something intelligible put before him, even though it be half modern and half antique, than that he should be bewildered by formal propositions, to which he can attach no meaning whatever. No one has carried out this principle more boldly than our author. The task of critical historian—the task of making statements of opinions, without mingling with them our own convictions, our own approval or disapproval—was once, perhaps, not altogether suited to the earnest nature of Ferrier. He threw himself and his own philosophy into all he wrote. These Lectures are full of the 'Institutes.' In discussing Pythagoras and the Sophists, he is discussing some fundamental maxim of his own. To Socrates he has lent a very compendious view of his doctrine of human knowledge. But then it must be remembered that if there are many philosophers, they all have the same problems before them; and it is often some difference of dialect that disguises their essential similarity. As to Plato, our author revels in a new interpretation of his 'Dialectics,' founded entirely on his own 'Institutes.' All who are familiar with that book must remember the conspicuous part which Plato is made to take in it, and will be prepared to follow with interest the further interpretations here given us of the Platonic ideas. If a reader of the 'Institutes' is tempted to think, at one moment, that Plato has had a predominating influence over the mind of its author,

he will be ready to confess, at another, that the modern Professor of St. Andrews has, in his turn, infused his own speculations into the philosophy of Plato. If Ferrier must be reckoned amongst the disciples of Plato, it is equally certain that Plato has here become a disciple of Ferrier. So much is this the case, that the quotations we were desirous of making from these Lectures had better be postponed till we have revived in our reader's mind the peculiar doctrine of the 'Institutes.'

The 'Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness' is written with all the vigour of youth. He had already plunged into the deepest waters of philosophy; he had something like a contempt for the easier problems which pass under the name of psychology. This sentiment we do not share. It was open to Mr. Ferrier to prefer at once to attack those more recondite problems of mental philosophy to which he limits the name of metaphysics; but why therefore disparage that department of inquiry, which, if it is more humble, is certainly not less useful, and which has received the name of psychology? Those severe questions of an ontological character to which he devoted himself, are, in our opinion, best approached by the method of the psychologist; that is, by an examination, in the first place, of what the senses really contribute, of the earliest relations perceived by us amongst these direct contributions of the senses, and, of the laws of association, treated of generally under the heads of memory and imagination. But even if this method is not approved of, here is a range of topics which cannot be overlooked, and the discussion of which leads to the recognition of many truths of wide and practical application. These analytic investigations not only cultivate the intellect by the extraordinary demand they make on our powers of attention and self-observation, but they lead to a knowledge of the operations of our

mind, of the manner in which convictions are produced, of the often disguised co-operation of thought and passion, and, in fact, furnish us with much subtle information which we may carry with us most profitably into any of the professions or avocations of life. Whether men become lawyers, or preachers, or physicians, they will continue to feel the benefit of having been, first of all, psychologists. This 'Introduction,' however, will be read with especial interest by those who like to watch the progressive development of a writer who has attained to celebrity. But here also we are continually prompted to refer to the exposition of his maturer views. Thus, although sitting down before these 'Remains,' we are compelled to re-open the 'Institutes.' From that central light alone can all the materials here presented to us be correctly estimated or thoroughly understood.

Perhaps of all the papers collected in these two volumes, that which will first of all arrest the reader's attention is a letter to De Quincey, in which the Professor very tersely explains his own peculiar doctrines on human knowledge. We cannot better introduce, or recall, that doctrine to our readers, than by a quotation from this most spirited and agreeable of philosophical epistles:—

"The Theory of *Knowing* and *Being*' (and all metaphysic centres in these two words), which I hope to publish soon, is a system which, like a telescope, shuts up as short, and pulls out as long as one pleases. We shall now shut it up very short, yet even in that state we may perhaps get a glimpse of the heavens through it.

"The speculation is threefold: 1, the theory of *Knowing* (epistemology); 2, the theory of *Ignorance* (agniology); 3, the theory of *Being* (ontology). The theory of *Ignorance* is that which merits most attention, if not on its own account, at any rate on account of its consequences. It seems to me to be an entire *novelty* in philosophy. Here, so far as I can learn, I have absolutely no precursor. Many a time and oft have

philosophers inquired into the nature of knowledge, but *who* has investigated the nature of Ignorance?

"Let us begin with the second part of the system. There are two kinds of ignorance; but only *one* of these is *ignorance* properly so called. There is *first* an ignorance which is incident to some minds as compared with others, but not necessarily incident to *all* minds. Such ignorance is a defect, an imperfection. A Hottentot is ignorant of geometry; a Frenchman knows it. This kind of ignorance is ignorance. But, *secondly*, there is an ignorance or nescience which is of necessity incident to *all* intelligence by its very nature, and which is no defect, or imperfection or limitation, but rather a perfection. For example, it is impossible for any mind to know that two straight lines enclose a space, or to know the *oppositio* of any of the mathematical axioms; shall we say then that we are ignorant of these? That would be absurd. No man can be ignorant that two and two make *five*; for this is a thing *not* to be known on any terms, or by any mind. This fixes the law of ignorance, which is that 'we can be ignorant only of what can (possibly) be known,' or in barbarous locution, *the knowable alone is the ignorable*.

"What then is the knowable alone, the *only possible knowable*? Because if we can fix this we shall also fix the only ignorable, or that alone which we can be ignorant of. The Epistemology answers this question, and fixes *thing-mecum*, *object plus subject*, *matter plus mind* as the only knowable. Along with whatever I apprehend (infinitely diversified though the things may be) I must apprehend *me*. And every intelligence must do the same; it must always apprehend *itself* along with the thing, whatever the thing may be. What I apprehend is never 'things,' but always 'me-apprehending-things.'

"But what becomes of 'thing minus me,' 'object by itself,' 'matter *per se*,' Kant's 'ding and sich'? 'It is,' says Kant, 'that of which we are ignorant.' Nay, that is precisely the point where he and all other philosophers have gone astray, have stumbled and broken their noses. It is *not* that which we are ignorant of, because it is not that which can possibly be known by any intelligence on any terms. To know thing *per se* or *sine me*, is as impossible and contradictory as it is to know two

straight lines enclosing a space: because mind by its very law and nature must know the thing *cum alio*, i. e., along with *itself* knowing it. Therefore it is just as impossible for us to be ignorant of matter *per se*, *thing minus me*, *ding and sich*, as it is impossible for us to know this.

"Now for a glimpse of the ontology. No ontology was possible so long as our ignorance of matter *per se* was admitted. Because in answer to the question, What is real and absolute Being? one man might say, It is that which we know; it is *object plus subject*, it is the *universa-mecum*. But another man might answer, It is that which we are ignorant of. In which case it would be quite possible for real and absolute Being to be matter *per se*, this being what, in our present supposition, we are ignorant of; in short, no conclusion but an uncertain or alternative conclusion could be reached, and there is no science in an alternative conclusion. But once exclude matter *per se* from the pale *both* of our knowledge and of our ignorance, and an ontology becomes *for the first time* possible. Because in answer to the question, What is real and absolute Being? we must either reply, It is that which we know, in which case it will be *object plus subject*, because this is the only knowable; or we must reply, It is that which we are ignorant of, in which case also it will be *object plus subject*; because it having been proved that we can be ignorant only of the knowable, and it having also been proved that the only knowable is *object plus subject*, it follows that the only ignorable (the only thing we can be ignorant of) is *object plus subject*. This, then, is the unit or *minimum*," &c.

If a lover of subtlety is not satisfied with this specimen of it, he must be hard to please. The manner in which it is proved that, whether we pronounce Being to be what we know, or what we are ignorant of, we have the same idea of Being to accept, would do honour to the most renowned of the Sophists. Indeed we seem to be reading one of those celebrated puzzles of antiquity, one of those paradoxes of the old Greek philosophers, before which we stand spell-bound for a time, but not convinced. Some means are found to

break the spell, and then we feel, not that we have dropt some conviction that had been forced upon us, but simply that we have regained our freedom. Here the spell lies in the mysterious formula of *things-cum-me*. He who finds that he has in this formula a truth comparable to such a truth as that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, will not plead ignorance of Being. He knows on this abstruse subject the utmost that the universe has to reveal. He is master of that secret which, to metaphysical thinkers, has seemed hidden under the simple term of existence. But if he has not accepted our formula, then he is at perfect liberty to plead ignorance, because the ignorance which the metaphysician pleads here, is but another name for the limitation of human knowledge. It is not the ignorance of the Hottentot who does not know what he might know, and what the Frenchman does; it is the ignorance of Hottentot and Frenchman both, it is the ignorance of all mortal men who feel that their knowledge is abruptly limited, who know enough to know that they do not know *all*. The ignorance of the metaphysician is his knowledge of a limit. Simple men have no trouble with the idea of Being; they have something that answers all their purposes: the philosopher has become dissatisfied with this common property which he also at first shared with the sense-encharmed crowd; he is dissatisfied, but cannot find a substitute. This state of mind may surely be described as ignorance: there where he had been trained to expect a *knowable*, he finds none. Has Mr. Ferrier, a brother metaphysician, given him this ultimate *knowable*? That is the question, and for an answer we are referred to the 'Institutes.'

Those who do not think that answer satisfactory, and who have not a better to substitute, may still plead ignorance. We ourselves are not amongst the number who think

that answer satisfactory; we are admirers, but not disciples, of Ferrier. The utmost closeness of reasoning, and the most vigorous exposition, may still leave us, on this subject of metaphysics, in the attitude of inquiry.

We cannot complain of the 'Institutes' that this formula of *things-cum-me* is not sufficiently discussed. The whole book is one discussion of it. The proof and development of the First Proposition is the burden of all that follows. Mr. Ferrier has adopted a method of exposition which, at first sight, seems analogous to that of the mathematician, who lays down his postulates or definitions, and then proceeds to the demonstration of truth after truth, each depending on some predecessor. But in Mr. Ferrier's book we are in reality engaged from first to last on a proof of the same proposition. We make no advance in a straight line; we turn in a circle; the circle widens, but we only see our central proposition more or less clearly, or more or less darkly. In each section we have first the *Proposition*, then the *Demonstration*, then the *Observations* and *Explanations*; but, after perusing a few of the sections, the reader learns to reserve his freest attention for the observations and explanations. From these he is pretty sure to gain something which will reward the attention he bestows; but whether he will apply what he learns exactly as the author intended, is not so certain. Perhaps he will find (such is the fulness of discussion clustering round a few leading ideas) as many objections to the scheme before him as arguments in its favour, and have to thank the author for the clear enunciation of both. It was easy for the mathematician to demand assent to such a proposition as that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and make it, and the like of it, a basis for his superstructure; but what proposition *could* the metaphysician seize upon,

which would be conceded to him on all hands, and which would also be of value to him in the demonstration of other propositions? which, after having once enunciated, he could use forever afterwards without the least anxiety about its security?

The first proposition of Mr. Ferrier, advanced "as axiomatic," and containing the germ of his whole system, is one which neither expresses a common belief of mankind, nor a common belief of metaphysicians. It runs thus: "Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognisance of *itself*." It must apprehend itself with the object. Now, the first reasonable man you appeal to would probably at once admit that, in knowing anything, he also knows that *he* knows it; knows it as *his* knowledge; but he does not understand by this that he recognises himself as part of the *object* of his knowledge. He considers himself as the knower, and the object as the *known*. Say that he knows the object very imperfectly, and not as it exists *per se*, he would attribute this to his *manner of knowing*, to the large share which his own sensations have in what he calls his knowledge of the external world. In no other sense than this could he admit that he knows himself as part of the object of his knowledge. The mere relationship of knower and known does not imply to him the impossibility of knowing *things in themselves*. As to the metaphysician, he might even at once dispute that, in every cognition, there is necessarily this recognition of *self*, or this relation of *ego* and *non-ego*. Professor Bain, in his criticism on this first proposition, proposes an alteration which would utterly destroy it for the purposes of its author. After complimenting his brother professor on the clearness and force of his ex-

posure of the popular fallacy, that we can have knowledge "of a material universe" independent of mind," he proceeds to say, "I regret that I cannot coincide with the wording of his first and fundamental proposition, which undoubtedly, in a geometrical system of exposition like his, ought to be free from the slightest flaw. What I dissent from is, the placing of *self* in the relationship of a factor or foil in *all* our cognitions. . . . I grant that everything that we know ultimately takes a part in that comprehensive antithesis, ranging itself with one or the other pole. Still things might have been known although the subject-object distinction had never emerged at all; *it being enough for cognition that any sort of contrast should exist*. I can know light simply by the transition from it to darkness; light-darkness is a veritable cognition, a genuine stroke of knowledge, even if carried no further."*

This goes to the root of the matter. If self-consciousness is not present in every cognition, our first proposition has lost its universal and axiomatic character. Instead of proceeding on our geometrical course, we must halt, and apply the despised method of psychology; we must determine by such analysis or self-observation as the case admits of, whether this relation of self and not-self, subject and object, is always, or was always, in every cognition. The *relativity* of human knowledge, we may observe, is a tenet received on all sides. If there is a doctrine universally accepted by our metaphysicians it is this. But there are two kinds of relativity, that between the two terms in the object of knowledge as in the contrast between light and darkness, and that between the complex object of knowledge and the *self* that apprehends it. Whether *both* these kinds of relativity are present in every cognition,

* Note at the end of the second edition of 'Emotions and the Will.'

and what precisely is the nature of the relation between subject and object, whether it is primal or whether it emerges with the development of memory,—on these points our metaphysicians are still at issue.

It is not necessary for us to decide here between the two learned professors, or to decide between Professor Ferrier and certain general convictions of mankind; we have said enough to show that this geometrical method is not here safely or judiciously applied. That first proposition which ought to be axiomatic, is really on its trial throughout the whole of the 'Institutes.' When we have closed the last page we still ask ourselves, Is it true that in everything I know I know myself—that is, as part of the knowledge of the thing?

As the proposition widens out the contradictions and difficulties which it contains appear the more evident, and Mr. Ferrier is so candid, so fearless, so ample an expositor of his own doctrine, that the reader is abundantly supplied, as we have already intimated, with objections as well as arguments. Not an objection could be raised that he has not foreseen and stated, and in some way answered; only the statement of the objection may occasionally to some of us appear more lucid than the answer. No opponent will obtain a triumph over Mr. Ferrier of this kind—that he will be able to detect a loose joint in his armour which the wearer himself was not cognisant of. His book is a complete storehouse of metaphysical argument. If we wished to state the objection which probably has appeared to most readers of the book as fatal to the whole scheme of ontology it provides us with, we should commence with a quotation from the book itself.

Turn to page 178, and you find it very distinctly enunciated that "the elements of cognition cannot be themselves cognitions." With regard to his unit or *minimum* of

knowledge, it is abundantly clear that if there are elements in this, they cannot be known to us. When men in general speak of the relativity of knowledge, they mean that *two things* are known by this relation or contrast to each other. Here both terms are objects of knowledge, though they have become so by this contrast to each other. Thus the idea of void or empty space could not have occurred without its opposite of full space, or portions of space that are impenetrable. Yet although these two ideas or conceptions reveal each other, we are able to contemplate each in turn, and to regard each as a unit of knowledge. The popular statement would be, that we must always have *two units* and a relation between them to form a cognition. We need not say this does not describe Mr. Ferrier's unit of knowledge. He means that any one thing or conception you can put before your mind has the two elements in it, the *thing-cum-me*. Now we would venture to ask, in his own language, how is it possible that these elements of cognition can be themselves cognitions? or how, not being cognitions, he can know or discourse of them as elements?

Mr. Ferrier does not deny the existence of something in space which we call matter, but that something is the "nonsensical and contradictory" till united with the intellect. Here, then, there is something known—namely, this nonsensical and contradictory which nevertheless *cannot* be known; and, as knowing and being are one, *something exists which cannot exist*. It is at this part of his exposition that Mr. Ferrier links himself arm in arm with Plato, and, leaning a little upon that arm, leads the venerable sage upon his own paths of speculation. Aristotle understood Plato's ideas to be something intelligible in themselves, and modern commentators have had the same impression. Plato's ideas, it seems, were precisely what Mr. Ferrier

means when he describes us as knowing ourselves in every object of cognition. Plato's problem was how to convert the utterly unintelligible of mere sense into the *intelligible*; and this was done by the interposition of his ideas of the intellect. "The psychologists, those arch-corrupters of philosophy," says Mr. Ferrier, have produced an inextricable confusion by representing the senses as at once giving us something *intelligible*. If so, what function was left to the ideas of Plato?

"If the sensibles are advanced into the place of the intelligibles, the intelligibles must be translated into something else. What is that something else? Nobody knows and nobody *can* know; for there is nothing else for them to be. Yet the whole philosophical world has been hunting, day and night, after these illusory phantoms through eighty generations of men. We have had expositors of Plato, commentator after commentator, talking of their great master's super-sensible world as something very sublime, something very different from the sensible world in which the lot of us poor ordinary mortals is cast, insinuating, moreover, that *they* had got a glimpse of this grand supra-mundane territory. Rank impostors. Not one of them ever saw so much as the fringes of its borders; for there is no such world for them to see; and Plato never referred them to any such incomprehensible sphere. This *terra incognita* is a mere dream, a fable, a blunder of their own invention. *Plato's intelligible world is our sensible world*, just the material universe we see and hear and handle. This and nothing but this is Plato's ideal and intelligible home. But then, his sensible world must be moved a peg downwards. It must be thrust down into the regions of nonsense. It must be called, as we have properly called it, and as he certainly meant to call, and sometimes did call it, the nonsensical world, the world of pure infatuation, of downright contradiction, of unalloyed absurdity; and *this whole material universe is when divorced from the element which makes it a knowable and cogitable thing*. . . . It becomes—not nothing—remember that—not nothing; for nothing,

just as much as *thing*, requires the presence of the element which we have supposed to be withdrawn; but it becomes more than nothing, yet less than anything; what the logicians term 'an excluded middle.' *The material world is not annihilated when the intelligible element is withdrawn, as some rash and short-sighted idealists seem inclined to suppose*. Very far from that; but it is worse, or rather better, than annihilated: it is reduced to the predicament of a contradiction, and banished to the purgatory of nonsense."

All this is very spirited writing, and keeps the attention strung to the utmost, but does it convey an intelligible meaning? Can any mortal man understand what Mr. Ferrier, with or without the aid of Plato, has made of the material world as it exists in space independently of human intelligence? Better have annihilated it at once, and put it out of its misery. "Not nothing, and yet less than anything"—such an element is certainly not a cognition. How can it be an element in a philosopher's faith?

We promised our readers some quotations from the Lecture now lately published on Plato, and we said that they would be better understood and appreciated after we had recalled to their minds the doctrine of the 'Institutes.' But perhaps we shall act more wisely if we allow Plato to take care of himself, or leave him in the hands of profounder scholars than ourselves, and employ the space we have at our command in investigating the philosophical problem itself placed here before us. We have noticed that every man who is both a scholar and a thinker *becomes his own Plato*. The wealth and variety, even the partial obscurity of the play of what may be called philosophical imagination, found in the writings which pass under the name of Plato, render them pre-eminently *suggestive*. Each kindled thinker naturally endeavours to harmonise the whole to suit that leading truth which he has gathered from them.

"More important," as Mr. Ferrier says in this Lecture very eloquently, "than any results, either moral or metaphysical, which have been brought to maturity by Plato, are the inexhaustible germs of latent wealth which his writings contain. Every time his pages are turned they throw forth new seeds of wisdom, new scintillations of thought, so teeming is the fertility, so irrepressible the fulness of his genius. All philosophy, speculative and practical, has been foreshadowed by his prophetic intelligence, often dimly, but always so attractively as to whet the curiosity and stimulate the ardour of those who have chosen him for their guide."

It is no wonder that the Greek philosopher, writing two thousand years ago, is diversely interpreted, since men who wrote in English and German, who have been our contemporaries, are understood so differently amongst us. What discussions we have as to what so straightforward a writer as Reid taught or believed! Some have accused him of being profoundly ignorant of the very doctrine he set himself to combat. Mr. Ferrier evidently thinks that the world has understood Berkeley as little as it has understood Plato. We do not doubt that Berkeley's Idealism might be made the subject of as keen a discussion as the Platonic Ideas. What did Kant mean when, in analysing perception, he described the mind as furnishing one part and the senses another? In what sense can it be said that the mind supplies *forms of thought* in which it cannot also be said that it supplies *sensations themselves*? Is not sensibility a quality of mind? About all these writers interminable discussions will arise, because, in fact, they are all engaged upon a problem of which their readers take different views, and see different solutions; and most men of zealous temperament have a habit of reading their own thoughts into the writings of others, or else of quarrelling with every

writer in whom they cannot be found.

One thing is certain—we may decline Mr. Ferrier's solution, or Kant's, or Berkeley's; but we cannot decline the problem to which these men address themselves. In some shape or other it is constantly recurring. How is it we *know* the material world? Or do we at all know it? Every thinker has at one time of his life to encounter this strange perplexity. At one period of his intellectual career, this solid earth, with all its glorious forms and intricate movements, threatens to dissolve into a dream. The very beauty of it, the very music of it, the very pleasure that it gives, convicts it of unreality, for are not all these his own sensations and feelings? His very science transmutes the world from age to age; what is it, what *can* it be to him, at its very highest revelation, but a thought and a rapture of his own?

Strange that this perplexity should visit us! How completely, from day to day, from hour to hour, do we live in a world that is *not* ourselves, to which we assuredly attach a most stubbornly independent existence! The hand is constantly stretching forward to clutch or repel some friendly or hostile *thing*, some most palpable space-occupant; and the uplifted foot is ever planting itself here and there, trustful of its support, and if the foot fails, the solid earth will, at all events, receive us with most unpromising rigidity. Its support is not for a moment withdrawn. But chiefly through the magical sense of visions do we revel in the space beyond us, lit up and radiant with coloured forms of infinite variety. How space and the world are represented in the imagination of a blind man, blind from his birth, we who *feel so far*, and feel so exquisitely, through the sense of vision, can hardly apprehend. To us all forms are degrees of light or colour, and vacant infinite space is an infinite darkness. To the blind man,

we suppose, it is all measurement—mere distances and intervals between forms more or less palpable to the touch. He has no darkness, only a mathematician's space, in which movements, which also admit of mathematical relations, are constantly being performed. Distant objects would, however, be vaguely brought to him by the sense of sound, when once his slower experience had brought him the requisite associations. Space vocal, and space silent, must be with him the nearest analogies to the luminous and the dark places of our world.

But some day that introspective thought is awakened which leads to, or which constitutes metaphysics, and the startling revelation is made to us that all this active, ever-moving world, which presses on us so close, which stretches out from us so far, which breaks upon us constantly as the sea upon the shore, is but some creation of our own, and exists only in the consciousness of the man. This radiant sky, this vocal air, these solid masses, these vital forms, things and creatures that wound us, or caress, are but some manufacture of our own sensations and thoughts. We are each shut up in his own mind. How that mind becomes filled with this marvellous phantasmagoria, so like a reality, it seems impossible to explain. All is wonder, whether it is delusion or reality.

The perplexity stands thus. On the one hand, is it not self-evident that a conscious creature—call it material, or mental, or both, or refuse to call it by either name—can be conscious of nothing but itself, its own sensations or thoughts? Such creature is to itself nothing *but* a consciousness. To perceive a thing is to have certain sensations which have either arranged themselves, in some inexplicable manner, at once in space, and assumed outward forms, or which have called out (as some have taught) from the recesses of our mind, con-

ceptions of the forms of things; which mind-extracted forms have again clothed themselves in our sensations, wearing them as if they were properties of their own. Reflect on it: to think of a thing is but to have a certain thought. "There is no objectivity independent of mind;" so it is laid down by the gravest authorities, so at present write, we believe, the greater number of our metaphysicians. In vain will you say, My thought represents a thing; search through your consciousness, you find nothing but the thought, nowhere the *thing* it represents. It represents my past perception, you exclaim: but your past perception was but some previous state of consciousness which you shall explain as you will, as wholly sensational, and the direct gift of the senses, or as in part the work of mental intuitions. Explain it how you will, you can find nothing but your own sensations and your own intuitions. One of these intuitions, you perhaps boldly assert, gave you, even in your infancy, the conviction that your sensations were due to some eternal *cause*. But this eternal cause you will only know *as cause*, you will not know *it*; when you are grown up to man's estate you will call it the unknown *x*, or the occult *substantia*, underlying all the phenomena of the world:—a very shadowy substitute, notwithstanding its substantial name, for the phenomenal world you once believed in as a reality.

On the other hand, is it not most palpably true that we do think of objects as having an existence independently of ourselves? The moment we say of any thing or quality that it does not exist independently of ourselves, we change its character. What is the distinction between a real and imaginary object but just this, that one has, and the other has not, an independent existence? As to this unknown *x*, or underlying *sub-*

stantia, it is a mere figment of the schools; and how can that be our material object of which no one knows anything? "There is no objectivity independent of mind," write our metaphysicians. If object and subject are used as relative terms, there can of course be no object without a subject. And it is most indisputable that nothing exists *for me*, except so far as I am conscious of its existence. But while I am thinking of a thing—say of the moon revolving round the earth—can I not think of it as revolving there without leave asked of me? Do I not constantly make the distinction between my knowledge of the object and the object itself? Nay, if you drop this distinction, the phrase "knowledge of an object" has no meaning.

Thus we seem to have an antagonism between opposite statements, each of which, at the time, carries our convictions with it. The object is *not* separable from your knowledge of it; you *must* think it in its nature separable, or you can have *no knowledge of it*.

It is an old perplexity, and lies at the root of all our systems of metaphysics. And, as Mr. Ferrier well remarks, the great importance of the controversy is, that the agitation of it procures us an insight into the nature of our own consciousness. What we are to believe of the external world will be mainly determined by physical science; it is what we shall finally be led to *believe of the mind*, in following out our problem, that gives to it its great importance.

Metaphysics must bring itself into harmony with science. But this is rather for its own benefit and behoof, and for the peace and satisfaction of the speculative man, than for any need which science has of metaphysics. Science takes her own course, and her discoveries silently influence the very language and first principles of metaphysics. Optics and our theories of

light and heat have made much of the old dialect of philosophy unintelligible or untranslatable. We do not say that metaphysics has not also her own facts and her own procedure: we content ourselves with saying that truth (which in its last definition is Harmony) requires that these two great departments of thinking should be reconciled. And so far as an external or material world is concerned, science is not exacting. Give her what renders form and motion possible, and she is content. Modern science will undertake to construct for you the physical world out of atoms and their movements. These, combining and receding, grouping themselves in every conceivable manner, and executing their movements of rotation and translation with every possible degree of velocity, shall construct suns and planets and the ether that unites them, shall delicately build up the crystal, the plant, and the animal itself, with its muscle, nerve, and brain, leaving you *there*. But you must give to science *something that moves*—space, and forms moving in space. Then it will build its dark silent world of shapes and motions, dark and silent, but not "absurd, nonsensical, or contradictory," unless all the laws of motion, and the truths of geometry, are to be so entitled.

Science gives you back light, and sound, and touch, and taste, and the sense of muscular effort; it gives you back all that passion belonging to animal movement which, under the name of Force, has been imported into its silent, passionless, swift-moving, but effortless and unsuffering world. It demands only what is essential to the development of its laws of form and motion. If the metaphysician will insist on it that this world of motion has not its own independent existence, stretching back into infinity—if he will not admit that this physical world constitutes the basis and condition for that sensi-

bility and thought which we call mind—it is he who will be pronounced the disturber of that harmony which is Truth.

We were led into some discussion of this subject in a late review of Mr. Mill's work on Sir William Hamilton, but we are not sorry to have this opportunity of recurring to it again. In Mr. Mill's book we were referred to Mr. Bain as the highest living authority for that view of the subject which, limiting our knowledge to our own sensations, simply refuses to know anything beyond. Mr. Bain agrees, as we have seen, with Mr. Ferrier in the one main point—the denial that we can know, or conceive of, the independent existence of a material world. In the note from which we have already quoted, and which—being at the conclusion of the second edition of his later volume, 'The Emotions and the Will'—may be presumed to express his mature conclusions, he says, "A material universe entirely independent of mind on the one side, and an inde-

pendent mind on the other, have been postulated and assumed; and, notwithstanding the manifold difficulties in philosophy that have been the result, it is with great reluctance that the hypothesis has been surrendered." Here the independent existence of mind seems to be put on the same footing as that of matter. Now, the most scrupulous spiritualist has no hesitation in speaking of the indispensable alliance of mind with matter for the development of our present consciousness. Very few men have advanced the doctrine of the pre-existence of their own minds, and almost everybody believes in the pre-existence of the material world. Whether we are speaking of the organs of sense, or that which affects those organs, it is generally acknowledged that matter is necessary to the development of mind. It is quite another thing to say that mind is necessary to the existence of matter, or that we cannot *think* a material world having an independent existence.*

* Mr. Bain, in the same note from which we are quoting, adopts the following terse statement from Destutt Tracy:—

"The following extracts," he says, "from Destutt Tracy, are a true statement of our position in reference to the perception of an external world:—

"Nous ne connaissons notre existence que par les impressions qu'ils nous causent.

"Aussi, de même que toutes nos propositions peuvent être ramenées à la forme de propositions énonciatives, parcequ'au fond elles expriment toutes un jugement; de même toutes nos propositions énonciatives peuvent être toujours réduites à n'être qu'une de celles-ci; je pense, je sens, ou je perçois, que de telle chose est de telle manière, ou que tel être produit tel effet—propositions dont nous sommes toujours le sujet, parceque au fond nous sommes toujours le sujet de tous nos jugements, puisqu'ils n'expriment jamais qu'une impression que nous éprouvons.

"Il s'ensuit de là, que nos perceptions sont tout pour nous; que nous ne connaissons jamais rien que nos perceptions, qu'elles sent les seules choses vraiment réelles pour nous, et que la réalité que nous reconnaissons dans les êtres qui nous les causent, n'est que secondaire et ne consiste que dans le pouvoir permanent de faire toujours les mêmes impressions dans les mêmes circonstances, soit à nous, soit à d'autres êtres sensibles qui nous en rendent compte (encore par des impressions qu'ils nous causent), quand nous sommes parvenus à nous mettre en communication avec eux par des signes.

"On peut même dire que comme nous ne sentons, ne savons et ne connaissons rien que par report à nous, l'idée sujet de la proposition est toujours en définitif notre moi; car quand je dis, *Cet arbre est vert*, je dis réellement, Je sens, je sais, je vois, que cet arbre est vert. Mais précisément parceque ce préambule se trouve toujours dans toutes nos propositions, nous le supprimons quand nous voulons; et toute idée peut être le sujet d'une proposition.

Mr. Bain commences his in many respects admirable work on the 'Senses and the Intellect' by an anatomical description of the several organs of sense, of the nerves, and of the brain. To what end, if we are not to believe that the pre-existence of these material organs is an indispensable condition of our seeing and hearing, and the like? Our belief, he tells us, in the pre-existence of the world resolves itself into this: we believe that if we could transport ourselves into the remote era we are now thinking of, we should have similar impressions to those which we experience now. This does not altogether describe our belief, because, in fact, that belief is founded on the conviction that the actual world present to us has some independent existence, and we think that independent existence in the past time. But let us suppose that the geologist, speculating on these past centuries in which the earth was forming to be a fit residence for man, could satisfy himself with this explanation, how could it, in any way, be made to satisfy the physiologist? He presents us with the material organs of sight and touch. His belief in the pre-existence of these organs cannot resolve itself into this formula, "If I were thus to see and feel," since, by the very nature of the case, all seeing and feeling are dependent on these organs.

A world of forms and movements must be admitted to precede this other surpassing world of consciousness, or science and metaphysics cannot possibly be reconciled.

How happens it that Mr. Bain,

and other acute reasoners, by no means averse to apply all the discoveries of science to the elucidation of the facts of our consciousness, refuse us this admission? They will perhaps reply that they reason as psychologists, on the only grounds psychologists can accept, and that it is for us to detect, if we can, the flaw in their reasonings. They are not responsible for the result.

We think we do detect a flaw or oversight in their reasonings. We admit, with these psychologists, that our perceptions are accurately described as being, in the first instance, our own sensations coordinated by the relations of space and time. The forms with which we fill space are, in the first instance, fitly thus characterised. But they do not retain this character, or rather to this character they add another acquired by observed relations amongst the forms themselves. The relations to each other of movement and resistance impose upon them new and independent properties. For what we think as a *relation* between two things is, in other words, a property of each. Motion is inconceivable without *two objects* whose relation of position changes, but we say of each object that *it moves*. Resistance is a relation between two bodies; it is the same *fact* when we speak of it as the property of each. Forms that move without leave asked of us, that combine and separate by leave of their own, are not at bottom our sensations, however they may have become implicated with them.

It is repeatedly asked, How can we say of the representations of

"'Nous sommes toujours le sujet de tous nos jugements.' There is the issue to be tried. Meanwhile what is this 'pouvoir permanent de faire toujours les même impressions'? This recognises an external *cause* for our sensation. Whence are we to derive this external *cause*? Mr. Mill was far more cautious. He wrote 'permanent possibility' of sensation, and he merely recognised, as the constant precursor of certain sensations, certain *other* sensations. M. Destutt Tracy recognises a *cause* of our sensations not itself a sensation. If now he makes any propositions with regard to this cause or power, it ceases to be true that 'nous sommes toujours le sujet de tous nos jugements.'"

sense that they *represent* anything? What other thing do we know that they can be said to represent? The so-called representation is all we have. Our answer is, that the forms of sense become invested by the very relations felt between them with the properties of resistance and motion; that these are properties *we think*; and that although, in fact, we always blend these properties with the sensation of touch and sight (which first gave us the forms themselves), we are not incapable of understanding that these properties alone constitute their independent existence. Having proceeded thus far, we may very intelligibly say that the *presentations* of sense represented the real moving, resisting forms in space—introduced them to us—led the way to a real knowledge of them.

We are not *hypothetical* realists, nor hold to any philosophical *substantia* underlying a phenomenal world, on the mere ground that the mind demands a cause for all things; we believe that the mind accepts at once the representations of the senses as realities. At a subsequent period reflection tells us that those products of the senses are, in fact, our sensations—mere phantasms, if you will. But the same reflections ought to add, that those forms, or forms corresponding to them, have established their right to a recognition as realities by their own activities, and by the laws and relations amongst themselves. The phantasm and the reality are blended together. The phantasm has introduced a form which has become a veritable thing. There is no impropriety now in saying that the sense-form is the product of the real form in space and of our susceptibilities.

Let us suppose a human being obtaining his knowledge of the external world directly and solely by the organ of vision. The supposition is not very extravagant. The

young alligator, we are told, breaks his shell, and looks out upon the world with vision that requires no training; and perhaps the human infant would see as perfectly if its organ of vision were equally mature. But even if extravagant, we will make the supposition, because all men are prepared to admit at once that *light and colour*, by which the forms are here represented, are sensations only of the living creature. Well, our human being, looking out of his two eyes, is plainly the subject, you say, of a mere delusion. Sensations of his own have assumed shape, become these coloured forms in space. But meanwhile these forms are observed to have activities of their own, and manifestly to affect each other. The relation of *resistance* between them invests them with a quite new property. It is true that these visible forms would be seen often to *merge into each other or pass through each other* in a manner not recognized amongst the laws of our material world. Our sight-instructed mortal would probably frame some very peculiar laws of motion and resistance; but some laws he would frame. If now he turned psychologist, and convinced himself that the coloured forms he saw were the creation of his own organ of vision, he would at first be tempted to denounce them as mere optical delusions. Meanwhile, however, these forms, by the relations observed between them of motion and resistance, had put on other properties, and, to his understanding, supported themselves in space by those other properties. What would be his mature conclusion? He would conclude that though these light forms were but phantasms of his own senses, the phantasms were, in some strict conformity to real forms, occupying the space they but *seemed* to occupy.

It may be hazardous on our part to attempt to describe what precisely Mr. Bain has taught concern-

ing the relation of position, or the great fundamental idea of space. The most practical metaphysician seems to have no greater difficulty than this of fixing what his brother metaphysician has written. From the general tenor of his exposition we should say that Mr. Bain denied the *primitive character* of this relation: he seems to derive our idea of space or extension from the idea of time—a very hopeless attempt, we should say. Yet there are other passages in which he seems to credit our senses with the direct discrimination of place or position. And indeed, if it were here our task to describe the order of development of our knowledge of the external world, we could not do better than commence by quoting the following passage from the 'Senses and the Intellect':—

"Impressions of distinguishable points.
—I have already called attention to the discrimination or articulate character of the sense of touch, whereby it receives distinguishable impressions from the variously-situated parts of an extended surface. Very interesting differences in the degree of this discrimination are observable in different parts of the surface of the body, which have been especially illustrated by the experiments of Weber. These consisted in placing the two points of a pair of compasses, blunted with sealing-wax, at different distances asunder, and in various directions, upon different parts of the skin of an individual."

We need not proceed with an account of the experiment. The only fact we are concerned with is, that two sensations are felt simultaneously in two points of space. Mr. Bain adds: "The primitive susceptibility to a plurality of distinct points does not enable us to judge what the real distance of the point is; nor can we tell, previous to experience, whereabouts on the body the impression is made." Nothing can be more plain than that we cannot localise a sensation on a given limb till there have been sensations enough and experience

enough to give us consciousness of the whole limb, and its relation to the rest of the body. What is interesting to the metaphysician is, that we are here in presence of an elementary fact, the multiplication of which leads to the consciousness of our body and limbs.

That this discrimination of place by the touch is referable to a peculiar structure in the termination of the nerve, to the distinctness and isolation of the *papilla*, and that the same peculiarity of structure is observable in the retina of the eye, are topics it is not our present province to allude to. Psychologically, we have sensations ranging themselves in space, forming extended surfaces: groups of such sensations related in position to other groups, form consciousness of body and limbs.

If, indeed, a metaphysician has chosen to define sensation as purely *subjective*—as pleasure or pain—and the pleasure or pain of a spiritual essence which has no parts, and is not itself in space—he will scout the idea of sensations being at once felt in space, or under the relation of position. Nevertheless there is the fact, and the probability is, that he will have to modify his definitions. Perhaps he will be led to conclude that we feel our sensations in space because the sentiment is in fact in space, the sentiment consisting of body as well as spirit. And moreover, it may console him a little to reflect that extension is a *property of space*, as well as of that which exists in space. It is not necessary to conceive of sensations having a given *magnitude*. That they should produce for us the consciousness of *form*, it is only necessary that a multitude of sensations should be felt in different points, or different positions. Physicists themselves have undertaken to reduce our notions of matter to *points of force*. This is an idea which, in our estimation, can only be supported on some *theological* basis, as here only could be found the Agent or Being to put forth such novel

description of force. But if we could conceive of mathematical points of force that have position but not magnitude, they, by their relation to each other in space, would constitute extension and form.

Space, or our idea of space, has been the arena of profound discussions, which we must resist the temptation to enter upon at present. We limit ourselves to the assertion—which is axiomatic, if any assertion in philosophy can be so called—that the perception of the relation of position, like that of the relation of sequence or time, is primitive, that it must be simply accepted. The first result of it is, that the living creature feels itself a sensitive moving form; the next result, which follows instantly, is that it recognises the contrast between empty space admitting motion, and other extended forms which do not admit motion. Its relation to these other extended forms reveals the property of resistance. This resistance is vividly associated with sensations of touch and of the muscles, and thus we speak popularly of a *sense of resistance*. But resistance is not a sensation or combination of sensations; it is a property which all bodies, our own included, have obtained by a perceived relationship to each other of forms—defined, in the first instance, by our sensations. Even if it should be held that there is a *sense of resistance* made up only of combined sensations, still the mental process we have been describing takes place, and the reflective man can always renew it. The form which our sense of touch defines to us—as when the hand closes on any object, and which so far is only our own sensations—obtains its property of resistance by its opposition to the movement of those other forms, the fingers. Movement and resistance are both *thoughts* (perceptions of relation) introduced and rendered possible in the sense-given forms to which

they add these two new properties. Strip off now the illusion of the senses; you find they have introduced to the understanding corresponding forms supported by their properties of motion and resistance. The sense-form, with its illusory objectivity, has been transmuted into the really objective form that moves and impedes motion. It is that form we can think as independent of ourselves. It is thus that we would reconcile our two apparently contradictory propositions. We have nothing in the consciousness but our perceptions:—we believe in an independent matter. The propositions are only, in fact, contradictory while we consider our perceptions as being solely sensations; when we understand that under the sense-forms, and by their aid, we have thought the objective matter which science demands, the contradiction ceases. We have nothing but our perceptions; true, but these perceptions now involve a belief in forms independent of the senses, which our senses have been the means of introducing, and which they still continue to clothe for us—these forms having, so to speak, invested themselves in our sensibilities that they might become objects of our knowledge.

We must now return to Mr. Ferrier. He occupies a peculiar position in this great controversy. He denies that we can have (rationally) a belief in an independent material universe, yet he rejects the imputation of idealism. He claims to have avoided all the rocks on which his predecessors have been wrecked in this difficult navigation. He is, indeed, a skilful navigator, and it is pleasant sailing with him. Ever on the look-out, and winding through the most intricate channels with unabated confidence, we could not have a more vigorous and spirited helmsman. But spread out the chart. What hope is there of reaching any port on the track upon which he is sailing?

We will select from amongst these 'Remains' an essay entitled "The Crisis of Modern Speculation." It is brief, and describes as clearly, we believe, as the nature of the case permitted, the philosophical doctrine he has advanced. We should say, in the usual language of the times, that it was a movement towards or into German idealism; but Mr. Ferrier asserts that his philosophy is Scotch and not German, and that it is an antidote to idealism.

"The great endeavour," thus the essay commences, "of philosophy in all ages, has been to explain the nature of the connection which exists between the mind of man and the external universe; but it is to speculation of a very late date that we owe the only approach that has been made to a satisfactory solution of this problem. In the following remarks on the state of modern speculation, we shall attempt to unfold this explanation, for it forms, we think, the very pith of the highest philosophy of recent times."

The essay proceeds to set forth what it describes as the older method of stating the problem. The external object was considered as something that stood quite apart from our perception of it.

"This procedure," he says, "led to a *representative theory* of perception." But an acknowledgment that we are acquainted only with a representative, brought with it the question, How do we know that anything exists but what we call a representation? Is there any real external world at all?

"Three several systems undertook to answer this question: Hypothetical Realism, which defended the reality of the universe; Idealism, which denied its reality; and Scepticism, which maintained that if there were an external universe, it must be something very different from what it appears to us to be."

Hypothetical Realism, while it admits that we have nothing before us but the impressions of sense, holds that an external world must be postulated as a ground

whereby to account for those impressions. *Idealism* maintains that if our material world is nothing but an hypothesis to explain the origin of our perceptions, a far simpler hypothesis might be found in the will of the Creator directly producing such perception, or these perceptions might be referred to the very nature of mind or conscious being. *Scepticism* had, of course, free scope, since it could suggest what it pleased, and was bound to nothing. One shape it often assumed was to admit the external world, but deny that there could be any correspondence between it and our perceptions; because, "in producing these perceptions its effects were of necessity modified by the nature of the percipient principle on which it operated, and hence our perceptions being the joint result of external nature and our own nature, they could not possibly be true or faithful representations of the former alone."

All these inextricable perplexities were the result, it seems, of one fatal and fundamental oversight. But this oversight has now been retrieved.

"We have remarked that all preceding systems were founded on a distinction laid down between objects themselves and our perception of objects, and we have been thus particular in stating this principle, and in enumerating a few of its consequences, because it is by the discovery of a law directly opposed to it that the great thinkers of modern times have revolutionised the whole of philosophy, and escaped the calamitous conclusions into which former systems were precipitated. In the olden days of speculation this distinction was rendered real and absolute by the logical understanding. The objective and the subjective of human knowledge (*i. e.*, the reality and our perception of it) were permanently severed from one another; and while all philosophers were disputing as to the mode in which these two could again intelligibly coalesce, not one of them thought of questioning the validity of the original distinction—the truth of the alleged and admitted separation. Not one of

them dreamt of asking whether it was possible for human thought really to make and maintain this discrimination. It was reserved for the genius of modern thought to disprove the distinction in question, or at least to qualify it most materially by the introduction of a directly antagonist principle. By a more rigorous observation of facts, modern inquirers have been led to discover the *radical identity of the subjective and the objective of human consciousness, and the impossibility of thinking them asunder*. In our present inquiry we shall restrict ourselves to the consideration of the great change which the question regarding man's intercourse with the external world has undergone in consequence of this discovery; but its consequences are incalculable, and we know not where they are to end."

The discovery does not appear to have had any permanent result in the country which brought it to light. It culminated in the philosophy of Hegel, and that philosophy has ended in alienating his countrymen, for a time, altogether from metaphysics. It is curious to notice that we, in these Islands, appear to be awakening to the study of Hegelianism and the adoption of kindred modes of speculation, just when Hegelianism has run its course in Germany, and is felt only in the strong reaction it has produced in favour of an almost exclusive pursuit of physical science. But we must follow the exposition before us.

Mr. Ferrier next enters upon some discussion of the senses, especially of sight and hearing, which appear, from our point of view, to be incomplete. Every one engaged in this controversy admits that *light*, meaning thereby, not motions of an ether, but a sensation, is tantamount to *our seeing* and *sound* to *our hearing*. Light and sound have no other objectivity than what they derive from the nature of our organs of sense (we think we may now permit ourselves to refer to these organs); and the psychologist may, if he pleases, describe them as both objective and subjective. But, as we have

been solicitous to show, the mere forms in space assumed by our own sensations is *not the whole of perception*. These forms move, move of themselves: and the relations which their independent movements reveal, invest them with an objectivity of another kind which is not here discussed.

But let us advance to the use made of this double character of objectivity and subjectivity which the sense-form takes upon itself.

"We have now found," continues Mr. Ferrier, "that whenever we try to think what we heretofore imagined to be the purely objective part of any perception, we are forced, by an invincible law of our nature, to think the subjective part of the perception along with it; and to think these two not as two, but as constituting one thought. And we have also found that whenever we try to think what we have heretofore imagined to be the purely subjective part of any perception, we are forced, by the same law of our nature, to think the objective part of the perception along with it; and to think these two not as two, but as constituting one thought. Therefore, the *objective*, which hitherto, though a delusion of thought, had been considered as that which excluded the subjective from its sphere, was found to embrace and comprehend the subjective, and to be nothing, and inconceivable without it; while the *subjective*, which, hitherto, through the same delusion of thought had been considered as that which excluded the objective from its sphere, was found to embrace and comprehend the objective, and to be nothing, and inconceivable without it."—Vol. ii. p. 290.

The old philosophy was continually asking how the material world could be brought into alliance with the mind, so that mind, which is conceived to be of an essentially different nature (as, for instance, unextended), could possibly embrace it in its cognition. We are here told that it was asking an unintelligible question, was imposing on itself an impossible task; it was looking about for modes of union for two things which never had been, and never could be separated.

There exists only the one *subject-object*—the one *mind matter*. This, differently viewed, is at one moment subject or mind, or another object or matter.

"The subject-object viewed *subjectively*, is the whole mind of man, not without an external universe necessarily given in the very giving, in the very conception of that mind. In this case all external nature is *our* nature, is the necessary integration of man. The subject-object, viewed *objectively*, is the whole external universe, not without mind along it, but with mind necessarily given in the very giving, in the very conception of that external universe. In this case *our* nature is external nature, is the necessary integration of the universe. Beginning with the *subjective subject-object* (mind), we find that its very central and intelligible essence is to have an external world as one with it; beginning with the *objective subject-object* (the external world), we find that its very central and intelligible essence is to have a mind as one with it. He who can maintain his equilibrium between these two opposite views without falling over either into the one (which conducts to idealism) or into the other (which conducts to materialism), possesses the gift of a genuine speculative insight."—P. 285.

Can many of our readers keep their equilibrium here, and so prove themselves in the possession of the gift of genuine speculative insight? For our own part, we frankly confess that whenever we think we have succeeded in attaching any distinct meaning to this renowned formula, "the identity of object and subject," we find ourselves toppling over into idealism. We can dimly understand it as the expression of a system of idealism—object here meaning only one element, or one pole, of the sole existence, thought. But if an actual external universe is to be one pole, and the mind of man the other, the formula becomes hopelessly bewildering. The external universe *per se* is reduced to an element utterly unthinkable, and yet we are not allowed to dismiss it altogether from our philo-

sophic creed. Two contradictory propositions are, at the same time, asserted of this external existence *per se*.—*It exists*, because it is an element in the subject-object; it does *not* exist, because the subject-object is the sole existence.

The two great relations of space and time are, in fact, the basis of all human knowledge, and the philosophy which commences with ignoring these relations, or the truths which these very relations imply, must end in producing a mere confusion. What we think of as existing in a given space beyond us we necessarily think as having a separate or objective existence; if we cease to think it as so existing, we cease to assign it an objective existence,—we call it an illusion. The diversity and similarity felt amongst our own sensations, and these two great relations of space and time, may be said to compose all our knowledge of the external world from the earliest perceptions to the latest generalisation of science. Mr. Ferrier blames the psychologists for confounding the senses and the intellect; we should blame them, if we presumed to blame them at all, for drawing a somewhat arbitrary distinction between them. There is a distinction between memory and perception; but if by the senses is meant perception, there is no scientific distinction between the senses and the intellect. For what definition of intellect could be given which would not include the perception of these relations of time and space?

But although we have been compelled honestly to confess that the position which Mr. Ferrier takes up in this great controversy of our knowledge of an external world seems to us not tenable, and, in fact, to involve a contradiction which renders it unintelligible, yet we strenuously advise every reader to whom these subjects have an attraction to study Mr. Ferrier's doctrine in his own books, and follow out the subtle reasonings there so abundantly brought before him;

and brought before him, let us again add, in a style most racy, vigorous, and straightforward, the most remote possible from those dry, involved, pedantic periods, which he has perhaps associated with metaphysics. From Mr. Ferrier's works he cannot fail to obtain many an insight into this or that truth, though the main argument may not content him. Leibnitz, we imagine, convinced very few people of his

theory of pre-established harmony; but he threw out many prolific hints in his exposition of it. The reader of the 'Institutes' and these 'Remains' (to which we feel that our space has not enabled us to do full justice) will find that his time has been well occupied, though to the last he may be unable to receive the doctrine, as there explained, of the identity or unity of the object and subject.

HYMNS OF THE POPULACE.

It is a notorious difficulty for one class to put itself into the position of another, to adopt its tone of feeling, to comprehend its leading motives of action, its distinctive prejudices, prepossessions, and impulses; its likes and dislikes, and those constant pervading influences which form character, and lie at the root of the differences which separate order from order, and keep them at such an impassable distance from real intimacy. High and low, gentlemen and artisans, master and servant, ladies and poor folks, encounter one another at certain points and in particular relations; but the most discerning cannot pretend to see into one another much beyond their point of contact. Employers, clergymen, benevolent visitors, carry their own atmosphere with them wherever they go, and things are seen and coloured through its medium. In their presence mutual interests are discussed from a non-natural point of view. The minds of both parties relax out of a certain tension and artificial condition when removed from the contact and espionage of an unsympathising witness. This implies no design, no deception of any kind, probably no knowledge of check or impediment to a more perfect understanding. It is only that neither party can display any large or clear picture of themselves where the mind, to be informed, is so ill pre-

pared to receive a comprehensive idea. Hence an inevitable mutual reticence. The superior must keep back something from the dependant; the most devoted pastor has an easy privacy he does not desire to admit his poorer flock into; the lady does not care that the humble object of her bounty should be able to picture her in the unrestraint of her drawing-room life; and in like manner the labourer, the "hand," the good woman that stands before her kindly visitant garrulously detailing her list of sorrows and grievances, have each an inner world from which it is impossible to lift up the curtain, or let in full daylight, so as to reveal all the motives, interests, notions, pains, and pleasures, which make up an individual and family life so hopelessly different in a thousand points from that unconsciously contrasted with it.

In spite of this difficulty, it is a favourite exercise of fancy to picture the life of classes with which the delineator has none of the knowledge that comes of experience. In depicting the poor, for instance, writers construct scenes of vivid interest. They carefully record provincialisms and grammatical solecisms; they go into detail, coarse, homely, or simple, as it may be, with a marvellous confidence of knowing their ground. And all the while they are the victims of illusions. We see two men of equal

powers for the work, and similar opportunities, arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions, according to their prepossessions: and all for want of a key. They know nothing of the world they affect to be familiar with from mere partial outside contact. They would not know how to account for those distinct and often opposing standards in morals; for the tolerance and the intolerance of public opinion which we observe in the class called "the poor;" for the position of women, and its points of greater independence under a seeming subjugation of brute force; for the different models of what is attractive or excellent. They have no clue to the tastes and antipathies which constitute the barrier we indicate between poor and rich, and which, once entertained, once rendered by habit a part of nature, can never be wholly eradicated; so that the humbly-born, who have risen in the world, whatever their powers, opportunities, or success in life, can never see things with the eyes of those about them, can never rid themselves of the old impressions—harden their hearts as they will against the memories of childhood, or struggle as they may from better motives to forget. Of course, so far as men act on the highest principles, they must be alike. The model king, subject, landlord, tenant, tradesman, and mechanic, noble virgin and simple cottage maiden, can all meet on a perfect understanding. There is but one highest motive. It is when motives of earth set in that confusion arises. It is the different alloys infused into our virtues by pride, vanity, selfishness, envy, jealousy, according to the calls upon them, that separate families and classes, and that give to each not only their distinctive faults, but their picturesque characteristics.

"The low light gives the colour,"
and character is made out of the

presence of, or the temptation to, human error, and the degrees in which it is yielded to or resisted.

If this difficulty of a perfect understanding exists between all well-defined classes, it follows that the wider the differences of social standing the greater the difficulty. This will, perhaps, be disputed, for many persons profess to find it much easier to enter into the mind of the very poor than of the class above them, less dependent on their favour and support. But mere recipients have hardly arrived at the dignity of an order. They are not a class, but rather the debris of a class, or the matter out of which a class is to rise. They are understood in the degree in which they do not presume to possess an independent judgment, or habits of reflection which might perchance run counter to their betters. When people profess to understand the poor, they ought to consider how far the understanding goes. Do they realise the condition they think they sympathise with, or perceive what is latent and ready to spring into life at a moment's warning under any change of circumstances? We repeat, it is in proportion to the real distance in habits and aspirations that the ignorance dwelt upon prevails. The gentleman is further removed from the man whose family are reduced to herd together in one bedroom, and who is thankful for a shilling—however humbly acquiescent and sincerely willing to assimilate every thought to the opinion of the great man who is kind to him and is master over him—than from the self-sufficient cocky small shopkeeper, who can house his family decently, and has notions of rising in the world. They have more thoughts, hopes, and impulses in common. They can reckon more nearly on each other's course of action under changed circumstances.

One reason for this is, that as classes rise in importance they have their organs, and acquire the art of self-portraiture. While people are

described by their betters a vast deal must remain behind, and what is made prominent nullified by the omission; but no person can take pen in hand and describe himself without our learning a great deal about him. It may not be what he intends us to learn, but it is knowledge nevertheless. It is not easy to get at the self-portraiture of the very poor or the very ignorant and rude class, or the class perhaps neither one nor the other, whose ambition has not yet taken the direction of making an outside reputation for itself. Now it is because it throws light on these unrepresented classes that our present subject possesses an interest to us wholly out of proportion with—we ought perhaps to say entirely independent of—poetical or literary merit. A body of hymns of a widespread popularity, yet to be found in no collection with which our reader is familiar, and procurable in no shop he is likely to frequent, may have their point of interest independent of our approval of matter or style. When these are illustrated by autobiographical notices of one of their chief promulgators, himself of the unrepresented class, hymns and man sufficiently vigorous and characteristic, we need not apologise for calling the attention to them of such as find their curiosity stimulated by all popular demonstrations: who cannot pass a "Gospel theatre" without speculating on the feelings at work in all that tumult, or hear "Fiddling Jem" hailed by an expectant crowd as he approaches the closed doors in grim respectability, without a curiosity to know how he will acquit himself; who, if they encounter in any of our large towns a marching band of obstreperous religionists, try in vain to catch the words of the noisy strain, or if they observe a street preacher holding the attention of a "lot of roughs," would fain know where he got his training and aptitude for the work; who have a hankering to know more, and a feeling

less cold than mere contempt, even toward the notices on the walls which invite them to go and hear the "celebrated boy-preacher" who will address an audience from such a place, or Miss So-and-so, who will preach three times on the following Sunday; or Jack Birch the converted nigger-singer, and Jem Jones the converted dog-fighter (we quote verbatim), who will hold special services in such a room, with the additional attraction and sphere for speech-making of the "sweeps' tea-meeting" in the course of the week.

One apology is necessary before plunging into our subject. Of all virtues reverence needs the most careful fostering, and the people who delight in these hymns and the gatherings where they are sung, as a rule were born and have lived under no such fostering influence. So much as a matter of fact does reverence go along with training, education, and cultivation of the taste, that it may be treated in part as an intellectual quality. The child whose earliest acquaintance with the name of God is through the medium of oaths and blasphemies, who is familiar with scenes of brutal violence, whose innocence was tainted by precocious knowledge of evil, can hardly under any change of feeling, under conversion itself, be reverent according to our standard; and, indeed, without this contact with gross evil, the mere life among crowds, the hindrances in the way of all privacy, the want of solitude, are fatal to that awe which is the sentiment earliest infused into the religiously trained child of the educated classes. Again, the premature introduction to a participation in the business of life which belongs to the children of the poor, gives them confidence and self-reliance; while the apology for education which is all they receive, falls utterly short of imparting that insight into their own ignorance which is the great enlightenment

of more fortunate youth. Such considerations as these will, we hope, tend to charity. That, for example, religious people should find the following hymn, evidently a great favourite, and conspicuous in all this numerous class of collections, edifying as well as inspiring, that they should accept it in a serious spirit, needs, we feel, some accounting for :—

“ Whene’er we meet you always say,
What’s the news, what’s the news ?
Pray what’s the order of the day ?
What’s the news, what’s the news ?
Oh ! I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
To set a world of sinners free,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
’Twas there His precious blood was shed,
’Twas there on Him our sins were laid,
And now He’s risen from the dead,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
His work’s reviving all around,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
And many have salvation found,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
And since their souls have caught the flame,
They shout Hosanna to His name,
And all around they spread His fame,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
The Lord hath pardoned all my sin,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
I have the witness now within,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I’m happy now from day to day,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
And Christ the Lord can save you too,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
Your sinful heart He can renew,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
This moment, if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you’ll receive,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
And then, if any one should say,
What’s the news, what’s the news ?
Oh ! tell them you’ve begun to pray,
That’s the news, that’s the news !
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God’s command,
You’re marching to the better land,
That’s the news, that’s the news !”
—*Richard Weaver’s Hymn-Book.*

Or another, in equal favour, which

indicates in such free and easy terms the period of conversion.—

“ Come, ye that fear the Lord, unto me ;
I’ve something good to say,
About the narrow way,
For Christ, the other day, saved my soul.

He gave me first to see what I was ;
He gave me first to see
My guilt and misery,
And then He set me free. Bless His name !

My old companions said, ‘ He’s undone ;’

My old companions said,
‘ He’s surely going mad ;’
But Jesus makes me glad. Bless his name !

Oh, if they did but know what I feel ;
Had they got eyes to see
Their guilt and misery,
They’d be as mad as me, I believe.

Some said, ‘ He’ll soon give o’er, you shall see ;’

But time has passed away
Since I began to pray,
And I feel His love to-day. Bless His name !

And now I’m going home to the Lord,
And now I’m going home ;
Guilty sinner, wilt thou come,
Or meet an awful doom, from the Lord ?
—*Ibid.*

Or the far lower depth to outside ears, reached in the collection compiled for the “ Hallelujah Band,” where a few solemn words are played upon with a flippant iteration shocking to our ears, but regarded as a legitimate stimulus in these assemblages where excitement passes for devotion :—

“ Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,

Come to Jesus just now ;

Just now come to Jesus,

Come to Jesus just now.

He will save you, He will save you,

He will save you just now ;

Just now He will save you,

He will save you just now.

O believe Him, O believe Him,

O believe Him just now ;

Just now O believe Him,

O believe Him just now.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Hallelujah, Amen ;

Amen, Hallelujah,

Hallelujah, Amen.”

“ I’m glad I am converted, I’m glad I am converted,

I’m glad I am converted before my dying day,

Before my dying day, before my dying day;

I'm glad I am converted before my dying day.

And you may be converted, and you may be converted, &c.

I feel His blood convert me, I feel His blood convert me, &c.

I've glory, glory in my soul, I've glory, glory in my soul," &c.

Yet Richard Weaver, whose taste in hymns upon this showing is so questionable, is in himself a person very far above contempt, and in prose has now and then a knack in expressing himself that a good many of us might envy. The title in which he glories, and by which he is known in his religious world, is "the Converted Collier;" and what he was, as well as what he is, is his perpetually recurring theme, and one which evidently costs him no effort. For what we have said of reverence applies in a great measure also to repentance with this class. Shame, properly speaking, there is none, in the lavish confessions of these stalwart sinners; and for the reason that the preacher gains rather than loses in the estimation of his hearers by the magnitude of his errors. Wonder is the especial delight of the vulgar, and grace attracts them most by what they regard as its crowning miracles. A lady asked one of her maids why she would walk four miles to hear a rousing preacher, when the parish clergyman was so good; the reply was, "They say he was an awfu' bad man once." There is, we cannot doubt, a secret sense of power in Richard Weaver, in that he capped the companions of his sinful days as much in oaths, fighting, and general blackguardism as he now rises above them as a man sought after and wondered at by pious crowds. And, moreover, he cannot but feel that his training in the coal-pit, and the furious relish with which he threw himself into such pleasures and enjoyments as come in the way of drunken colliers, do give him a swing and impetus that what

he calls "systematic and grammatical preachers" miss in their retrospect. More especially do denunciations come easy, and the terrors of the judgments, to a man over whose lips oaths once flowed like water in the running brook.

Our readers can hardly form a just idea of this brand before it was snatched from the burning but from his own words taken down from his addresses:—

"Many of you are saying, 'I wish I was as happy as you.' Well, I wish you were; and I'll tell you what makes me happy, and what would make you happy too. If you had seen me ten years ago, you would have seen a man with bloodshot eyes and bloated face, a drunkard and blasphemer—a man with brutish passions and bloody hands—a man too bad for earth, and almost too bad for hell, but not too bad for the arms of Christ. If anything was needed from us, what had I to bring?—nothing but dice, and boxing-gloves, and game-cocks, and fighting dogs."

"Richard had a blaspheming father," a "praying mother," and the trials, courage, and endurance of this good woman are amongst the edifying and pathetic pictures of this strange history. Where society is used to brutality, the sufferers from it in each case are clearly not as crushed by circumstances as where there is disgrace attached. His "leaflets" are full of the trials of poor ill-used women, amongst whom his mother, "the old woman in Shropshire," stands conspicuous.

"I was at a meeting some time ago, and I heard a young man tell his experience. He said, 'I was brought up by a praying mother, but I took no notice of that praying mother; when she has been reading the Bible I have seen my father stand over her with a weapon in his hand, and threaten to split her head in two. At the age of about fifteen I began to get into company with other bad boys of my own age, and I neglected the advice of my praying mother. At sixteen years of age I took to drinking and dancing, and, at seventeen I went home one night after I had been fighting, and my mother saw me with two

black eyes. Her poor heart seemed almost broken, and she began to pray for the Lord to bless me; I felt like a wild beast, and I said I would murder her if she did not give over praying.

"After I had gone to bed, she came to my room; she knelt at the bedside, and I jumped out of bed, and, seizing her by her grey hairs, swore I would murder her if she prayed any more for me. She exclaimed, 'Lord, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee. It is hard work, my child raising up his hand against his mother; but, Lord, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee.' My mother's prayers followed me into the public-house, and I began to fight, but my mother still kept praying for God to bless me, and those prayers hurt me more than the man's fists. I came home drunk one day, and when I got up-stairs took a razor, and took off my neckerchief to get at my throat, but my mother's prayers came between me and suicide. Another time I went into a harlot's dwelling, and while there nearly murdered her. I fastened a rope round her neck, and threw it over a beam and strung her up to it, and if it had not been for a young man who heard her cries, and rushed in and cut her down, she would have been killed.' [Then follows in brief a history of the young man's conversion:] That young man was Richard Weaver, and he is in the pulpit of Union Street Chapel, in Rochdale, to-night."—*Voice from the Coal-pit*, p. 16.

It is clear that nothing in his own class could surprise Mr. Weaver, that there is no mob, no assemblage of waifs and strays into whose component parts experience would not give him a very fair insight, and that in the first accost of a dozen idle lads at a street corner, he would have that advantage over the curate which acquaintance with his audience gives. From his showing, the youth of his own calling have a jolly life of it. Such a world as they know and care for is all their own; and if conscience does not hinder, nothing else hinders a career of wild dissipation and expense. "I have sung," he says, "as much as £14 out of my pocket at one spree." He describes a pair of twin brothers so pugnacious that if they could find nobody else to fight with, they

fought with one another, one of whom had paid £50 in fines for drunkenness. He counts up the dogs, cocks, pigeons, &c. &c., kept by his unconverted companions; and tells of a young friend, a good dancer, who was withheld from chapel, to which he invited him, by an engagement to dance for £5 a-side, to be spent afterwards in one spree. We are left with an impression of wild exulting pleasure in mere health and strength, which the discipline of education certainly keeps under. The physical advantages of wealth and training are found in the autumn of our age. In life, as in gardens, they fill the autumn with flowers. In spring the cottage garden often flaunts in gayer colours than the lady's parterre.

It follows, after the manner of all reformers, that every pleasure which this desperate young sinner once recklessly engaged in, is summarily denounced, and with very little classification. The adulterer and the pigeon-fancier are warned in one sentence; and dancing, ball-hopping, and race-running, merely precipitate their devotees on with headlong speed the way to perdition. In fact, he allows no other relaxations than those sufficient for himself—preaching, hymn-singing, and autobiography. In this, perhaps, he only follows high precedent. Nor does learning come off much better than accomplishments under his handling. Grammar he clearly considers an unauthorised medium between God and the soul. It is thus classed with system as a weapon of the adversary:—

"Not many people can endure the truth at the present time; the systematic grammar speaker is most admired; and if he talks about the beauties of nature, the green fields, and the stars, people say, 'Oh what a good preacher he is. I was quite lost while listening to his well-arranged sentences. How fine are his ideas! I was so much taken up with the preacher, that when I got home I had entirely forgotten his subject.' If he had told you something about yourselves, you would not have

forgot what he said. If we begin to talk about hell and say, 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' you will know something about that."

In these passages, taken down as exactly as a rapid utterance allows, a friend has clearly taken the liberty to correct those solecisms the speaker regards as a mark of grace. As he puts it, there is perhaps something in his charge. The approved preaching of many a modern pulpit dwells very little on the invitations and promises which represent the gospel to the poor. A preacher is not the less fitted for most congregations, whose feeling towards unbelief is simple contempt, who sets down the sceptic without affecting the smallest sympathy with his difficulties.

"The very first cry of a collier, when in danger, is, 'Lord have mercy upon me.' I've seen lots of sceptics in the coal-pit, and all their infidelity knocked out of them by a clod falling on their back from the roof of their working. You might deny God's Word, but what can we get better if you take that away? Give me something to comfort me better, and I'll burn my Bible."

Our collier has one theme with which he is very sincerely possessed, and this is a great power. We do not say that his teaching is the teaching of the Bible—very far from it; but the man possessed by one great truth is apt to say striking things. Take the following passage, failing in reverence we admit, but holding attention where attention is not always easy to gain:—

"Suppose I could be privileged to go to heaven to-night, and tell them I wanted to know what the love of Christ is, that I might come back and tell poor sinners in St. Martin's Hall about it. Suppose I asked Abel, 'Abel, thou hast been here thousands of years, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' He would say, 'No, Richard Weaver, thou poor blood-washed sinner, I cannot tell thee what this love is.' But 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Then if I turn and say, 'Noah, thou wert saved in the ark, canst thou

tell me what the love of Christ is?' 'No,' he would reply, 'I cannot tell thee; but it is deeper than the waters that carried me upon their bosom.' And yet, 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' I go to David, and say, 'Thou sweet Psalmist of Israel, canst thou tell me the measure of the love of God?' 'No,' says David, 'His loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Him; but I cannot fathom the love of God.' And then I go to Solomon, 'O Solomon, who spaketh of trees from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, thou couldst show thy wisdom to the queen of Sheba, canst thou tell me what the love of Christ is?' 'No, I cannot tell thee; it is beyond all my wisdom.' And then my guardian angel says, 'See, here is Ezekiel; maybe he can tell thee.' And I say, 'Well, Ezekiel, thou didst see visions, and dreams, and the Spirit lifted thee up to behold the glory of God; tell me how I can make these sin-blighted people in St. Martin's Hall understand the love of God!' 'Come along with me, I'll show thee something about it, and he brings me to a river-side; the water just covers my ankles, but it rises higher and higher. 'Stop, Ezekiel; the water is up to my knees.' 'Come along,' says the old prophet, 'don't be afraid.' 'Oh, but, Ezekiel, it's a river up to my loins.' On we go a few steps farther. 'Hold, stop, Ezekiel; I've lost my footing; I'm altogether out of my depth.' 'Yes, Richard Weaver, it's waters to swim in; a river that cannot be passed over.' But here comes the loving disciple. 'Now, John, thou who didst lean on the bosom of thy Lord, thou man whom Jesus loved, what hast thou to say about the love of God?' 'I cannot tell thee how great it is, but "herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." But, no doubt, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who was caught up into the third heaven, and heard 'unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter,' can tell us something about the love of Christ. 'Now, Paul, what have you to say about this love?' 'I cannot tell the height, and length, and depth, and breadth of the love of Christ.' 'But I want to go and tell the sinners in St. Martin's Hall what the redeemed in glory know about the love of God.' 'Tell them we cannot tell what it is.' 'I will go and tell them—' 'Stop,' cries

Paul, 'tell them the love of Christ passeth knowledge.' But 'God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' Ah, glory be to God, that is it! May the Lord help us to think about it. 'The love of Christ passeth knowledge.'"

Take again a power of realising the narrative of Scripture un borrowed from Stanley or Rénan, and guiltless of local colouring:—

"I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town, singing, 'Hosanna to the Son of David?' A poor afflicted woman stands on her doorstep and hears the child. 'What is that you say?' she asks, as he is passing by her house. 'Oh,' says he, 'haven't you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He's cured blind Bartimeus that used to sit at the way side begging; and He has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave; and healed ten lepers all at once; and the people that have sick relations bring them and lay them at His feet, and He cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch Him, are made perfectly whole.' 'Oh,' cried the poor woman, 'if that's true, He can cure my bloody issue that I've been tormented with these twelve years. When will He be here, my little man?' 'Why,' says the child, 'He'll be here directly. He's coming this way. There! don't you hear the noise of the multitude? Look! here they come. Hosanna! hosanna! to the Son of David!' and away goes the little boy to tell his mother that the prophet she has taught him to look for is come at last. 'Well, I'll go,' says the poor thing, timidly. 'I'll get behind Him. Maybe he won't pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched Him were made whole: I'll go and try, however.' I imagine I see the poor weak creature, who has spent all her living on physicians that only made her worse, drawing her tattered shawl around her and wriggling her way through the crowd. They push her aside, but she says, 'I'll try again.' She winds to the right, then to the left, now nearer, and the next minute farther off than ever. But still she perseveres, although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest round the Man she wants. Well done, poor woman! Try again; it's for your life, you know. That bloody issue will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of His

clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature, 'Where are you pushing to? You've got a bloody issue; you've no business here.' 'Ah,' she answers, 'I see there a man whose like I never saw before. Let me but touch his garment, and I shall be as well as any of you.' And now another step or two, and she can hear His gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus, as He walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. The woman stretches out her hand, but she isn't near enough. Another step—yes, now she touches—it is but the hem of His garment; but it is all she needs. Glory to Jesus! her issue of blood is dried, and immediately she feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus! she touched, and was made perfectly whole. And if there was virtue in His garment, isn't there efficacy in His blood? May God help you to come to Christ to-night."

This is better than the poetry that would precede and follow our passage in its first delivery. But perhaps the best hymn marked by the characteristics of revivalism in these collections may follow here. It is called Richard Weaver's favourite:—

"My heart is fixed, eternal God, fixed on Thee, [for me.
And my immortal choice is made, Christ
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring,
And while I've breath I mean to sing,
Christ for me.

In Him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for me.

He is the Majesty Divine, Christ for me.
The Father's well-beloved Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne, [me.
Who did for human guilt atone, Christ for
To-day as yesterday the same, Christ for
me. [for me.

How precious is His balmy name, Christ
Christ a mere man may answer you
Who error's winding path pursue; [me.
But I with part can never do, Christ for
Let others boast of heaps of gold, Christ
for me. [me.

His riches never can be told, Christ for
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day. [me.
My portion never can decay, Christ for
In pining sickness or in health, Christ for
me. [me.

In deepest poverty or wealth, Christ for
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me.

At home, abroad, by night and day, Christ
for me. [Christ for me.
Whene'er I preach, or sing, or pray,
Him first and last, Him all day long,
My hope, my solace, and my song;
Convince me if you think I'm wrong.
Christ for me.

Now who can sing my song and say, Christ
for me? [Christ for me.
My life and truth, my light and way,
Can you, old men and women there,
With furrowed cheeks and silvery hair,
Now from your inmost soul declare, Christ
for me.

Can you, young men and maidens, say,
Christ for me. [me!
Him will I love, and Him obey, Christ for
Then here's my heart and here's my hand,
We'll form a little singing band,
And shout aloud throughout the land,
Christ for me?"

One common method for attracting attention is the spiritualising of sights and employments most familiar to the audience. Soldiers, sailors, volunteers, find their callings all turned into parables. One writer tries his hand at the railroad with but indifferent success. It belongs to few to keep their parallels straight in such an undertaking. It will be observed that repentance—a state of mind never thoroughly realised—has to perform two different offices.

"The line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truths the rails were laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding
Lamb;
I love the sound of Jesu's name;
It sets my spirit in a flame.
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Repentance is the station then
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is Himself the way.

The Bible is the engineer;
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It doth the way to heaven steer.

In first, and second, and third class—
Repentance, faith, and holiness—
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At any station on the line,
If you'll repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in."

There is energy in Richard Weaver's parable founded on the same theme:—

"Come and stand with me at the Bluepits station. The engine is whistling, and the steam flying. You see a man waving a red flag, and you ask, 'What is the matter?' You are told that there are two trains approaching on the same line. 'What must be done?' Every stroke of the engine cries, 'Death! death! death!' The signalman runs with the red flag this way and that way, and every moment brings the two trains nearer together. There is coming death in every stroke. The pointsman rushes forward to see if he can change the position of the two trains. You cry out to him, 'Run! Run! RUN!' He reaches the points, pulls the handle, the nearest train is turned on the other line of rails, the danger is averted, and the lives of those in the trains are preserved. But as the engine dashes by the pointsman, he is caught and cut to pieces. He has saved those lives at the expense of his own. The decree has gone forth that 'the wages of sin is death;' but, thank God, Jesus Christ, the pointsman of heaven, rushed forward, and, by the sacrifice of His own life, has redeemed us."

We have heard that Weaver has his great titled friends; that he has been invited to dine at rich men's tables, and shown at once his sense and humility in preferring the kitchen to the parlour on these occasions. That many with means at their command were glad to assist him with their substance, we gather from an anecdote which tells of a hearer, unknown to him, who once paid for his journey, and offered him further assistance, to whom his thankfulness was thus expressed:—

"I could not help then telling him what a Father mine was. It was just like Him. I asked Him for a pound, and He gave me five-and-twenty shillings."

Yet we can understand his mistrust and jealousy of a well-dressed congregation. He does not like to see the women among his audience in silks and ribbons, but with "shawls drawn over their heads." In fact, none will do for him who

associate religion with ideas of awe, solitude, and quiet. As the people he preaches to live, work, amuse themselves in crowds and droves, so must they gain their religion. Nothing is more demonstrative than a collier under conviction. Even if, impelled by conscience, one rushes alone to a "sand pit" or the solitude of the upper room by day, his cries and roarings must attract a large assemblage of anxious and impressed hearers at the foot of the stairs or somewhere within hearing. Where noise and loud utterance is a mark of conversion, we may take for granted that witnesses are essential. Nobody halloes for his own solitary edification. The drunken blasphemer, suddenly awakened, upon opening a hymn-book, bawls out "I've found it! I've found it" with an energy that might wake the dead. Everybody sings, everybody shouts, everybody assembles all his friends. They are converted in company. The larger the number—of whomsoever composed—the greater the proportion of converts. Richard Weaver, sincere though we believe him, has no better test than noise of effectual conversion. Until people shout they are doubtful. To die "shouting" expresses, in brief, all there is to be said. A good woman, who had borne a trying illness under trying circumstances with pious but quiet resignation, was considered unsatisfactory by her friends of this school; till, worked upon by their exciting language, at the moment of death she yielded to pressure. This put the seal of assurance upon her state. All was right. "She had hollered a deal." Repugnant as all this is to ourselves, we are forced to draw distinctions. Take colliers, for instance. They live in noise; their work passes in it; their pleasures are riotous; silence and self-restraint are things they do not understand, and very much akin in the minds of most of them to deadness. Whether this is over-tolerance or not, let us listen to some of the strains, through

which sound is sustained at a maximum—

"O God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in Thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice
While I have breath to raise my voice!
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
I'll make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout for evermore,
On that eternal happy shore."

Shouting is of itself a means of grace, and we must say the only one enlarged upon—

"You've no need to carry your burden of grief,
Nor one moment tarry in seeking relief;
It is yours, it is yours, whilst you're raising your voice,
And the angels look down to rejoice."

Shouting is the motive for the converted to assemble themselves together, and the inducement to the unconverted to join them—

"The Gospel band has now set out, Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
And we will help them all to shout,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

It is a point of difference between the saved and lost in the hymn, in universal favour, which asks of each and all, "How will you do?"

"When you come to Jordan's flood, How will you do?
You who now condemn your God, How will you do?
Death will be a solemn day: .
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray! How will you do?
You who laugh and scorn and sneer, How will you do? &c.
You who have no more than form, How will you do? &c.
You who have been turned aside, How will you do? &c.
Christian, now I turn to thee, How wilt thou do?
When thou dost the river see, How wilt thou do?
To the Cross I then will cling,
Shout, O death, where is thy sting?
Victory! Victory! I will sing—That's how I'll do!"

No hymn does its work without a lusty chorus. We come upon familiar lines, associated in our minds with all the sweet decorums of orderly worship, and are startled

by the appendage thought necessary to bring them up to the mark. the contrivers of these meetings aim at sustaining, of excitement and noise. A really beautiful hymn of Watts has every verse thus supplemented:—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
We're marching through Emanuel's
ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again. [again ;
What ! never part again ? No, never part
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
There everlasting spring abides," &c.

One of Cowper's meets with the same treatment, each verse separated from the context:—

"I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus
died for me ;
That on the cross He shed His blood, from
sin to set me free."

Another familiar friend is graced with this appendage:—

"I mean to go, I want to go, I mean to go
I do ; [go there too."
I mean to go where Jesus is, and you may

A very favourite chorus is:—

"Let us never mind the scoffs nor the
frowns of the world,
For we all have the cross to bear ;
It will only make the crown the brighter
to shine,
When we have the crown to wear."

One hymn has this refrain :

"We're bound for the land of the pure
and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of
love ;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road
of folly,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above ?
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will
you go ?
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above ?"

There are dozens more, making still more free with the most sacred names and mysteries—these we spare our readers ; but all shows what we have already said. The conductors of these services know that if a "rough" is to be a

saint, he will prefer being a noisy saint. To bring such a one to church, prayer-book in hand, is indeed to make of him a new man. The transformation is by no means so startling under Richard Weaver's auspices, who instinctively knows that quiet, order, gravity, subdued tones, measured utterances—all that such men associate with worldly respectability—is, and ever will be, intolerable to them: and that a religion that enjoins roaring and tumult, and which opens a wider, if a fresh field, for the exercise of vigour, pluck, and self-assertion, even to insolence—a religion which sets them shouting at street-corners and market-places—and which rather diverts the old stream of bad language into new channels than forbids it altogether,—meets the sinner half way. And so does their ideal of repentance. It is to be very violent, and to involve profuse perspiration and a great deal of shouting, but it is to be short. What can be more summary, for example, than the course recommended in "Isaac Barnes's chorus"

"Let us tell him *in brief* that of sinners
we're the chief."

Again—

"With a sorrow for sin let repentance
begin, [nigh ;
Then conversion of course will draw
But till washed in the blood of a cruci-
fied Lord,
We shall never be ready to die.
For I'm happy all the day,
Since He washed my sins away,
And He's graciously waiting to wash
more."

What can more effectually smooth over the ugly circumstances of a disorderly past than that hymn to be found in all these collections denouncing every effort which falls short of the ideal conversion as "deadly doing" ?—

"Nothing, either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no ;
Jesus did it, did it all,
Long, long ago.
When he from His lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done,
Hearken to his cry—

'It is finished.' Yes, indeed,
 Finished every jot:
 Sinner, this is all you need;
 Tell me, is it not?
 Weary, working, plodding one,
 Wherefore toil you so?
 Cease your doing: all was done
 Long, long ago.
 Till to Jeau's work you cling
 By a simple faith,
 'Doing' is a deadly thing,
 Doing ends in death.
 Cast your deadly 'doing' down,
 Down at Jeau's feet;
 Stand in Him, in Him alone,
 Gloriously complete.'

A large body of the persons who frequent these meetings on Sunday are such as have habitually rejected every invitation to public worship, who, as one man expressed it, "make a practice of going nowhere." The order of any established service is intolerable to them; but under the pressure of trial and sickness, poverty or depression, they will drop in to hear what is going on at a Temperance-hall, or listen to a street-preacher. With them this modified conformity is as much a case of "deadly doing," as the most ceremonious worship of that ideal formalist who is the bugbear of this theology. They are better satisfied with themselves when it is over without any good reason for being so. They may have heard themselves called sinners in good company, thus—

"Is there anybody here like weeping
 Mary?
 Call to my Jesus and He'll draw nigh;
 Oh glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory be to God who rules on high!
 Is there anybody here like sinking
 Peter? [timmers?
 Is there anybody here like blind Bar-
 Is there anybody here like faithless
 Thomas? [vation?"
 Is there anybody here that wants sal-

And they are pretty certain to hear much of Canaan in hymns which take for granted that all who sing them will go to heaven. Of all faiths this is the most natural in the religion of the poor. The Sunday-school lyric is founded on this expectation assured even to joviality; the hymn probably famil-

iar to more English lips than any other in the language—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
 Here we meet to part again,
 In heaven we part no more.
 Oh! that will be joyful,
 Joyful, joyful, joyful!
 Oh! that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more;"

not to be recalled by some of us without the echo of various rustic renderings—

"Teachers, too, shall meet above,
 And the pastures whom we love;"

and the long-drawn

"When we meet to part no moor."

The vast number of this class of hymns may be attributable to various causes. In the first place, a certain imagery is ready for any versifier. Palms, crowns, a golden city, a river, and a promised land, make up a picture, and it is permitted to all people, from long prescription, to express a hungering for a future without exactly feeling it.

It is observable that, in this department, literary qualifications are at their lowest. We come upon the oddest rhymes—*mansion* and *transient*, *meeter* and *creature*, and so on; but the theme is supposed of itself an inspiration.

No people have much right to talk about heaven who do not at least strive to begin their heaven upon earth. The heaven of the ignorant, on the contrary, is treated as a region so absolutely separate and distinct from earthly tempers and affections, that the fact that a man has spent his whole life with the strongest earthward tendencies does not interfere with the assumption that he will feel himself entirely at home, and in his place, among the blest. But another reason for this fond dwelling on a future heaven is, no doubt, that the poor do not find earth such a comfortable home and resting-place for body or mind as the rich. Well-to-do people, with an easy certain income, and all their comforts about them,

would not find their spirits as much refreshed by these Songs of Canaan as the companies for whom they are composed. There will be no *want*, as well as no black bonnets, and no funerals in heaven, says Richard Weaver's prose, and his hymn'sings—

"No poverty there—no, the saints are all
wealthy, [love;
The heirs of His glory whose nature is
No sickness can reach them, that country
is healthy;
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?"

But such detail does not generally enter into the glorious vision, which is all of rest and home in the abstract, with as much iteration as may be, and always a chorus. Many of these Hymns of Canaan are adapted to well-known tunes, and sung by young people in those manufactories where only hymns are allowed to be sung. One of these, cribbed from Montgomery, and altered and adapted in a style excruciating to a sensitive author, is most popular—

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word:
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home," &c.

And another—

"There is a better world, they say, Oh, so
bright!
Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so
bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh,
so bright!" &c.

Another, to the tune, "My heart's in the Highlands"—

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials
are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit; the worst that
can come [home.
But shortens the journey and hastens me
For the Lion of Judah shall break
every chain, [again," &c.
And give us the victory again and

The Revival hymn-book suggests

to young men and women to invite one another to Canaan, which is one way of making services popular:—

Sisters.

"Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore!"

Brothers.

By the grace of God we'll meet you!
By the grace of God we'll meet you!
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more!

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
For ever, evermore!

Sisters.

We, a little band, before Thee,
Jesus! Lord of all, adore Thee;
Soon we'll follow Thee to glory,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Pilgrims here we are and weary;
Dark the road has been, and dreary;
Daylight dawns, and brings us near Thee,
To Canaan's happy shore.

Sisters.

When we see the river swelling,
Jesus! every fear repelling,
Shows us then our father's dwelling
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Thou hast passed on before us;
To Thine image, Lord, restore us.
Death shall never triumph o'er us
On Canaan's happy shore.

Brothers.

Say, sisters, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Sisters.

By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more,"
&c. &c.

But, confident as *all hearers* are encouraged to be in their expectations of a blissful future, one great means of influence with preachers of this school is their bold familiarity with hell and all its terrors. Richard Weaver professes a perfect knowledge of the awful region. He boasts of shaking one dying woman "over hell" till, one by one, she dropped the money-bags from beneath her pillow on to the floor. And horrible stories are told of threats and denunciations follow-

ing upon warnings contemned; to which, as the biographer puts it, "the Almighty Arbitrer set His seal." In so far as there is any truth in these stories, we take them as an illustration of a marked difference between the educated and uneducated in the influence of vague alarms upon the nerves. Women who, in the practical work of life, are far bolder and more self-reliant than their high-born sisters, have far less power of standing against mysterious terrors. A violent woman, met on her own ground, her curses answered by a bold threat assuming the tone of prophecy, is not at all an unlikely victim. Awful words, disregarded at the moment, tell when the reaction comes, and the prophecy works its own fulfilment.

Whatever we may think of these specimens of popular devotion, it is very clear that they have awakened sympathy in unexpected quarters. Two books of Catholic hymns, by the late Father Faber, which bear the token of favour and success that numbers give on their title-pages, seem to us evidently composed on these models. The Father talks, indeed, in his preface, of the Olney Hymns having been once dear to him, but one detects a more modern, and we will say less scrupulous source of inspiration. He evidently is attracted by the tone which we have called irreverent, and imitates it deliberately; both as most removed from the tone of the Church he had abandoned, and as a sort of thing that tells with the vulgar. Taking up this view, he thus reasons himself into irreverence, arguing that real reverence always assumes the disguise of its opposite:—

"The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks—
It finds no way into the face,
No spoken vent in books.
They would not speak in measured tones,
If awe had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hushed
In reverential thought.
They would have smiled in playful ways,"
&c.

Again—

"The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.
They know not how our God can play
The babe's, the brother's part;
They dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart."

Any awe that shows itself in appropriate look and action is gloom, sourness, and ungainly stiffness," and the Puritan element of Protestantism.

Following out this view, we find these stanzas in a hymn entitled "The True Shepherd," for the use of a ragged school. We recognise the characteristic Revivalist rhymes:—

"He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along this way,
O silly souls come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true;
Strange gladness seemed to move Him
Whenever I did better;
And He coaxed me so to love Him
As if He was my debtor;
As He went along this way, &c.
Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear Him say," &c.

He thus treats of ineffable mysteries:—

"God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.
As He can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In this our world He is content
To play a losing game."

At one time the repetition, which is one characteristic of Revivalism, is regarded as a sign of love, even when practised to imbecility:—

"O Jesus, Jesus! dearest Lord,
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy sacred name
A thousand times a-day.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee!"

Again—

"O I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free."

There is the same easy explanation of the scheme of redemption, which abounds in our series. The soul is thus addressed:—

"O wonderful, O passing thought,
The love that God hath had for thee;
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the undivided Trinity!
Father and Son and Holy Ghost
Exhausted for a thing like this."

If we are to have irreverence, we prefer it of the rude unconscious sort, not put on as something that will answer as a sort of experiment, as thus:—

"How can they tell how Jesus oft
His secret thirst will slake,
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
Are taught by God to take!"

Vulgarity in rhythm and rhyme are affectedly adapted to his peculiar tenets. This is how boys are taught to address St. Philip:—

"Sweet Saint Philip! we are weeping
Not for sorrow, but for glee;
Bless thy converts bravely keeping
To the bargain made with thee.
Help, in Mary! joy in Jesus,
Sin and self no more shall please us.
We are Philip's gift to God," &c. &c.

We have dwelt so long on one part of our subject that the volatile Muse of Teetotalism has little room left for the display of her gifts. And yet nothing more clearly illustrates the different influences at work in the training of the lower and higher classes of society than the numerous collections of temperance and teetotal songs and hymns sold by their thousands, nay hundreds of thousands. We have a half dozen by us drawn up for the Band of Hope alone, in which its children are taught it is a paramount duty to instruct and reprove their elders, and to regard as a drunkard in act or in anticipation every person they see drink a glass of beer. *They* are the performers, *they* are to conquer "King Alcohol," and to bring in a reign of liberty and peace. But the fact is, the subject

is incurably prosaic. The excuse for this is probably of the nature of the sailor's contending with his fellow for the palm of verse; one begins—

"In the Bay of Bengal—I lost my all,

To which the other appends—

"In the Bay of Biscay—I lost my stockings,"

"That's not poetry," cries the rhymster. "Ay, but mine's true and yours isn't," was the rejoinder. A great deal of what the teetotalers say is true, but it isn't poetry. Their vocabulary is hopeless. Twist the leading ideas as you may, insinuate them into the middle of a line, or dignify them with an answering rhyme, they defy management. Every person, thing, or part of speech whatever connected with liquor, has the same insolent prominence and knack of overpowering every other noun or verb that keeps it company. The changes are rung upon "temperance" and "teetotal," "strong drink," "wine," "gin," "beer," "public-houses," "landlords," "drunkards," "tipplers" and "sots," "takers of the pledge" and "abstainers," always with the same effect upon the ear; and it must be owned, most of these are awkward terms, not to hint at but to name in full. Our readers must be satisfied with a few specimens, a line culled here and there from this mass of strenuous effort to give vivacity, stimulus, and pathos to the teetotal cause. A hymn is opened with such exordiums as the following:—

"Who, the sacred page perusing,
Precepts, promises, and laws,
Can be guiltless in refusing
To support the temperance cause?"

or—

"However others choose to act
Towards the temperance cause,
We hail its blessings to our home,
And strictly keep its laws."

One begins to the tune of "Stevens."

"Six hundred thousand drunkards sink."

One poem lays down the rule—

"All public-houses must be closed,
Abstaining is the plan proposed."

One is figurative—

"The abstinence light is breaking."

One rhetorical—

"All hail! the temperance cause,
Thousands from drink abstain."

One in the measure of the National Anthem prays for drunkards—

"May they be brought to hate
Drinks that intoxicate."

Another asks—

"May drunkards see sobriety
In an alluring light!"

One praises total abstinence—

"Say not that you cannot aid them,
See, here is a certain cure;
Total Abstinence, so easy,
Safe, effectual, and secure;
Come, apply it,
'Tis a safe effectual cure."

One rejoices that—

"Thousands now intemperance dreading,
Bane of health and joy and peace,
Better principles are spreading;
See how temperance men increase!"

One utters the fervent aspiration—

"Oh! that our females young and fair
Were wise to shun the fatal snare,
Which Satan lays to catch their feet,
And draw them to the drunkard's seat."

One prophesies—

"That will be a joyful day
When strong drink shall pass away."

One wishes—

"I were the monarch, and had supreme
command,
I'd close the beer and gin-shop, and make
a joyful land, [places full,
The prison would be empty, and better
And every home a palace beneath the
golden rule.
I'd close the gin-shop, liberty restor-
ing, [drink away;
I'd close the gin-shop, and send the
If I made laws I'd never let them sell
again, [drink away."
I'd close the gin-shop, and send the

The youthful abstainer sees his place
in history—

"Heralds of old England's glory
Are abstainers young and free!
Who can tell, in future story,
How supreme their power shall be?"

and foresees the day—

"Drink shall fall with tyrants all;"

and avers—

"We won't give up the temperance cause
Though all the world should rage."

They are also taught to sing the
inevitable consequences of "drink-
ing a little wine"—

"A little drink seems safe at first,
Exerting little power,
But soon suggests a raging thirst,
Which cries for more and more.

The way of ruin thus begins,
Downwards as easy stairs;
If conscience suffers little sins,
Soon larger ones it bears."

Landlords are invoked in pathetic
strain, recalling a popular song—

"Landlord spare that sot;"

and Burns's measure is put to a use he
little dream't of in another—

"Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down and dine?"

As far as we can see, teetotalism
has had but one poet, and we miss
him here. Under no hands can ab-
staining from intoxicating liquors
have a wholly ideal treatment;
but the ideal and the real have at
any rate once been brought side by
side in the advocacy of this, which
is essentially *the* cause, the regener-
ation, with its champions. The
topics and the line of argument of
this *chef d'œuvre* are precisely those
of the temperance literature before
us. Our readers shall judge how
far the moderns fall short in airy
grace and play of fancy, as well as
grasp of their subject, in com-
parison with the author of the in-
augural ode sung at the great cold
water celebration held at Boston,
U. S., thirty years ago—

Onx.

"In Eden's green retreats
A water brook that played
Between soft mossy seats
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink,
Was Adam's drink
And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing,
And Eve, to dress her hair,

Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.

And when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gushed
And on they rushed
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled
Had *wine* to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parched wild
Have been refreshed with *rum*?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in *gin*,
Would she have been
Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host
To every man his gill,
And pledged him in a toast,
How large a band
Of Israel's sons
Had laid their bones
On Canaan's land!

Sweet fields beyond death's flood
Stand dressed in living green;
For, from the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,
A river rolls,
Where all who will
May come and fill
Their crystal bowls.

If Eden's strength and bloom
Cold water thus hath given,
If e'en beyond the tomb
It is the drink of heaven—
Are not good wells
And crystal springs
The very things
For our hotels?"

to believe that the concluding clench to the argument could be written in grave earnest by so neat a versifier; but a study of the dozen temperance hymn-books and melodists before us satisfies us that the thing is possible. Teetotalism is of the nature of a hobby—a state in which the mind is insensible and dead to the absurd.

With regard to the body of verse from which we have selected, it is superfluous to adduce it as testimony to the doctrine that the religion of the multitude is always a vulgar religion. It is like telling the cabman he is no gentleman. And no one can hear the excitement of these wild services parodied by street boys, or Hallelujahs hummed by them at their rough play, without a serious alarm for the consequences of making sacred things thus common and profane. But one redeeming point we note in all these collections. Whatever is distinctive is, indeed, vulgar and boisterous, and, from mere coarseness of perception, if from no worse alloy, irreverent. But mingled with these effusions are uniformly many of the best hymns in our language, and often tender and graceful modern compositions, in startling discrepancy with the prevailing tone. All we can say is, if a penitent prize-fighter or reformed drunkard, in his moments of contrition, can be brought to understand and estimate them at their true worth, a work has been effected which cannot be regarded as other than a good one.

Seriously speaking, it is difficult

THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

THE historical Muse, if it is still practicable to describe the grave science of history in such hyperbolical terms, has come to a new stage of development. The time has come when she has ceased to be either the garrulous gossip or the all-believing annalist of old. There are people who say that history at all, in any true sense of the word, is indeed altogether an invention of very modern times. The model historian of our day is an Ithuriel armed with that spear which dispels all disguises. The prettiest fays of tradition disappear before its touch; long reigns, elaborate systems of legislation, entire dynasties crumble into fable under his eye—nothing is safe from his investigation. Unless he happens to have, in the first place, fixed upon a theory as to the period he is about to present to us—which, to tell the truth, in obedience to the common weakness of human nature, shared even by historians, is not an unusual circumstance—it is his boast to believe nothing, to take nothing for granted, and indeed to regard every fact presented to him with suspicion. It is almost the same to him whether the proof is too little or too much; indeed the latter, perhaps, of the two, confers the most doubtful character upon any special point in history, the very elaboration of testimony conveying an insinuation of doubt. By strict legal evidence, by perennial human probabilities, by analogy of the times, and a hundred minute corroborations or contradictions undreamt of by the primitive chronicler, his successor in the nineteenth century works out his severer and less ample narrative. Even then he cannot vouch for it as could the

ancient annalist, for he never can be perfectly sure that at the last moment, when he is going to press, or when critics in general are prepared to sit upon him and his deficiencies, some secret nest of documents may not turn up, proving his facts imperfect and his deductions all astray. These circumstances make the office of a historian at the present period a thousand times more laborious, hard, and thankless than it once was. He must have imagination, or he cannot present before us, as we love to see them, the personages of his narrative; and yet, in everything that belongs to fact, he must stifle his imagination and refuse its aid. He must pass over those picturesque incidents which seize the popular fancy, and turn aside sternly from the embroideries of romance, which to many of us represent all that is most attractive in history. It is needless to say that his own prejudices must be crushed with a remorseless hand; that he must own the backsliding of his favourites, and, what is still more difficult, the virtues of their opponents. This superhuman height of virtue can be attained by but a very limited number; but happily it is easier to cast off fabulous details and bring facts at least to the stern test of evidence—a test by which character can be less perfectly and satisfactorily concluded upon.

Mr. Hill Burton has gone about his *History of Scotland* in this modern and incredulous, if not sceptical spirit. He has swept off, at one fell swoop, all that long beadroll of kings who once flourished in our national records, and whose portraits may be seen at Holyrood for the confusion of the unbeliever. Mr.

‘The History of Scotland, from Agricola’s Invasion to the Revolution of 1688.’ By John Hill Burton. Vols. I. to IV. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1867.

Burton has the courage to go clean in the teeth of this pictorial evidence. When he does not assert boldly, as in many cases he does, that the monarch whose portrait frowns upon us from the historic walls never existed, he admits him in a humiliating way to be a kind of savage and incoherent fact, though as far removed from the age of kingly crowns and coat-armour as Adam or Noah. Yet notwithstanding this daring scepticism, or perhaps rather in consequence of it, our historian succeeds at the very beginning of his labours in producing some amusement to his readers out of the Pictish question, which is, we presume, the first time it was ever supposed capable of being made amusing. There is a dry and caustic humour which is very telling and characteristic and national in his animadversions upon the early history of Scotland, and all the antiquarian suppositions and theories to which it has given rise. To these theories he himself refuses to contribute in any way. He will not hazard even a suggestion on the subject. Whether our respected Pictish ancestors were Celtic or Teutonic—whether they came from an island called Peuké in the delta of the Danube—or whether they were Buddhists from the far East, according to another ingenious theory—he will give no opinion. With the most philosophical impartiality he affords his readers materials for forming their own opinion on these important subjects, stating at length the arguments of Pinkerton for the island of Peuké, and quoting from Colonel Sykes the assertion that “it is highly probable that Kirkmichael Stone was erected by a body of Outhite priests who came from Cutha, in Persia;” but he himself does not take the responsibility of maintaining either view. He gives with decorous gravity, a *résumé* of much that has been said on this subject, impartially setting forth in parallel columns the Celtic, Gothic, and Teutonic roots, to which, with

equal perspicuity, the few existing words of supposed Pictish have been traced by three learned and industrious antiquarians. Whatever may be said against Mr. Burton’s treatment of this part of his work, it cannot be affirmed that he has withheld from his readers that impartial and unprejudiced information which Mr. Stuart Mill teaches us is the right thing to be supplied by every teaching faculty, so that students may form their opinions for themselves. But for his own part he does not object to confess that he does not know who the Picts were, nor where they came from, nor even, for that matter, where they went to in their disappearance, which is almost as mysterious as their origin. They, or some other mysterious and undecipherable tribe, have left the northern fields honeycombed with curious earth-houses. They have left amazing traces of the wildest primitive fortifications. They have left round towers and subterraneous buildings, of which Mr. Burton does not pretend to give any explanation. Something weird and mystic lingers about those mysterious, unintelligible traces of an extinct race, or at least of a race so absorbed and swallowed up in other races as to have perished totally, so far as history is concerned; but meaning has gone out of them too long and too entirely to be resuscitated by any theory. In such far regions, curiosity itself, unless it be the technical curiosity of an antiquarian, dies out. The imagination refuses to follow so far afield, and the reader, like the author, is perfectly well content to acknowledge that he knows nothing about the Picts. Mr. Burton disclaims quaintly all inferences and deductions about this original, but unexplainable race. He does not understand their earth-houses nor their sculptured stones, nor anything about them. He thinks they were probably light-minded as well as ourselves, and scribbled images that did not mean very much on their stony tablets without intend-

ing them for religious symbols. He thinks it, on the whole, an easier way of accounting for the appearance of a thing like an elephant on the sculptured stones by the conclusion that "the finishing of extremities is a difficulty in all struggling art. To relieve himself of it the artist finishes off with a flourish. In the present instance the tail goes off in a whirl, so do the legs, so does the snout, and hence it has been found to represent an elephant's trunk;" than, by elaborate theories, to "account for the influence of the great beast of the tropics upon the early Scottish mind." From all this it will be seen that a certain indifference, incredulity, even it may be said scepticism, characterises his mind in respect to the prehistoric ages. He does not even give much weight to the statement of Tacitus about the Caledonians driving over the battle-field in chariots, evidently conceiving this to be more specially designed as a glorification of the Roman warrior who overthrew these Homeric savages, than a real contribution to history. And he has no faith, to speak of, in the Druids. Evidently a man of unbelieving mind.

Mr. Burton takes our remote ancestors, so far as he gives us any opinion about them, as very savages, Picti, painted men, green or blue Britons, according to the exigencies of the prose or verse in which they are described; a race which, in conjunction with the slightly more intelligible Scots, have left for themselves one grand and unmistakable record in the fact that there are more Roman camps in Scotland than in any other country in Europe—shrewd neighbors, accordingly, whom emperors and legions could not put any effectual stop to. Mr. Burton goes even further than this, and informs us that these Roman fortifications are "so numerous as to jus-

tify the belief that there are more known and recognised Roman camps in Scotland than in all the rest of the world." In these far ages the painted men of the mountain threw themselves perpetually against the boundary wall of imperial civilisation. Their energy, their ferocity, their savage bravery, gave the conquerors no rest, although as yet it is but those mute symbols of warfare long ended that tell the tale. When twilight begins to dawn faintly over the dark and unknown wastes, it comes from Iona and from Christianity, then stealing in neither very pure nor very perfect, but living and potent, from the holy but turbulent Isle of Saints. From Ireland, too, came the Scots, who preceded Christianity. Some traces of the scepticism previously shown in respect to the Pictish question peep out once more in the various references here necessarily made to the tales and miracles of the early legendary apostles of Scotland. Mr. Burton, perhaps, does not treat Paladius, Ninian, and Kentigern with the respect they deserve. He speaks of St. Serf as having "a reputation for the neatness and appropriateness of his miracles;" and is even unsettled in his conviction of the wonders wrought by St. Columba. It would not be amiss for the careful reader to collate with this part of his history the eloquent and delightful chapters dedicated by M. de Montalembert,* naturally in a very different spirit, to the same subject. But notwithstanding Mr. Burton's irreverence, we are doubtful whether he does not convey to the reader a clearer conception of the Irish Church, and its influence upon Scotch Christianity, than is given by the accomplished historian of the monastic orders. His picture of it has all the air of an impartial portrait, made by a man with no individual partisanship to uphold, and free of all anxiety

* 'The Monks of the West.' By the Count de Montalembert. Authorised translation. Vol. III.

either to prove the Columban community purely Roman, or to invest it with that still less veracious simplicity and freedom which Presbyterian writers have endeavoured to embody in "the pure Ouldee." The fact seems to have been that it possessed neither of these marked characteristics. Episcopal order and apostolic succession, these bulwarks of the so-called Catholic faith, seem to have had little to do with Celtic Christianity. And it is still further from any resemblance to the much later inventions of Presbyterianism. What Mr. Burton sees in it is an imperfectly constituted Church, infinitely more national than catholic, and perhaps more oligarchical or tribal than national—an ecclesiastical community founded less upon any lofty ideal of a Church, than upon the natural forms of organisation common to the country in which it attained its first development, where the members of a clan clung to their chief, and took him as their head in whatever direction his mind might turn, whether to bloody wars or peaceable studies, the diversions of bloodshed and rapine, or of prayers and fasting, or indeed of both combined, as sometimes happened. The clan continued to be a clan in the cloister as well as in the countryside; and the distinction between the world and the cloister was less clearly marked than the words would lead us to suppose. Thus the ecclesiastical organisation was but a copy or repetition of the secular, with the same principles of local strength, and the same light allegiance to any general head—if, indeed, any head at all was so much as acknowledged, which seems doubtful. These curious communities had the name of bishop amongst them, but evidently not the office, dioceses being unknown, and all authority centring in the abbot, the chief of the monastic clan. This irregular kind of constitution, following no model, but formed, as it were, spontaneously, almost accidentally, according to the

natural genius of the people, seems to ourselves to account for much in the after religious history of Scotland, which received this inexact system of organisation along with its first teaching of Christianity. In Ireland itself it lasted until Henry II. was sent by Pope Adrian IV., "to make known the true Christian faith among the barbarous people, and to preserve proper conformity to ecclesiastical rule"—a curious historical fact, which it is very wonderful to look back upon from the changed position occupied by all parties now.

The first real historian of Scotland, apart from the scanty references of Roman writers, of which so much capital has been made, seems to have been Adamnan, the biographer of Columba. "The value of the few incidents of history and social life in Adamnan's book," says Mr. Burton, "may be estimated by remembering that it was written in the seventh century, and that we have to pass through seven hundred years to the fourteenth ere we reach the period of Fordun and the other chroniclers who have hitherto been the fathers of Scottish history." Thus it is but by the glimmer of this priestly lamp that we spy for a moment into the darkness. It shows us two nations, each growing and consolidating into greater force—the Irish Scots and the Picts, the one civilised and christianised, the other heathen and savage. Among both, the princely Irish exile settled on his island, with a community not too soft or peaceable—men like himself ready for any kind of sacred adventure, whether to dare the seas in dauntless exploration, or to make missionary excursions over the dark mountains, the spine of Britain—was held in natural respect, almost approaching awe. To the Picts he was a magician more powerful than any of their magi, and at the same time an independent power; while to his kinsmen, the Scots, he was at once the high priest of their

religion and a royal prince of one of their own reigning families. Out of all that old world of human interests and movements in which the germ of our national history was contained, the only perfectly distinct spot is the monastic isle. From this centre Columba's disciples spread over all the northern part of Scotland, establishing communities, and leaving names which still linger about the consecrated spots. Everything except this is confused and uncertain; but the fact of the extension of Christianity, and, with it, of the kind of monasticism adopted by the early Irish tribes, is indisputable: and the influence of such communities in that primitive age cannot in any respect be judged by the effect which monastic institutions have produced in modern and civilised times. The monks of Columba were of a different mould from the lazy and picturesque loungers who will soon dawdle no longer about the Italian streets and villages. They were robust companions, hardily trained, and ready for any enterprise. Their movements were retarded by no domestic restraints or hindrances. They were handy at all kinds of tools, bold pilots, sturdy oarsmen, deep-breathed mountaineers. They could build their church with the same hands which, when it was completed, lifted up within it the sacred host; and they were patient enough and laborious enough to bring a scanty unwilling harvest out of their meagre island soil. Such an institution may fall into dire abuse, as experience has shown it to do; but there can be little doubt that for pure missionary labour it is the mightiest and most effectual instrument ever invented by man. The Columban community spread over all the northern part of Scotland. It sowed on every side not only the seed of religion and Christian teaching, but a series of secondary local centres in the shape of dependent monasteries. We cannot trace it

in detail, as, indeed, Mr. Burton himself does not pretend to do; but it is very probable that the work of these communities combined with other causes to accomplish the phenomenon which he records two centuries further on—the total disappearance of the Pictish nation. There is no monk-artist at this later date to step in with his taper and show us what they were about in those unrecorded ages. "In the midst of this dimness and confusion the Pictish nation drops out of history," is all the historian can say. In the ninth century, the kingdom of the Scots had rounded into unity and individuality. It was not, certainly, the complete and dignified commonwealth which Buchanan and his copyists made it; but it was a kingdom in its primitive way, so far united under one rule, and recognised as a separate entity. Its course of existence was however, far from a tranquil one. It had to bear the rude shock of continual Norse invasions, and was by no means free of conflict and discord in its own bosom; but from this time something like a regular succession of kings, and something like an intelligible thread of history, finally brings out and identifies the nation which, no longer Pictish or Irish, slowly, generation by generation, developed into the Scotland which has for many centuries, though neither rich nor mighty, made itself very apparent and recognisable before the world.

The national constitution of Scotland, however, like that of England, was not to be worked out under such primitive conditions. The country had already absorbed the Picts and Norsemen; the latter partially, the former entirely. It had now to be moved by the two great waves of Saxon and of Norman influence. The first time that the court and established royalty of the country is apparent, is when Malcolm Canmore, son of the gracious Duncan, the successor

of the so-called usurper Macbeth, has seated himself securely on the throne. By this time the mists have begun to disperse "for good," and once more a twilight indistinct, but yet full of the growing clearness of dawn, has begun to show the outline of the familiar hills, and the doings of the unfamiliar people. Mr. Burton is not given to poetical tableaux, and does not pause to refresh himself, as a historian of weaker mind might have done, by any little sketch of the prince in whom for the first time we see a possibility of a hero. The son of a murdered monarch restored to the throne by the faithfulness of his friends; the husband of the fair exiled princess, the young Atheling, the "lovely lady, queen and saint," whose name the Church has for ever associated with that of Scotland—the first king whose court we can feel any physical or moral certainty about—does not awaken any enthusiasm in our author. Instead of pausing over this picture, he gives us a very clear, succinct, and forcible description of the feudal system, then just about entering with the Normans into full possession of England, which we recommend to those of our readers—we fear, not to speak disrespectfully, a large majority—who have indistinct conceptions of that great system of government. A great principle such as this is a more dangerous invader than any conqueror. It cannot be encountered in pitched battles, nor harassed by irregular warfare, and it carries with it in its inevitable progress the race which introduces it and is in harmony with its spirit. To the court of Malcolm many Saxons came along with the young Prince Edgar Atheling and his sister, driven out of their own country by the influx of invaders. And following them in lesser numbers, but of greater mark, began to come, as is afterwards apparent, the adventurous Norman knights with their wonderful faculty of appropriation, their taste for heiresses,

and the prestige of their vast success in the south. It was indeed the beginning of a new era in our insular story. The reign of tribes had lasted long and done its natural work, no doubt contributing to the real progress of each conquering race, as well as to the universal bloodshed and confusion of elements in which all early history takes its commencement. But its day was over. The Saxon kingdoms had consolidated into one, and into one distinct nationality had also ripened the conflicting races in Scotland. But the consolidation was too recent, and perhaps the Saxon mind was too local and practical to have formed any philosophical conception of the advantages of a united empire stretching from sea to sea. When the Norman conqueror appeared, bringing with him at once the enlarged views of a higher cultivation, the arrogance of a race which felt itself born to rule, and the impartial eye of a stranger, it is evident that the idea of making one empire of the entire island must have suggested itself to his sagacious intelligence as a proceeding in every way more complete, satisfactory, and logical than the existing arrangement. Further conquest was impossible and not to be thought of for the moment, but the feudal system, which in all its wonderful hierarchical development the Normans had brought with them, lent itself in the most subtle way to the designs of ambition. King Malcolm in his northern court shows every evidence of perfect independence; he receives and shelters the Saxon princes, abets the Atheling in all his futile enterprises, fits him out for his expeditions, and receives him again when the noble ne'er-doweel falls back, as such adventurers will, on the kindness of his friends. He even does Edgar the service of invading England, harrying the unfortunate Border lands, which seems to have been a pleasant way the Scots kings had of keeping their exist-

ence prominently before their neighbours. Yet it would appear that William the Conqueror, on the occasion of making peace with his troublesome neighbour—a process frequently gone through—managed cunningly to insinuate the thin edge of the wedge of feudal dependence. "King Malcolm came and made peace with King William, and gave hostages, and was his man," says the early chronicle, a statement amplified in later records into the full rendering of feudal homage. "Some patriotic Scotsmen," says Mr. Burton, "have inferred from this that Malcolm, like several of his successors, did homage for lands south of the border. I cannot concur in this, not believing that the grades and ceremonies of homage were then so far advanced as to admit of one of those complicated transactions." He prefers to judge the transaction according to the "general historical conditions," which show a total absence of all the privileges of suzerainship on William's side, and the most perfect independence on the part of Malcolm. But in what manner soever they got there, the obnoxious words had crept into the chronicle, and the subtle process of drawing the northern nation within the meshes of the feudal web had begun. This cunning mode of aggression is described as follows:—

The task of the monarch bringing other states under subjection was easier than that of the feudatory aiming at independence. One way of working towards the position of lord-paramount over a neighbouring state was by letting its king or ruler hold lands for which he had to do homage as fiefs, and taking all available opportunities to widen the character of this homage, so as to make it extend to his independent dominions. Gifts of land were sometimes made by great sovereigns to their smaller neighbours, evidently with the design of pursuing this policy. Another mode of aggression was to charge the ruler who refused his homage with disloyalty, and to declare his fief to be forfeited. In general, the sovereign who took this

course was not in a position to seize and hold the fief for himself, or might be in a position which would make the feudal community cry shame on him if he did so. His policy was to find some one with a feasible claim likely to be tractable when he got into the vacant fief—a person generally with some power and ability, who required only countenance and assistance to enable him to displace the object of his patron's enmity. The most gracious form which this process could take would be when there were competitors for the crown of the state it was desirable to absorb. The aggressor had then the game in his hands, so far as mere feudal tactics went. He would find, of course, a competitor who was ready to do him homage as superior, and whose promise he could trust."

Mr. Burton states this case very clearly, and without any particular indignation against such sharp practice. He admits that "ere the crown of Scotland was consolidated and strengthened, as the term is, it had to squeeze out a number of independent little powers by analogous practices." And, indeed, we who in our own day have seen many little powers give way to a conqueror's large and philosophical estimate of what was best for them, can have little difficulty in understanding the motives of the reigning Norman race, nor even in giving them credit, on the whole, for a far-sighted and wise policy, notwithstanding the greater difficulty there invariably is in recognising the wisdom of a policy aimed at the independence of one's own country than of any indifferent community. It will be seen that it was precisely in the way indicated by Mr. Burton that the final attempt upon the independence of Scotland was made.

There are some pretty glimpses of something like home and the finer affections in the story of Malcolm and Margaret which the present historian is very indifferent about. He passes over the life of her written by her confessor, with disdain, as a rhapsody rather than a biography. "That she softened

the barbarity of her husband's nature, is but repeating in general terms what every female saint does to somebody," he says, with truculent cynicism; and adds indifferently, "It is not much worth doubting the assertion that he was fond of handling her books, though he could not read them, and that he sometimes affectionately kissed those she most esteemed." For our own part, we think this affectionateness of the illiterate warrior very much worth believing, and much more to the point, than the harrying of Cumberland, which is a vulgar incident shorn of all meaning by over-repetition. When the queen was buried, her coffin refused to be carried past the spot where Malcolm's bones lay; possibly a doubtful fact, and yet suggestive of something better than mere authenticity. She appears to have been the first Scotch Sabatarian, which is a less attractive particular in her character, yet not altogether inappropriate. Thus the first point at which there is any possibility of romance, and the first visible woman (barring Lady Macbeth) who can be said to be apparent in Scotland, is dismissed by the historian. The reader may be allowed to grumble at this curious way of passing by those very details of history which are most interesting and popular. It is not a point without importance that St. Margaret did for Scotland what "every female saint does to somebody;" and Mr. Burton himself does not fail to see the after-weight of her influence in the consolidation of the Church and the many rich gifts bestowed upon it by her sons. His reticence here is almost unphilosophical; and the only excuse that can be made for him is, that the larger story of national progress is told with a force and clearness which can afford to dispense with the minor graces of narrative.

The next great point in the history, and indeed the greatest point, until the Reformation inaugurated another struggle for death or life

in Scottish history, is the contested succession, and the War of Independence connected with it. It is needless, in these pages, to go over all the preliminaries of this great crisis, nor even all its events. The Norman kings of England, notwithstanding repeated intermarriages between the two royal houses, seem to have kept a keen eye upon that possibility of exacting homage which, under the feudal system, was so mighty a weapon. The kings of Scotland possessed estates in England, of which the king of England was the undoubted suzerain; and thus a series of statements got into the records, certifying to the fact of homage, without any limiting particularities as to the fief for which it was given. This gradual accumulation of precedents was quickened in one generation by the treaty to which William the Lion, when taken prisoner by the English, was obliged to consent, and by which he bound himself to do absolute homage for his kingdom; but confounded in the next by Cœur de Lion, who magnanimously relinquished the privilege thus iniquitously secured to him, and repealed the treaty. The discussion went on, as discussions were conducted in those days, by arguments of a rude practical kind—raids on the part of the Scots, armed demonstrations on the part of the English, a great deal of neighbourly fighting, infinite confusion on the Borders, and a general cloud of battle-smoke and bloodshed, through which all the time, doubtless, as trees grow through darkness and storms, as well as through rain and sunshine, the two nations were progressing silently. At length the crisis arrived. In the end of the thirteenth century, the Scottish royal family became extinct in the direct line by the death of the little girl known in history as the Maid of Norway. A crowd of competitors for the vacant throne immediately sprang up, the two chief among them being John Balliol and Robert Bruce. It is a curious point in the question, and one which entirely

explains the ready submission of all to the King of England as feudal superior of Scotland, that these competitors were all Norman knights, most of them holding large possessions in England, and regarding Edward as their natural sovereign.

But for the little spurt of factitious national enthusiasm got up some few years since by clever operators, and which embodied itself quaintly enough in the uncompleted tower, called the Wallace Tower, on the Abbey Craig, near Stirling, which, after all, is not ineffective when seen against the rolling clouds in that glorious landscape,—the world in general would have been unaware that an eternal hatred still lingered in the Scottish breast against Edward I. Mr. Burton, however, is not moved by this unchristian passion. He feels the attempted wrong, but the sense that it was splendidly baffled, and that he has one of the finest passages in history to recount, restores his temper, as surely it may restore all our tempers, and puts him in charity even with the arch-enemy of his country. He is even so magnanimous as to pause at the very moment when he is about to show the atrocity of the English king's proceedings towards Scotland, and step out of his way to recall the memory of Eleanor, and that story of true love and chivalrous devotion which makes Edward, from another point of view, a type of knighthood and manhood. Nor is he unconscious of the fact that Edward's action, even in this matter, was the action of a wise and far-seeing sovereign, alive not only to the aggrandisement of his own kingdom, but to what was no doubt the ultimate advantage of the entire island; and that his proceedings, if not governed by any fine sense of international honour, granting that such a thing existed in those days, were at least strictly in accordance with feudal precedent, and with the hereditary policy of his race. A neighbour so near, so unavoidable, and

so turbulent, ready to take advantage of his every embarrassment, and prepared at any moment to ravage his frontiers, preventing the due development of the resources of at least a part of England, and neither rich enough nor cultivated enough to make wise provision for the development of his own resources, is naturally such a thing as any wise man would be glad to be rid of; while to replace such a neighbour by an accomplished brother-in-arms, owing to himself a natural affection and allegiance, ready to be guided by him, to act with him, to acknowledge his superiority, is a temptation which few men, not to say kings, could have resisted. Edward fell into the snare, or rather, he went into it willingly, with the clearest perception of the position, and most distinct purpose of taking advantage of it. The competitors, apparently without a dissentient voice, prosecuted their claims before him; and with all the state of an imperial umpire, Edward heard and deliberated on them. His choice fell, as everybody knows, upon John Baliol, a man utterly unfit for the position, and through whose incompetence it is very probable Edward meant gradually to possess himself of the great fief. But he had reckoned without one important party to the business—he had, in his Norman sublimity, seeing only the personages worth seeing, the nobles, scarcely a step below himself in dignity and pretensions, and of his own race, reckoned without that hitherto silent and inarticulate entity, the Scottish people, which had been growing in the mean time by dint of long comparative peace and quiet into a certain consciousness of its own mind and rights. Without any reference to this great silent spectator the transaction was completed, and Baliol, weak, incompetent, and futile, a brand-new vassal prince, the most successful manufacture yet accomplished by feudalism, made his march northward and took possession of his kingdom. A

certain grim and silent dissatisfaction seems to have been the national sentiment with which he was received; but soon the ominous stillness was broken. Appeals to the English courts and to the English king from defeated parties in Scottish lawsuits gave the sharp practical touch which alone was wanted to stir the smouldering fire into flame. And it was then that Scotland made that first grand demonstration of national force and character which perhaps more than anything else proves the people capable of making it to have already reached a high stage of national development. Kings, nobles, and dignities being much absorbed with their own concerns, and prone to regard public affairs as their individual trade, to be managed for their profit, Scotland vindicated her separate existence by a step which only a heroic people under great pressure can take. She produced by herself, and from her own bosom, that unpurchasable and unmanufacturable thing, a National Hero.

There is very little to be told about Wallace when all is told; but yet this is clear and manifest of him, that out of gentle obscurity and an unremarked existence, the wrongs of his country, and most probably personal wrongs of his own, made him spring all at once into the rank of arch-rebel and archpatriot. No such figure ever appeared among the Saxon masses, upon whom their Norman conquerors trampled as men trample the grapes in the wine-press. Nobody like him had appeared before in any other quarter of Christendom. The business of the world was in the hands of authorised leaders, —kings, legitimate or otherwise, conquerors, feudal superiors, great nobles. Wallace was none of these. He was, as would appear, what in our days we would call a country gentleman — noble, well-descended probably, and wearing the spur of knighthood, but in no way called upon to become the popular leader, nor belonging to the class to whom

that office naturally falls. He is visible in his happy insignificance one day, and the next, without any visible training or preparation between, he is a great general, able to cope with the English army in its most perfect condition, and even to forestall by pressure of necessity and genius the leading principle of a system of military tactics invented ages after. His appearance is so sudden, his story so brief and so extraordinary, and the place he has found in the tenacious national memory is so paramount, that Wallace, to our sober eyes, unaccustomed to miracles, looks more like the incarnation of a nation's wild prayers and longings than an actual man. But he was a very actual man, as both Scots and English well knew; and his appearance in the *mêlée* is perhaps the most wonderful feature in it. Wallace was not the deliverer of Scotland. On the contrary, he was the earliest and most cruelly sacrificed victim to her independence; and yet he has taken no undue place in the estimation of posterity, and it seems all but certain that without him Scotland never would have been delivered. The warlike national sentiment, not only of self-defence, but of indomitable opposition to England, took being under his hands. England and Scotland had tilted before on many a field, where the argument was some bit of disputed land — some neighbour's quarrel or riever's booty; but as there never had been any question of subjugation or defence between them up to this moment, so there had been nothing more virulent than that neighbourly encounter which, between two personages much addicted to fighting, and believing it the chief business of life, was perhaps as much for love as for enmity. But now the case was changed. Scotland was all at once placed in the position of a man who, after a long bout of fencing with a friend, suddenly sees the button torn from his good-natured opponent's foil, and feels himself driven at once to defend his life. The

nation at this extraordinary moment threw out, as it were, in a wild sudden thrill of fierce energy and agony, her flower of vital force, her leader and hero; and the hero in his turn, in swift, decisive action, formed the nation. It seems incredible that all Wallace's public career should be summed up within one twelvemonth. Yet so it is. In this short time he won, to the consternation of his antagonists, the battle of Stirling—a victory apparently owing almost entirely to his military genius, and which brought Edward, alarmed, home in all haste to oppose his own experience and vast resources to the obscure Scot who was thus carrying all before him. In his second battle against the King of England and his mighty host the hero was defeated, and this is the conclusion of his active career. Not much, surely, to build so great and enduring a reputation upon. Yet everyway enough: for Wallace and Scotland—that Scotland to which all our memories and all our patriotic prejudices attach—the Scotland of modern ages, of chivalry and poetry and freedom—rose into full individual existence together. It was the point between national life and death; and, momentary as it was, the man who swayed that moment has a perfect right to the dearest appreciation and most long-enduring honours which a nation, owing little less than itself to him, can bestow.

This was the man whom Edward—a wise king, a brave soldier, an accomplished statesman—"in mockery crowned with leaves of green," and executed with every refinement of medieval atrocity. Perhaps it was but natural he should have done so; for the pure hero, always a wonder, was a greater marvel and more violent contradiction to the theories and principles of that age than such a man could possibly be in our own. His position and existence must have wounded the feelings of every true feudalist. He had come out of the ranks without any sufficient call, and practically defied all claims

of homage, all technicalities of government, all the logic of his age. No wonder that they inflicted upon him the cruelest details of punishment. The mere fact of his appearance was in itself a revolution.

When Wallace thus disappears, another and perhaps, in reality, a greater figure comes forth upon the historic scene. Bruce; a man who reaped where his predecessors had sown, yet one who also had sown for himself with no small amount of blood and tears. It is difficult to define what the influences were which made Robert Bruce the leader of the native Scots and champion of their national independence. He was the grandson of the competitor for the crown who had fully acknowledged Edward's supremacy and been ready to receive not only the kingdom, had his liege lord adjudged him that fief, but even a part of the kingdom had it been the will of the suzerain to divide it. The younger Bruce had in his veins a larger infusion of native Scotch blood than had his grandfather, but that is scarcely sufficient to account for his change of sentiment. Perhaps his sagacious mind¹ was already sufficiently developed to perceive that Edward's scheme was impossible, and that a great opportunity lay open before a true king of Scots; perhaps the example of Wallace, such an example as could not fail to impress any generous mind, made Bruce a Scotsman as it made Scotland a conscious and individual nation. Anyhow, whatever the cause the fact is evident. Without any motive at all equaling in magnitude the effect produced, the body of nobles who up to this time had been more recognisable as Norman knights than in any other character, became all at once patriotic Scotch nobles. Only one, so far as is apparent, had joined Wallace; but whether it was that the natural leader, found in the person of Bruce, stimulated some smouldering patriotic sentiment in their hearts, or whether they were charmed or

shamed or startled, into the adoption of that cause to which the hero had given form and reality, it is impossible to say. The certain fact is, that the Scotland which in silent discontent received in 1292 from the hands of Edward a tributary king, rose up some fifteen years later with all its ranks filled up, in firm phalanx against the enemy who threatened its independence, with a hero-king, a chivalrous nobility, a closely-knit and solid commonwealth, ready to stand to the last man in defence of its national rights. Such a sudden and surprising development may well have startled the world, and it becomes doubly startling and almost incredible when we consider how heterogeneous were the elements involved.

The vivid remembrance which has always remained in the Scottish mind of all the incidents attending this great national crisis speaks eloquently for its importance. Mr. Burton is as reticent on this point as he is in respect to all other picturesque details; but even he permits himself to record as a proof of the sudden outburst of patriotic enthusiasm which seems to have seized the entire nation, the romantic journey of the Countess of Buchan, herself a Macduff, of the family which from the time of Malcolm Canmore had been privileged to place the crown on the heads of the Scotch kings, to crown Bruce at Scone. Her husband was a stanch retainer of Edward, and it was apparently from England that she came "at the head of a noble cavalcade," to fulfil the hereditary office. The brave woman was punished for it with a cruelty which, like the atrocities perpetrated on Wallace, do more than a hundred invasions to tarnish the knightly fame of the great Edward. She was confined in a large cage made of spars, which was hung outside one of the towers of Berwick—an unmanly and disgraceful act of cruelty.

It was, however, one great point

in favour of Bruce and the national movement, that Edward's day was about over. It is sad to think of such a termination to a noble and chivalrous life. The English king seems to have been driven half wild by the sudden and amazing escape from him, just at the critical moment, of his prey. His life ended amid sanguinary executions, immense preparations for war, and wild projects of revenge. So intense was his determination to succeed in his long-cherished purpose that, even that determination being too weak to cope with disease and death, he gave orders that his bones should be carried to Scotland with his army. Probably Edward was by this time aware that his son was a man of very different mettle from himself, and that the army thus delivered over to weak and incompetent hands would need at least the recollection of a brave general and leader to keep them steady to the long-cherished aim which he could not abandon even in death. But his orders were not carried out; and the difference between a resolute and energetic rule and the weak sway of an inferior mind soon made itself apparent in the conflict. The tide of fortune had turned for the Scots. Enough of evil luck had been theirs from the moment when the child-queen died on the northern seas. Now at last their day of success had come.

It is not necessary to our purpose to follow the narrative closely down to the full and final victory of Bannockburn. Our readers will find Mr. Burton's close and manly narrative, religiously reticent as it is of every romantic and poetical detail, to be full of interest and instruction. We will only quote at this point the noble address and appeal made by the Scottish "commonalty" to the Pope seven or eight years after that decisive battle. This translation of the original Latin document is one printed at the Revolution of 1668 :—

"Upon the weighty consideration of these things [the antiquity and antecedents of Scotland], our most holy fathers, your predecessors, did with many great and singular favours and privileges, fence and secure this kingdom and people as being the peculiar charge and care of the brother of St. Peter; so that our nation hath hitherto lived in freedom and quietness under their protection, till the magnificent King Edward, father to the present King of England, did, under the colour of friendship and alliance, or confederacie, with innumerable oppressions, infest us, who minded no fraud or deceit, at a time when we were without a king or head, and when the people were unacquainted with warres and invasions. It is impossible for any whose own experience hath not informed him to describe, or fully to understand, the injuries, blood, and violence, the depredations and fire, the imprisonments of prelates, the burning, slaughter, and robbery committed upon holy persons and religious houses, and a vast multitude of other barbarities, which that king execute on this people, without sparing of any sex, or age, religion, or order of men whatsoever.

"But at length it pleased God, who only can heal after wounds, to restore us to libertie from these innumerable calamities, by our most serene Prince King and Lord Robert, who, for the delivering of his people and his own rightful inheritance from the enemy's hand, did, like another Josua or Macabees, most cheerfully undergo all manner of toyle, fatigue, hardship, and hazard. The Divine Providence, the right of succession by the laws and customs of the kingdom (which we will defend till death), and the due and lawful consent and assent of all the people, made him our king and prince. To him we are obliged and resolved to adhere in all things, both upon the account of his right and his own merit, as being the person who hath restored the people's safety, in defence of their liberties. But, after all, if this prince shall leave these principles he hath so nobly pursued, and consent that we or our kingdom be subjected to the king or people of England, we will immediately endeavour to expell him as our enemy, and as the subverter both of his own and our rights, and will make another king who will defend our liberties: for so long as there shall but one hundred of us remain alive, we will never give con-

sent to subject our selves to the dominion of the English. For it is not glory, it is not riches, neither is it honour, but it is liberty alone that we fight and contend for, which no honest man will lose but with his life.

"For these reasons, most reverend father and lord, we do, with most earnest prayers, from our bended knees and hearts, beg and entreat your holiness, that you may be pleased, with a sincere and cordial piety, to consider that, with Him whose vicar on earth you are, there is no respect nor distinction of Jew nor Greek, Scots nor English, and that with a tender and fatherly eye, you may look upon the calamities and straits brought upon us and the Church of God by the English; and that you may admonish and exhort the King of England (who may well rest satisfied with his own possessions, since that kingdom of old used to be sufficient for seven or moe kings), to suffer us to live at peace in that narrow spot of Scotland, beyond which we have no habitation, since we desire nothing but our own, and we, on our part, as farr as we are able, with respect to our own condition, shall effectually agree to him in everything that may procure our quiet.

"It is your concernment, most holy father, to interpose in this, when you see how far the violence and barbaritie of the Pagans is let loose to rage against Christendom for punishing of the sins of the Christians, and how much they dayly encroach upon the Christian territories. And it is your interest to notice, that there be no ground given for reflecting on your memory, if you should suffer any part of the Church to come under a scandal or eclipse (which we pray God may prevent) during your times.

"Let it therefore please your holiness to exhort the Christian princes not to make the warres between them and their neighbours a pretext for not going to the relief of the Holy Land, since that is not the true cause of the impediment; the truer ground of it is, that they have a much nearer prospect of advantage, and farr less opposition in the subduing of their weaker neighbours. And God (who is ignorant of nothing) knows with how much cheerfulness both our king and we would goe thither, if the King of England would leave us in peace, and we doe hereby testifie and declare it to the Vicar of Christ, and to all Christendom.

"But, if your holyness shall be too credulous of the English misrepresentations, and not give firm credit to what we have said, nor desist to favour the English, to our destruction, wee must believe that the Most High will lay to your charge all the blood, loss of souls, and other calamities that shall follow on either hand betwixt us and them.

"Your holiness, in granting our just desires, will oblige us in every case, where our duty shall require it, to endeavour your satisfaction, as becomes the obedient sons of the Vicar of Christ.

"We commit the defence of our cause to Him who is the Sovereign King and Judge, we cast the burden of our cares upon Him, and hope for such an issue as may give strength and courage to us, and bring our enemies to nothing. The most high God long preserve your serenity and holyness to his holy Church."—*Miscellanea Scotica*, iii. 125–128.

Such a document as this is little like the composition of a savage or uncultured race. There is a dignity and self-restraint about it which, after such an impassioned and desperate struggle, could scarcely have been looked for; and the daring yet, respectful freedom with which the petitioners throw upon the holy father the responsibility of the "blood and loss of souls," should he be "too credulous of the English misrepresentations, and not give firm credit to what we have said," would tempt a smile, were it not for the deadly earnestness of the address, and its determination, "as long as there shall but one hundred of us remain alive," to yield no jot of their liberties. To such a lofty point had that national sentiment risen, which in the days of John Baliol and of Edward's first aggressions had taken no other form than that of a grim and inarticulate discontent. The little interval, not thirty years, had welded in one the different races, then so much more distinct than now. Saxon and Norman had fought together for a common freedom, and had become Norman and Saxon no longer, but Scots. Not light or evanescent could have been that patriotism which won those Norman barons to turn their backs on

their kinsmen and recent companions, to give up their English lands, and separate themselves from the wealthier and greater commonwealth, to become a part of the poor and ruder one. That they did so proudly and without any sense of loss, and with a depth of national enthusiasm which can be produced only by true love and devotion to a country, is very apparent in this noble appeal, which it is comfortable to know was not ineffectual.

We will not attempt to follow Mr. Burton through the middle age of Scottish history, through the feeble sway of the kings who immediately succeeded Bruce, or through the period sacred to romance in which the Jameses accomplished their sad and singular history. Nothing can indeed be more remarkable or more melancholy than the story of these five Stewarts—all apparently men who, in other circumstances, or had time been permitted them to mature into serious manhood, would have been men of note among their fellows. The peculiarity of the story, however, is, that it is perpetually a young man, inexperienced, and leaving traces in his path wherever he goes of those natural penalties which follow the experiments of youth, whom we see in the centre of that turbulent world. The unfortunate young monarch never ripens into that true knowledge of himself and his position which it is the office of years to bring; the example of his father before him is but that of a young man like himself, painfully dealing with the half-comprehended difficulties of his position, making the same blunders, and suffering the same defeats. James I., the noblest figure among them, is the one who has longest time to settle into his place, and bring mature powers to his difficult task; but he was barely forty-five when he was murdered, and left a child of six to succeed him. James II., a less remarkable man, was killed in his thirtieth year, when his heir was eight years

old. James III., an art-loving monarch, sadly out of place in that rude age, was thirty-six at his death. James IV. passed his fortieth year, and in his case the heir was a posthumous child. James V. was but twenty-eight, and left his crown to an infant of five days old. The mere dates tell their own story. Of these five, two at least, the first and the last, seem to have possessed positive genius; and the fourth, the James of Flodden, if rash and foolish as the leader of a nation, was at least a perfect impersonation of chivalry and knighthood. During this entire period, from the beginning of the fifteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, the scene is crowded with striking events and energetic actors; but yet the monotony inseparable from a long continued series of rebellions and conspiracies runs through all this confusion and tumult. The policy of the Jameses, maintained with tolerable unanimity, notwithstanding the many disastrous breaks and chaos of regencies, seems to have been that of alliance with the people, in opposition to the ever-disloyal, ever-encroaching, ambitious, and unprincipled nobility; a race sadly degenerated from the heroic band that formed themselves round the Bruce, yet perhaps the more pardonable in their perpetual backslidings from the fact that it was little more than the enthusiasm of a great crisis which had made them Scots. After the impulse and excitement of the crisis had passed away, the allegiance of the fierce oligarchy wavered; and it is curious to perceive the continual reference to the influence and to the king of England which every noble, even to the members of the royal house itself, made, as soon as they were thwarted by their native laws or sovereign. In every case of forfeiture or restraint—and such cases occurred continually—the first idea of the discomfited lords seems to have been an immediate nominal transfer of allegiance to the Ed-

ward or Henry of the time being; a transfer energetically sworn, but from which one step across the border on to Scottish soil seems to have taken all the value. Amid these agitated crowds the young Scots kings struggle, each through his limited day, emerging out of a doubtful and confused regency, only to relegate the kingdom back again into another, when he too succumbs to the fate of the Stewarts, leaving an infant heir behind to share the same fortune. The tale is impressive and startling in its very monotony.

And at the same time a curious shadow, as of another great personage on the scene, is present through all those troublous chapters of history. The student can see, or rather feel, as through a veil, the "commonalty"—the great body of the Scottish people, slowly forming, growing, taking shape and force; a people tenacious of all its ancient attachments and hatreds, immovable in its independence, loyal and faithful to its historic career. Nothing can be more remarkable than this apparition, which yet is no distinct apparition, and has no tribunes or demagogues to represent it. We seem to be sensible, without any distinct vision, that another great figure is there, neither king nor noble, yet more potent than nobles and kings. This is chiefly shown in the fact, that whereas probably every noble in Scotland at one time or another traffics with the English king, swearing faith to him, appealing against their native sovereign to him, calling upon him to right and reinstate them, virtually, and often in words as well, acknowledging him superior of Scotland, Scotland itself, in its laws, its wars, and national policy, steadily, and with the tenacity as of a death-struggle, maintains its absolute independence. How the kingdom could have maintained this position through nearly two centuries in spite of the constant treacheries of its ruling class, through all the

disastrous intervals of regency—which count almost as largely in the tale as the reigns of its kings—without apparent leaders, often with only an infant among them to symbolise the royal authority, is one of the greatest marvels of history. Yet it was done; with its highest nobility clustering about the English court in turns—with now a Douglas, now an Albany at their head—Scotland itself never changes its language about “our auld enemies of England.” The very Douglas, with the best will in the world, can no more collect a feudal gathering to aid the English king than if that monarch were Satan. The dumb and dogged determination of the people,—its steady postponement of everything—feudal bonds, family attachments, even in some cases the allegiance of the clans—to this extraordinary form of patriotism,—is something which, as it unfolds before us, grows sublime; and in sight of the continual treacheries of the Scottish nobles, as they appear in Mr. Burton’s terse and vivid pages, no reader can have any doubt that this noble conservatism was in the people alone.

England, on her side, never gave up the dream of annexation; never quarrel arose that the old claim was not thrust forward anew in seductive perspective; never loophole appeared but there was an English king ready to take advantage of it, eager to pledge himself to redress all wrongs and look into all grievances, if only his position as Lord Paramount should be clearly acknowledged. Each of these claims seems to have been laid up in the records as evidence not of the mere assertion of superiority, but of its right, and as a precedent to be followed next time. For thus long a time did the English reigning races hold by the idea of uniting the entire island into one empire. It was not wonderful that they should have done so; for England could not stir a step in the Continental wars she was so fond of interposing

in, without the certainty of a Scots invasion on her borders—a domestic difficulty which embarrassed and hampered her in all her movements. Even as Scotsmen we may now be magnanimous enough to say that they were right, and that our ancestors, for their own interests and the welfare of the island, were in all likelihood theoretically wrong. Things having ended as they have done, and this union being achieved in the way most satisfactory to our national pride, and which that extreme national pride made the only possible way, we may avow as much. But notwithstanding, as nature prompts, we cannot but feel with a certain proud satisfaction that what our fathers did was well and steadfastly done.

Another and still more remarkable national feature is brought out with great force in Mr. Burton’s narrative, and is, indeed, the development and explanation of the singular vigour of nationality which we have just remarked. It is that, in the very heart of feudalism, the little northern kingdom, torn by wars and conflicts, was at heart a constitutional kingdom. It took its own way not only in military tactics but in the administration of even-handed justice—a most unlikely presence to find enthroned in these wilds in such an age. The following account of the amazements and troubles of a party of French knights and soldiers sent so early as the reign of Robert II. to the assistance of Scotland, gives a remarkable and at the same time an amusing picture of this and some other astounding national peculiarities:—

“Here were two thousand men, accustomed to the luxurious living of Frenchmen of the higher order—as Froissart says, ‘used to handsome hotels, ornamented apartments, and castles, with good soft beds to repose on.’ The entertainment of such guests was a serious national burden; in fact, it became too heavy, for the long war had brought Scotland to abject poverty. They observed that Edinburgh, the capital of

the country, was inferior to the secondary towns of France, and contained but four thousand houses: in these only a portion of the two thousand could be harboured, and the rest had to seek still more sordid quarters in the neighbourhood, or in the smaller towns—some of them being scattered so far to the south as Kelso, and others northward in Fife-shire. They expected a splendid opportunity, however, for seeing the grand game of war: for England was resolved to make one of her great efforts for the annexation of Scotland. An army, said by the more moderate of the chroniclers to be fully seventy thousand strong, marched to the border, under the command of the young King Edward [II.] The Scots doubled their usual force, and were able to muster thirty thousand. . . . There now arose a characteristic dispute between the strangers and the Scots leaders: Vienne, for the Scots, proposed to follow the old established tactic of clearing the country, and only fighting when driven to the alternative of battle. In fact, to the French war was a pastime; to the Scots it was the serious business of the world, national life or death depending on success or failure. The dispute waxed hot, and the impetuous Frenchman spoke scornfully of the spirit of his Scotch allies. He was only silenced by an incident, which shows how thoroughly the Scots understood the business of war according to their own method of conducting it—how well they knew the motions of the enemy while keeping their own unrevealed. Douglas offered to let the admiral see and count the enemy, and then decide on his course. Accordingly he was taken to the top of a hill, whence, to his amazement, he could see the whole English force as if it were reviewed before him. He estimated that he saw there six thousand men-at-arms and sixty thousand archers, and concurred in the hopelessness of meeting such a force in the field.

“The admiral and his followers seem now to have thought that the war must come to an end—that there was nothing for it but a surrender. This was a conclusion, however, entirely unknown in Scottish warfare; and, still further to his amazement, the admiral was made to understand that, while the great English army was left to do its worst in Scotland, his countrymen might have an opportunity of joining the Scots in

an invasion of England. Accordingly, they swept Cumberland and Westmoreland after the old fashion. They were unmolested, for the country had been drained of men for the English army; and we are told that ‘the French said among themselves they had burned in the bishoprics of Durham and Carlisle more than the value of all the towns in the kingdom of Scotland.’ They returned to find desolation in Scotland. The great English army had marched to the Forth, finding little that they could even destroy save the religious houses. They made the incursion memorable by the destruction of the rich Abbey of Melrose. Then came the established fate of such invading armies—starvation. It was early in the year, when the grain was but growing, while the Scots had driven their cattle and carried their ripe grain and other effects to the shelter of the nearest hills; and the fleet which was to have provisioned the English army failed it as usual. Thus each army went back to its own country.

“The surprises which were to greet the French in this strange land were not yet over. No sooner was the English host fairly across the border than the desert became animated. The people crept down from the hills with their cattle and effects, and these received a contribution from the plunder of England. The Scots took the devastating of their land with marvellous indifference; and they needed but a few beams of wood to restore their burnt cottages and make themselves as comfortable as, in these unsettled times, they ever were.

“Before they were done with Scotland the strangers were subjected to unpleasant experiences, from which, however, it is our good fortune to catch a singularly clear and significant picture of the social and political condition of the people. It is ever the stranger, indeed, who gives the liveliest picture of the internal condition of a people, since he describes it by contrast: hence it was Montesquieu and De Lolme who first showed to the British people the actual practical elements of the freedom of their constitution. The French deemed themselves very scurvily used by the Scots, and their record of grievances shows the contrast between the slavish condition of the peasantry in their own country and the thorough freedom of the Scots. To an eminent Scot or other stranger in France it would be but natural to communicate, by way of hospi-

talities, the power of the native nobles to live at free quarters and plunder the peasantry at their discretion. The French complained bitterly that they got no such privilege in Scotland. On the contrary, when they carried off a cow or the contents of a barn, the owner, with a parcel of ruffian neighbours, would assault the purveying party, and punish them savagely, inasmuch that not a varlet dared leave their lines to bring in provisions. Nay, when they rode abroad, the people rudely called to them to keep the paths and not trample down the growing crops; and when the remonstrances of these churls were treated with the contempt they deserved, a score was run up against the strangers for damage done to the country folks. Froissart's bitter account of this inhospitality is confirmed by the statute-book. The French took high ground, and it was necessary that from high authority they should be told of the incompatibility of their claims with the rights of the people. The Estates took the matter up, and required the admiral to come to agreement with them by indenture, the leading stipulation of which is, that no provender is to be taken by force, and everything received by the French troops is to be duly paid for. There is a provision for settling personal quarrels, which was equally offensive to the strangers, as it admitted the existence of civil rights in the meanest inhabitant of the beggarly country, by providing for the decision of disputes where there was disparity of rank.

"When, thoroughly tired and disgusted, they set about returning home, a new surprise awaited the unfortunate visitors. They were not to be permitted to leave the country, but were held in pawn for the claim against France for the debts they had incurred and the damage they had done. They were asked why they had come over—they were not wanted; Scotland could defend herself from her enemies; and they, coming as friends, had done more mischief than an invading army. The threat of detention, which they deemed preposterous, was quite serious, and remonstrance in high quarters was of no avail to control the rights of the creditors. The admiral got permission for a considerable proportion of his force to return by taking their personal responsibilities upon himself, and agreeing to abide in Scotland until these were discharged by the French Government. The exemp-

tion from aristocratic oppression enjoyed by the Scottish peasantry receives emphasis from contrast, when the chivalrous annalist describes the first things done by the ill-used knights on their arrival in their own country: 'The greater number returned to France, and were so poor they knew not how to remount themselves, especially those from Burgundy, Champagne, Barr, and Lorraine, who seized the labouring horses wherever they found them in the fields.'"

The history of a nation, like that of an individual, naturally becomes more complex and intricate as it advances. When the curtain rises upon the next great crisis of the life of Scotland, many influences are to be found at work which add to the commotion, but detract from the unity of the stirring drama. The "auld enemies of England" have ceased to be the solitary bugbear of Scotch politicians. By the time that the ill-fated Mary comes to the throne, an entirely different and still less palatable ascendancy hovers over the self-willed little kingdom. Frenchmen throng the Court, insinuate themselves into offices of trust, get possession of the great national strongholds, and the jealous nation has begun to see in its old ally a visitor almost as dangerous as England, and has henceforward upon its hands the difficult task of so balancing the one against the other as still to keep to itself that cherished position of independence for which it had already so long and bitterly fought. Then the wonderful revolution in religious matters added another and still more difficult complication. The warlike bishops of earlier ages, men learned in statecraft and policy, and patriotic enough to further the general weal of the kingdom when not preoccupied by the weal of the Church, had given place to a body of preachers a thousand times more influential with the people, optimists in opinion, sworn enemies to all the expediences of worldly policy, and absolute in their conviction that their own cause was the

cause of God. Thus the course of Scotland lay among rocks, and over a sea boiling and seething with as many perils as the sea which washes her own northern coasts. Her queen was by breeding and associations French, and bitterly Catholic. Her nobles were as riotous, as unrestrained, as ready as ever to make and break every kind of alliance with her allies or her enemies, as chance might order. Her clergy were violent and uncompromising, and unable to perceive that there were two sides to any religious question. These were of themselves elements of confusion enough for any country to master; and the whole was further confused by the new aspect of that old long-contested question between England and Scotland which had cost the best blood of both. The whirligig of time had so brought its revenges that the blood of Bruce had now produced the nearest, and indeed only feasible, heir to the crown of that Edward who had laboured to his last breath for supremacy over Scotland. With this wonderful change the temper of Scotch politicians had changed also. The most able among them fixed their hearts, with an eagerness as great as that which their ancestors had shown in the struggle for independence and separation, on the union of England and Scotland. The possibility was one which gave to the national pride a satisfaction all the more exquisite in proportion to the bitterness with which union in any other way had been rejected. Out of sheer gratitude to Elizabeth for being the last of her race, and likely to leave this superb inheritance to the Stewarts, Scotland was almost ready, had the English queen treated her ordinarily well, to have adopted Elizabeth as a supplementary sovereign, and now desired as much to please her as she had tried to gall and irritate her predecessors. Such was the curious chaos of affairs into which Mary came when she began her personal reign in Scotland. The religious revolution had brought with

it a revolution not only in matters spiritual, but temporal—not only in many popular habits, but in the lands and holdings belonging to the rich and largely endowed Church which had ceased to exist. We have almost personal experience in the public events immediately under our own eyes of the difficult nature of such a transaction; and here there was no overmastering majesty of public justice to regulate the transfer, but the capricious rights of might, and the universal grasping of every one who had power enough to seize upon any part of the booty. Such a crisis could only have been safely managed by the wisest and wariest statesmen—by universal respect for law—by tolerance and that great power of self-command which is the greatest of all purely natural virtues. How Italy in the nineteenth century, with a ring of sympathetic non-intervening nations looking on, with public opinion watching her every step, and with statesmen trained to know what are the limits of all things expedient and possible, may yet extricate herself from one only particular of these difficulties, is a matter still painfully undecided. But there was no principle of non-intervention in the days of Mary Stewart; on the contrary, everybody intervened—England, her “auld enemy,” France, her long ally; even foreign potentates of Germany and Spain, and all Christendom. Respect for law was almost unknown in any abstract sense; toleration was a sin, and self-command, at the best, a very weakly and milk-and-water sort of virtue. If wise statesmen were not altogether wanting, they were lost in the turbulent mass of ungovernable nobles, every one of whom plotted, robbed, and rebelled “for his own hand.” This strange combination of every possible difficulty occurred, as such things generally do occur, at the very moment when the ancient kingdom had need of all her wits about her. The story is a terrible one to hear or to tell. Yet, perhaps, it is

almost a relief to the overwhelming consciousness of a national crisis when we find history, notwithstanding her interest in the broader subject, compelled by the horrible fascination of unparalleled wickedness, to turn aside and fix, amid this chaos, upon one personal story, and one ever-memorable individual crime.

The history, we need not say, is that of Mary, and the crime the murder of her husband. In any way in which we can look at her, her history is one of the most remarkable and saddest that ever fell to the lot of woman. If she was innocent, then has she been wronged by all her contemporaries, and by the greater bulk of posterity, as never woman was wronged before; and if she was guilty, her fate was more miserable still. Her beauty has scarcely, so to speak, yet faded from the general recollection; her wit and ability, almost genius, still win the admiration even of hostile historians. No one of the gifts that women prize the most seems to have been denied to her; and she had a position such as might have satisfied the ambition of the highest-soaring mind. Her own kingdom of Scotland was noted, if not for its tender treatment of its sovereigns, at least for the most steadfast adherence to their dynasty; and her prospects as heir of England were as splendid and almost as sure as any earthly prospects could be. Yet her life was sad, unutterably sad, from beginning to end. Her good gifts brought her nothing but misery, her magnificent position served but to make every accusation brought against her more bitter, and to sharpen all her misfortunes. Her story is a tragedy, full of everything that can call forth pity and terror according to the ancient rule—or which may produce horror and pain according to a law more general in the present day. So beautiful, so exalted, so gay, so miserable, so wise and foolish, so degraded and disgraced, what tale can bear comparison with hers? History itself turns from plots and re-

bellions, from the growth of liberty and its hindrances, from the convulsions of the Church, and the all but death-struggle of the State, to set down the story of this fair queen and miserable woman; and there are none of her students but feel a quickened thrill of interest, and recognise that it is well and fit so to do.

Mr. Burton does not, in these volumes, follow Mary further than to the troublous scenes which succeeded the murder of Darnley. His narrative of this period, which it seems so difficult for any historian to discuss calmly, is as dispassionate as the general narrative. It is clear that his own opinion is unfavourable to Mary, but he does not accuse her in so many words; and he has constructed his narrative without reference to the much-discussed casket of letters, which, if genuine—as Froude, for one, holds them unquestionably to be—place Mary's guilt altogether beyond doubt. The letters themselves are curiously like what—supposing her guilty—her communications with her lover might be supposed to be, and fit wonderfully into the tragedy. Mr. Burton gives the story itself with a plain simplicity which detracts nothing from its frightful interest, and, with scarcely an inference, places all the damning evidence of facts before his readers. As we go over the awful record, it is impossible not to feel that had her object been to prove her own guilt and make it apparent, Mary could not have been more careful to do everything she ought not to have done. Letters, confessions, historical probabilities, may be all at fault. The most evident autograph composition may turn out only a more than usually clever forgery. But the evidence of facts is hard to shake. It may have been the very idiocy of innocence defiant of all suspicion—a most unlikely supposition; but otherwise it could have been nothing but the heartless and miserable audacity of guilt. Miserable in any case, more and more supremely miserable, poor

Mary, in every new passion. Yet, perhaps, to a creature so constituted, the frenzy of love and hatred, even when crime and misery followed as their natural results, was more congenial than any tame level of virtue and prosperity could have been.

There is, however, material less tragic in Mr Burton's fourth volume, where he grows picturesque in spite of himself over Mary's arrival in Edinburgh, and where, animated into that warmer interest in his scene, which her presence there naturally excites, he describes with a certain humour her conferences with Knox. These famous conversations have been very differently judged, according to the point of view from which they are regarded; but we do not remember to have felt before the impression that Mary, with her spirit and courage still unbroken, and a great power of enjoyment in her, must have found a quaint and original kind of amusement in her interviews with the Reformer. Mr. Burton dwells upon their repeated talks with an evident feeling that these talks were not disagreeable to either party—that the beautiful queen was mightily amused, and not a little interested, by the bold and outspoken preacher, and relished the sharp encounter of wits, and felt that satisfaction in a foeman worthy of her steel which comes natural to a brilliant woman. Probably the Scots lords were not great conversationalists. There is something bright and pleasant in this notion, which is, we think, quite original, and it gives us an impression of a still light heart and well-conditioned being, which few things in Mary's life convey. Passion there is in plenty, and full evidence of her possession of all the seductive social arts, and of diplomacy enough to hold her own with scores of ambassadors; but there is a touch of pure lightheartedness and youthful satisfaction in her own wit, and an honest faculty of interest and amusement in whatever distraction may offer itself—even

a theological discussion—in this view of her intercourse with Knox, which seems to throw a gleam of pleasant subdued morning sunshine upon the beginning of her terrible career.

We will not, however, attempt to enter further at this moment upon the tragedy here left incomplete; but will rather reserve for a subsequent paper the relative position and individual weight in history of the two remarkable women, Mary and Elizabeth, in whose persons the two nations had their last struggle.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Burton's narrative breaks off at this tragic point in Mary's story; but the evidence in these volumes is enough to prove that the after-events will be treated as truthfully, and with as severe a self-restraint from all extravagance. We do not remember to have read so reticent, so calm and dispassionate a history—a quality all the more remarkable, that it is his own country of which the historian treats, and latterly of a period which still rouses a warmth little short of passion in partisans on either side. Mr. Burton's book fulfils the first and greatest requirement of historical teaching. He deals not with opinions, but facts. What *was*—the acts accomplished, the attempts made, the actual doings of our remote predecessors on this great stage—he sets before us with unquestionable care and pains. As for the inferences, he leaves his readers to draw them for themselves. When it is the Pictish question that is concerned, a certain humorous contempt for a great deal of solemn nonsense is in the manner of the setting forth. But when we come as far as Mary there is no longer any room for humour. Grave as life and death can make it grows the story, but not less calm, unbiassed, and purely historical. We do not know what higher praise could be given to a national history.

THE INNERMOST ROOM.

I HAVE a little chamber, dressed and swept
And silent, where I sit alone,
Evermore quiet kept,
Open to all and yet to none.

My friends come by that way ;
But when I pray them enter at the door,
Lingering they look, and turn away—
Pass by, and come no more.
Though there be some, whom longing, I have prayed,
On bended knees wellnigh,
"Come sit with me awhile," have said,
"And let the rest go by."
And one upon the threshold step has stood,
Then laughed, and gone his way ;
And one, in angry mood,
Has chid me that I stay ;
And one, with wistful glances, has essayed
To enter, but in vain ;
And one a moment's visit made,
Then fled as if in pain.

While ever lonely in my closet left
I leave the door ajar,
Still dreaming, though of many hopes bereft,
Surely some travellers are,
Could I but find them, would come in to rest,
And sit and talk awhile.
Whom, serving with my best,
With song and tear and smile,
I should show all my treasures, fallen so long
To rust, and out of use ;
Serve them with tale and song,
Their travel-shoes unloose,
And bring the sacred oil, and pour the wine ;
And when the hour was sped,
With farewells half-divine,
Dismissed, and companied,
See them go forth into the infinite earth,
Or heaven more infinite—
Into the darkling splendid night,
Into the daylight's mirth ;
Nor grudge, as with a peevish mind,
That they went forth, while I but stayed behind.

Such comers come not : they who seek me out,
Content with scantier part,
Dwell in the other rooms about,
Know not the chambers of the heart.

And yet sometimes a child or two,
With rush against the unbarred door

My solitude will seek,
And clasp my neck and kiss my cheek,
Then without more ado
Rush back to play once more.
Sometimes a homely tender woman, moved
By Nature's bounty free,
As I were one beloved,
Will soft come in to me;
Scanty and few the words that she will say,
Brief moment can she lend
From all the busy labours of the day,—
"How is it with thee, friend?"
Soft in the doorway standing as she speaks
By a sweet instinct kind,
Her voice the tremulous silence breaks,
And fills the lonely mind
With a forlorn yet human cheer,
As one who knows a friend is near.

But in the other days 'twas otherwise :
Silence itself conveyed with tender breath
That thrill of sound wherein the difference lies
'Twixt life and noiseless death ;
In the soft air then rose a murmur sweet,
A hum of voice and words,
A sound of coming feet,
A ring of soft accords,
That, entering in, filled all the inner room
With friendly faces bright,
Where there were ceaseless whispers in the gloom
And laughers in the light ;
And save some sudden thought fantastical
Might flutter in a maiden soul,
There all was known to all,
And shared, both joy and dole ;
Making divine the common days
With dearest blame and sweetest praise.

Hush ! in the other chambers now the board
Is spread—the guests are dear ;
Kind Nature's charities afford
Sweet greeting, cheerful cheer ;
Shut not the door in any churlish wise.
I greet you, oh my friends !
Although the daylight in your eyes
Has missed the ray that lends
Their sweetness to the early skies ;
Although the entrance you have lost
For ever to the innermost ;
Though that still chamber never any more
May harbour tender guest,
And life, its dearest utterance o'er,
Dwell silent, unconfest,—
Yet come, the outer chambers fill,
And I will love ye how ye will !

But ever silent in my closet lone,
I leave the door ajar,
If mortal visitors be none,
Haply some travellers are,
From the sweet heights of heaven may come unseen,
Filling the solitary place
With those dear smiles of which I dream ;
Or one sublime and radiant Face,
Dividing the great glooms, may sudden shine,
And say my name as He
Said "Mary" in reproach divine ;
When such guests come to me,
Heaven opens with the opening door,
Though they are silent, silent evermore.

And if *thou* wilt, draw near, oh unknown friend !
Thou, somewhere in the world apart,
To whose sole ears ascend
The outcries of the heart ;
Thou all unknown, unnamed, and undivined,
Who yet will recognise
That which, 'mid all revealings of the mind,
Was meant but for your eyes.
If you should e'er come sudden through the gloom,
In any shape you list to wear,
I wait you in this silent room,
With many a wonder for your ear.
For you the song is sung, the tale is told ;
For you all secrets are,
Although it was not thus of old ;
And the door stands ajar,
To let you lightly in where I alone
Wait in the silence, oh my friend unknown !
Who, in the noon of life, when gladness ends,
Are nearer than all friends.

M. O. W. O.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

For the time being, the working classes, with their rights and wrongs, real or supposed, are lords of the ascendant in political and social discussion. Their relations towards their employers, or, *vice versa*, the relations of their employers towards them, are deemed of importance enough to be mentioned in the Royal Speech, and recommended to the attention of Parliament. The fate of the new Reform Bill, which blocks the way against other and perhaps more imperative legislation, depends to a great extent on their satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the share of political power that may be accorded to them by that measure. They have the ear of the public; and political agitators, and republicans on the American model, are making the most of the opportunity to climb into political power upon their backs. Whether the working classes, as a body, are not too sagacious to become the dupes of the noisy demagogues who aspire to lead them, remains to be seen in the future course and history of the Reform agitation. Our present purpose, however, is not with the political, but rather with the social and moral, aspects of the labour question. While political mountebanks are endeavouring to use the working men for purposes of their own—and while too large a section of the workers are enrolling themselves as members of the Trades-unions which they set over them, to carry on an ignorant, and often, as in Sheffield, a savage war against Capital (their best friend, if they did but know it, and their only possible treasurer and paymaster)—it may be interesting to learn what another section are doing in a different direction; and what the wisest, quietest, and most prudent of them, are planning for themselves, without aid from those

above them, or complaints against Fate or Fortune, the institutions of their country, or the decrees of Providence.

Since the comparatively remote period in the remembrance of the present generation when Henry Brougham declared that the "schoolmaster was abroad," and when he and the late Dr. Birkbeck, and other eminent philanthropists, endeavoured to bring the schoolmaster and the mechanic into direct and beneficial contact, the upper classes have been "patronising" the mechanics. The patronage, however, has not been very agreeable to the men to whom it was offered—no doubt with the very best intentions on the part of the highly-educated lords and gentlemen who took the lead in the matter. Men who had done their day's work found no enjoyment in the evening in being preached at, talked at, lectured at, or instructed in the mysteries of science. They wanted to laugh, to smoke, to talk, to read the newspaper—more interesting to them than all the histories of bygone empires, kingdoms, and civilisations, that exist in all the libraries of the world. In short, they wanted, what their too patronising friends did not take into consideration—amusement, rather than schooling. Consequently the Mechanics' Institutes that sprang up suddenly all over the country, as suddenly fell into disfavour; were perverted from their original purpose, and made to minister to the instruction of classes for whom they were not intended. "After twenty years of daily intercourse with working men," said the Rev. Henry Solly, Secretary of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, in a paper read before the Social Science Congress at Dublin, in 1861, "and of labour to promote their improve-

ment (independently of religious ministrations) by means of Mechanics' Institutions, Temperance Associations, and Working Men's Clubs, in the west, south, and north of England, and after observing carefully also, during that time, the labours of earnest philanthropists, I am obliged to confess that, while my respect and regard for the working men of this country, as a class, has continually deepened, their own apathy with respect to efforts to promote their mental and moral elevation, appears to me to oppose the most formidable obstacle in the way of that elevation." Such, too, is the verdict of others. The fact is, that no class, as a class, likes to be lectured by any other. That which is offensive to one individual, is just as offensive to a mass of individuals. To say to a lawyer that he must be a rogue because he is a lawyer, or to argue that because a man is an artificer he must of necessity need moral and mental elevation, is in each case to be guilty of an impertinence and an insult. If the class of mechanics and labourers were to get it into their heads that all members of the shopkeeping class were knaves, and were to found institutions and pay lecturers to preach to them on the necessity of fair-dealing, the iniquity of short weights and measures, and the villainy of sanding the sugar, watering the beer or gin, or selling sloe-leaves for tea, it is highly probable that the class whose character was impugned would treat their assailants with contempt, and be as apathetic to their own moral and mental elevation as the working classes are supposed to be to theirs. We have but to fancy an association of the poorer for the moral elevation of the richer classes, and consider the feelings it would excite among the latter, to understand why it is that the working classes refuse to be made "good" by dint of scolding, why they hold aloof from patrons that are too patronising, and object to having

stones thrown into their glass houses by people who, in their opinion, have larger and more brittle conservatories than their own.

But while a large majority of the working classes have manifested a disinclination to be schooled by the classes above them, a considerable section of them have not shown the same disinclination to move by their own volition, and take a step upward in the social scale. The Trades-unionists, who desire merely to keep up the rate of wages, *coute qui couter* to the trade to which they belong, or to the capital upon which that trade must be supported, care nothing for the social elevation of the individuals that compose such bodies, but, on the contrary, do everything in their power, as was shown last month in the article entitled "The Working Classes," to reduce all labourers, good, bad, and indifferent, industrious and idle, skilled and unskilled, worthy and worthless, to one dead level of uniformity, and to rule them by the one stringent but dishonest law, that every workman shall do the least possible amount of work for the utmost possible amount of wages. It is not easy to see how men who live their lives upon this principle can, as long as they adhere to it, either elevate themselves in the social scale, or allow others to attempt the task for them. But that better portion of the working classes who refuse to be affiliated with Trades-unions, who make no complaints of capital, and who object to a lazy and worthless workman quite as much as if they were themselves the employers of labour, are not open to the accusation brought against the working classes in general, of apathy to their own advancement. Between the Trades-union which degrades the working man, and the Co-operative Society which exalts him, the difference is the mighty one which exists between light and darkness.

These Co-operative Societies, of

which so many flourish in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and of which we propose to give a short account, have nothing in common with "Owenism," "Fourierism," "St. Simonianism," "Communism," "Socialism," or any other of the "isms" that philosophers, wise or otherwise, have promulgated with the benevolent but impracticable object of converting this hard earth into a paradise, and banishing from it all the evils that afflict humanity. Co-operation for the purpose of offence or defence is as old as society; while co-operation for the purposes of trade is almost as old as civilisation. Under the name of partnership the idea of co-operation has long been familiar. "If two or more persons," says Knight's 'Political Dictionary,' "join together their money, goods, labour, skill, or any or all of these, for the purpose of buying and selling, and agree that the gain or loss shall be divided among them, that is a partnership." That also is a Co-operative Society. Until that great alteration of the law affecting partnerships in Great Britain, known under the name of the Limited Liability Act, and derived from the experience of France and other nations, was introduced, day-labourers, and other persons of little or no capital, had not much inducement or opportunity to enter into such associations. Yet a beginning was made by some working men in Rochdale some years before the passing of the Limited Liability Act, which was destined to have great results, not only on the fortunes of those who humbly and timidly inaugurated the movement, but on that of the working classes generally throughout the most populous industrial districts of the kingdom.

In the year 1844 a few weavers and cotton spinners in Rochdale, earning, upon the average, under twenty shillings per week each, bethought themselves that they

paid a great deal too much out of their scanty earnings to the grocers and provision-dealers of the town; that they did not as a rule get money's worth for their money; that the provisions supplied were bad in quality, deficient in weight, and possibly adulterated; and that they and other poor men in similar circumstances paid more per pound for the necessaries of life than was paid by the rich who bought in larger quantities, and had the choice of the market. They also bethought themselves that if a certain number of working men would for a certain time contribute a small weekly sum, a sufficient amount of capital might be amassed to stock a little shop or store with the articles most in request in a working man's family; that the association thus formed might, in its corporate capacity, buy its goods at wholesale prices, like any other shopkeeper, and retail them, not at shopkeeper's profits, but at such a rate as might bring a superior article into the working man's family at a lower price than would content the ordinary tradesman. How long it took to convert this idea into a practical fact we are not precisely informed. It appears, however, that the shrewd workmen who had got hold of it did not let it go; and that in the course of the year they formed themselves into a committee of management, divulged their plan to others of their craft, enrolled members right and left, and got together a sum of nearly £40 in fees and subscriptions. They took for their association the name of the "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society,"—a name that has proved to be singularly happy, inasmuch as they were and are "equitable," and that the number of similar societies which sprang up in the course of time throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire soon justified the prophecy contained in the word "Pioneers." With this slender capital

they commenced business. Their first step was to hire a small shop in a back street at the rent of £10 per annum, and to fit it up modestly and plainly for the purposes of their trade. With the remainder of their capital—less than £25—they laid in, at wholesale prices, a stock of the very best groceries and provisions; and as they were good judges of the articles to be procured, paid ready money for everything, and promised, if all went well with them, to be still better customers on the same terms, they had the pick of the market. Their fundamental rule of business was neither to give nor to take credit; and from this rule, though often sorely tempted, they never swerved. At first only the members of the Society dealt at the store; but as, notwithstanding the sneers and opposition of the regular shopkeepers, they managed to satisfy the wives and families of the partnership, by the plumpness of the weight, the genuineness of the quality, and the cheapness of the articles supplied, the whole manufacturing population of Rochdale soon came to hear of the new Association, and thronged to its doors to purchase. As the managers of the store had to work during the day for their daily bread like other members of the Society, it was at first only possible to open the doors of the establishment at seven o'clock in the evening, when the ordinary labours of the day were over. But the trade increased so largely that it soon became necessary to appoint a paid superintendent to keep the place open all day long. This step in its turn led to an increase of business. As there was no expensive shop to keep up; no display of plate-glass or other extravagance to allure customers; no necessity of advertising in the newspapers, when every mechanic's and labourer's wife was a lively advertisement of the benefits she derived in being able to make ten shillings go as far as fif-

teen had gone under the old system of credit given and high prices charged by the common run of shopkeepers, the new system gradually extended itself;—at first slowly and afterwards rapidly. The original number of members was but twenty-eight. But the year 1850, after the Pioneers had been six years at work, their numbers were six hundred. In 1856 they amounted to two thousand; and at the close of 1866 they exceeded six thousand two hundred and forty. Before describing the ulterior developments of the project, it is desirable for the better comprehension of the instructive little history, to show the *modus operandi* of the Rochdale store. Every customer, on purchasing an article (always for ready money), receives a tin ticket with the goods. On this ticket is stamped the amount he expended. Every three months an estimate of profits is made, after deduction of necessary expenses, and an enforced contribution to a Redemption Fund, and to an Educational Fund (of which we shall have a few words to say hereafter), and a dividend declared of so much in the pound. The holder of these tin tickets presents them at the proper time at the store, and receives a bonus of five or ten per cent, or other rate at which the profits may have been estimated on the amount of his expenditure. Thus, if he have expended during the quarter, say, five pounds, and the profits of the concern have been ten per cent, he receives back ten shillings, which he can either leave in the hands of the Society to be added to his original investment, or draw out for other purposes. In the Social Science Tracts of Messrs. Chambers, it is recorded of A, a working man with a wife and two children—who, in the year 1850, was possessed of thirty pounds in the Society—that he had by these means received and paid in, to the increase of his original investments, no less than £94 12s. 6d. The

whole of this sum would have gone to the ordinary shopkeepers of the town, perhaps for inferior, and certainly for no better, articles, if he had not dealt with the Pioneers. Many other similar instances equally conclusive are quoted in the tract; but this will suffice to show the benefits of the system, and to prove, at the same time, that when the working classes cease to quarrel with capital, and endeavour, by prudent and skilful co-operation, to become capitalists themselves, they help to solve a very difficult social problem, and elevate themselves as individuals, while at the same time they help to elevate the class to which they belong.

Some of the rules of the Society deserve especial mention. No member is allowed to hold stock in excess of the sum of £200; and, to prevent jobbing and speculation, no one is allowed to sell or transfer his share or shares. If a member desires to realise his stock, he must give notice to the committee of management, and as soon as his account can be made out, he receives cash for the amount, and his name is struck off the list. The Society also reserves to itself the right, if it have an accumulation of funds for which it can find no profitable use, to compel the members to receive back such portion of their investment as is not required in the business. The Redemption Fund, already mentioned, is applied to making good the deterioration of property in the store, to repairs, and other casualties; while the Education Fund of two and a half per cent upon the gross profits, is applied to the establishment and sustenance of a reading-room—a sort of club, where the members can assemble to read the newspapers, or for social intercourse, and in which there is a library of reference, and of other books for their use. During the year 1866 the revenues of this department amounted to £227, 18s. 2½d., of which there remained a balance on hand of £35,

4s. 5½d., leaving £71, 8s. expended on new books, £50, 16s. 6d. expended on newspapers, and the remainder in wages to the librarian, rent, furniture, bookbinding, stationery, and other incidental charges. This portion of the scheme is of itself sufficient to prove that the “apathy” of the working classes to their own social and mental improvement, upon which the Rev. Mr. Solly and others have commented, is more apparent than real, and springs, more especially in London, from the injudicious patronage of their social superiors, and the natural dislike of men of independent feeling to be treated as if they were incapable of looking after themselves, of knowing what was good for them, or of going right, unless they had a lord, a clergyman, or a professional philanthropist to show the way.

A few items from the Eighty-eighth Quarterly Report of the Equitable Pioneers, bringing up the accounts of the Society to the 18th of December 1866 from the quarter preceding will further show the large proportions which this tree of small beginnings has assumed, and how, by time, care, attention, a good soil, and the sunshine of favour, the little acorn has grown into a goodly tree. The committee reports that the affairs of the Society are in a prosperous condition; that the number of members steadily increases; that the total names on the roll at the close of the quarter were 6246; that the amount of cash received for goods sold during the quarter was £68,216, 18s. 3½d., being an increase on the corresponding quarter of the year 1865 of £13,042, 8s. 0½d.; that the profits for the quarter were £9281, 16s. 9d.; that after the usual deductions for educational and other purposes, there would be left a balance allowing a dividend of 2s. 5d. for every one-pound cheque (or tin ticket) brought in—upwards of twelve per cent; and that the gross profits for the year were

£31,984, 8s. 9½d. These are magnificent profits, and prove not only the abundant gains of ordinary shopkeepers, but the immense advantage to poor people, such as the Pioneers are as individuals (though they may be rich as a body), in diverting such gains into their own pockets. The principle of co-operation needs no more signal example to prove its value.

The Co-operative Store is but one branch of the subject. It followed, from the success of the Pioneers, that if they could combine so as to sell cheaply, they might also combine to manufacture cheaply, and become their own capitalists, and after payment of wages to such workers as chose to invest their savings in the concern, to divide among them the profits that usually go into the pockets of the great employers. Accordingly, the Pioneers, after six years of probationary struggles, found themselves strong and experienced enough to add the business of manufacturing to that of retail dealing. They established a corn-mill in the first instance, and afterwards took to the manufacture of clothing and other articles required by the working classes. Among the items that appear in the Eighty-eighth Quarterly Report are, in addition to £52,433, 7s. for the grocery department, £3440, 18s. 1d. for the drapery department, £426, 16s. 4d. for the tailoring department, £537, 10s. 11d. for the shoemaking department, £812, 8s. 4d. for the clogging department, £5596, 10s. 7½d. for the butchers' department, and £2108, 18s. 2d. for the pork-butchers' department. What the profits were on these separate branches of industry does not clearly appear on the face of the Report; but the profits on the Rochdale corn-mill for the quarter figure at £1176, 9s. 4d.

It is no wonder that results such as these should have been much talked of in Rochdale, in Manchester, and in all those great con-

tiguous hives of human industry which have made England the workshop of the world, and that other bands of working men should have been instigated to do likewise. Accordingly, in the year 1858 there was established in the same town, the Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturers' Society, the object of which was to make every worker a partner in the concern to the extent of his investment, and, as we gather, to the extent of the value of any overwork that he might be induced to put into it. The object of the Society was declared to be "to improve the social and domestic condition of its members, and to encourage among them a spirit of honesty and fair dealing, by raising from their voluntary subscriptions a fund in conformity with the provisions of the 15th and 16th Victoria, cap. 31, for carrying on in common the trades of cotton and woollen manufacturing."

The capital of the Society was to be raised in shares of £5; each, to be issued from time to time as they were required—not to be transferable. The investment of each member was to accumulate, or be employed for the sole benefit of the member, or the husband, wife, children, or kindred of such member. Each member was to hold not less than two shares, and to pay not less than one shilling per week on such shares, or such other sum as should be agreed upon by the members at any monthly meeting of the Society, until the full amount should be paid up. The nominal capital was to be £50,000; but without waiting for this amount to be subscribed, the Society commenced operations, and hired part of a mill for cotton-spinning, and part of another for power-loom weaving. After about four years of successful industry, they found themselves in a position to build a factory of their own; and by the year 1860 their capital had risen to £64,000; they employed 270 hands, had 320 looms at work, and 23,000 mule

and throstle spindles. They suffered severely, but were not ruined, by the cotton famine consequent upon the civil war in America; and on resuming and extending their business, when the pressure of the cotton famine was mitigated, managed, during the year 1865, to dispose of their manufactured goods to the value of £133,985. It must be mentioned, however, that *all* the workers in this association are not partners; and that although it is wholly managed by a committee of working men, they employ labourers upon the same principles as other firms and associations—so much for the day's work, and no more. Consequently, this establishment has not the same social significance as that of the Equitable Pioneers.

Up to the close of the year 1864, no less than 651 co-operative societies had been certified by Mr. Tidd Pratt; though at that date it appears that not above two-thirds of the number were in existence—the remainder having failed from defects or imprudence in the management, or for want of perseverance on the part of the members. As there is no royal road to knowledge, so there is no artisan's road to wealth, unless by the observance of rules that apply alike to all who desire to prosper. The Equitable Pioneers, as both the earliest and the most successful of the Co-operative Societies, are to be applauded for giving advice, and setting forth the results of their own experience, to all who desire to follow in their footsteps, which they have done in an almanac which they annually distribute among their members and sell at their stores. They modestly present their advice under the title of "Hints," to the number of just as many as Mr. Disraeli's "Resolutions," or "Hints" for the foundation of a Reform Bill:—

"1. Procure the authority and protection of the law by enrolment.

"2. Let integrity, intelligence, and ability be indispensable qualifications in

the choice of officers and managers, and not wealth or distinction.

"3. Let each member have only one vote, and make no distinction as regards the amount of wealth any member may contribute.

"4. Let majorities rule in all matters of government.

"5. Look well after money matters. Punish fraud, when duly established, by immediate expulsion of the defrauder.

"6. Buy goods as much as possible in the lowest markets; or, if you have the produce of your industry to sell, contrive, if possible, to sell in the highest.

"7. Never depart from the principle of buying and selling for *READY MONEY*.

"8. Beware of long reckonings in the Society's accounts. Quarterly accounts are the best, and should be adopted when practicable.

"9. For the sake of security, always have the accounted value of the 'fixed stock' at least one-fourth less than its marketable value.

"10. Let members take care that the accounts are properly audited by men of their own choosing.

"11. Let committees of management always have the authority of members before taking any important or expensive step.

"12. Do not court opposition or publicity, nor fear it when it comes.

"13. Choose those only for your leaders whom you can trust, and then give them your confidence."

Next to the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, the Halifax Store is the most remarkable and the most successful association established on the same principle. The "Store" in Northgate Street—the best thoroughfare in the town—consists of a handsome stone building, erected and stocked at an expense of £15,000. The basement consists of seven shops and offices—a butcher's, a provision, a boot and shoe, a linen-draper's, a grocer's, a woollen-draper's, and a tailor's. In addition to these there are magazines of general goods, well arranged, on the upper floor; together with coffee-rooms for the members of the Society, male [or female; reading-rooms, a dining-room, and a smoking-room. "The board-room," says a paper printed

in the 'Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science' for 1864, "is as dainty as a committee-room at the Reform Club. The secretary's offices are as convenient and substantial as a banker's. Hot-water pipes run through every room in the building. Ventilation is everywhere provided for. . . .

Throughout the whole edifice there is no sign of poverty or make-shift—nothing is mean or second-hand. Everything is as stately, as complete, and as opulent, as a railway or Government office." This enterprise was commenced at the end of the year 1849, under the name of the "Halifax Working Men's Co-operative and Provident Society." Its beginnings were quite as humble as those of its exemplar, the Equitable Pioneers, its first meeting being held in the lodging of a Scotch weaver in an obscure street, where the members attended at night, after the day's work was over, to sell their scanty stores. After doing business for fifteen weeks, a balance-sheet was drawn up, when it appeared that the whole profits for that time amounted to no more than 12s. 2d. But these hard-headed men had got hold of a principle, and held to it with a strong grip, gradually, but very slowly, extending their business. In 1855, after a struggle of nine years, the Society lost £55 by the dishonesty of a treasurer in whom all the members had such confidence that no securities were required of him. This misfortune nearly gave the *coup-de-grace* to the association, and led to the withdrawal of nearly one-half of the members; but the remainder held on, and turned adversity to proper account. Like the wounded oyster in Emerson's Essays, "they mended their broken shell with pearl," abolished all credit, started afresh, enrolled new members, and in nine years after the split which so nearly ruined them, numbered five thousand members, did an annual

trade of £120,000, and received back, as profits upon their own purchases, nearly £12,000. "But this," says the paper in the 'Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science,' from which we have already quoted, "is not all. This Society has one possession which no other co-operative society in England has. It rents a farm of sixty acres. On a spacious plateau about a mile from the town, in the midst of noble scenery of valley and hill, is situated 'High Sunderland,' the farm of the co-operators. The farmhouse is a large quaint stone building, three centuries old. Smiling corn-fields, and slopes filled with trotting sheep, welcome the co-operators on their visits to their farm. The families of the members amount to 20,000 souls, and they can all be regaled in a picnic in a single field." It appears, from information in the same paper, that in 1868 there were in existence, within a circuit of seven miles from Halifax, twelve similar societies, with an aggregate of 8000 members—the largest having 2566, and the smallest 46 members—which had made returns for publication, in addition to perhaps as many more which had not answered the circulars for information that had been sent to them.

It must not be supposed, however, that all the working classes of England or Scotland resemble these Lancashire lads, or that Co-operative Societies are uniformly successful. There must be a general spirit of thrift among the population, a persevering courage, and an amount of self-control sufficient to keep the members from the gin-shop or the public-house, before such a society can anywhere take root. Many efforts to establish Co-operative Stores have been made in Sheffield, Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and London; in some with but slight, and in others with no success. All attempts to make the exotic grow in the soil of Sheffield

and Birmingham have been in vain; while in London and the other places named the principle receives but slight development, and cannot be nursed into anything like a healthy vitality. Whether any or all of the three essentials to success above-mentioned may be deficient in the labouring population of the great towns and cities where the co-operative principle is not yet successful, is a question that, without more light, we cannot undertake to discuss. Yet it seems not unlikely that in communities where working men spend any portion of their earnings in intoxicating drinks (we do not reckon a sufficient modicum of good beer or ale, consumed with the daily meal, among the number), such societies are not likely to flourish, inasmuch as the weekly contribution of a shilling, systematically and regularly paid, upon which the whole system rests, is not forthcoming. And whatever may be the reason, it would seem as if the workers in wool and cotton were much less addicted to the cup that inebriates and maddens, than the workers in metal of Sheffield and Birmingham, and the miscellaneous hand-labourers of such a city as London.

The foregoing particulars apply to the co-operative associations of working men that have been entirely founded and conducted by themselves—in which they have studied their own wants, interests, and idiosyncrasies, and neither sought for nor permitted any aid or direction from persons not moving in their own sphere. There is, however, another and equally important class of co-operative societies which deserves mention—the Partnerships of Labour, as they have been sometimes called, in which some great capitalist or employer, partly from motives of philanthropy, or partly from considerations of enlightened self-interest, has taken all his workpeople, young and old, male and female, adult or youthful, into partnership,

and held out to them, as a reward for good conduct, zeal, intelligence, and industry, a promise of participation in all profits of the joint enterprise accruing beyond a point specified as justly due to the principal capitalist and prime thinker and motor of the concern. This subject came before the Social Science Congress that assembled in Sheffield in 1865, when the advantages of the new system, both to the employer and the employed, as compared with the ordinary system of jealousy and antagonism between labourers and capitalists, was well stated by Mr. Holyoake:—

“The hitherto existing system of remunerating industry,” said the writer, “is to hire labour at the lowest rate of wages the labour can be obtained for; the workman giving in return the least amount of work which he can get accepted. However profitable the business may be at which he works, however rich his employers may become, the workman has no claim to any share in it beyond his stipulated wages. The general consequences are, that he requires to be timed and watched; he adopts the easiest processes; he cares nothing to economise material; he has small pride in his work, and little concern for the reputation or fortune of the firm in whose employ he is. He changes his situation whenever he can better himself, leaving his master to supply his place as he may by a strange hand, who loses time in familiarising himself with the arrangements of a workshop new to him, or blunders or destroys property for the want of special local experience. If the workman has no chance of changing his place for a better, he engages in strikes, wastes his earnings in that expensive experiment, perils the capital and endangers the business of his master. If the strike succeeds, the master dislikes him because of the loss and humiliation the strike has caused. If the strike fails, the workman is poorer in means and sourer in spirit. He works only from necessity, hates his employer, and makes all the waste he safely can. He gives his ear to alien counsellors, and longs for the day when he can strike again with more success. Thus there exists a chronic war in every manufacturing town in the land.”

No one who knows the working

classes will pretend that this picture is untruthful or overcharged with unfavourable colour. It was to remedy this state of things that, first among many who have since followed this example, the great firm of Sir Francis and Mr. John Crossley of Halifax, whose carpet-works give employment to nearly five thousand men, women, and children, proposed to their hands to enter into partnership with them. The proposal was looked upon with wonder, not unmingled with anger, by other employers of industry in the north, and was received with as much surprise as gratitude by the workmen interested. It is generally understood, though the details and proofs have not come under our notice, that this bold experiment was a success; that the Messrs. Crossley have extended their business and increased their profits by it; that many hundreds of their best workman have invested their savings in the concern; that every year increases their numbers; and that the most cordial good-feeling, *quoad* the business, prevails amongst all concerned, from the principals down to the least skilled worker admitted into the establishment. Had the experiment been a failure, it would doubtless have ended where it began. That it has been extensively tried by others, and continues to grow in favour, must be taken as a proof that it has answered some of the purposes intended. We should like, however, to know more of the mode of working, and have the *pros* and *cons*, and the balance-sheets of the concern to inspect and study, before pronouncing any decided opinion as to its general success in the past, or its likelihood of success in the future. Whether by mere force of emulation, or from philanthropic motives, well or ill founded as the case may be, some establishments have gone still further in this direction than the Messrs. Crossley. Among others, Messrs. Henry Briggs and Sons,

proprietors of the Whitwood and Methley Collieries, have devoted a portion of their profits to workmen who do *not* invest their savings in the concern. Reserving 10 per cent to themselves as a fair interest for their capital and remuneration for their risk and superintendence, they set aside all profit beyond that amount, and divide it into two classes—that for the investors and that for the non-investors. To the investors is awarded two-thirds, and to the non-investors one-third; so that if the profits be twenty per cent, the rate of interest for those who put their savings into the partnership is 6½ per cent, while those who have no savings, and make no investment, receive what may be called a *bonus* of 8½ per cent of the whole profits for distribution among them. It may be doubted, however, whether this last be really a step in the right direction. A partnership is a thing that every one can understand and enter into without humiliation; but to give interest to a man whose only capital is his labour, and who has been paid for that labour independently of the interest, looks too eleemosynary, and has too palpable an air of patronage, to be acceptable to any workman who values his independence, and would like to look upon his employer as man to man, erect, and full in the face, and not with the downcast eye of the recipient of an unearned gratuity.

Whatever may be the opinions which may be formed of such associations for manufacturing and money-making purposes, there can be no doubt of the soundness of the principle acted on by the co-operative societies established with such signal success in the north of England for the purposes of money-spending. The wonder is, that all the benefits of co-operation in marketing should be left to mechanics and day-labourers, and that clerks, shopmen, and professional men with small incomes, and

probably with large families, have not combined, after the fashion of the Rochdale Pioneers, and become their own tradesmen. In such a city as London, where new districts as large as towns are every year added to the metropolitan area, but where no new market-house is ever erected to supply the wants of the people, it would seem as if the co-operative principle for the purchase and sale of the necessaries of life could not fail to be employed as successfully as it is in Lancashire. When fish can be bought at Billingsgate for fourpence a pound, but does not reach the family of the private consumer under tenpence or a shilling—when meat can be purchased wholesale at Newgate and other markets for fivepence or fourpence-halfpenny a pound, but costs the wife of the banker's or lawyer's clerk double the money—it is certain, if the people most interested in the cheapness of such articles were to combine for the establishment of co-operative markets, and went to work with the same prudence, perseverance, and zeal, as the Rochdale and other operatives who have set them the example, that similar results might be obtained in any district or parish of twenty thousand people. A beginning has lately been made in London, by the establishment of a co-operative store or stores by the clerks in the Civil Service of the Crown; and of a similar store for the working classes, in Peabody's

Buildings, Whitechapel. The latter was established only within the last month, and is too young to be cited as an example either of success or failure. The experiment made by the clerks is also in its infancy, and has yet to be tested by results. London, however, is a slow place to move, and we shall doubtless have to wait long for the balance-sheet of either of these societies. Co-operation in all the various forms, and for all the various purposes which partnership can be made to assume, is one of the most salient characteristics of the present age. It is co-operation that covers Europe and America with railways, lays down the Atlantic Cable, founds gigantic banks, lends money to powerful sovereigns to feed and pay their armies, or, better still, to develop their neglected resources; and it is by co-operation, and the union of small savings; that the poor are learning how to diminish the hardships of their poverty, and to procure for themselves many of the enjoyments of the rich. If the working classes would always co-operate for these beneficial ends, leave railing against capital, strive to become capitalists themselves, in however small a way, and employ their savings, or a portion of them, for such self-educational purposes as they have devoted them to in Rochdale and Halifax, the new Reform Bill, if we are to have one, would be a much more satisfactory business than it now threatens to become.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

THE BURSTING CHARGE.

WE have been so persistently persecuted for some years back with experiments in gunnery—so saturated with Shoebury—that a man must be actually armour-plated himself against intelligence who is not as wise as the Board of Ordnance on all that pertains to four-inch plates, and the relative powers of penetration of round-shot and flat-headed bolts.

Not, indeed, that much actual information has ever been obtained by the experiments in question:—the one great fact early obtained being corroborated in the end, that if you punched hard enough you always went through, and that nine inches of iron had no better chances than five when the gun was larger, the range shorter, and the charge heavier. Indeed, of late the whole effort of competition has been directed to cheapness; and the grand desideratum has been to find out how economically we can sink our Russian or our Frenchman. So eminently practical a turn to the great controversy was well suited to the instincts of John Bull, who does love a cheap thing, and who would deem it a national triumph if every broadside he delivered from a three-decker cost four pounds sixteen and ninepence less than the enemy's fire.

Others may boast to kill more—our pride it is to kill cheap; and whenever we next figure in a European war, we will astonish the world by the resources of an economy so palpable, that a campaign will be positively a sort of advertisement of our manufactures—every shell that explodes, a puff for Birmingham.

I am sorry—I am really grieved, however, to discover that, in this grand search after saving, there is one costly habit that still pertains

to us, and which seems to me as wasteful and as wanton as anything can be. It is this; that whenever an inventor appears with a new gun which he assures us is possessed of some especial quality of strength, or endurance, or rapidity, we are not simply content to try its stability by any such tests as in the nature of things it would be submitted to—we are not satisfied to load it with triple or quadruple charges of powder, but we actually proceed to test it to the point at which resistance is no longer possible, and we never believe in its efficiency till we have burst it.

No one presumes to affirm that any gun that ever was made could sustain such a test, nor indeed by any possible contingency could be fairly subjected to it. For every purpose of artillery the gun might have proved its perfect efficiency. It might exhibit every excellence of strength and accuracy and simplicity, yet until it had actually been rent in pieces it was decided that it had not sustained the proper test of its goodness, and till it was burst it was valueless.

That the weapon was good enough for our purpose—that it would answer every call we ever should make upon it—that it would sustain a strain fully four times beyond what we should ever submit it to,—were all as nothing. What we desired to ascertain was, how it would behave under conditions that were virtually impossible, and what amount of ingenuity and powder it would cost us to explode it.

Now, if one gun were precisely like another, because manufactured in the same way, by the same people, in the same place, it might be alleged that the experiment only cost the price of a single

piece of ordnance, and that it well repaid the sum in security; but we know this not to be the case, and that no man living could guarantee the exact similarity of one gun to another in all the qualities of strength, endurance, and exactitude. The experiment, in reality, only tested what it destroyed.

This experiment, which I have shown to be costly and useless besides, is, however, not dishonest. It is not instituted by men who want to disparage the invention or defame the inventor. There is no rivalry in the case. The experimenters are there in the discharge of a duty in which they have no personal interest to satisfy. What would it be, however, were the reverse the case? and how would the nation fare if Armstrong were bent on bursting Blakely, and Blakely determined to explode Whitworth? How, I ask, would we be off for guns if the question were not merely a cannon that would carry safely and well, but one which a rival manufacturer could not succeed in splitting, to whom it would be submitted to load to the very muzzle, and with whatever he pleased? I am disposed to believe that Woolwich would present a sorry spectacle to exhibit to foreign visitors, and that a row of rent Armstrongs would ill testify to our national resources in gunnery.

If no gun were to be taken from Sir William Armstrong till Captain Blakely confessed he could not burst it, we should be in a very lamentable condition on the day that we wanted ordnance; and this is precisely how we stand at this moment politically. Lord Derby's Ministry is about to be submitted to "the bursting charge," and till it is shivered into atoms it is to be pronounced unserviceable. Mr. Bright's declaration is, "Trust no weapon from that foundry! Do not suffer yourself to be deceived by its finish or elegance of construction. Pay no attention to the reports of what it can do, at what range it can prove

effective, and what charge it will bear. Leave the testing to me, and I pledge my character for the result. I'm not going to be put off with ordnance cartridges and Woolwich regulations. I'll ram down whatever I like, and I'd thank you to show me the gun that will stand it.

"I know well," quoth he, "that a seven-pound franchise or a household rating won't burst him; but what do you say if I ram down manhood suffrage and the ballot? What do you say if I hint at a new patent I mean to take out for converting the Peerage into a target, and taking a shot at the Lords? I tell you I go in for the 'bursting charge,' and nothing short of that test will satisfy me.

"I am quite prepared to hear," he continues, "a number of easy-tempered, good-natured folk declare that, if it only shoots as well, they'd as soon have a gun from one house in the trade as another; but I won't listen to this nonsense. What's the use of trade-marks, I beg to know, if a new firm can come in and contend with us in our own markets? It was out of Russell and Co.'s forge came the first casting of Reform thirty-odd years ago; and, acting on 'good trade-union principles,' we have kept all the fellows who were not then working in that establishment out of employment ever since, except a short job they got in '59. They have got a contract now, and they say they're ready to fulfil it; but the testing lies with us, and, as I said before, nothing short of the bursting charge will content us.

"Of course there are vulgarly-minded people who will say all this time, But if the nation really wants a gun—if it be a thing that we stand in need of, and cannot safely do without any longer—is it wise or prudent to explode a serviceable weapon, when we are well assured that it answers all our purposes fairly? The answer to that is, Yes. Smash it by all means;

the house is an old rival establishment, and has burst every gun we have offered for trial these ten years! Smash it besides, because the nation is quite capable of finding out, if we let them, that these fellows could work cheaper than us, and turn out even better articles. That they do not require such high wages, because they have not such large families, nor so many hangers-on to support, is no merit of theirs, but they will make it appear to be one. The nation also has an uncomfortable liking for what is called fair-play; and though we have blackguarded these people with great success for years, and kept them out of work by dint of bad stories of them, it is just possible that, if they should succeed in turning out a reputable article, this same love of fair-play might lead weak folks to take them into favour. There's nothing for it, then, but the 'bursting charge,' and leave me to that test. What! I will say to the people, is it to fellows like that, who wash their hands and wear clean shirts, you leave the casting of your heavy ordnance? Are you Englishmen, and do you mean to expose the safety of your wives and children to the casualties that may come out of such manufacture? Why, it would be sport, just sport, for these fellows if the gun was to blow the breeching out, and send a score of you into the air!

"They're not of your class. If you believe them, they haven't the same sort of flesh and blood you have; and there's nothing they'd like better than a good explosion. They won't say it aloud, because they are afraid; but in their clubs, and at their firesides, their cry is, 'There are too many of you!' I've heard it myself; I could give you the names

of the men who said it—'Too many of you!' Think of that when you go home, and have no compunctions about that 'bursting charge' I told you of.

"Nor is that all; but they say that the guns you have are only too good for you—that you are a drunken, illiterate, ill-conditioned set of fellows—and that there was no use trusting you with fine weapons you wouldn't know how to use; in fact, I'd not trust myself to tell you how they speak of you habitually; for, though I know your forbearance and good temper, if I were to tell you the whole truth, it might be a 'bursting charge,' and explode *you*."

Now, I ask, is there any exaggeration in all this? Is it not the sort of language we have been listening to for the last six months at public meetings and Reform banquets? Have not the people been told, to satiety—if flattery can ever satiate—that there is no fact more uncontestedly proved, than the immorality and corruption of those who rule them, and their immeasurable inferiority to themselves? Have they not heard not only of the vices, but of the utter ignorance of the bloated aristocracy? "Lord Derby has translated Homer," said one eloquent speaker; "I would like to know could he blow a glass bottle?"

"You are a wit, I hear," said Yellowplush to poor Goldsmith; "can you swallow a poker?"

These are experiments too costly to be made, and whose results involve consequences too important to be confronted; but for this, however, one might wish, after the bursting charge has done its work, that Mr. Bright might be intrusted to construct a gun of his own, and stand by at its first trial.

OUR OWN ST. JANUARIUS.

Whenever the South of Italy has been shaken by political con-

vulsion—so often as it has been a question whether a King should be

a despot or a Mob the master—besides the great interests of the struggle itself, there lay another and graver anxiety, which, strangely enough, was equally potent with the extreme parties, and which exerted its sway as powerfully in the royal chambers of Caserta, as amongst the squalid homes of the half-starved lazzaroni.

The great anxiety was this, to know how St. Januarius, the patron saint of all Neapolitans, might regard the impending conflict—would he comport himself as a Royalist? or would he come out a Red and a Mazzinian?

That the Saint would exercise an independent action—that he would have what the French call “the courage of his opinion”—none presumed to doubt. We all have heard of the wonderful miracle by which he is able to manifest his satisfaction or displeasure, and how, by the liquefaction of his blood, he testifies to his contentment with the actual course of events, while its solidity would not only be regarded as the expression of his disapproval, but the sure forerunner of terrible calamity.

Besides these two lines of decisive action, the Saint, however, has a third, by which, while manifesting a certain amount of displeasure, he does not go the full length of utter condemnation; and this he does by seeming delay and hesitation—letting himself be implored and entreated, and appearing for a considerable time in an actual conflict with himself whether he would work the miracle or not.

Only they who have witnessed the frantic enthusiasm of the populace on one of these occasions could believe it. All the spasmodic excesses of our wildest revivals are mild compared to the frantic throes of this passionate people, who, regarding the Saint's decision as the turning-point of their own destiny for a year at least, throw themselves at his feet in an agony of passion, praying, imploring, be-

seching his favour, caressing him with fondest words, and assuring him how much dearer to their heart he was than all other saints, and how infinitely more to be loved than the rest of the whole heavenly hierarchy.

I have never heard that any one has taken the trouble to connect the manifestation of the Saint's sentiments, whether of approval or the reverse, with the course of events afterwards. I have never heard, indeed, that after the critical day itself in which the Saint was called on to express his opinion, the slightest reference was made to him. Things went their way, and there was no more thought of St. Januarius than of any of his colleagues in the calendar.

The populace, rightful descendants of that old pagan multitude who watched the flight of the Augur's birds over the Capitol, only wanted some general indication of what the gods meant by them—they simply needed what Louis Napoleon would call “un indice de la politique celeste” to be satisfied, and go about their business. When the Saint had “liquidated,” credit was re-established. The rest would come in due time.

If the Saint, however, seemed too long in making up his mind—if he showed signs of obduracy—if he exhibited symptoms of backwardness in acceding to their entreaties,—the whole tone of adoration would suddenly change to one of fierce attack and the most insulting denunciation. Thief! Brigand! Assassin! would be amongst the mild names hurled at him by those who a few moments before had been grovelling at his feet; and menaces would be uttered that, if he did not speedily mend his manners, he should be deposed, and St. Anthony or some other well-disposed saint be put in his place. It would, indeed, need all that patience that is proverbially given to his class to have enabled St. Januarius to endure with equanimity this change of popular feeling. To be-

come from the idol the object of a people's execration is a severe trial. In fact, on such festivals as these the Saint has but what the Yankees call a "bad time."

There is no doubt that a general craving to know how the powers above us mean by us, is a very human instinct. It is a part of that fatalism that finds its way into every heart. One is eager to know if his efforts will be favourably regarded and seconded, or if, do as he may, he is doomed to failure and disappointment. Our Neapolitan friends may impart to this situation something more of exaggeration—they may exalt it by the traits of their own very fervid natures, and render it more picturesque or more ridiculous; but I am far from thinking all the while that, looking at home and at our own ways, we have any right to laugh at them. Have we not ourselves our St. Januarius? and does his festival not fall every year somewhere in the first week of February? Do we not repair to his shrine with all the varied and varying emotions of the original worshippers, imploring, beseeching, entreating, and occasionally oburgating, menacing, and denouncing? Do we not hang with the same breathless anxiety on every indication, the slightest though it be, of his favour towards us? And while some are praying the good St. Derby to grant them bishoprics, or governorships, or embassies, are there not rebellious voices heard screaming, "Ah, wicked St. Derby! cruel St. Derby!—monster of hard-heartedness and indifference, who will not even give us household suffrage, nor let the starving Irish have land for nothing! Down with him! down with him! Let us change him for that blessed St. Anthony Russell who refuses nothing, and is ever ready to bestow on us whatever isn't his own!"

All that we have seen at Naples, with less of pantomime, but more,

far more of reality, is reproduced here. There is ever, in the favourite expressions of the masses, a marvellous similarity; and the cry of, "Cruel old saint! why do you keep us waiting?" is heard at Westminster as it was heard on the Chiaja.

Violent and abusive as are the Italian epithets, we almost rival them in the insults and sarcasms we employ; while we are enabled to suggest mean and unworthy motives to *our* saint which the Neapolitans never dreamt of imputing to *theirs*; so that, while in the Italian miracles it is the Saint's blood that boils, with ours, the wonder would be if it could only keep cool under this fiery trial.

Let us be just, and own that our St. Januarius has a brave share of work just now before him. It is not only the House of Commons has to be reformed; but the army and the navy, the government of Canada, and the Church, too, are to be looked after. There is a land question in Ireland, and a sea dispute with America, to be settled. I don't know enough of the habits of saints to say if abuse and bad language will better dispose him to address himself to these tasks; but I shrewdly suspect that a mere mortal would be all the better if a little good-will went with him to the encounter, and if a "God speed" followed him when he issued forth to the fight.

It would be a curious inquiry to investigate whether all the violent invective we have of late seen imported into political life has not its origin in the excessive flattery we see bestowed on certain party leaders, and is not the natural, the almost necessary reaction to the exaggerated praise and fulsome adulation of certain Liberal politicians. Mr. Bright expresses himself unable to conceive why he, for instance, a man of such honeyed words and measured expressions, should have ever been made the

mark of attack or invective. He asks, almost plaintively, if any one can explain it. "I can," says a great Yankee orator, "blas-pheme, pro-fane, 'rip,' and snort with any gentleman breathin'; but no man ever heerd me use an objectionable expression."

THE ADMIRAL PERSANO.

The Italian Senate have found "true bills" against Admiral Persano, and have sent him for trial on charges of disobedience and incapacity. They have declared the accusation of cowardice to be unsustainable.

As to the action at Lissa, we have nothing so good in description, nor so near accuracy as to fact, as the account given by the 'Times' correspondent. So far as it was possible to master the details of a complete confusion, he did so: he enumerated carefully and truthfully the forces on either side, and described, with his well-known ability, the disposition of the ships before the action had begun. The two great and crushing disasters of the day he painted graphically and powerfully—beyond this he did not, could not go. Of rash movements here, of inexplicable turnings and backings and halts of ships, of signals hung out and never acknowledged, of others hauled down and replaced while in the very act of acknowledgment—of, in fact, the utter confusion that prevailed in the Italian fleet, the doubt, the hesitation, the conscious sense that something was to be done, without knowing what it was or who was to do it, and the overpowering conviction that there was no master mind, no guiding intelligence, to lead them out of this tumultuous uncertainty, and give them energy and direction,—who could convey these?

The great Napoleon was wont to say, that he won none so complete victories as those wherein he found the enemy *en délit*—that is, when the forces opposed to him were directed in a false direction, and in pursuit of some object which, even

if gained, could not affect the general result. When the Russians made their famous march to out-flank him at Austerlitz, he pronounced them "*en flagrant délit*," and said, "Before to-morrow evening that army is my own."

So it was with the Italians. The attack on the sound forts of Lissa was a *flagrant délit*. They were actually taken in the act. When the signal from the masthead of the *Aviso* announced that the enemy were bearing down with all the speed sail and steam could give them, the boats of the Italian squadron were still crowded with men, and the signal-guns were thundering the recall to the forces sent to the attack. Up to this very hour, no one has been able to say why this attack on Lissa was ever made. It was highly important to destroy or, at least, to cripple the Austrian fleet. It was a matter of actual necessity to inflict such a blow as might disable them from any attempt to land troops in Calabria, which, it was well known, they intended to do; but Lissa, no matter how well garrisoned, could have contributed nothing to this object; and Lissa might have been as strong as Malta and Gibraltar together, without in any way affecting the fortunes of the war. To attack Lissa was simply what the French call "*courir après les aventures*"—it was a seeking for peril for peril's sake. There was, however, what seemed a political necessity for this assault. The defeat at Custoza, without crushing the spirit of the army, had filled the nation with apprehension. In their over-confidence, the Italians had imagined that the Austrians would scarcely give them

battle; and when the news of the disaster came, the effect was actually overwhelming. That the fleet, vastly more numerous as it was known to be than the Austrian, would soon redress the balance of victory, all believed; but it was also believed that the Austrian ships would not venture from beneath the batteries of Pola; and hence came that famous order from Lamarmora to Persano, to go and do something—anything—which might restore confidence to the forces, and encouragement to the nation.

Whether Persano was right when he declared the fleet in no condition to go to sea, is not easy to determine. There is too much violence in the spirit of the discussion to enable one to form a fair and impartial judgment. Whether the defects that he deplored were those of deficient *matériel* or those graver faults of which the action afterwards gave evidence—of mutual distrusting and jealousies between the commanders, of divisions and animosities pushed to positive hatreds, and of which he could scarcely speak without the risk of aggravating them—is very hard to say; but unquestionably he deferred sailing as long as he possibly could, and only obeyed at last the order that threatened him with being deprived of his command.

"At a council held this day," writes Lamarmora, "his Majesty the King being the president, it was decided that if you still continue to remain in inactivity, and are unwilling to employ the forces under your command, you should be at once superseded." Persano replied, "I bow to the rebuke you have visited me with, and hope to do better in future." This was hardly the spirit that should have animated a man on the eve of a great and hazardous enterprise; but more crushing again was it when the enterprise was one he totally disapproved of, and which he saw himself bound to undertake, less

from any merits of its own than to relieve a Minister from the obloquy that followed on an abortive policy, and a General from the shame of a defeat.

Persano had no confidence in his fleet—the fleet were, almost to a man, without confidence in their commander. He was singularly unpopular; for, though severe and exacting in discipline, he had none of that dash or daring which goes so far to excuse these qualities. It was rumoured, too, that he was a Court favourite, and owed all his advancement in the service more to being the companion of the King's pleasures than the associate of his dangers. Men of the world conversant with society and its ways—and Persano was one of these—are rarely popular with sailors, who take very peculiar and restricted views of life; and on every account his appointment was a mistake and a misfortune.

Landsmen talked of Persano as a bold and skilful sailor. The blue-jackets themselves took a very different estimate of him. Nor was he even what was called a "lucky man." Quite the reverse. Some years ago, when conducting the King to visit the island of Sardinia, he insisted on being his own pilot, and while skirting the shore drove his ship, the *Governolo*, on a rock, which so completely wrecked her that the King and his suite had to land in boats. At Ancona, where he commanded, he did next to nothing. At Gaëta the same. It was, then, with no small dissatisfaction that the fleet saw him named to the command; and there were many who from the first anticipated the worst consequences from the appointment.

It has been said here "that with any other leader the Italians would have conquered, and with any other fleet Persano would have won the day;" and I am much disposed to believe it. Instead of the three squadrons—the iron ships, the reserve, and the wooden fleet—afford-

ing aid and support to each other, each assumed a separate function, and never departed from some idea of a peculiar action, self-assigned and self-assumed. Albinì deemed that the iron frigates were chiefly meant to protect the wooden ones, and either misunderstood or wilfully disobeyed all orders to mingle in the conflict. Vacca thought that as a reserve has a special significance, his duty was to wait to pursue a broken and defeated force or to cover the retreat of his own side; and thus Persano, who was never very clear what he should do, and who changed his plans, if plans they can be called, half-a-dozen times, met no support anywhere. Even his signal to attack without waiting for combined action—to go in, indiscriminately—was disregarded.

To attribute the disaster of Lissa to the defective qualities of the Latin race, as the writer in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' has done, is mere nonsense. There was no want of courage in the fleet. The officers and men, as regards courage, will bear comparison with those of any navy in Europe. When, smarting under this terrible calamity, they were ordered, a few weeks after the battle of Lissa, to suppress the revolt at Palermo, it was the young lieutenants of the navy who first rushed to attack the barricades, giving proofs of brilliant bravery on every hand.

The Reviewer, besides, seems to forget that Lissa was won by Italian sailors—the Austrians have none other. The Latin race supplied all the dash that animated the onward rush of the Kaiser, and stood to the guns of the Hapsburg when her deck was raked by the enemy.

And, lastly, is it possible that a battle which was decided in forty minutes could determine the qualities of those engaged in it? The action at Lissa was lost from causes exactly like those which at this

very moment disturb the condition and menace the very existence of Italy. There is no trust nor confidence anywhere. Each declines a responsibility which by any artifice he can devolve upon his neighbour. No one will hazard himself or his interest for the commonweal. Save that some personal jealousies lend a little excitement to public life, all would be sunk in a dull and dreary apathy.

To bring Admiral Persano to trial for his defeat is to accuse the very spirit that animates the nation. It is to inquire, "Why Neapolitan distrusts Lombard? why Tuscany cannot abide Sicily?" It is to investigate the differences which a wiser policy would gloss over.

Condemn him how you may—was he the only incapable man of the late war? or is it his unskillfulness or his unpopularity that has now placed him in the dock?

I am sure of one thing. The tendency of every man in a position of command is to do something; and when a man does nothing with his army or his fleet, the most natural inference is, there is nothing to be done. It is only a few years back that we had a very gallant sailor in the Baltic, who scarcely fulfilled the national expectations. We were very impatient at the time, and very dissatisfied afterwards; but I never heard that any one wanted to try him by a court-martial, or to question either his bravery or his ability.

I do not believe that it was either just or generous to put Persano on his trial. I am certain it was not politic; but Italy never forgets the leaven of her old paganism, and the victim must be given to the populace, just as the bleeding gladiator was thrown to the lions. Nor have they the poor excuse that was offered for ourselves in a like case. If they were even to hang Persano, it would not encourage the others.

BROWNLOW.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.—YOUNG POWYS.

MR. BROWNLOW took his new clerk into his employment next morning. It is true that this was done to fill up a legitimate vacancy, but yet it took everybody in the office a little by surprise. The junior clerk had generally been a very junior, taken in rather by way of training than for any positive use. The last one, indeed, whom this new-comer had been taken to replace, was an overgrown boy in jackets, very different, indeed, from the tall, well-developed Canadian whose appearance filled all Mr. Brownlow's clerks with amazement. All sorts of conjectures about him filled the minds of these young gentlemen. They all spied some unknown motive underneath, and their guesses at it were ludicrously far from the real case. The conveyancing clerk suggested that the young fellow was somebody's son "that old Brownlow has ruined, you know, in the way of business." Other suppositions fixed on the fact that he was the son of a widow by whom, perhaps, the governor might have been bewitched, an idea which was speedily adopted as the favourite and most probable explanation, and caused unbounded amusement in the office. They made so merry over it that once or twice awkward consequences had nearly ensued; for the new clerk had quick ears, and was by no means destitute of intelligence, and decidedly more than a match, physically, for the most of his fellows. As for the circumstances of his engagement, they were on this wise.

At the hour which Mr. Brownlow had appointed to see him again, young Powys presented himself punctually in the outer office, where he was made to wait a little, and

heard some "chaffing" about the governor's singular proceedings on the previous day and his interviews with Inspector Pollaky, which probably conveyed a certain amount of information to the young man. When he was ushered into Mr. Brownlow's room, there was, notwithstanding his frank and open countenance, a certain cloud on his brow. He stood stiffly before his future employer, and heard with only a half-satisfied look that the lawyer, having made inquiries, was disposed to take advantage of his services. To this the young backwoodsman assented in a stilted way, very different from his previous frankness; and when all was concluded, he still stood doubtful, with the look upon his face of having something to say.

"I don't know what more there is to settle, except the time when you enter upon your duties," said Mr. Brownlow, a little surprised. "You need not begin to-day. Mr. Wrinkell, the head-clerk, will give you all the necessary information about hours, and show you all you will have to do— Is there anything more you would like to say?"

"Why, yes, sir," said the youth abruptly, with a mixture of irritation and compunction. "Perhaps what I say may look very ungrateful; but—why did you send a policeman to my mother? That is not the way to inquire about a man if you mean to trust him. I don't say you have any call to trust me—"

"A policeman!" said Mr. Brownlow, in consternation.

"Well, sir, the fellows there," cried the energetic young savage, pointing behind him, "call him Inspector. I don't mean to say you were to take me on my own

word; any inquiries you liked to make we were ready to answer; but a policeman—and to my mother!"

Mr. Brownlow laughed, but yet this explosion gave him a certain uneasiness. "Compose yourself," he said, "the man is not a policeman, but he is a confidential agent, whom when I can't see about anything myself—but I hope he did not say anything or ask anything that annoyed Mrs.—your mother," Mr. Brownlow added, hurriedly; and if the jocular youths in the office had seen something like a shade of additional colour rise on his elderly cheek, their amusement and their suspicions would have been equally confirmed.

"Well, no," said young Powys, the compunction gaining ground; "I beg your pardon, sir; you are very kind. I am sure you must think me ungrateful—but—"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Brownlow; "it is quite right you should stand up for your mother. The man is not a policeman,—and I never—intended him—to trouble—your mother,"—he added, with hesitation. "He went to make inquiry, and these sort of people take their own way; but he did not annoy her, I hope?"

"Oh, no!" said the youth, recovering his temper altogether. "She took it up as being some inquiry about my father, and she was a little excited, thinking perhaps that his friends—but never mind. I told her it was best we should depend only on ourselves, and I am sure I am right. Thank you; I shall have good news to tell her to-day."

"Stop a little," said Mr. Brownlow, feeling a reaction upon himself of the compunction which had passed over his young companion. "She thought it was something about your father? Is there anything mysterious, then, about your father? I told you there was a Lady Powys who had lived here."

"I don't think there is anything mysterious about him," said the young man. "I scarcely remember him, though I am the eldest. He died quite young—and my poor mother has always thought that his friends— But I never encouraged her in that idea, for my part."

"That his friends could do something for you?" said Mr. Brownlow.

"Yes, that is what she thought. I don't think myself there is any foundation for it; and seeing they have never found us out all these years—five-and-twenty years—"

"Five-and-twenty years!" Mr. Brownlow repeated, with a start—not that the coincidence was anything, but only that the mere sound of the words startled him, excited as he was.

"Yes, I am as old as that," said young Powys, with a smile, and then he recollected himself. "I beg your pardon, sir; I am taking up your time, and I hope you don't think I am ungrateful. Getting this situation so soon is everything in the world to us."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Brownlow; and yet he could not but ask himself whether his young visitor laid an emphasis upon *this* situation. What was *this* situation more than another? "But the salary is not very large, you know—do you mean to take your mother and her family on your shoulders with sixty pounds a year?"

"It is *my* family," said the young man, growing red. "I have no interest separate from theirs." Then he paused for a moment, feeling affronted; but he could not bear malice. Next minute he relapsed into the frank and confidential tone that was natural to him. "There are only five of us after all," he said—"five altogether, and the little sisters don't cost much; and we have a little money—I think we shall do very well."

"I hope so," said Mr. Brownlow; and somehow, notwithstanding that

be intended in his heart to do this young fellow a deadly injury, a certain affectionate interest in the lad sprang up within him. He was so honest and open, and had such an innocent confidence in the interest of others. None of his ordinary clerks were thus garrulous to Mr. Brownlow. It never would have occurred to them to confide in the "guv'nor." He knew them as they came and went, and had a certain knowledge of their belongings—which it was that would have old Robinson's money, and which that had given his father so much uneasiness; but that was very different from a young fellow that would look into your face and make a confidant of you as to his way of spending his sixty pounds a year. John Brownlow had possessed a heart ever since he was aware of his own individuality. It was that that made him raise his eyes always, years and years ago, when Bessie Fennell went past his windows. Perhaps it would have been just as well had he not been thus moved; and yet sometimes, when he was all by himself and looked up suddenly and saw any passing figure, the remembrance of those moments when Bessie passed would be as clear upon him as if he were young again. Influenced by this same organ, which had no particular business in the breast of a man of his profession at his years, Mr. Brownlow looked with eyes that were almost tender upon the young man whom he had just taken into his employment—notwithstanding that, to tell the truth, he meant badly by him, and in one particular at least was far from intending to be his friend.

"I hope so," he said; "and if you are steady and suit us, there may be means found of increasing a little. I don't pledge myself to anything, you know; but we shall see how you get on; and if you have any papers or anything that may give a clue to your father's family," he continued, as he took

up his pen, "bring them to me some day and I'll look over them. That's all in the way of business to us. We might satisfy your mother after all, and perhaps be of some use to you."

This he said with an almost paternal smile, dismissing his new clerk, who went away in an enthusiasm of gratitude and satisfaction. It is so pleasant to be very kindly used, especially to young people who know no better. It throws a glow of comfort through the internal consciousness. It is so very, very good of your patron, and, in a smaller way, it is good of you too, who are patronised. You are understood, you are appreciated, you are liked. This was the feeling young Powys had. To think that Mr. Brownlow would have been as good to anybody would not have been half so satisfactory, and he went off with ringing hasty steps, which in themselves were beating a measure of exhilaration, to tell his mother, who, though ready on the spot to worship Mr. Brownlow, would naturally set this wonderful success down to the score of her boy's excellencies. As for the lawyer himself, he took his pen in his hand and wrote a few words of the letter which lay unfinished before him while the young man was going out, as if anxious to make up for the time lost in this interview; but as soon as the door was closed John Brownlow laid down his pen and leaned back in his chair. What was it he had done?—taken in a viper to his bosom that would sting him? or received a generous, open, confiding youth, in order to blind and hoodwink and rob him? These were strong—nay, rude and harsh words, and he did not say them even to himself; but a kind of shadow of them rolled through his mind, and gave him a momentary panic. Was this what he was about to do? With a pretence of kindness, even generosity, to take this open-hearted young fellow into his employment, in order to keep him

in the dark, and prevent him from finding out that the fortune was his upon which Brownlows and all its grandeur was founded? Was this what he was doing? It seemed to John Brownlow for the moment as if the air of his room was suffocating, or rather as if there was no air at all to breathe, and he plucked at his cravat in the horror of the sensation. But then he came to himself. Perhaps, on the other hand, just as likely, he was taking into his house a secret enemy, who, once posted there, would search and find out everything. Quite likely, very likely; for what did he mean by the emphasis with which he said *this* situation, and all that about his father, which was throwing dust into Mr. Brownlow's cautious eyes? Perhaps his mind was a little biased by his profession—perhaps he was moved by something of the curious legal uncertainty which teaches a man to plead “never indebted” in the same breath with “already paid;” for amid the hurry and tumult of these thoughts came another which was of a more comforting tendency. After all, he had no evidence that the boy was that woman's son. No evidence whatever—not a shadow. And it was not his duty to go out and hunt for her or her son over all the world. Nobody could expect it of him. He had done it once, but to do it over again would be simply absurd. Let them come and make their claim.

Thus the matter was decided, and there could be no doubt that it was with a thrill of very strange and mingled interest that Mr. Brownlow watched young Powys enter upon his duties. He had thought this would be a trouble to him—a constant shadow upon him—a kind of silent threat of misery to come; but the fact was that it did not turn out so. The young fellow was so frank and honest, so far at least as physiognomy went—his very step was so cheerful and active, and rang so lightly on the stones—he

was so ready to do anything, so quick and cordial and workmanlike about his work—came in with such a bright face, spoke with such a pleasant respectful confidence, as knowing that some special link existed between his employer and himself; Mr. Brownlow grew absolutely attached to the new clerk, for whom he had so little use, to whom he was so kind and fatherly, and against whom—good heavens! was it possible?—he was harbouring such dark designs.

As for young Jack, when he came back to the office after a few days on the ice, there being nothing very important in the way of business going on just then, the sight of this new figure took him very much by surprise. He was not very friendly with his father's clerks on the whole—perhaps because they were too near himself to be looked upon with charitable eyes; too near, and yet as far off, he thought to himself, as if he had been a duke. Not that Jack had those attributes which distinguished the great family of snobs. When he was among educated men he was as unassuming as it is in the nature of a young man to be, and never dreamed of asking what their pedigree was, or what their balance at their bankers. But the clerks were different—they were natural enemies—fellows that might set themselves up for being as good as he, and yet were not as good as he, however you chose to look at the question. In short, they were cads. This was the all-expressive word in which Jack developed his sentiments. Any addition to the cads was irksome to him; and then he, the young prince, knew nothing about it, which was more irksome still.

“Who is that tall fellow?” he said to Mr. Wrinkell, who was his father's vizier. “What is he doing here? You don't mean to say he's *en permanence*? Who is he, and what is he doing there?”

“That's Mr. Powys, Mr. John,”

said Mr. Wrinkell, calmly, and with a complacent little nod. The vizier rather liked to snub the heir apparent when he could, and somehow the Canadian had crept into his good graces too.

"By Jove! and who the deuce is Mr. Powys?" said Jack, with unbecoming impatience, almost loud enough to reach the stranger's ear.

"Hush," said Mr. Wrinkell, "he has come in young Jones's place, who left at Michaelmas, you know. I should say he was a decided addition; steady, very steady—punctual in the morning—clever at his work—always up to his hours—"

"Oh, I see, a piece of perfection," said Jack, with, it must be confessed, a slight sneer. "But I don't see that he was wanted. Brown was quite able for all the work. I should like to know where you picked that fellow up. It's very odd that something always happens when I am absent for a single day."

"The frost has lasted for ten days," said Mr. Wrinkell, with serious but mild reproof—"not that I think there is anything in that. We are only young once in this life; and there is nothing particular doing. I am very glad you took advantage of it, Mr. John."

Now it was one of Jack's weak points that he hated being called Mr. John, and could not bear to be approved of—two peculiarities of which Mr. Wrinkell was very thoroughly aware. But the vizier had many privileges. He was serious and substantial, and not a man who could be called a cad, as Jack called his own contemporaries in the office. Howsoever tiresome or aggravating he might be, he had to be borne with; and he knew his advantages, and was not always generous in the use he made of them. When the young man went off into his own little private room, Mr. Wrinkell was tempted to give a little inward chuckle. He was a dissenter, and he rather liked to put the young autocrat down.

"He has too much of his own way—too much of his own way," he said to himself, and went against Jack on principle, and for his good, which is a kind of conduct not always appreciated by those for whose good it is kept up.

And from that moment a kind of opposition, not to say enmity, crept up between Jack and the new clerk—a sort of feeling that they were rather too like each other, and were not practicable in the same hemisphere. Jack tried, but found it did not answer, to call the newcomer a cad. He did not, like the others, follow Jack's own ways at a woeful distance, and copy those things for which Jack rather despised himself, as all cads have a way of doing; but had his own way, and was himself, Powys, not the least like the Browns and Robinsons. The very first evening, as they were driving home together, Jack, having spent the day in a close examination of the new comer, thought it as well to let his father know his opinion on the subject, which he did as they flew along in their dogcart, with the wicked mare which Jack could scarcely hold in, and the sharp wind whizzing past their ears, that were icy cold with speed.

"I see you have got a new fellow in the office," said Jack. "I hope it's not my idleness that made it necessary. I should have gone back on Monday; but I thought you said—"

"I am glad you didn't come," said Mr. Brownlow, quietly. "I should have told you had there been any occasion. No, it was not for that. You know he came in young Jones's place."

"He's not very much like young Jones," said Jack—"as old as I am, I should think. How she pulls to be sure! One would think, to see her go, she hadn't been out for a week."

"Older than you are," said Mr. Brownlow—"five-and-twenty," and he gave an unconscious sigh—

for it was dark, and the wind was sharp, and the mare very fresh; and under such circumstances a man may relieve his mind, at least to the extent of a sigh, without being obliged to render a reason. So, at least, Mr. Brownlow thought.

But Jack heard it, somehow, notwithstanding the ring of the mare's hoofs and the rush of the wind, and was confounded—as much confounded as he durst venture on being with such a slippery animal to deal with.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the groom, "keep her steady, sir; this here is the gate she's always a-shying at."

"Oh, confound her!" said Jack—or perhaps it was "confound you"—which would have been more natural; but the little waltz performed by Mrs. Bess at that moment, and the sharp crack of the whip, and the wind that whistled through all, made his adjuration less distinct than it might have been. When, however, the dangerous gate was past, and they were going on again with great speed and moderate steadiness, he resumed—

"I thought you did not mean to have another in young Jones's

place. I should have said Brown could do all the work. When these fellows have too little to do they get into all sorts of mischief."

"Most fellows do," said Mr. Brownlow, calmly. "I may as well tell you, Jack, that I wanted young Powys—I know his people; that is to say," he added hastily, "I don't know his people. Don't take it into your head that I do—but still I've heard something about them—in a kind of a way; and it's my special desire to have him there."

"I said nothing against it, sir," said Jack, displeased. "You are the head, to do whatever you like. I only asked, you know."

"Yes, I know you only asked," said Mr. Brownlow, with quiet decision. "That is my business; but I'd rather you were civil to him, if it is the same to you."

"By Jove, I believe she'll break our necks some day," said Jack, in his irritation, though the mare was doing nothing particular. "Going as quiet as a lamb," the groom said afterwards in amazement, "when he let out at her enough to make a saint contrary." And "contrary" she was up to the very door of the house, which perhaps, under the circumstances, was just as well.

CHAPTER IX.—NEW NEIGHBOURS.

Perhaps one of the reasons why Jack was out of temper at this particular moment was that Mrs. Swayne had been impertinent to him. Not that he cared in the least for Mrs. Swayne; but naturally he took a little interest in the child—he supposed she was only a child—a little light thing that felt like a feather when he carried her in out of the snow. He *had* carried her in, and he "took an interest" in her; and why he should be met with impertinence when he asked how the little creature was, was more than Jack could understand. The very morning of the day on which he saw young Powys first,

he had been answered by Mrs. Swayne standing in front of her door, and pulling it close behind her, as if she was afraid of thieves or something. "She's a-going on as nicely as could be, and there ain't no cause for anxiety, sir," Mrs. Swayne said, which was not a very impertinent speech after all.

"Oh, I did not suppose there was," said Jack. "It was only a sprain, I suppose; but she looked such a delicate little thing. That old woman with her was her mother, eh? What did she mean travelling with a fragile little creature like that in the carrier's cart?"

"I don't know about no old

woman," said Mrs. Swayne; "the good lady as has my front parlour is the only female as is here, and they've come for quiet, Mr. John, not meaning no offence; and when you're a bit nervish, as I knows myself by experience, it goes to your heart every time as there comes a knock at the door."

"You can't have many knocks at the door here," said Jack; "as for me, I only wanted to know how the little thing was."

"Miss is a-doing nicely, sir," Mrs. Swayne answered, with solemnity; and this was what Jack considered a very impertinent reception of his kind inquiries. He was amused by it, and yet it put him a little out of temper too. "As if I could possibly mean the child any harm," he said to himself, with a laugh; rather, indeed, insisting on the point that she was a child in all his thoughts on the subject; and then, as has been seen, the sudden introduction of young Powys and Mr. Brownlow's calm adoption of the sentiment that it was *his* business to decide who was to be in the office, came a little hard upon Jack, who, after all, notwithstanding his philosophical indifference as to his sister's heiress-ship, liked to be consulted about matters of business, and did not approve of being put back into a secondary place.

Thus it was with a sense of having done her duty by her new lodgers, that Mrs. Swayne paid her periodical visit in the afternoon to the inmates of the parlour, where the object of Jack Brownlow's inquiries lay very much covered up on the little horsehair sofa. She was still suffering from her sprain, and was lying asleep on the narrow and uneasy couch, wrapped in all the shawls her mother possessed, and with her own pretty, red cloak thrown over the heap. It was rather a grim little apartment, with dark-green painted walls, and coarse white curtains drawn over the single window. But the inmates probably

were used to no better, and certainly were quite content with their quarters. The girl lay asleep with a flush upon her cheeks, which the long eyelashes seemed to overshadow, and her soft rings of dark hair pushed back in pretty disorder off her soft, full, childlike forehead. She was sleeping that grateful sleep of convalescence, in which life itself seems to come back—a sleep deep and sound and dreamless, and quite undisturbed by the little murmur of voices which went on over the fire. Her mother was a tall meagre woman, older than the mother of such a girl ought to have been. Save that subtle, indefinable resemblance which is called family likeness, the two did not resemble each other. The elder woman now sitting in the horsehair easy-chair over the fire, was very tall, with long features, and grey cheeks which had never known any roses. She had keen black passionate eyes, looking as young and full of life as if she had been sixteen instead of nearly sixty; and her hair was still as black as it had been in her youth. But somehow the dead darkness of the hair made the grey face underneath look older than if it had been softened by the silvery tones of white that belong to the aged. She was dressed as poor women, who have ceased to care about their appearance, and have no natural instinct that way, so often dress, in everything most suited to increase her personal deficiencies. She had a little black lace cap over her black hair, and a black gown with a rim of greyish white round the neck, badly made, and which took away any shape that might ever have been in her tall figure. Her hands were hard, and red, and thin, with no sort of softening between them and the harsh black sleeve which clasped her wrists. She was not a lady, that was evident; and yet you would not have said she was a common woman after you had looked into her eyes.

It was very cold, though the thaw

had set in, and the snow was gone—raw and damp with a penetrating chill, which is as bad as frost,—or worse, some people think. And the new-comer sat over the fire, leaning forward in the high-backed horsehair chair, and spreading out her hands to the warmth. She had given Mrs. Swayne a general invitation to come in for a chat in the afternoon, not knowing as yet how serious a business that was; and was now making the best of it, interposing a few words now and then, and yet not altogether without comfort in the companionship, the very hum of human speech having something consolatory in it.

"If it's been a fever, that's a thing as will mend," said Mrs. Swayne, "and well over too; and a thing as you don't have more nor once. When it's *here*, and there's decline in the family——" she added, putting her hand significantly to her breast.

"There's no decline in my family," said the lodger, quickly. "It was downright sickness always. No, she's quite strong in her chest. I've always said it was a great blessing that they were all strong in their chests."

"And yet you have but this one left," said Mrs. Swayne. "Dear, dear!—when it's decline, it comes kind of natural, and you get used to it like. An aunt o' mine had nine, all took one after the other, and she got that used to it, she'd tell you how it would be as soon as e'er a one o' them began to droop; but when it's them sort of masterful sicknesses as you can't do nothing for—— Deary me! all strong in their chests, and you to have had so many and but this one left."

"Ay," said the mother, wringing her thin hands with a momentary yet habitual action, "it's hard when you've reared them so far; but you said it was good air here?"

"Beautiful air, that's what it is," said Mrs. Swayne, enthusiastically; "and when she gets a bit stronger,

and the weather gets milder, and he mends of his rheumatics, Swayne shall drive her out in his spring-cart. It's a fine way of seeing the country—a deal finer, *I* think, than the gentry in their carriages with a coachman on his box perched up afore them. I ain't one as holds by much doctoring. Doctors and parsons, they're all alike; and I don't care if I never saw one o' them more."

"Isn't there a nice clergyman?" said the lodger—"it's a nice church, for we saw it, passing in the cart, and the child took a fancy to it. In the country like this, it's nice to have a nice clergyman—that's to say, if you're Church folks."

"There was nothing but Church folks heard tell of where I came from," said Mrs. Swayne, with a little heat. "Them as says I wasn't born and bred and confirmed in the Church don't know what they're talking of; but since we come here, you know, along of Swayne being a Dissenter, and the Rector a man as has no sympathy, I've give up. It's the same with the doctors. There ain't one as I haven't tried, exceptin' the homeopathic; and I was turning it over in my mind as soon as Swayne had another bad turn to send for him."

"I hope we shan't want any more doctors," said the mother, once more softly wringing her hands. "But for Pamela's sake——"

"Is that her name?" said Mrs. Swayne; "I never knew no one of that name afore; but folks is all for new-fashioned names nowadays. The Pollys and the Betsys as used to be in my young days, I never hear tell of them now; but the girls ain't no nicer nor no better behaved as I can see. It's along o' the story-books and things. There's Miss Sairah as is always a-lending books——"

"Is Miss Sairah the young lady in the great house?" asked the stranger, looking up.

Mrs. Swayne assented with a little reluctance. "Oh! yes, sure

enough; but they ain't the real old Squires. Not as the old Squires was much to brag of; they was awful poor, and there never was nothing to be made out of them, neither by honest trades-folks nor cottagers, nor nobody; but him as has it now is nothing but a lawyer out of Masterton. He's made it all, I shouldn't wonder, by cheating poor folks out of their own; but there he is as grand as a prince, and Miss Sairah dressed up like a little peacock, and her carriage and her riding-horse, and her school, as if she was real old gentry. It was Mr. John as carried your girl indoors that time when she fell; and a rare troublesome one he can be when he gets it in his head, a-calling at my house, and knocking at the knocker when, for anything he could tell, Swayne might ha' been in one of his bad turns, or your little maid a-snatching a bit of sleep."

"But why does he come?" said the lodger, once more looking up; "is it to ask after Mr. Swayne?"

Mr. Swayne's spouse gave a great many shakes of her head over this question. "To tell you the truth," she said, "there's a deal of folks thinks if Swayne hadn't a good wife behind him as kept all straight, his bad turns would come very different. That's all as a woman gets for slaving and toiling and under-standing the business as well as e'er a man. No; it was not for my husband. I haven't got nothing to say against Mr. John. He's not one of the sort as leads poor girls astray and breaks their hearts; but I wouldn't have him about here, not too often, if I was you. He was a-asking after your girl."

"Pamela!" said the mother, with surprise and almost amusement in her tone, and she looked back to the sofa where her daughter was lying with a flush too pink and roselike for health upon her cheek. "Poor little thing; it is too early for that—she is only a child."

"I don't put no faith in them being only children," said Mrs.

Swayne. "It comes terrible soon, does that sort of thing; and a gentleman has nice ways with him. When she's once had one of that sort a-running after her, a girl don't take to an honest man as talks plain and straightforward. That's my opinion; and, thank Providence, I've been in the way of temptation myself, and I know what it all means."

Mrs. Swayne's lodger did not seem at all delighted by these commentaries. A little flush of pride or pain came over her colourless cheek; and she kept glancing back at the sofa on which her daughter lay. "My Pamela is a little lady, if ever there was a lady," she said, in a nervous undertone; but it was evidently a question she did not mean to discuss with her landlady; and thus the conversation came to a pause.

Mrs. Swayne, however, was not easily subdued; and curiosity urged her even beyond her wont. "I think you said as you had friends here?" she said, making a new start.

"No, no friends. We're alone in the world, she and I," said the woman, hastily. "We've been long away, and everybody is dead that ever belonged to us. She hasn't a soul but me, poor dear, and I'm old. It's dreadful to be old and have a young child. If I was to die—but we're not badly off," she continued, with a faint smile in answer to an alarmed glance all round the room from Mrs. Swayne, "and I'm saving up every penny for her. If I could only see her as well and rosy as she used to be!"

"That will come in time," said the landlady. "Don't you be afraid. It's beautiful air; and what with fresh milk and new-laid eggs, she'll come round as fast as the grass grows. You'll see she will—they always does here. Miss Sairah herself was as puny a bit of a child as ever you set eyes on, and she's a fine tall lass with a colour like a rose—I will say that for her—now."

"And I think you said she was about my child's age," said the mother, with a certain wistful glance out of the window. "Perhaps she and my Pamela—— But of course a young lady like that has plenty of friends. Pamela will never be tall—she's done growing. She takes after her father's side, you see," the poor woman added, with a sigh, looking round once more to the sofa where her child lay.

"And it ain't long, perhaps, since you lost your good gentleman?" said Mrs. Swayne, curiosity giving a certain brevity to her speech.

"He was in the army," said the lodger, passing by the direct question, "and it's a wandering sort of life. Now I've come back, all are gone that ever belonged to me, or so much as knew me. It feels dreary like. I don't mind for myself, if I could but find some kind friends for my child."

"Don't you fret," said Mrs. Swayne, rising. "She'll find friends, no fear; and it's ridiculous to hear you talk like an old woman, and not a grey hair on your head——. But I hear Swayne a-grumbling, Mrs. Preston. He's no better nor an old washerwoman, that man isn't, for his tea."

When the conversation ended thus, the lodger rose, partly in civility, and stood before the fire, looking into the dark little mirror over the mantelshelf when her visitor was gone. It was not vanity that moved her to look at herself. "Threescore and ten!" she was saying softly—"threescore and ten! She'd be near thirty by then, and able to take care of herself." It was a sombre thought enough, but it was all the comfort she could take. "The child" all this time had to all appearance lain fast asleep under her wraps, with the red cloak laid over her, a childlike, fragile creature. She began to stir at this moment, and her mother's face cleared as if by magic. She went up to the little hard

couch, and murmured her inquiries over it with that indescribable voice which belongs only to doves, and mothers croodling over their sick children. Pamela considered it the most ordinary utterance in the world, and never found out that it was totally unlike the usually almost harsh tones of the same voice when addressing other people. The girl threw off her coverings with a little impatience, and came with tottering steps to the big black easy-chair. The limpid eyes which had struck Jack Brownlow when they gazed wistfully out of the carrier's cart, were almost too bright, as her colour was almost too warm, for the moment; but it was the flush of weakness and sleep, not of fever. She too, like her mother, wore rusty black; but neither that poor and melancholy garb, nor any other disadvantageous circumstance, could impair the sweetness of the young tender face. It was lovely with the sweetness of spring as are the primroses and anemones;—dew, and fragrance, and growth, and all the possibilities of expansion, were in her lovely looks. You could not have told what she might not grow to. Seeing her, it was possible to understand the eagerness with which the poor old mother, verging on threescore, counted her chances of a dozen years longer in this life. These dozen years might make all the difference to Pamela; and Pamela was all that she had in the world.

"You have had a long sleep, my darling. I am sure you feel better," she said.

"I feel quite well, mamma," said the girl; and she sat down and held out her hands to the fire. Then the mother began to talk, and give an account of the conversation she had been holding. She altered it a little, it must be acknowledged. She omitted all Mrs. Swayne's anxieties about Jack Brownlow, and put various orthodox sentiments into her mouth

instead. When she had gone on so for some ten minutes, Pamela, who had been making evident efforts to restrain herself, suddenly opened her red lips with a burst of soft ringing laughter, so that the mother stopped confused.

"I am afraid it was very naughty," said the girl; "but I woke up, and I did not want to disturb you, and I could not help listening. Oh, mamma, how clever you are to make up conversation like that, when you know Mrs. Swayne was talking of Mr. John, and was such fun! Why shouldn't I hear about Mr. John? Because one has been ill, is one never to have any more fun? You don't expect me to die now?"

"God forbid!" said the mother. "But what do you know about Mr. John? Mrs. Swayne said nothing——"

"She said he came a-knocking at the knocker," Pamela said, with a merry little conscious laugh; "and you asked if he came to ask for Mr. Swayne. I thought I should have laughed out and betrayed myself then."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Preston, steadily, "why shouldn't he have come to ask for Mr. Swayne?"

"Yes, why indeed?" said Pamela, with another merry peal of laughter, which made her mother's face relax, though she was not herself very sensible wherein the joke lay.

"Well," she said, "if he did, or if he didn't, it does not matter very much to us. We know nothing about Mr. John."

"Oh, but I do," said Pamela; "it was he that was standing by that lady's chair on the ice—I saw him as plain as possible. I knew him in a minute when he carried me in. Wasn't it nice and kind of him? and he knew—us;—I am sure he did. Why shouldn't he come and ask for me? I think it is the most natural thing in the world."

"How could he know us?" said Mrs. Preston, wondering. "My

darling, now you are growing older you must not think so much about fun. I don't say it is wrong, but—— For you see, you have grown quite a woman now. It would be nice if you could know Miss Sara," she added, melting; "but she is a little great lady, and you are but a poor little girl——"

"I must know Miss Sara," cried Pamela. "We shall see her every day. I want to know them both. We shall be always seeing them any time they go out. I wonder if she is pretty. The lady was, that was in the chair."

"How can you see everything like that, Pamela?" said her mother, with mild reproof. "I don't remember any lady in a chair."

"But I've got a pair of eyes," said Pamela, with a laugh. She was not thinking that they were pretty eyes, but she certainly had a pleasant feeling that they were clear and sharp, and saw everything and everybody within her range of vision. "I like travelling in that cart," she said, after a moment, "if it were not so cold. It would be pleasant in summer to go jogging along and see everything—but then, to be sure, in summer there's no ice, and no nice bright fires shining through the windows. But, mamma, please," the little thing added, with a doubtful look that might be saucy or sad as occasion required, "why are you so dreadfully anxious to find me kind friends?"

This was said with a little laugh, though her eyes were not laughing; but when she saw the serious look her mother cast upon her, she got up hastily and threw herself down, weak as she was, at the old woman's knee.

"Don't you think if we were to live both as long as we could and then to die both together?" cried the changeable girl, with a sudden sob. "Oh, mamma, why didn't you have me when you were young, when you had Florry, that we

might have lived ever so long, ever so long together? Would it be wrong for me to die when you die? why should it be wrong? God would know what we meant by it. He would know it wasn't for wickedness. And it would make your mind easy whatever should happen," cried the child, burying her pretty face in her mother's lap. Thus the two desolate creatures clung together, the old woman yearning to live, the young creature quite ready at any word of command that might reach her to give up her short existence. They had nobody in the world belonging to them that they knew of, and in the course of nature their companionship could only be so short, so short! And it was not as if God saw only the outside like men. He would know what they meant by it; that was what poor little Pamela thought.

But she was as lively as a little bird half an hour after, being a creature of a variable mind. Not a magnificent little princess, self-possessed and reflective, like Sara over the way—a little soul full of fancies, and passions, and sudden impulses of every kind—a kitten for fun, a heroine for anything tragic, such as she, not feared, but hoped, might perhaps fall in her way. And the mother, who understood the passion, did not know very much

about either the fun or the fancy, and was puzzled by times, and even vexed when she had no need to be vexed. Mrs. Preston was greatly perplexed even that night after this embrace and the wild suggestion that accompanied it, to see how swiftly and fully Pamela's light heart came back to her. She could comprehend such a proposal of despair; but how the despair should suddenly flit off and leave the sweetest fair skies of delight and hope below was more than the poor woman could understand. However, the fact was that hope and despair were quite capable of living next door in Pamela's fully occupied mind, and that despair itself was but another kind of hope when it got into those soft quarters where the air was full of the chirping of birds and the odours of the spring. She could not sing, to call singing, but yet she went on singing all the evening long over her bits of work, and planned drives in Mr. Swayne's spring-cart, and even in the carrier's waggon, much more joyfully than Sara ever anticipated the use of her greys. Yet she had but one life, one worn existence, old and shattered by much suffering, between her and utter solitude and destitution. No wonder her mother looked at her with silent wonder, she who could never get this woeful possibility out of her mind.

CHAPTER X.—AT THE GATE.

It was not to be expected that Sara could be long unconscious of her new humble neighbours. She, too, as well as Jack, had seen them in the carrier's cart; and though Jack had kept his little adventure to himself, Sara had no reason to omit due notice of her encounter. It was quite a new sensation to her when she saw for the first time the little face with its dewy eyes peeping out at Mrs. Swayne's window. And the ticket which offended Sara's sight had been promptly

taken down, not by Mrs. Swayne, but by her lodgers themselves. Sara's impulse was to go over immediately and thank them for this good office; but, on second thoughts, she decided to wait another opportunity. They might not be "nice,"—or they might be ladies, and require more ceremonious treatment, notwithstanding the carrier's waggon. The face that peeped from Mrs. Swayne's window might have belonged to a little princess in disguise for anything that could

be said to the contrary. And Sara was still of the age which believes in disguised princesses, at least in theory. She talked about them, however, continually; putting Jack to many hypocritical devices to conceal that he too had seen the little stranger. Though why he should keep that fact secret, nobody, not even himself, could tell. And he had confided it to young Keppel, though he did not think of telling the story at home. "I don't know if you would call her pretty, but her eyes are like two stars," was what Jack said; and he was more angry at Keppel's jocular response than was at all needful. But, as for Sara, she was far more eloquent. "She is not pretty," that authority said; "all girls are pretty, I suppose, in a kind of a way—I and Fanny Hardcastle and everybody—I despise that. She's *lovely*; one would like to take and kiss her. I don't in the least care whether I am speaking grammar or not; but I want to know her, and I've made up my mind I'll have her here."

"Softly, Sara," said Mr. Brownlow, with that indulgent look which Sara alone called into his eyes.

"Oh yes, papa, as softly as you please; but I shall never be like her if I were to live a hundred years. I'd like to cut all my hair off, and wear it like that; but what's the use, with this odious light hair?"

"I thought it was golden and Titianesque, and all sorts of fine things," said Jack, "besides being fashionable. I've heard Keppel say—"

"Don't, please; Mr. Keppel is so stupid," said Sara; and she took in her hand a certain curl she had, which was her favourite curl in a general way, and looked at it with something like disgust. "It isn't even the right colour for the fashion," she said contemptuously. This was at breakfast, before the gentlemen went to business, which

was a favourite hour with all of them, when their minds were free, and the day had not as yet produced its vexations. Mr. Brownlow, for his part, had quite got over any symptoms of discomposure that his children might have perceived on his face. Everything was going on well again. Young Powys was safely settled in the office, and his employer already had got used to him, and nothing seemed to be coming of it; and every day was helping on the year, the one remaining year of uncertainty. He was very anxious, but still he was not such a novice in life but that he could keep his anxiety to himself.

"Don't forget to make everything comfortable for your visitors," was what he said, as he drove away; and the fact was, that even Mr. Brownlow cast a glance over at Mrs. Swayne's windows; and that Jack brought the mare almost on her haunches, by way of showing his skill, as she dashed out at the gates. And poor little Pamela had limped to the window, for she had not much to amuse her, and the passing of Mr. Brownlow's dogcart was an event. "Is that the girl?" said Mr. Brownlow; "why, she is like your sister, Jack."

"Like Sara!" Jack gasped in dismay. He was so amazed that he could say nothing more for a full minute. "I suppose you think everything that's pretty is like Sara," he said, when he had recovered his breath.

"Well, perhaps," said the father; "but there's something more there—and yet she's not like Sara either for the matter of that."

"Not the least bit in the world," said Jack, decisively; at which Mr. Brownlow only smiled, making no other reply.

Sara, of course, knew nothing of this; and notwithstanding her admiration for the stranger, it is doubtful whether she would have been flattered by the suggestion.

She made great preparations for her visitors. There was to be a dinner-party, and old Lady Motherwell and her son Sir Charles were to stay for a day or two—partly because it was too far for the old lady to drive back that night, and partly, perhaps, for other reasons, which nobody was supposed to know anything about. In her own mind, however, Sara was not quite unaware of these other reasons. The girl was so unfortunate as to be aware that she was considered a good match in the county, and she knew very well what Sir Charles meant when he came and mounted guard over her at county gatherings. It was commonly reported of Sir Charles Motherwell that he was not bright—but he was utterly opaque to Sara when he came and stood over her and shut out other people who might have been amusing; though, to tell the truth, Miss Brownlow was in a cynical state of mind altogether about amusing people. She thought they were an extinct species, like mastodons, and the other sort of brutes that lived before the creation. Fanny Hardcastle began to unfold her dress as soon as breakfast was over, and to look out her gloves and her shoes and all her little ornaments, and was in a flutter all day about the dinner at Brownlows. But as for Sara, she was not excited. By way of making up to herself for what she might have to suffer in the evening, she went out for a ride, a pleasure of which she had been debarred for some time by the frost; and little Pamela came again to the window and watched—oh, with what delight and envy and admiration!—the slender-limbed chestnut and the pretty creature he carried, as they came down all the length of the avenue.

"Oh, mamma, make haste—make haste! it is a prettier sight than Mr. John," cried the little girl at Mrs. Swayne's window, her cheeks glowing and her eyes shining; "what fun it is to live here and

see them all passing!" Probably she enjoyed it quite as much as Sara did. When she had watched the pretty rider as far as that was possible, she sat down by the window to wait till she came back—wondering where she was going—following her as she went cantering along the sunny long stretches of road which Pamela remembered watching from the carrier's cart. What a strange kind of celestial life it must be to be always riding down stately avenues and playing golden-stringed harps, and walking about in glorious silken robes that swept the ground! Pamela laughed to herself at those splendid images—she enjoyed it more than Sara did, though Sara found all these good things wonderfully pleasant too.

"What are you laughing at?" said her mother, who was working at a table at the other end of the room.

"What fun it is to live here!" repeated Pamela. "It is as good as a play; don't you like to see them all riding out and in, and the horses prancing, and the shadows coming down the avenue!—it was the greatest luck in the world to come here."

"Put up your foot, my dear," said her mother, "and don't catch cold at that window. I've seen somebody very like that young lady, but I can't remember where."

"That was Miss Sara, I suppose," said Pamela, with a little awe; and she put up her weak foot, and kept her post till the chestnut and his mistress came back, when the excitement was renewed; and Mrs. Preston herself took another look, and wondered where she had seen some one like that. Thus the life of Brownlows became entangled, as it were, in that of the humble dwellers at their gate, before either were aware.

Lady Motherwell arrived in a very solid family coach just as the winter twilight set in; and undoubtedly, on this occasion at least,

it was Pamela who had the best of it. Sara awaited the old lady in the drawing-room, ready to administer to her the indispensable cup of tea; and Sir Charles followed his mother, a tall fellow with a mustache which looked like a respirator. As for Lady Motherwell, she was not a pleasant visitor to Sara; but that was for reasons which I have already stated. In herself she was not a disagreeable old woman. She had even a certain *esprit du corps* which made it evident to her that thus to come in force upon a girl who was alone, was a violent proceeding, and apt to drive the quarry prematurely to bay. So she did her best to conciliate the young mistress of the house, even before she had received her cup of tea.

"Charley doesn't take tea," she said. "I think we'll send him off, my dear, to look at the stables, or something. I hate to have a man poking about the room when I want a comfortable chat; and in this nice cozy firelight, too, when they look like tall ghosts about a place. You may go and have your cigar, Charley. Sara and I have a hundred things to say."

Sir Charles was understood to murmur through his respirator that it was awful hard upon a fellow to be banished like this; but nevertheless, being in excellent training, and knowing it to be for his good, he went. Then Lady Motherwell took Sara in her arms for the second time, and gave her a maternal kiss.

"My love, you're looking lovely," she said. "I'm sorry for poor Charley, to tell the truth; but I knew you'd have enough of him to-night. Now tell me how you are, and all about yourself. I have not seen you for an age."

"Oh, thank you, I'm just as well as ever," said Sara. "Sit down in this nice low chair, and let me give you some tea."

"Thank you," said Lady Motherwell. "And how is Jack and the good papa? Jack is a gay deceiver;

he is not like my boy. You should have seen him driving the girls about the ice in that chair. I am not sure that I think it very nice, do you know, unless it was a very old friend or—somebody very particular. I was so sorry I could not come for you—"

"Oh, it did not matter," said Sara; "I was there three days. I got on very well; and then I have more things to do than most girls have. I don't care so very much for amusements. I have a great many things to do."

"Quite a little housekeeper," said Lady Motherwell. "You girls don't like to have such things said to you nowadays; but I'm an old-fashioned old woman, and I must say what I think. What a nice little wife you will make one of these days! That used to be the highest compliment that could be paid to us when I was your age."

"Oh, I don't mind it at all," said Sara; "I suppose that is what one must come to. It is no good worrying one's self about it. I am rather fond of housekeeping. Are you going to be one of the patronesses for the Masterton ball, Lady Motherwell? Do you think one should go?"

"No, I don't think one should go," said the old lady, not without a very clear recollection that she was speaking to John Brownlow the solicitor's daughter; "but I think a dozen may go, and yet shall come with me. I am going to make up a party—yourself and the two Keppels—"

"No," said Sara, "I am a Masterton girl, and I ought not to go with you grand county folks—oh no, papa must take me; but thank you very much all the same."

"You are an odd girl," said Lady Motherwell. "You forget your papa is one of the very richest of the county folks, as you call us. I think Brownlows is the finest place within twenty miles, and you shall have all the charge of it—"

"Don't laugh at me, please—"

don't like being laughed at. It makes me feel like a cat," said Sara; and she clasped her soft hands together, and sat back in her soft velvet chair out of the firelight, and heathed her claws as it were; not feeling sure any moment that she might not be tempted to make a pring upon her fluttering foe.

"Well, my dear, if you want to pit and scratch, let Charley be the victim, please," said the old lady. "I think he would rather like it. And I am not laughing in the least, I assure you. I think a great deal of good housekeeping. We used to be brought up to see after everything when I was young; and really, you know, when you have a large establishment, and feel that your husband looks to you for everything—"

"We have not all husbands, thank heaven," said Sara, spitefully; "and I am sure I don't want a situation as a man's housekeeper. It is all very well when it's papa."

"You will not always think so," said Lady Motherwell, laughing; "that is a thing a girl always changes her mind about. Of course you will marry some day, as everybody does."

"I don't see," said Sara, very decidedly, "why it should be of course. If there was anybody that papa had set his heart on, and wanted me to marry—or any *good* reason—of course I would do whatever was my duty. But I don't think papa is a likely sort of man to stake me at cards, or get into anybody's power, or anything of that sort."

"Sara, you are the most frightful little cynic," cried Lady Motherwell, laughing; "don't you believe that girls sometimes fall in love?"

"Oh yes, all the silly ones," said Sara, calmly, out of her corner. "He was not saying anything that he did not to a certain extent feel; but there is no doubt that she had special intention at the moment in what she said."

Lady Motherwell had another

laugh, for she was amused, and not nearly so much alarmed for the consequences as the young speaker intended she should be. "If all girls had such sentiments, what would become of the world?" she said. "The world would come to an end."

"I wish it would," said Sara. "Why shouldn't it come to an end? It would be easy to make a nicer world. People are very aggravating in this one. I am sure I don't see why we should make ourselves unhappy about its coming to an end. It would always be a change if it did. And some of the poor people might have better luck. Do you think it is such a very nice world?"

"My dear, don't be profane," said Lady Motherwell. "I never did think Mr. Hardcastle was very settled in his principles. I declare you frighten me, Sara, sitting and talking in that sceptical way, in the dark."

"Oh, I can ring for lights," said Sara; "but that isn't sceptical. It's sceptical to go on wishing to live for ever, and to make the world last for ever, as if we mightn't have something better. At least so I think. And as for Mr. Hardcastle, I don't know what he has to do with it—he never said a word on the subject to me."

"Yes, my dear, but there is a general looseness," said the old lady. "I know the sort of thing. He lets you think whatever you like, and never impresses any doctrines on you as he ought. We are not in Dewsbury parish, you know, and I feel I ought to speak. There are such differences in clergymen. Our vicar is very pointed, and makes you really feel as if you knew what you believed. And that is such a comfort, my dear. Though, to be sure, you are very young, and you don't feel it now."

"No, I don't feel it at all," said Sara; "but, Lady Motherwell, perhaps you would like to go to your room. I think I hear papa's cart

coming up the avenue—will you wait and see him before you go?"

Thus the conversation came to an end, though Lady Motherwell elected to wait, and was as gracious to Mr. Brownlow as if he had been twenty county people. Even if Sara did not have Brownlows, as everybody supposed, still she would be rich and bring money enough with her to do a vast deal of good at Motherwell, where the family for a long time had not been rich. Sir Charles's father, old Sir Charles, had not done his duty by the property. Instead of marrying somebody with a fortune, which was clearly the object for which he had been brought into the world, he had married to please a fancy of his own in a very reprehensible way. His wife herself felt that he had failed to do his duty, though it was for her sake; and she was naturally all the more anxious that her son should fulfil this natural responsibility. Sir Charles was not handsome, nor was he bright, nor even so young as he might have been; but all this, if it made the sacrifice less, made the necessity more, and accordingly Lady Motherwell was extremely friendly to Mr. Brownlow. When she came down for dinner she took a sort of natural protecting place, as if she had been Sara's aunt, or bland, flattering, uninterfering mother-in-law. She called the young mistress of the house to her side, and held her hand, and patted it and caressed it. She told Mr. Brownlow how pleased she was to see how the dear child had developed. "You will not be allowed to keep her long," she said, with tender meaning; "I think if she were mine I would go and hide her up so that nobody might see her. But one has to make up one's mind to part with them all the same."

"Not sooner than one can help," said Mr. Brownlow, looking not at Lady Motherwell, but at his child, who was the subject of discourse. He knew what the old lady meant

as well as Sara did, and he had been in the way of smiling at it, wondering how anybody could imagine he would give his child to a good-tempered idiot; but this might be another kind of idea came into his mind. The man was stupid, but he was a gentleman of long-established lineage, and he could secure to Sara all the advantages of which she had so precarious a tenure here. He could give her even a kind of title, so far as that went, though Mr. Brownlow was not much moved by a baronet's title; and if anything should happen to endanger Brownlows it would not matter much to Jack or himself. They could return to the house in Merton, and make themselves as comfortable as life, without Sara could be anywhere. This was the thought that was passing through Mr. Brownlow's mind when he said:

"Not sooner than one can help. He was thinking for the first time that such a bestowal of his child might not be so impossible after all."

Beside her, in the seat she had taken when she escaped from Lady Motherwell, Sir Charles had already taken up his position. He was talking to her through his hard little black mustache—not that he said a great deal. He was a tall man, and she was seated in a high chair, with the usual billows of white on the carpet all round her, so that he could not even approach very near; and she had to look at him and strain her ear when he spoke, if she wanted to hear—what was a trouble Sara did not choose to take. So she said "What?" in an indifferent way, playing with her fan, and secretly doing all she could to extend the white billows round her; while he, poor man, bent forward at a right angle till he was extremely uncomfortable, and repeated his very trivial observations with a vain attempt to reach her ear.

"I think I am growing deaf," said Sara; "perhaps it was the dreadful frost—I don't think I had

ever got quite thawed yet. When you go, all you have been saying will fall out of the trumpet like Baron Funchausen, you know. So you didn't go to the stables? Wasn't that rather naughty? I am sure it was to the stables your mamma sent you when you went away."

"Tell you what, Miss Brownlow," said Sir Charles, "you are making game of me."

"Oh, no," said Sara; "or did you go to the gate and see such a pretty girl in the cottage opposite? I don't know whether you would fall in love with her, but I have; never saw any one look so sweet. He has such pretty dark little curls, and yet not curls—something prettier;—and such eyes—"

"Little women with black hair are frights," said Sir Charles—"always thought so, and more than ever now."

"Why more than ever now?" said Sara, with the precision of comment; and then she went on—"If you don't care either for pretty horses or pretty girls, we shan't know how to amuse you. Perhaps you are fond of reading; I think we have a good many nice books."

Sir Charles said something to his mustache, which was evidently a reprieve of some kind. He was not of the sort of a man to swear by oaths, or even by George, much less by anything more tangible; but still he did utter something in an articulate exclamatory way. "A man would be difficult to please if he didn't get plenty to amuse him here," was how it ended. "I'm not afraid—"

"It is very kind of you to say so," said Sara, so very politely that Sir Charles did not venture upon any more efforts, but stood bending down uneasily, looking at her, and galling at his respirator in an embarrassed way; not that he was remarkable in this, for certainly the moment before dinner is not favourable to animated or genial conversation. And it was not much better at dinner. Sara had Mr.

Keppel of Ridley, the eldest brother, at her other side, who talked better than Sir Charles did. His mother kept her eye upon them as well as that was possible from the other end of the table, and she was rather hard upon him afterwards for the small share he had taken in the conversation. "You should have amused her and made her talk, and drawn her out," said the old lady.

"Oh, she talked plenty," Sir Charles said, in a discomfited tone; and he did not make much more of it in the evening, when young Mrs. Keppel and her sister-in-law, and Fanny Hardcastle, all gathered in a knot round the young mistress of the house. It was a pretty group, and the hum of talk that issued from it attracted even the old people to linger and listen, though doubtless their own conversation would have been much more worth listening to.

There was Sara reclining upon the cushions of a great round ottoman, with Fanny Hardcastle by her, making one mass of the white billows; and opposite, Mrs. Keppel, who was a pretty little woman, lay back in a low deep round chair, and Mary Keppel, who was a little fond of attitudes, sat on a stool, leaning her head upon her hands, in the centre. Sometimes they talked all together, so that you could not tell what they said; and they discussed everything that ought to be discussed in heaven and earth, and occasionally something that ought not; and there was a dark fringe of men round about them, joining in the babble. But as for Sir Charles, he knew his *consigne*, and stood at his post, and did not attempt to talk. It was an exercise that was seldom delightful to him; and then he was puzzled, and could not make out whether, as he himself said, it was chaff or serious. But he could always stand over the mistress of his affections, and do a sentinel's duty, and keep other people away from her. That was a *métier* he understood.

"Has it been a pleasant evening,

Sara?" said Mr. Brownlow when the huests had all gone, and Sir Charles had disappeared with Jack, and Lady Motherwell had retired to think it all over and invent some way of pushing her son on. The father and daughter were left alone in the room, which was still very bright with lights and fire, and did not suggest any of the tawdry ideas supposed to hang about in the air after an entertainment is¹ over. They were both standing by the fire, lingering before they said good-night.

"Oh yes," said Sara, "if that odious man would not mount guard over me. What have I done that he should always stand at my elbow like that, with his hideous mustache?"

"You mean Sir Charles?" said Mr. Brownlow. "I thought girls liked that sort of thing. He means it for a great compliment to you."

"Then I wish he would compliment somebody else," said Sara; "I think it is very hard, papa. A girl lives at home with her father, and is very happy and doesn't want any change; but any man that pleases—any tall creature with neither brains nor sense, nor anything but a mustache—thinks he has a right to come and worry her; and people think she should be pleased. It is awfully hard. No woman ever attempts to treat Jack like that."

Mr. Brownlow smiled, but it was not so frankly as usual. "Are you really quite sure about this matter?" he said. "I wish you would think it over, my darling. He is not bright—but he's a very good fellow in his way—stop a little. And you know I am only Brownlow the solicitor, and if anything should happen to our money, all this position of ours in the county would be lost. Now Sir Charles could give you a better position—"

"Oh, papa! could you ever bear to hear me called Lady Mother-

well?" cried Sara—"young Lady Motherwell! I should hate myself and everybody belonging to me. But look here; I have wanted to speak to you for a long time. If you were to lose your money I don't see why you should mind so very much. I should not mind. We would go away to the country, and get a cottage somewhere, and be very comfortable. After all, money don't matter so much. We could walk instead of driving, which is often far pleasanter, and do things for ourselves."

"What do you know about my money?" said Mr. Brownlow, with a bitter momentary pang. He thought something must have betrayed the true state of affairs to Sara, which would be an almost incredible addition to the calamity.

"Well, not much," said Sara lightly; "but I know merchants and people are often losing money, and you have an office like a merchant. I should not mind *that*; but I do mind never being able to turn my head even at home in our very own house, without seeing that man with his horrid mustache."

"Poor Sir Charles!" said Mr. Brownlow, and the anxiety on his face lightened a little. She could not know anything about it. It must be merely accidental, he thought. Then he lighted her candle for her, and kissed her soft cheek. "You said you would marry any one I asked you to marry," he said, with a smile; but it was not a smile that was deep. Strangely enough he was a little anxious about the answer, as if he had really some plan in his mind.

"And so I should, and never would hesitate," said Sara, promptly, holding his hand, "but not Sir Charles, please, papa."

This was the easy way in which the girl played, on what might possibly turn out to be the very verge of the precipice.

THE MINISTERIAL RESOLUTIONS.

BEFORE this paper passes into the hands of our readers, the House of Commons will have doubtless arrived at some decision on the course which her Majesty's Ministers have judged it expedient to pursue in dealing with the inevitable question of Electoral Reform.

That the proposal made by Mr. Disraeli, in his remarkable speech of the 11th of February, should have startled some of his friends almost as much as it disturbed his enemies, is not to be wondered at. There is but one instance in modern times of a Government taking the House of Commons into its confidence before proceeding to legislate on a question of high Imperial policy, and even of that a very critical judge may determine that it scarcely covers the case now under consideration. Important, however, as the principle may be, that in its manner of dealing with the Legislature, the Executive, in a constitutional country, should as much as possible be guided by precedent, he must be a very blind or a very perverse reasoner who contends that occasions may not arise when to make a precedent becomes a sheer necessity. When the whole machinery of Government has been brought to a dead-lock, and Administration after Administration has tried in vain to set it going again, what alternative is open to the Executive in a free State, except either to flounder on in the old way towards the old result, with other and far more disastrous results looming in the distance; or else to strike out some new line of action, which, because it is new, perplexes and jars, yet holds out at least a fair chance of escape from difficulties not otherwise to be surmounted?

Now this—and no other—was the choice submitted to her Majesty's present advisers from the day, when, by no manœuvre of theirs, but by the force of circumstances which they neither created nor were able to control, they found themselves suddenly lifted into office. The government which the Whigs laid down and they assumed was absolutely paralysed. A thousand points of the most pressing national importance called for attention; yet to attend to them properly was impossible, so long as one enormous obstacle stood in the way. Their predecessors had done their best to remove that obstacle, and failed. The support on which they counted to insure success melted from them when their hour of trial came; and, beaten and harassed at every turn, they had nothing for it but to resign. Lord Derby and his colleagues might be under no direct obligation to attack that obstacle. Their failure in 1859 had clearly redeemed whatever pledges they might have previously given on that subject. But if they were not pledged, Parliament was; not once, or twice, or thrice, by random schemes offered and withdrawn, but persistently and of deliberate purpose; and never more deliberately, nor of more set purpose, than since, on the hustings, a majority of the present House of Commons pronounced for a Liberal Administration and a large measure of Parliamentary Reform. What were Lord Derby and his colleagues to do under such circumstances? Could they shirk the question altogether, or even postpone it? That was impossible; because the House, though opposed to Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Bright's particular plan,

was determined, or professed the determination, to have a reform of Parliament in one shape or another. Could they frame a bill of their own, and lay it on the table with any prospect of carrying it? That was equally out of the question; because a measure which should command the support of their own adherents *en masse* would scarcely go down with some of the Opposition; and one which might conciliate one section of the Opposition, would undoubtedly be resisted by another. Would it be judicious to risk a bill, and, being defeated, to dissolve upon it? Surely not. The present House of Commons may lack experience and the wisdom which comes of experience, but nobody can deny that it very fairly reflects the state of public opinion out of doors, which another House, chosen under the excitement of a general election, would certainly not do at this moment. And, lastly, would it be becoming—would it be morally justifiable—to enter the Queen's service, and on the first appearance of difficulty to turn round and say, "We cannot fulfil our engagements—we cannot help your Majesty in your straits. We must, therefore, relinquish the attempt to guide the counsels of the nation, and throw your Majesty back upon chance for advisers." What man of honour would offer such advice to a Cabinet? what Cabinet composed of men of honour would listen to it, if offered? No. Having accepted office, whether reluctantly or otherwise it is not for us to inquire, there was nothing left for Lord Derby and his colleagues except to buckle to their work, and to set about it in a spirit as far removed from self-seeking as possible; in other words, to put into the background all considerations except one—namely, how best may the Legislature be freed from the

shackles which now hinder its usefulness—how most surely, and with the least delay, may the Executive be left free to attend to matters of practical importance. Now this, we contend, is exactly what the Government has done. It has postponed considerations of personal feeling to the public good. It has adopted the advice which months ago we took the liberty of offering, and it has thrown upon the House of Commons itself a responsibility which the House cannot refuse to accept. The Government will in due time propose a measure, making it its own, and standing or falling by it. But it must, in the first place, elicit from the House an opinion on the question of principle. Was any other course open to it? No. It must have acted thus, or else done nothing; and, doing nothing, what would follow?

We are not alarmists—quite otherwise; but we express, it is believed, the opinions of all thoughtful people, when we say that not within the memory of living men, nor long before it, has England stood in a position of greater danger or difficulty than that in which she stands at this moment. Be the causes what they may, the old feeling of loyalty to the Constitution of which their fathers made their boast, has very much died out among large sections of the population of these Islands. We say nothing of the temper which is so painfully manifest amid the great bulk of the Irish people. With them hostility to England and to English rule is patriotism. They are ripe for armed revolt; and the late demonstrations in Chester, Liverpool, and even in London, show that a far more perfect organisation subsists among them, not in Ireland only, but in England also, than had been supposed.

Again, a considerable section of the working classes of England and Scotland, misled by designing demagogues, and hardly knowing what they are about, demand from the Legislature such changes as, if conceded, would amount at once to revolution. And the language which is held at their meetings, as well as the mottoes which adorn their banners, distinctly indicate, if we can accept them literally, that unless their demands be complied with fully and immediately, worse evils may come. Not that we desire for a moment to connect Fenianism with anything that Mr. Beales and the Reform League are doing. We believe, on the contrary, that, impatient as the League may be of the just influence of property and rank in the administration of public affairs, it would never make common cause with men whose dream is of indiscriminate massacre and plunder. But mixed up with the League are many individual Fenians, who, however powerless to bring over the mass to their own way of thinking, are yet in constant communication with their brother conspirators outside the pale, and so do their work for them unsuspected. Who can doubt, had the attack on Chester Castle succeeded, but that in St. Giles's, perhaps at Islington, not less than in Kerry, disturbances would have broken out? And, blood once drawn, especially in the metropolis, it would be hard to say what consequences might not follow. In like manner, the Trades-Unions, departing from their purposes for which they came at first into existence, are ranging themselves on the side of democracy, and asking for what, according to Earl Russell's declaration in the House of Lords, there is not a single member of either House of Parliament pre-

pared to concede, to them. And cheering them on are members of the Legislature itself, who either cannot see to what the general movement is tending, or see it and approve. Nor is this all—the proceedings of the Reform League, and their allies the Trades-Unions, are as much condemned by the leaders of one section of the Liberal party as they are approved and urged on by the leaders of another. Yet so strong are the ties which link these antagonists together, that they will not be found standing apart when a political crisis comes, though perfectly aware that their ultimate ends are different, and that sooner or later they too must be at strife among themselves. And, finally, we have a Government composed of gentlemen of the highest honor—able administrators, able debaters—who cannot count upon being supported by more than a strong minority in the House of Commons on any question on which it may suit the Liberals so to agree, as to render it a fair reason of expelling them from office. If all this do not justify the language which we have felt it our duty to employ, when speaking of the crisis to which the affairs of the country have been brought, we really do not know where to turn for further evidence of the fact. A weak Government, confronted in the Legislature by a numerous yet divided Opposition, while both are libelled and threatened by well-organised bodies of men out of doors,—this is a state of things which no thoughtful person can contemplate without alarm. It is precisely such a disposition of moral force as has in all time past preceded and worked up to revolution; and there is too much reason to apprehend that, unless counteracted and restrained in the Legislature by a principle loftier than

the mere impulse, of party, it will, in our own case, precede and work up to revolution again.

Mr. Disraeli, we perceive, has incurred the censure of critics not calling themselves hostile, because of the mode by which, in his first great speech of the session, he set forth the reasons which had induced the Cabinet to deal in a very special manner with the great question of the day. It appears to us that for censure so directed there is no room. Possibly the House of Commons may have expected one thing and got another. It had been delighted with Mr. Gathorne Hardy's brief yet lucid explanation of the remedies to be applied to the abuse of the Poor Law in the metropolis, and of the considerations on which they were grounded. And, bearing his speech in mind, members on both sides may have anticipated just such another address from the Chancellor of the Exchequer—a short clear statement of the condition to which parties were reduced, to be followed by the proposal of certain resolutions for the House to consider. But they who affect to be angry because this course was not pursued, must remember that the cases brought forward by Mr. Hardy and Mr. Disraeli respectively are not parallel cases. In asking leave to alter the working of the Poor Law—not generally, but partially, and with a view to meet a particular abuse—Mr. Hardy was called upon to explain himself only to the House of Commons. No question of principle was touched by what he proposed to do; and so long as he carried the better judgment of the House with him, there was nothing more for him to desire. But Mr. Disraeli had a point of far greater importance to handle. He felt, when he rose to speak, that he was addressing himself, not to the House of

Commons, but to the nation, which could not be expected, without excellent reasons expressed, to tolerate in a Minister of the Crown any marked deviation from immemorial usage in the conduct of public affairs. Now the present Ministers are confessedly deviating from common usage in the conduct of public affairs. They decline any longer to make Reform a party question. They will not do as their predecessors did, and as they did themselves upon a former occasion—concoct a plan in the recesses of the Cabinet, and bring it out to stand or fall by it. They have never said that such shall not be their line of action in the end; but they invite, in the first instance, the House of Commons to come to some decision as to what sort of measure they are disposed to consider on its merits, in order that, as far as their own sense of right will allow, they may give this measure form and consistency. An Administration which takes this line has something else to think of than merely carrying with it the assent of the House of Commons. Its mouth-piece, whoever he may be, must address himself to the people as well as to their representatives, and satisfy their judgment that he and his colleagues are acting honestly. This obligation Mr. Disraeli undertook, and he has discharged it. It is possible that he may have taken too much pains about it. His historical review was a very elaborate one—perhaps too elaborate. He certainly left nothing untouched which was worth exhuming. But in applying the lessons of the past to the exigencies of the present he was brief enough—more brief, it may be, than we and his supporters generally expected him to be. But what then? The Liberals, at least, have no reason to complain of this. His friends

may think that he might have made a better case, had he pointed more to what is, and less to what once was. His enemies should be very thankful that he reversed this order; and they show that they appreciate the small advantage which he has afforded them by falling foul of one or two of the assertions, which, in his historical outline, he hazarded. Have they right on their side even here? Let us see.

It is perfectly true, whatever may be said to the contrary, either in the House of Commons or through the press, that one ground of objection advanced to the great Whig measure of 1832 was, that it deprived the working classes of the share which they had previously possessed of the privilege of returning members to represent them in the House of Commons. Over and over again, during the debates of five-and-thirty years ago, that ground was taken up by the rank and file of the then Opposition as well as by the leaders; and when at last the wrong had been perpetrated, Sir Robert Peel warned the Government, in the language quoted by Mr. Disraeli, that a generation would not pass ere they discovered reason to repent of their rashness. Neither is it generous to speak lightly at this time of day of a grievance, the extent of which only they can understand who saw how bitterly it rankled at the time, and heard the complaints of the sufferers. The freemen of boroughs were not all, nor were they of necessity, working men. They all sprang from that class, however, originally, and a majority of them still belonged to it. But whether labourers or employers of labour, they equally prized their freedom, and felt ennobled by the thought that they should transmit it, as a high privilege, to their descendants. An arbitrary Act of Par-

liament deprived them of that privilege, and robbed their children and their children's children of their birthright. So again the scot-and-lot payers made up, as far as they went, exactly that sort of constituency which, in any measure hereafter to be proposed, will be again, without doubt, called into existence. As to the potwallopers, the humblest voters of all, what were they but fair specimens of that manhood suffrage, the establishment of which is so fiercely demanded by the bulk of Reformers out of doors and by a section of Reformers in the Legislature itself? Yet the leaders of the Liberal party—the friends, as they called themselves, of the people—took no account of one or other of these classes, except to revile them. A stroke of the pen put an end to a state of things which had existed since the first dawn of the Constitution; and scot-and-lot payers, equally with potwallopers, disappeared, the freemen only, on the interposition of the Tories, being allowed to retain their privileges during life.

Now it is easy enough, at this time of day, to sneer and talk lightly of an outrage, the bitterness occasioned by which cannot be understood except by those who suffered from it. But all who had intercourse with the working classes in 1832, and conversed with them elsewhere than in those great crowds which carried the reforming Government through its difficulties, will bear us out when we say that not even amid the excitement of the hour were they entirely satisfied with the proceeding. At first, indeed, the bulk of the constituencies scarcely took in the facts of the case. They shouted for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, firmly believing that they were themselves from that time forth to

elect the British House of Commons. It was by-and-by, when the truth dawned upon them, and with it came some perception of the trick of which they had been the victims, that the jealousy of the ten-pound householder was awakened, which deepened by degrees into that intense hatred of the whole class of which the unenfranchised masses make now no disguise. Mr. Disraeli was therefore perfectly right when he said that the settlement of 1832 carried within itself the seeds of future confusion, and that not the least prolific of these seeds was the discovery of the fact, that by that settlement the working men had been cut off from whatever share the old law gave them in the privileges of the Constitution.

Again, it is equally certain that immediately on the passing of the Bill the authors of the new Constitution were warned that they who had resisted, but had accepted, the settlement of 1832, would be found ere long to be the steadiest and most unflinching supporters of that settlement. How soon and how often this prediction received its accomplishment, it is not necessary that we should point out. The new Constitution was barely two years old when the most vehement of its original promoters declared against it; and before it had been twenty years in operation, scarcely a Liberal, except such as occupied seats on the Treasury benches, had a word to say in its favour. Where would Lord John Russell have been in 1840, had not Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone seconded his opposition to that fierce movement which Mr. Hume and others directed against his measure? Where might he not have been now, if, with the large views of an experienced statesman, he had adhered through good report and through evil to the principles by which in

1832 he professed to be guided? But Lord John had really no principle, either in 1832 or at any other time, beyond the narrow bounds of pure Whiggery. His great measure was a scheme to keep himself and his clique in place. As soon as it failed to effect that object, he gave it up, and the whole complexion of the controversy underwent a change.

We will not pursue this argument to an issue. It would be out of place so to do. Mr. Disraeli, in his speech, which has given rise to so much discussion, has thoroughly exhausted the subject. Enough is done when we remind our readers that the revolt of the ten-pounders in 1842, took from them all merit in the eyes of their ancient champion; that Lord John Russell no sooner recovered his place at the Treasury than he gave signs of a disposition at least to consider, if not to assent to, further changes. In 1851 the castle of cards began to shake; in 1852 its builders withdrew their hands from it. Thus far the Tories, as a party, stood by the engagement into which Sir Robert Peel had entered in their name. They were not responsible for the working of the measure; they had resisted its introduction, and condemned it; but they knew that the worst evil which can befall a constitutional country is, that its constitution shall continually change; and therefore so long as the Government stood by their own measure they supported the Government. No sooner, however, was the Whig defection from Whig principle completed, than they felt themselves at liberty to take an independent line of action, and from that time to this they have steadily pursued that line. Are they, as a party, opposed to Reform? Certainly not. To every scheme as yet propounded by the Liberals, in

and out of office, they have indeed opposed themselves—not because they objected to the principle of change, but because they found very much to condemn in the details and management of each separate measure. And especially is it unfair to charge them with hostility to the working classes. Let any reasonable man study Mr. Disraeli's collected speeches, and compare the tone which pervades them with that which is perceptible in his speech of the other day, and we shall be very much surprised indeed if he fail to be struck with the marvellous consistency of principle, we had almost said of expression, which is visible in them all. Not in a single instance, not in a single address, from that in which he replied to Mr. Hume in 1848, to his latest enunciation of principle, does that distinguished orator, the mouthpiece of his party, permit a word to escape him of which the working classes can complain. He speaks of them on every occasion as deserving of all respect, and over and over again deprecates the injustice with which, thirty years ago, they were treated. But while well disposed to admit them to a fair share of the representation of the country, he wisely and firmly refuses to concede to them the whole. As often as the subject has been by him discussed, it has always been in the same tone. We quote his own words: "In any measure which we may bring forward we shall assert that the elective franchise must be regarded as a popular privilege, and not as a democratic right." Yet here arises, and exactly here, the great difficulty of the whole case. What is to be done—what can be done with a question which no two public men will agree to understand in the same sense; which no amount of skill in the leaders of parties can

prevail upon their followers to read as they read it; which the House of Commons, by a series of the most extraordinary moves, has contrived to make specially its own question; which in 1852 broke down in the hands of Lord John Russell; which in 1854 Lord Aberdeen could not carry; which in 1859 was not allowed to go to a second reading; which Lord Palmerston abandoned in 1860, and Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone went out of office upon in 1866? What can be done with a question so complicated, so difficult, yet withal of such vital importance? Nothing, unless the House of Commons, which has created the difficulty, can be persuaded to remove it, and without the removal of which he must be very sanguine who expects that England will long enjoy that immunity from internal strife which she is still able to claim. Well, then, how could the Government proceed? Clearly in one way, and only in one. They must lay before the House a series of Resolutions, leaving the House perfectly free to consider, to accept, to modify, or to reject them at its own pleasure—and this they have done. Let us try to discover, if we can, what the probable consequences will be of the adoption by the House of one or other of these courses.

If the House accept the Resolutions as they are proposed to them, the course of Ministers is clear enough. They will draw up a bill in conformity with the great principles laid down in these Resolutions, and stand or fall by it. Observe that even if it accepts the Resolutions bodily, the House is tied down to very little. It may differ from the Government on almost every point of detail—and details in this case are of quite as much importance as principle; the

Government must therefore carry its own interpretation of each separate principle, or it must resign. But in this case the country takes comparatively little harm. It will lose, no doubt, a body of first-rate administrators, but that is all. They will be succeeded by other Ministers; and as under the new regimen the House is pledged to sustain its own views, neither need the great measures be postponed longer than is necessary to install the new Cabinet in their places: nor can there arise, out of the House or in it, the slightest agitation, or even confusion.

But the House may modify the Resolutions. It may accept some, rejecting others, and so change the diction of such as it retains as to give them a meaning more stringent—at all events more clearly set forth—than the authors of the series intended them in the first instance to carry. In this case Ministers must consider with themselves whether or no it will be becoming to go forward with their project. There is no reason why they should not go forward with it, because party is ignored in the entire proceeding. Neither can Ministers be blamed if they decline to accept the responsibility of arrangements different from those which they intended to make. But even in this case they are not bound to relinquish office. The House, not they, must undertake an operation with which they are unable to proceed; or if the House refuse to do this, then the House, not they, have put off the settlement of the Reform difficulty for a season. This is indeed an issue which we would rather not contemplate; but it is quite upon the cards.

Or, finally, it may please a majority of the House not to consider the Resolutions at all. Mr. Glad-

stone, in his reply to Mr. Disraeli, more than hinted that the plan of proceeding by Resolution found no favour in his eyes. It is therefore possible, though we cannot believe in the probability of the arrangement, that he may induce the whole body of Liberals to unite with him for one end, and succeed in rejecting the Ministerial scheme before it is matured. Will this force on a resignation? Not inevitably. The Government have done their best. They do not profess to be strong enough to carry a measure of their own. They have demonstrated that up to this moment no party in the State is strong enough to effect more than they. Need they, therefore, go out because the House has taken a line, the impolicy of which cannot in their eyes be overestimated? There is no absolute necessity for that course. Ministers may hold on, at all events, till a vote of want of confidence expel them. Is it likely that such a vote will be passed? Who will undertake to answer that question? Yet observe the inevitable consequence if it must be answered in the affirmative.

We speak of the House of Commons as divided into two parties—the Conservatives and the Liberals. This is a great mistake. For purposes of aggression on the Treasury benches the distribution may be legitimate enough, but for anything beyond this, for any object higher or more important than the expulsion of Lord Derby's Administration from Downing Street, a united Liberal party has no existence. Mr. Gladstone, we grieve to say, has long forfeited the respect and esteem in which we once held him as a public man. But extravagant as his views have of late years become, they are still widely divergent from those of Mr. Bright; and

Mr. Gladstone in office, without the support of Mr. Bright and his followers, is a political impossibility. Again, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright are both at bitter variance with that Conservative portion of their own party whom the latter has immortalised by giving them the nickname of Adullamites, and who are, perhaps, more formidable from social position than from their numbers. It may be doubted whether these will, under any circumstances, lend a hand to drive out Lord Derby from office in order that Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone may come in. The chances, then, are pretty even that a vote of want of confidence cannot be carried, and that, failing this, the Tories, postponing Reform for a session, may be able, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, to conduct the affairs of Government. But what will the people say out of doors? It would be ridiculous to affirm now that the working classes are indifferent on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. Very many among them may wish that it had never been mooted; very many more may regret that they allowed themselves to be duped into joining the League. There they are, however; and whether they like it or not, the chiefs of the party will insist upon their going through with the work. To postpone legislation, therefore, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, would be tantamount to challenging the masses to do their worst; and though we entertain no doubt respecting the issues of a collision, if collision with roughs be forced upon the Government, there is nothing which we would more deprecate, save only the surrender of the Constitution itself. Not under any circumstances, therefore, is it probable that legislation on the subject of Reform will be

postponed. What then? A Government of some kind must lead in this undertaking, however much it may depend for success upon the willing co-operation of Parliament; and failing the present Administration, who are to come in, and under what circumstances will they be able to go forward with the task?

Lord Russell, it may be safely assumed, will not again be called upon to assume the leadership of a Liberal Administration. Even the titled Whig leaders of the body, the Granvilles, the Cavendishes, and the Seymours, would not tolerate that; and if they did, his Lordship's latest political announcement, in reference to manhood suffrage, has placed a gulf between him and the sitters below the salt. Failing Lord Russell, there is Lord Granville, or possibly Lord Clarendon, or even Lord Hartington. Would either of these go down? Under Lord Hartington, sitting in the same House with himself, Mr. Gladstone would never act; and Lord Granville and Lord Clarendon are equally distasteful to those without whose support no Whig Government can now hold office for a week. There is nothing left for us, therefore, except Mr. Gladstone; and Mr. Gladstone himself can hope to keep his ground only if Mr. Bright and the Reform League give him their support. Now, this they will probably do, but only on their own terms. Seven pounds franchise in boroughs, and fourteen pounds franchise in counties, are equally out of date with them. We must have registered manhood suffrage, protected by the ballot, or we must take what the present House of Commons shall choose to give us. But Mr. Gladstone, once installed, will not tolerate from the present House of Commons the faintest opposition. It has done

him too much wrong already. He will not bear to be thwarted by it again—no, not even on a point so minute as the settlement of a county polling-place. One vote adverse to his wishes will give the signal for a dissolution, and with a dissolution so direct must come what all real lovers of their country shrink from contemplating. Can we believe that, in the face of such obvious dangers, the House of Commons will be cajoled into acting otherwise than fairly by Mr. Disraeli's Resolutions?

The Resolutions are vague, and were doubtless intended to be vague; but let not either friends or foes forget that this is the special quality which renders it possible for the House of Commons to make out of them what it feels to be best. Again, it is absurd to say that the House has been treated scurvily in having these vague Resolutions to ponder over for a full fortnight before its opinion is asked about them. In taking this course the Government showed that it was determined to act in perfect good faith with the Legislature. When men desire to overreach, it is not usual for them to invite their intended dupes to examine and criticise beforehand the particular device which they propose to make use of. Had there been any purpose of shelving Reform, or giving the question the go-by, ample excuse could have

been found for keeping silence on the subject altogether. But the Government did not keep silence for a moment, however guarded the language in which the matter was referred to in the Queen's Speech. All this, as well as the actuating moves which brought it about, will be made manifest in due time. We write, of course, in anticipation of the disclosures which are promised, and will come; and it would be as silly to pretend to a degree of knowledge which we do not possess, as it would be politically unbecoming to betray a great secret, if it had been intrusted to us. But so far we may venture to prophesy, that the offer of the Government in the matter of franchise will prove, when it is made, to be at once the most liberal and the safest which has yet met the light; and that neither Mr. Bright on the one hand, nor Mr. Lowe on the other, will be able successfully to argue against it.

Meanwhile the country has great reason to thank its present rulers for the business-like and comprehensive promises of departmental Reform with which the Speech from the Throne abounds. Already these promises are beginning to receive their accomplishment; nor can we conceive a greater misfortune than that, through mistakes or misapprehensions in any quarter, the hopes which they have raised should be blighted.

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ELIZABETH AND MARY.

THESE two names thus linked together suggest, in the first place, one of the sweetest idyllic pictures of those matchless pastorals which cluster round the origin of our religion. But it is not the Elizabeth and Mary of Galilee, of many a painter's imagination, and of many a reverential and tender thought, whom we are about to discuss. The Elizabeth and Mary of British history are as different as can be conceived from those two Hebrew women, whose encounter at the supreme moment of their lives is so well known and dearly interesting to us all. Yet they were women standing in a similar connection, each other's nearest relatives, the most prominent figures in the story of their time—women with the same blood in their veins, with similar energies and ambition, who might have been dear friends, and who were deadly enemies, each other's rivals, opponents, most dangerous foes. It is impossible so much as to think of the story of one without finding involved in it fatal tangles of the life of the other. The story of their period has, doubtless, many details of solid interest

unassociated with them. It was a great, probably the greatest, crisis of national life in both the southern and northern countries. Great national forces, vast human interests, but dimly comprehended even by those who were helping to bring them into being, were rising on every side around them; but yet amid all those heavings and convulsions of humanity, it is upon the figures of these two women that every eye is fixed. Their personal conflicts and individual passions stand out prominent above the profounder stream of story in which the interest of millions is involved. Two more solemn chapters were never written in the great and various tragedy of life. History, indeed, has so linked them together that we might say it was but one chapter which bears this fatal conjunction of names. Had they been men, it is probable that their inevitable struggle would have been attended with those commoner elements of tumult and bloodshed which cease to be exciting by long repetition, and that their strength would have been matched in a ruder way, and come to a more ordinary and

practical result. Being women, these two queens, without sacrificing in the smallest degree their importance in history, enter into a more delicate sphere. They are rivals, not only in politics, but in person, in mind, and in fortune. It is a subtle drama of individual existence woven into the larger web of historical narrative. All the metaphysical, all the tragic interest that belongs to personal story mingles in their persons with the vast concerns of national life. Without diminishing its grandeur, they give to it an intensity which is demonstrated by the fact that the partisans of Mary and Elizabeth are almost as ready as ever to carry their contest to extremity; and that the woman of these two who was richest in all the attractions that bind mankind, is still fought for by defenders as enthusiastic and knights as chivalrous as if she were present to rain influence and adjudge the prize. Elizabeth has not been so fortunate. In death as in life she has been one of those women who win no man's heart and gain no disinterested devotion; but still her champions are in earnest, and fame has not withheld from her a certain compensation. Thus there remains before us, embalmed in our national chronicles, the story of a struggle not only between differing creeds and rival successions, not only dynastic and political, but a struggle between two women, not unfitly representing at the same time the two classes of their sex between which the world is divided: the women who possess and those who do not possess that wonderful power of attraction and fascination which, beyond beauty, beyond genius, is precious to woman and interesting to man. Mary, be she innocent or be she guilty, is the woman for whom men will overturn and shake the foundations of the earth, with or without reason. Elizabeth is the woman penetrated to the heart with the certainty that no man

will waste life or heart for her. There are circumstances in which it is the neglected heroine who is the most interesting to the spectator; but in this great historical episode such is not the case. The two types stand bare and unsoftened before us—the one with little excellence to second her attractions; the other with no tenderness to touch our hearts. It is a tragedy, as all history is; and it is a tragedy which opens depths of speculation as much to the metaphysician as to the romancist. Yet the strangely typical character of the struggle, and its interest to others beside the students of history, do not in the slightest degree impair its historical importance. It is at the same time a struggle of the old faith against the new—of the bold and lucky Tudor race against the chivalrous and unprosperous Stuarts—of an insular population tenacious of its individuality against the mazes of European intrigue and Continental influence. The genius of Allegory never made more perfect use of its favourite medium of impersonation than Nature and Providence have done in this wonderful crisis, making the old world of romance and marvel, of brilliant self-indulgence and adventure, of love and crime and picturesque effect, fall with Mary; and the new world, with its harder everyday elements, its thrift, its industry, its aspirations, its sense of duty, its harshness and self-seeking, come in with Elizabeth. At such supreme moments Providence would seem to avail itself in the grandest way of a certain mighty adaptation of pictorial art, illustrating its meaning by such types and combinations as even the most ignorant must somehow understand.

The early history of these two queens is as subtly contrasted as the course of their after life. Mary grew up in her beauty in the refined if polluted atmosphere of the French Court, a princess not only in rank, but by nature endowed

with every gift that makes a woman a queen—lovely, brilliant, accomplished, trained not only in every pleasant art, but in all the deepest wiles of statesmanship, fully aware of the importance of her own position, and carefully educated to fill it. Morality was not much the fashion in that brilliant world, yet even in the most depraved society a girl in her teens can scarcely be much corrupted. Her powers of fascination were such that men yielded to her as if by magic, not in consequence of the craft in which the Guises had trained their niece, so much as from that sweet craft of youth and delightful sense of power, which made the fair young creature put forth her natural wiles, with that pretty mingling of a desire to please and a desire to rule which makes a beautiful young woman, when she knows what she is about, and has a proportionate purpose, one of the strongest and most dangerous of powers. Notwithstanding her turbulent kingdom and orphan state, and all the unknown forces rising up against her, the youth of Mary Stuart was that of a favourite of fortune. Queen by birth of one nation—queen by marriage of another—presumptive heir, both by natural right and the preference of a great mass of the people of a third,—no woman ever held a more magnificent position. It is true that her own native people were a difficult handful for the most wise sovereign, and that Elizabeth was but little older than herself, and at that time likely enough to have heirs of her own person; but at the same time Elizabeth was in the belief of most devout Catholics illegitimate; and, with the readiness common even to the wisest of believing in everything that favours their own views, the disposition of the English towards Mary and their indifference to her rival seem to have been held as proved in France. Mary herself, always and at all stages of her

career a good Catholic, no doubt believed unfeignedly that she herself was rightful Queen of England, and with the confidence of her age was ready to confront Elizabeth, to make a triumphant progress through her rival's kingdom, and steal from her the hearts of her subjects. Nor was there anything wonderful in this confidence. She was not Queen of Scots alone, but queen of hearts; she was used to see everybody within the range of her influence yield to its wonderful fascination. Her ears were more familiar with honeyed adorations than with discussion or criticism. Even the misfortune which changed her position in France and drove her back to her own distracted kingdom, gave a more tender interest to her person, and awoke anew all those not unpleasing uncertainties which surround a beautiful unwedded girl. There is no particular evidence that the death of Francis moved her very profoundly; and pretty and pathetic as is the tale of her tender farewell to the *charmant pays de France*, yet Mary was too much a Stuart, and took too naturally to adventure and novelty, to be without comfort in her entrance to so new and strange and exciting a life as that which awaited her at Holyrood. The fair, fearless, bewitching creature came back to her poor kingdom with such a confidence in her own powers as is in itself a fortune. If she wept when the Scots Reformer remained impervious to her magic, the tears were tears of girlish petulance and vexation rather than of real suffering. Up to the moment when fatal passion and self-will involved her in the earliest meshes of that tragic web from which she never escaped, it is impossible to think of Mary Stuart otherwise than as prosperous and fortunate. Her career looked bright before her, full of bracing and exciting difficulties, full of a thousand opportunities for proving her courage, her skill—all the

powers of which she was conscious. The finest succession in Europe, and probably the most magnificent match in Europe, were open to her. She was not afraid of the grim lords who had as yet no deadly quarrel with her. She felt herself a match, even perhaps more than a match, for Elizabeth; and there was every prospect that she might achieve great things for the cause, which, if she cared at all for any abstract cause, was that which lay nearest her heart. And she retained her light heart in the midst of her perplexities, supporting merrily the serenade of psalms given her by the Edinburgh citizens, and riding off gaily on her Highland expedition at the head of her ladies and her soldiers, not much troubled apparently by the knowledge that it was a fellow-Catholic against whom her gay and prompt little army went forth, and wishing in the exhilaration of the sudden raid that she were a man, "to know what life it was to lie all night in the field, or to walk on the cawsey with a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword." A tissue of misfortunes from beginning to end her life has been called; but in this picture, save for the fact of widowhood—a fact which does not seem to have pressed very heavily upon the nineteen-years-old beauty—misfortune, either actually or in shadow, has little place. Indeed, if one did not know the wretched tragedy in which it ended, there would be a certain sense of exhilaration and sweet daring, and inextinguishable hope in the vision of the girl-queen, in her stormy court and adventurous life. She did not know what was coming to her, as we do. She was no more afraid of her fate than any other gay creature of her years. Altogether, history is too stern about this brilliant and sweet vignette in the midst of all its stormy pictures; and we may admit that the brightness was real while it lasted, very real and very bright, and utterly

uninvaded by any prophetic up-rolling of the despair in which her sun went down.

Everything is changed when we turn to the early history of Elizabeth. The circumstances attending her youth were stern and troubled. Her girlhood knew no frank gaiety, no admiration and adoration such as that which attended her rival almost from her birth. The stain of illegitimacy hung over Anne Boleyn's daughter. She was hated and feared by her sister; held in doubtful honour by a great mass of her people; regarded by the European community as a heretic and a bastard. A prisoner, sometimes in terror of her life, the helpless spectator of events and movements which went far to ruin her country and throw discredit upon her own rights; shut out from all the youthful delights to which Mary gave herself so joyously; taught by long misfortune to distrust her destiny; driven out of self-confidence and promptitude by the multitude of conflicting interests round her,—Elizabeth attained her independence only in conjunction with such a host of difficulties as might have discouraged the stoutest heart. She was as brave and able as any of her race—accomplished, young, not uncomely, and with sufficient personal character to have made her in any position a person of note. But, with all this, she wanted entirely that power of attraction in which Mary was so rich. She beguiled no disaffected lord out of his discontent, won no wavering retainer, exercised no witchery over men. Much has been made of the supposed roughness of Knox to Mary; but, at its worst, it could have been nothing to the ceaseless and persistent bullying with which Elizabeth was assailed by her brother-in-law Philip and his Spanish emissaries. These men worried her at every point of her policy; dictated to her; interfered with her; meddled with her most intimate concerns; trafficked with her

disaffected subjects; did everything that pertinacity and superior wisdom could do to drive her frantic. Her kingdom was not romantically turbulent like Scotland, but full of an uneasiness and untrustworthiness far beyond anything ever known in the little northern kingdom so inveterately faithful to its native dynasty. Elizabeth knew that to many of her subjects her title to the crown was in the highest degree doubtful. Her arms and style had been openly adopted by her rival under her very eyes, as it were, and her existence ignored; and notwithstanding this, the same rival demanded to be acknowledged as her heir, the heir of a young and vigorous woman of five-and-twenty, to whom all the happier events of life—husband and children, heirs and descendants of her own—were still fully possible. To withstand such assaults without bitterness would have been a hard task for the sweetest temper. And Elizabeth was a Tudor, proud, passionate, and high-spirited, and taking no credit for sweet temper. Her foreign advisers, notably the troublesome Spaniards, took care that the precariousness of her seat on the throne should be kept continually before her, and even those of her councillors most devoted to her service could not assure her of safety or continuance. Mary had her astute uncles to back her in the beginning of her career, the alliance of France, the support of the Church, and the sympathy of all Catholic nations. Elizabeth stood alone against the world. She had to struggle as she best could to neutralize the action of France, to restrain the intrusions of Spain, to hold her own independence and that of her people in the face of all foreign intrigues and encroachments. And, save in moments of great excitement, she had the disadvantage of seeing too clearly both sides of the question, a disadvantage as great to an active ruler and practical agent as

the want of this faculty is to a philosophical observer. She was the representative of the Reformation, but she was not a thoroughgoing and bigoted Protestant as Mary was a Catholic. The system which it was her duty and policy to establish was not deeply rooted in her convictions. The same great difficulty existed in most of her undertakings. She was too clear-sighted to be a partisan; she could not make up her mind to support the Lords of the Congregation, because her reason perceived what a fatal precedent it would be for any one disposed to aid her own inclinations; and yet she could not desert them, for it was evidently apparent to her understanding that they were her best bulwark against the insolent pretensions of France, and the claims of Mary as the legitimate and Catholic heir. The same mixture of motives urged her on and held her back in respect to the Protestants in France, leading her into a line of conduct which disgusted all and contented none. Thus her training, her antecedents, the oppression of her youth, the constitution of her mind, were all against her. She was as little endowed with that rapidity of decision and action in which Mary's brilliant, daring, and reckless soul was strong, as with Mary's personal fascinations. Notwithstanding the ultimate success and even wisdom of many of Elizabeth's measures, she wearied her best friends with perpetual uncertainties. She was chidden, menaced, and bullied on all sides, and knew herself to be little beloved and much censured. It was thus that Elizabeth began to reign. So far as this point all the advantages were on Mary's side. Her kingdom was poorer, her position less influential in the world; but nobody assailed her title, no one claimed to be acknowledged her successor. It seemed to be tacitly acknowledged on all sides that the survivorship, the heirs, all

human joys and advantages, were to be hers; and yet Elizabeth was but some five or six years older, of a vigorous race, and in perfect health. Such tacit understandings are not unusual in the world. In humbler spheres and under ordinary circumstances, it is an affair of every day to see all the good things of life accorded as by instinct to one, and all the endurances to another. Such seems to have been the unspoken instinctive arrangement of all parties in respect to these two women. When the one to whom the harder lot falls receives it sweetly and patiently, the world does not refuse to bestow a certain sympathy; but when there is any rebellion against fate, nobody has any patience with the rebel. Such at the beginning of their respective careers was the position of these two young queens.

Their early acts do but carry out and intensify this contrast. For Mary there was no very hard task to be done in her kingdom. In the religious question she had little to do, only to endure and tolerate—no doubt a sufficient trial, but yet distinct, and involving few complications. She had to bear with the psalm-singing serenaders, and she did it with wonderful self-command, no doubt making up for it fully in her gay little Court when the gates were shut upon the Whig mob, and the fair and gallant household was left to itself. She had to win over her intolerant lords, no disagreeable task. "I perceive by your anger," says one of the Campbells to Lord Ochiltree, "that the fine edge is not off you yet; but I fear after the holy water of the Court be sprinkled on you, ye shall become as temperate as the rest. I have been here five days, and at the first I heard every man say, Let us hang the priest; but after they had been twice or thrice at the Abbey, all that ferrency was past. I think there is some enchantment by which men are bewitched." This was one of

the things Mary had to do, and probably her success made up to her for the suffering involved in the abominable religious persecution to which she was subjected—a persecution very detestable to us in the nineteenth century, but not so wonderful an occurrence in the age of St. Bartholomew. The cheerfulness with which she seems to have set forth on the raid against Huntly is a proof that her light heart was not moved to disregard more weighty considerations by her preference for a Catholic. But the two chief objects of her life were the personal objects of getting herself splendidly married and getting herself proclaimed Elizabeth's heir. These, beyond all necessities of national policy or exigencies of government, seem to have employed her thoughts and energies. A brilliant match and an unparalleled inheritance were the great objects before her—matters both, in which she had every prospect of the highest success. With these great ideas in her mind, she does not seem to have allowed herself to be much disturbed by lesser cares. She was irritated by Knox, tantalized by Elizabeth, and made to shed tears on various occasions, with an apparent facility not unusual to her age; but there was nothing in these annoyances to give her any serious discouragement. And she bore with patience and a good grace the only real troubles she had—the insults to her faith and her priests. She bore them, looking forward to a day when the tables should be turned upon the stern and cruel Presbyters—an anticipation, which, according to all the ideas of the times, was perfectly natural and justifiable; and thus occupied with her personal affairs, went on lightly with neither fear nor foreboding to her fate.

With Elizabeth it was very different. Her religious difficulties were not to be managed in any passive way. She had to take a bold initiative, to set her hand to the work

without loss of time or failure of courage. She was not, as we have said, an earnest Protestant; but her policy, and indeed her very existence as a queen, depended upon her adoption of this cause. She set about its accomplishment in the face of the disapproval of entire Christendom, and the passive resistance and discontent of half of her people. Her bishops were worthless, her clergy insubordinate, her own heart but half in the work. Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, and many more, she accomplished this great revolution, finally constituting and establishing the Anglican Church. And she had a world of intricate foreign complexities to manage. She had to keep Spain at arm's length, without breaking finally with Philip, and to struggle with France for an impossible and undesirable restoration of Calais, making such a fatal and horrible muddle in the mean time of her occupancy of Havre as would have done much to harm a less lucky sovereign. She had to maintain her own seat, to keep a wary eye on her disaffected subjects, to restrain the pretensions of Mary, and to endure the continual mortification of being called upon, both by friends and enemies, to decide upon her own successor. And she too had the question of her marriage perpetually before her, but in another shape from that which pleased the imagination of Mary. In Elizabeth's case it was complicated by an unhappy and unworthy love. This woman was of flesh and blood like other women. And notwithstanding her genius, her clear perceptions, her sense of what was due to her rank and her country, she loved, as many another woman has done, a man no way her equal, neither in blood—which was in some respects an indifferent matter—nor in character. His weakness, his wickedness, his many imperfections, were fully known to her; and yet she loved him with that fatal persist-

ence which even women who have most command over themselves sometimes display. A hasty soul like that of Mary would not have hesitated to act upon such a preference; but this was impossible to the slow uncertain doubting intelligence of Elizabeth. Thus the fair array of possible husbands which Mary inspected at Holyrood with a certain gay natural excitement mingled with deeper calculations, were passed over languidly and with more fright than pleasure by Elizabeth's preoccupied eyes. "The fair vestal throned by the west" was anything but "fancy-free." She was, on the contrary, entangled in the bonds of a passion which her pride, or her sense of duty, or her conviction of the danger of such a step, prevented her yielding to, but which disgusted her with every reasonable proposition, and kept her in a state of painful excitement and uncertainty. As for Mary, she considered the subject with more natural sentiments. She had the splendid possibility before her of wedding the heir of Spain as she had wedded the heir of France—a possibility never open to Elizabeth; and she had, in common with Elizabeth, the choice of an Archduke or two—German princes, such as have since been found so useful for royal marriages. It was Mary who was fancy-free; she looked at the subject with her bright eyes, keen as wit and intelligence could make them, and meditated her choice, while the poor English queen, lovelorn, with no such confidence in herself, turned blank looks upon the princely gentlemen, and made such pretence as she could of an abstract love for her maiden state. It was a clumsy pretence, and deceived no one. Yet it is but just to remember that Elizabeth, helped no doubt by her native indecision and lack of power to dare, was the one who did surmount her inclinations, and conquer in this most difficult struggle.

Up to this moment, however, Mary would seem to have been not only the sweeter and fairer woman, but the more successful and satisfactory sovereign. She managed her turbulent subjects more wisely than her wise counsellors in France would have done it for her. She bore with them, tolerated them, and endured their intolerance in a manner quite remarkable—as different from all the preconceived notions of what so young a woman, naturally looking upon heresy with horror, and strong in the absolutism of her age and her rank, would do, as it is possible to conceive. She had the good sense to give up, or at least to postpone, the dangerous delight of reprisals. The great object she had most at heart she pursued at least with candour and openness. To demand that your nearest relative, whom you profess to regard with affection and friendship, should acknowledge you as her heir, is not a gracious nor pleasant request; yet it was made honestly, and with all the softenings possible, much womanly caressing and tenderness, and submission of the younger to the elder. Mary was ready to marry as her good sister wished, or at least so she said—she was ready to take her good sister's advice and to be entirely guided by her—always if her own first condition was granted. Nothing that Elizabeth could ask would be too much for the Queen of Scots to give, so long as the matter was commenced by the recognition of her ultimate claims. This pertinacity was natural enough when the magnitude of the inheritance is considered, and it was at the same time a matter of policy, and one which rallied round her her entire nation, unanimous, if not heroic. The idea had seized upon the mind of Scotland. The hope of uniting both kingdoms under one sway had at last entered the obstinate and pugnacious intelligence of the country; but it was a union only to be accomplished through

their own dynasty. When this thought had once been taken hold of, it became the fixed idea of the Scottish mind. Even the courtly Lethington insisted on demonstrating to Elizabeth the advantages of this union, with an apparent insensibility to the fact that only Elizabeth's death, childless, could bring about so desirable a consummation. But Mary was a woman of delicate insight, and made no such mistake. She pled her own cause persistently, steadily, but tenderly. She threw herself upon Elizabeth's affection, professed unbounded devotion to her, probably felt a certain desire to please and satisfy the woman who could serve her interests so mightily. She was ready to be treated as daughter or younger sister, to receive Elizabeth's advice, recommendation, almost commands. Very possibly there was in all this submission a sting which the elder woman, not so much older after all, would feel profoundly; for in everything that was said there was an unconscious setting aside of Elizabeth, a relegation of her own person and existence into the settled, elderly, unchangeable condition, which no woman cares to recognise or to see recognised as her own inevitable lot. But there is no evidence that Mary meant this. She did her spiriting gently, and with many a profession of tenderness, giving all honour to her sister, although her own claims naturally overtopped, in her estimation, those of all the world beside.

Elizabeth's reception of all these appeals was neither sisterly nor candid. She met Mary's requests, not by a distinct negative, but by those artful compromises that were natural to her. She hung, as it were, the prize so much longed for on an unattainable peak, which receded farther and farther the more the eager pursuers hastened after it. On one condition or another it might or should be granted; but something always occurred to

make the condition impossible, or leave an opening for escape. About the marriage she was suspicious, jealous, uneasy. Unable to come to any decision on the matter for herself, she watched the prompter counsels of Mary with mingled fear and envy, putting her veto upon every suitor who had a chance of satisfying the ambition of the Scottish queen. When she had exhausted all other means of putting a stop to these plans of marriage, she took the remarkable and unexplainable step of offering the man whom she herself loved, Robert Dudley, to her beautiful rival. Whatever her motive might be, this was the final way she took of interposing in Mary's concerns. Whether it was with the bitter irony of desperation, as one who would throw her last and best gift into the lap of a successful opponent—a kind of bitter outcry of *Take all!*—whether it was to beguile her own subjects as to her own inclinations, and prove her entire appreciation of the impossibility of marrying him herself; or whether it was finally the supreme self-sacrifice of an impassioned woman, eager, if she could not give him the greatest, at least to secure the next greatest position for the object of her love—it is impossible to decide. But the fact is that she did offer to her cousin and rival the man whom she did not hesitate to say she would have married herself, had that been possible. Probably the offer was not meant to be accepted. At all events, it was made. "You like better yonder long lad," she said, disdainfully, comparing the strippling Darnley with the mature and princely Leicester. It is not to Elizabeth that natural sympathy turns in all this intricate business; and yet, setting prejudice aside, there is a human interest about this woman of a profounder kind than that which attends the bright footsteps of Mary in this preface of her fate. Mary as yet is but the fairy princess, the perennial heroine of romance,

born to be adored, to be the fairest of the fair, and to marry the bravest of the brave—the first primitive conception of poetry. But in Elizabeth all the complications exist that are necessary for a higher strain of art. A tragic struggle is going on within her. Though she is supreme, she has to yield, bending her proud neck, and subduing her imperious will; she has to bear the consciousness that all the sweeter gifts are for her rival, and to take what consolation she can by making a virtue of necessity. She is mortified in her own person, mortified in the object of her affection, upon whom no man will look with such respect as she thinks his due. She has to suffer all natural and seemly opportunities of mating herself, and giving heirs to her crown, to pass by. It was her own will, yet it is not to be supposed that the possibility was relinquished without a pang; while continually it is Mary, Mary, that is being dinned into her ears—Mary, who is to succeed her, to replace her on her virgin throne, to have the love, the children, the happiness, as well as the kingdom,—Mary, who has already assumed her title, whose claim all good Catholics prefer to her own, and whose proclamation as heir would probably put into some assassin's hand the weapon which should end Elizabeth's life. She said it was like her death-knell ringing in her ears, and no one can wonder that she did so. She was not a woman to attract affection or to win hearts. She was capable of infinite dissimulation, of downright lying, and of vacillation unspeakable. She has no such hold upon the tenderness of mankind as the fair and brilliant creature in Holyrood, who steered her gentle bark with such skill and daring, and carried with her such a freight of hopes. Yet the deeper interest rests with Elizabeth—for within her, as around her, the agony and struggle of life was in full progress: her heart was contending with its mysteries, her will sub-

duced, and yet struggling with its stern necessity. A higher sense of truth, a little more natural sweetness, would have made Elizabeth at this moment one of the most touching and interesting figures in all history.

The historian may well pause at this epoch of these two lives, while still all is uncertain, while yet no Fate has thrown its coming shadow upon either of these royal women. Passion as yet had not entered into the field as an active agent; where it existed it was kept in bounds by the thousand restraints which govern a mature mind and affect a great position. If any spectator had essayed the perilous gift of prophecy, it would probably have been, according to the ordinary rules of vaticination, Elizabeth who was to fall. She it was whose politics and purposes were coloured by an attachment unworthy of her, and to which everybody about her believed she might have succumbed at any moment. She might have married Leicester any day of all those days, and nobody would have been surprised; and she might have lived to find out his unworthiness, and fall into dark plots for ridding herself of him, as her father had done. The Tower might have received a queen's husband as it had received a king's wife, or an English Kirk-of-Field might have blazed up into the midnight sky, and driven the world wild with horror. All this might have been, and probably looked like enough to the bystanders. While, on the other hand, Mary of Scotland, a sage and irreproachable princess, might have chosen, from the highest motives, the most likely of her suitors, and reigned with him, knowing no delirium of either happiness or anguish. Such would have been the likeliest prognostication—for the severest wisdom seemed to preside over the Scottish Queen's matrimonial deliberations. She would have married the mad and melancholy Carlos of Spain, and the thought of it drove England

and France alike into hysterics. She had even thoughts of marrying her brother-in-law, Charles IX., should that turn out to be the best arrangement. Prudence, national policy, calm reason, was to guide this marriage. It was to be made on the soundest principles; inclination and all foolish thoughts of personal happiness being sublimely set aside. Mary discussed even the Archdukes, harmless ancestors of all our German husbands, with majestic equanimity. She would even, perhaps, have married Leicester, had the acknowledgment of her rights come with him. And there was another Englishman whom it would be politic for her to marry—the long lad of whom Elizabeth had made contemptuous mention—and who, next after Mary herself, had the best hereditary claim upon the English throne. Mary discussed young Darnley along with her Archdukes. And he was more near at hand, and could be had to look at, which doubtless was an advantage. He was the only man who could strengthen her claim upon England, that great centre of her desires, and union with him was the most startling menace which could be given to Elizabeth. All these political reasons were discussed and made apparent before the arrival of the hero on the scene; and, up to this time, every step Mary had taken, every project she had made, had been dictated by good sense and prudence. Indeed, it would be but just to believe that it was more than this—that she had been honestly trying to do her best, with ulterior designs no doubt, but such as were no shame to her, and that it was a certain sweet influence of youth and happiness which had brightened the air about Holyrood, and conciliated the nation. She had no struggle within herself to hamper her. The adversaries and the conflicts were without, and did not daunt her brave spirit. Credit has been given her at once for less and

for more than seems honestly her due. She was not a perfect high-minded heroine, neither was she an artful and sensual witch. She was very daring, very reckless, very inconsiderate, and at the same time very subtle, wily, and *fine*. She could manage everything wisely enough but her own passions, which exploded in spite of her, and left her no time for self-restraint. Elizabeth, on the contrary, could manage her own passions, and little else, at least in the same degree. The lesson is a trite one, but yet it is deeply marked, and gains a certain picturesque effect from the contrast of persons—wit, ingenuity, high intellectual powers, almost genius, sinking into a secondary place before the severe virtue of self-command, the chief of all gifts to one who has to command others.

But Darnley appeared, and the scene changed. Most historians seem to take it for granted that all Mary's sage plans were put to flight by her sudden passion for this "long lad;" but there seems really little foundation in fact for this supposition. She may have been frantically in love with him according to the received idea, but it is certain that his claims had been discussed along with those of her other suitors, and that, Don Carlos being out of the question, the King of France, or rather the Queen-Mother of France, indisposed to the match with Charles IX., and the Archdukes not worth the risk, Darnley was, from Mary's point of view, her most likely wooer. She married him, perhaps stimulated thereto by a violent personal passion, and daring, when she had made up her mind to it, the opposition of Murray and his party, the fury of Elizabeth, and the disquiet of all true Protestants, as lightly as if they had forbidden her a hunting party or a Court masque. This was the tide in the affairs of men which determined her fate. It had a twofold effect upon her. It changed all her political

relations, withdrew from her her wisest councillor, Murray; began the conflict for death and life with Elizabeth which, up to this moment, if inevitable, had not fully begun; and threw her upon the sympathy and help of her foreign allies, always a perilous position for a sovereign, and doubly so to the sovereign of an insular nation, differing in so many and such complex ways from all other peoples. And this marriage was as fatal to Mary in her personal existence as in her political. It separated her for ever from the disengaged future and innocent thoughts of youth. She had been to all public certainty, innocently adventurous, naturally lighthearted, doing much for a purpose, and a great deal without a purpose—a spontaneous woman on the whole, committed to no sort of tragical conclusion. When all the world is still open before the mind, and no bond of fact limits its possibilities, it is perhaps easy to be innocent. The severe test of a fixed destiny and established life was now upon the Scottish Queen, and it was a test which she could not bear. For a short time her triumph, her activity, the rapid movements and joyful vigour natural to a happy outset in life, are conspicuous in her. She springs up out of her council-chamber, out of her deliberations, with a burst of delightful freedom and audacity. Murray, who, by the encouragement of Elizabeth, had taken up arms against the match, was driven before her to melancholy rout and humiliation. She pursued him to the English border, herself riding at the head of her army with pistols at her saddle-bow. And such was her force of action and new spring of energy and influence that everything gave way to her. With her commons awed into acquiescence, her nobility, all except five exiled earls and three barons, unanimous in supporting her, and France and Spain, who were

united in nothing else, giving her their joint approval, Mary forgot her prudence, forgot the better inspiration which had guided the beginning of her reign. With her victories her Catholic zeal rekindled. Everything seemed possible to her in the first flush of her triumph. She recalled the banished bravo Bothwell, who had already touched, as it were, a corner of her career, and commended himself to her as a devoted and unscrupulous follower. She held high terms with Elizabeth, and insulted her envoy. She began to plan the re-establishment of Catholicism, and even, with the help of the Pope and Spain, an assertion of her own and her husband's united rights to the throne of England. She joined the Catholic League. In the height of her courage and confidence she even dreamt of carrying her "raid" into England itself, and dictating terms to Elizabeth at the gates of London. She did all this while Elizabeth, alarmed and amazed, had been only taking into consideration what to do. And if it had so happened, in the course of Providence, that Darnley had been a man capable of retaining Mary's affections, or of himself exercising any influence in public affairs, with all Catholic Christendom to back them, and a right acknowledged by so many in England, with Mary's rapid thought and prompt action, and her power of influencing men, it is impossible to say what the difference in the history of our island and the fate of our race might have been.

But Mary was a woman, and it was at this point that individual ill-fortune stepped in to balk all her brilliant plans and defeat her ambition. There is one chapter in the chronicles of humanity that has still to be written, and that is a chapter which shall treat of the influence of Fools upon history. If it should ever be compiled by any conscientious writer, the character of Darnley may be done full justice

to. Mary Stuart had not been married for six months when she found that she was "sprighted with a fool"—"sprighted and angered worse," she might have said, and indeed did say, in action at least, in the bitterness of her disgust and disappointment. Darnley importuned her for the crown matrimonial, as a child might have done for a toy; he revolted her by his evil habits, drinking and violence. While she was musing her plans for the great enterprises she was about entering upon, the foolish youth, instead of sharing her counsels, wearied her with his personal requirements. She turned from him with a disgust and disdain as natural to her lively and rapid spirit as her previous love had been. She seems to have intended him no harm, and done nothing positively prejudicial to him; but she was fairly launched upon the new career inaugurated by her marriage, and in the midst of her many engagements, his childish, jealous, passionate babble wearied and wore her out. She seems to have suffered him to go his own way, and to have buried herself more and more in her plans, in all of which Rizzio, her secretary, was almost more deeply involved than herself. The Queen, as became her dignity, made no sort of wail, so far as the public were aware, over the failure she had made. She shunned the man who was unworthy of her—perhaps showed her disdain as such a woman could—perhaps shot at him those poisoned arrows of irony in which she was so strong. On one occasion at least "she left the place with tears" after a remonstrance which had been ineffectual. But the immediate result of her disappointment was that she threw herself more and more into the affairs of state, and the projects which were now of such magnitude and importance. Rizzio is said to have been in the pay of the Pope—he was certainly her adviser in all the steps she took towards a closer

alliance with the Catholic Powers. He knew all her secrets of state, and could follow and aid her in her counsels. To seek consolation in the grand Catholic conspiracy of the age, and in her own private designs against her neighbour's crown, when the society of the fool she had so rashly married became sickening and could be borne no longer, was perhaps as wise a thing as a queen could have done. But of all the brutal forces in existence there is no power so deadly, no opposition so hopeless to encounter, as the blind passion of a fool. What were affairs of state, the ambition of a monarch, or the excitement of a conspirator, to Darnley in his insignificance? All that he could see in the business which absorbed his wife was, that it was business in which a man aided her. And the prosecution of the design which had coloured her whole life appeared to the eyes of this contemptible boy as a mere pretext to cover her wanton inclinations. Thus, in the very step which secured, as she thought, her personal independence and left her free to defy her enemies, Mary had taken her first step towards the precipice. Her marriage, triumphantly as it was accomplished, brought with it all her misery, her crimes both political and social, her punishment, and her death.

Rizzio was murdered, as all the world knows, in his mistress's very chamber, clinging to her dress and demeaning himself like a miserable coward. That awful night turned Mary Stuart's blood to gall. It was an outrage not to be forgotten or forgiven. She promised her unworthy husband in her passion that she would never rest until she had given him as sorrowful a heart as she had at that moment. And with the minutest fidelity she kept her promise. From that moment the tenor of her life changed—the Queen disappeared in any large political sense. She put aside her business, her ambition, her hopes and claims.

A passionate desire for revenge took possession of her. All the guile of the Guises, all the craft which she had been legitimately enough practising in the former part of her career, suddenly came to life in its darkest form within her, and with all the more dread intensity that it was directed not on public but on personal ends. She was an outraged woman, an insulted wife, and her personal affairs came uppermost in this moment of supreme exasperation. When the devil takes possession of a soul it is strange if instruments be not found to do his work, and worse devils still to spur him on. Mary had her familiar at her elbow. He had done her service ere now—most likely ere now he had conceived for her the violent and audacious passion which, to a woman bound to such a futile fool as Darnley, must have had, even in its guiltiness, a certain terrible refreshment and renewing power. When her miserable husband brought back upon her the men she had banished, and shut her up in close confinement in her own palace, Bothwell with ready wit escaped at once and prepared to do her active service. When she too escaped, bowing her pride to the revolting length of wooing back Darnley's affection, Bothwell, with the aid of his friends, had collected an army for her succour, and once more secured her triumph. He kept by her side in the interval that followed, ever bold, ready, and devoted. He had been her right hand in the brilliant little campaign against Murray with which her married life commenced. She had interfered in arranging a marriage for him, as ladies, themselves happily married, love to do for such favourites. She had decked his bride as Guenevere decked Enid. And he in return had been her most watchful and trustworthy follower, ready to fight or lie, or even die, for her should occasion offer. He might be licentious, uncultured, even brutal, though authorities are by

no means unanimous in so representing him; but at least he was a man, and Mary's lot had been to be cursed with the volatile affection of a boyish and trifling imbecile. "In fact," says Mr. Burton, in his 'History of Scotland,' "but for the crimes which paved the way to the conclusion, the union of Bothwell and Mary would have been the natural winding-up of a legitimate romance. Remove the unpleasant conditions that both were married, and that there was a husband and a wife to be got rid of ere the two could be united, substitute honour and virtue for treachery and crime, and here are the complete elements out of which the providence which presides over romance develops the usual happy conclusion."

Thus the gradual approach to each other of these two fated souls was not so unnatural as many people have supposed. Mary began to love, probably for the first time in her life—for her attachment to Darnley, if she was in reality attached to him, must have been little more than a passing fancy. Francis of France had been, like Darnley, a boy and a weakling. The men who had hitherto mingled deeply in her life had been silken personages of the bower and council-chamber. Here, for the first time, was a man, a soldier, ready for her sake to dare everything, not battle merely or death, but crime itself. The despicable Darnley did all he could to emphasise the difference between his wretched person and that of Mary's saviour and chief champion. He betrayed his associates, informed upon them, like a dishonourable coward, and swore, liar that he was, that he had had no share in Rizzio's murder, an act which disgusted his friends, and scattered his last supporters from his side. "He passed up and down his lane, and few durst bear him company." He fell into the sullen despair of a weak nature, having nothing but futile reproaches and miserable com-

plaints to make to the woman who was weary to death of his intolerable presence. And Bothwell was by, ready to carry out whatsoever plan she might suggest—prompt and fearless in her service, knowing no scruples, no conscience, no duty, except to his queen. She was won by this devotion, as was not unnatural; possibly it was a kind of comfort to her in her disappointment and rage, to feel that there was yet one man in the world who would serve her as man had never served her before, and who loved her more than honour or safety, more than life or wife, more than his own soul. The casket of letters about which there has been so much discussion, and which, if they are genuine, prove beyond all doubt Mary's complicity in the murder of Darnley, are yet in another sense her *pièces justificatives*. They prove her crime; but they prove at the same time the profound tragic passion which, even in its deepest criminality, has something sublime. The crime even without them is but too credible—but the bare history fills the reader with horror alone; whereas he will be hard-hearted who can read these letters without an infinite pity for the miserable woman so wonderfully gifted, so fatally doomed. Crime and outrage turned her aside out of the higher path of state which she was so busily pursuing, into personal struggles and an injured woman's revenge; and by crime and outrage she retaliated. Henceforward for a time the story leaves the high places of history. France and Spain and the Catholic League, and the English Succession, fade off from the lurid skies. Mary's misery, Mary's hatred, Mary's tragic love and aching heart, as if she were a peasant girl, whose story of the heart was all her story, become the only things to see.

While this terrible brief chronicle of marriage and murder was going on in Scotland, and the miserable drama began to shape itself to the

conclusion, no personal event worth noting had happened to Elizabeth. Her life, though full of so many great interests, looks tame and flat by the side of one in which so much was happening—a difference made still more apparent by the contrast between the rapid movements and quick conclusions of Mary, and the slow, vacillating, and uncertain action of Elizabeth. Perhaps the difference lay in character alone; perhaps the vaster concerns with which Elizabeth had to deal impeded her movements. But there can be little doubt that the comparison between the two is in every respect to the advantage of Mary. Even Froude admits that though the Queen of Scots deceived her enemies, “she had never betrayed a friend.” Elizabeth’s treachery, on the contrary, had become clumsily systematic. A certain reluctance to tell the truth, to carry out any negotiation to a distinct and faithful end, seems to have taken possession of her. Her conduct at the time of Mary’s marriage, was as miserable and discreditable as it is possible to conceive. She encouraged Murray and his followers to take up arms, keeping them hanging on in wretched suspense after they had done so; used every subterfuge to avoid keeping her promises, and shifted and shuffled as it is scarcely possible to imagine a woman so able could have permitted herself to do. Her mind alone, without any assistance from the moral qualities, might have been sufficient to prove to her the utter futility of her wickedness; but such was not the case. This was apparently her theory of statecraft; to postpone to the last possible moment everything she had to do; to encourage and lead others into mischief, and then to leave them in the lurch to bear the brunt as they could; to strike covert blows at her enemies when fallen, and miserably to disavow them when the overthrown were raised up, and the unsuccessful became

strong. Such was Elizabeth’s “way.” When driven to extremity, she adopted the mean expedient of instructing her commander on the borders to give a little niggardly succour, *as if from himself*, to the Scots lords whom she had beguiled into dependence on her. Now and then she threw them secretly a dole of money instead of the support and countenance she had promised, and then denied that she had done so to the French ambassador, whose assistance she sought in her perplexity. In short, Elizabeth—so wise, so politic, so great a sovereign as she was—behaved herself in a very great emergency as a very silly woman might behave in a household squabble, through which she hoped by management to steer, with a finger in everybody’s pie, yet without offending any one. So deep did she carry her treachery, that after Murray had been hopelessly routed by Mary, and driven from the kingdom, Elizabeth concocted a highly dramatic scene, to which the foreign ambassadors were invited, to see her receive and lecture the fugitive on the enormity of his sin in rebelling against his sovereign. It was rumoured, she said, that she had instigated or encouraged the insurrection in Scotland. She would not have done such a thing to be sovereign of the universe. All this Murray had to listen to, making a meek little preconceived speech of assent and submission. The Queen then assured the ambassadors that this was the exact truth, and as such had better be transmitted to their respective courts; and with her own hand wrote to Mary wishing her sister could only have been present to have heard how she put the rebellious subject down. Anything more ludicrous, more pitiful, more meanly feminine, could not be conceived. One seems to hear the voluble declaration of a humble scandal-monger, professing to have given “a bit of her mind” to the third party who has made all the mischief. Of course nobody was

deceived. But the consequence of such incidents is, that whereas Mary is too generally allowed, even by those who take her part romantically in the darker portion of her history, to have been full of wile and witchcraft and polished falsehood, she is, in fact, a very model of truth by the side of Elizabeth, to whom in every emergency a lie seemed to have presented itself as the most natural weapon.

And yet, again, the doubtful clouds of her policy, and the still darker mysteries of her character, break and open. And this strange woman once more appears before us, surprised, by a sudden pang of nature, back again into humanity, into a sphere accessible to pity and tenderer thoughts. Mary's son had just been born, and the proud Scotch messenger carrying the news went post-haste to Greenwich, where the English Court was, to tell Elizabeth of the new heir. She was in the midst of her brilliant Court, probably putting aside care for the moment, and trying to forget her troubles. When the news was told a sudden pang struck her; she fell back in her chair, and hid her face and cried out in a momentary agony. There are few things in history more pathetic than this exclamation, wrung out of her heart in her surprise and sudden bitter sense of contrast. "The Queen of Scots is the mother of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock," cried the heart-struck woman—an exclamation which no one who has ever known those sudden pangs of self-pity produced by an unlooked-for contrast can hear, even over the calm distance of three centuries, without a thrill of compassion.

And here again the wonderful contrast between Elizabeth as a queen and Elizabeth as a woman cannot but strike the observer. She was false to every principle of honour as applied to her public conduct. Yet she held for years, and in the face of countless obsta-

cles, to that sacred point of honour to a woman—the impossibility of marrying one man while she loved another. Whenever her throne and power were more than usually menaced, she made a languid fuss about matrimony and professed to be winding herself up to the pitch of marrying—the Archduke, or whoever else might be in question. But every pretence which could justify procrastination was eagerly seized. She could not give up her love. To marry him—though she made painful, pitiful efforts to sound everybody on the subject, and test the temper of her subjects whether they would bear it—she dared not. But she kept faithful to him, in spite of all the greater questions that were involved. She displayed the highest truth and constancy of romance, along with the most thorough dissimulation. She even took pleasure in deception in public matters; while in this greatest personal matter she was romantically, fantastically true. At this special moment of the infant's birth, Elizabeth had many special causes for bitterness. Not to say that the one thing of all others which she detested was that her relatives—possible heirs to her crown—should marry and multiply while she did not,—the mere fact that Mary had a son increased her popularity at once tenfold. What the nation wanted was an heir; and here was a woman who had proved herself capable of giving to the nation what it wanted. What had Mary done that she should have all these advantages?—that to her should be given to marry the man she had chosen to marry, and to produce the child whom it was so necessary to produce. Providence itself seemed in the league with the fairer, younger, bolder rival, who was but waiting the earliest favourable opportunity, not so much of succeeding as of dethroning Elizabeth. The ominous Catholic League was rising like a great shadow across the channel—her quick-witted and

daring enemy lay in wait across the Border. No man could tell when these forces might join—when the disaffected half of England might rise—when the legitimate Catholic queen, with her invaluable infant, might ride to the gates of London as she had threatened, and sweep away into prison or overthrow the legitimate Protestant, who was but a barren stock. These were the thoughts that moved Elizabeth. She did not know that Providence, which she thus upbraided, was about to work for her in the most appalling and tragic way; that the days had come which changed Mary Stuart's career, hitherto so promising and successful, and set horror and fear, instead of hope and expectation, to be the attendants of her life.

The story of Darnley's murder is too well known to require re-description here—if indeed such a repetition would not be presumptuous in presence of Mr. Burton's clear and vivid narrative, and the wonderfully impressive picture given by Mr. Froude. We know of no corresponding event in history. Murders there have been enough in all ages, and conspiracies of as unmitigated blackness; but anything involving such a rush and whirl of human passion, has but rarely occurred on this generally temperate earth. The act itself—the pale figure of the unhappy boy, on whom his death, and that alone, throws a certain interest—altogether fades before the amazing tragical excitement with which posterity for all these years has looked back upon the miserable woman who was the inspiration, the prize, and the victim of this extraordinary crime. For our own part, we find it difficult to realise even the manner of intelligence which can conclude Mary to be innocent. If she was innocent, her entire nature was changed, and her position becomes not the awful and tragic position which has since enthralled the

world, but a contemptible and unintelligible secondary place, as alien to her nature as in contradiction of all the facts of the terrible story. For those who recognise only the black and white, the absolutely bestial and absolutely angelic, in human nature, it may be necessary to take up this poor hypothesis; but for every observer who appreciates the infinite complexities of the heart, no such begging of the question can be satisfactory. Mr. Burton has wisely constructed his narrative without reference to the contents of the famous casket of letters—so did the Lords, who, after their pause of horror, were driven to arms in defence of justice, and in vindication of the insulted and outraged country; but few people can read the clear, dispassionate, and candid examination given by the historian of these letters, when he comes to the period of their discovery, without feeling at once the strength of their internal evidence, and the wonderful light they throw upon a heart and spirit driven onward by such a force of passion as—hideous as its consequences were—can scarcely exist save in connection with a certain grandeur of soul. We have said they are the *pièces justificatives* on which Mary's reputation rests. Perhaps this is too bold a statement; yet if there be any pity, if there be any softening, if any apology can be for an act so hideous, here is her awful plea. For ourselves, we confess that our interest in Mary, apart from the national prejudice of all true Scots, is founded more upon this extraordinary self-revelation than on any other point in her history. Mr. Froude, though he loves not Mary, is almost touched by these wonderful documents. He says that one of them "could have been invented only by a genius equal to that of Shakespeare," and that they occasionally reach "that strange point where the criminal passion of a woman

becomes almost virtue in its utter self-abandonment." On Mr. Burton, though our readers are aware he is very far from being a sentimental historian, they produce a similar effect.

"Nowhere else, perhaps," he says, "has the conflict of the three passions, love, jealousy, and hatred, been so powerfully stamped in utterance. Somewhat impoverished though it may be in the echo of a foreign medium, we have here the reality of that which the masters of fiction have tried in all ages with more or less success to imitate. They have striven to strip great events of broad, vulgar, offensive qualities, and to excite sensations which approach to sympathy with human imperfections. And indeed these letters stir from their very foundation the sensations which tragic genius endeavours to arouse. We cannot, in reading them, help a touch of sympathy, or it may be compassion, for the gifted being driven in upon the torrent of relentless passions, even though the end to which she drifts is the breaking of the highest laws, human and divine."

If such is the feeling of a writer so self-controlled and unsentimental, so much more disposed towards the prose than the poetry of history, there can be little doubt as to the power of the productions which extort this testimony from him. It is, as Mr. Burton ably points out, almost impossible that they could have been invented. Buchanan, who has been accused of it, is evidently quite incapable of any such effort of

genius. His *Detectio* paints everything in downright black, earthly, sensual, and devilish. In the letters themselves, in the very midst of the prolonged description of her treacherous visit to Darnley, Mary breaks into piteous self-excuses, pathetic protestations that she hates herself for it, yet it is all for her lover's sake.

"I must go forward," she says, "with my odious purpose. You make me disagreeable so far that I abhor it, and you cause me to do the office of a traitress. If it were not to obey you, I had rather die than do it; my heart bleeds at it.

Have no evil opinion of me for this," she adds, with a true woman's instinct, "you yourself are the cause of it; for my own private revenge I would not do it to him. Seeing, then, that to obey you, my dear love, I spare neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness, take it, I pray you, in good part. Look not at that woman whose false tears should not be so much regarded as the true and faithful labour which I am bearing to deserve her place, to obtain which, against my nature, I betray those that may hinder me. God forgive me, and God give you, my only love, the happiness and prosperity which your humble and faithful friend desires for you. She hopes soon to be another thing to you. It is late. I would write to you for ever; yet now I will kiss your hand and end."

Still more touching is the letter written just before her marriage, which we add below,* and in which it is apparent that the man for

* "MONSIEUR,—Si l'ennuy de vostre absence, celui de vostre oubli, la crainte du dangier tant promis d'un chacun a vostre tant ayme personne peuvent me consoller, je vous en lesse a juger; veu le malheur que mon cruel sort et continuel malheur m'avoient promis, a la suite des infortunes et craintes tant recentes que passes, de plus longue main les quelles vous scaves. Mais pour tout cela je ne vous accuserai ni de peu de souvenance, ni de peu de soigne, ni moins encore de vostre promesse violee, ou de la froideur de vos lettres; m'estant ya tant randue vostre que ce qu'il vous plaist m'est agreable; et sont mes penses tant volonterement aux vostre asubjectes, que je veulx presupposer qui tout ce que vient de vous procede non par aucune de causes desusdictes, ains pour telles qui sont justes et raisonnables, et telles qui je desire moymesme; qui est l'ordre qui m'aves promis de prendre final pour la seurte et honorable service du seul soubtien de ma vie, pour qui seul je la veulx conserver, et sans lequel je ne desire que breve mort; or est pour vous tesmoigner combien humblement sous vos commandement je me soubmetz, je vous ay envoié en signe d'hommage par Paris l'ornement du chief, conducteur des autres membres, inferant que vous investant de la despoille luy qui est principal, le rest ne peult qui vous estre subject; et avecques le consentement du coeur, au lieu du quil, puis que la vous ay ja lesse, je vous envoie un sepulcre

whom she had made such terrible sacrifices did not even repay her with love and constancy. She was indeed, to all appearance, as wretched with as without this miserable villain, passionately as she loved him—a result which, perhaps, was to be expected. There was no comfort for her after she had once taken the awful step. A whirl of passion and horror sweeps up all the incidents of this wonderful crisis into one. It is like a lurid mist, through which the fatal explosion of the Kirk-of-Field—the midnight cries of vengeance in the Edinburgh streets—the dumb pause of baffled justice and paralysed power—the incredible marriage, with all its accessories of shame—the Queen's elaborate public explanations, her pretended abduction, her real flight, the transports of her love, and the cries of her disappointment—mingle in one wild confusion. Even at the moment when she has attained her object, she is heard to weep, and ask for a knife to kill herself. Dreadful and heart-rending is the picture; but it is grand only because it is guilty—because this frenzy of hope and despair, this wild struggle against the impossible, is the very climax of life to the chief actor—because she has set her heart on the cast, and has staked everything—name, fame,

innocence, existence, salvation. A white, angelic victim, sacrificed to a villain's plots and passions, naturally interests all gentle and unsophisticated souls. But to represent Mary Stuart in this light, is to take away everything that is characteristic, everything that is unique, out of the magnificent but baleful picture. Innocence has little to do with such grand tableaux of history. She is grand in her passion, in her struggle, in her self-abandonment, in her guilt.

This marvellous and breathless tale naturally takes the colour out of the calm progress of affairs in England and Elizabeth's unprogressive life. Not that these were calm in themselves. No doubt, many things were going on in England, of equal, it might be even of superior, importance in the history of the world—settlements of many weighty matters which still tell upon our actual life. But the great tragedy going on in Scotland was for the moment the point to which the eyes of Christendom were directed. Horror and amazement filled the minds of men. And other sovereigns and other nations—England and Elizabeth principally, who were the nearest and most interested—became, as it were, for the moment spectators of this wonderful outburst of human pas-

de pierre dure, peinct du noir, seme de larmes et de ossements. La pierre je la compare a mon cuer qui comme luy est talle en un seur tombeau, ou receptacle de vos commandements, et sur tout de vostre nom et memoire, qui y sont enclos comme mes cheveux en la baigne, pour jamais n'en sortir que la mort ne vous permet faire trophée de mes os; comme la baigne en est remplie, en signe que vous aves fayt entiere conquete de moi de mon cuer, et jusque a vous en lesser les os pour memoir de vostre victoire et du mon agreable perte.

"Les larmes sont sans nombre, ainsi sont les craintes de vous deplair; les pleurs de vostre absense et le déplaisir de ne pouvour estre en effet exterieur vostre comme je suys sans saintyse de cuer et d'esprit; et a bon droit quand mes merites seront trop plus grands que de la plus parfayte que jamais feut, et telle que je desire estre; et mettray peine en condition de contrefair pour dignement estre employee soubz vostre domination. Resents la donc mon seul bien en aussi bonne part comme avecques extreme joie, j'ay fait vostre mariage qui jusque celui de nos corps en publie ne sortira de mon sein, comme merque de tout ce que j'ay ou espere ni desire de felicite en ce monde. Or craignant mon cuer de vous ennuyer autant a lire que je me plaise descrire, je finiray, apres vous avoir baisé les mains d'aussi grande affection, qui je prie Dieu o le seul soubtien de ma vie vous la donner longue et heureuse, et a moy vostre bonne grace comme le seul bien que je desire et a quoy je tenda."—MSS. Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii. No. 66. Rolls House.

sion. It cannot be said, however, that Elizabeth treated her rival in any ungenerous way. She was stunned, like everybody else, by the catastrophe—but, perhaps, disgusted by the extravagance of dissimulation into which her last tampering with the Scotch Lords had led her, she refused to interpose, and contented herself with offering her advice to Mary in such terms as became their relationship and her maturer age. When, however, the short fever of the marriage with Bothwell had come to an end, when Mary, for the first time unsuccessful in the field, had been compelled to yield to the Lords, to part with her villanous husband, and to yield herself up to the tender mercies of her outraged subjects, Elizabeth's conduct came to be of the most strangely equivocal character. She pled so hotly, so fiercely, so pertinaciously for her sister's liberation, that Mary's life had all but paid the penalty of her impetuosity. It was the first time the Scottish Queen had been, so to speak, in Elizabeth's power; and had she kept silent, and allowed events to take their course, it would have been all that the beautiful culprit could have expected from her. Yet all at once we see her becoming Mary's advocate to such a point of fervour as almost to drive the Lords to do their utmost against their own Queen by way of showing their independence of Elizabeth's counsels. There were people found to assert that the English Queen exerted herself with this intent—a hypothesis of which there is no proof. What her motive was, was hidden in the depths of her own spirit. It might be that a secret longing to see the rival, the successor who had so long and sadly troubled her, cut off at once in so just a way without any responsibility of hers, might have consciously or unconsciously moved Elizabeth—an idea not at all out of keeping with her character; or it might be simply that her creed about the sacredness of princes was her motive in her fervent champion-

ship. Anyhow she pressed the point so hotly, that she had to be prayed for Mary's sake to desist. If, however, her motive was such as malicious critics said, the result, though delayed for years, was after all according to her wish. For it was Elizabeth's eager intercessions on her behalf which tempted the fugitive to throw herself upon the doubtful hospitality of England, when, after her romantic escape from Lochleven and momentary stand against her enemies, she finally fled after the battle of Langside. Elizabeth, who had more than once tempted the Scots Lords into humiliation and ruin by fair words and promises of support, thus played a similar game with Mary. She never seems to have intended to give real aid to either party; and when they threw themselves upon her generosity and her promises, the process of undeceiving them was a sharp and bitter one. Murray had but lately felt the smart in its most poignant shape: but even Murray's experience was nothing to that of the fugitive Queen, who went for shelter and protection, and found a judge, a prison, and death at the end.

Perhaps the severity of Elizabeth's proceedings was quickened by the fact that the north of England, still largely Catholic, received the beautiful fugitive with enthusiasm. More than a year had elapsed since the murder of Darnley; and in a year people forget many things, especially such things as have happened out of their immediate ken. And the Cumberland gentlemen showed signs of utter subjugation to this unlooked-for visitor. This had been all along the bugbear of Elizabeth's life. She had known that it would be so. Since the moment when the young widow of France had asked permission to pass through England, it had been Elizabeth's policy to keep so dangerous a visitor out of her kingdom. And now, with the great crime in which she was involved half-forgotten, and with all the interest and

romance of her misfortunes surrounding her, here she was, in the most dangerous district, holding a kind of sudden court, and witching all men who approached her. What but sure guard and strong bars should keep such a danger in check? So far as Elizabeth herself was concerned, she would, Mr. Froude thinks (though her professions are the only proof of this, and nobody better than Mr. Froude knows what her professions were worth), have received the stranger in her own court, and treated her as a sister. But her advisers were of a wiser opinion; and it was ruled that she could not be received by Elizabeth until she had proved her innocence. Various conditions were suggested, various half-bargains made, in the beginning of her imprisonment. And among other emissaries sent to her was Sir Francis Knollys, who has left the following remarkable account of the woman with whom he was thus called upon to deal:—

"This lady and princess is a notable woman. She seemeth to regard no ceremonious honour besides the acknowledgment of her estate-royal. She sheweth a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant, to be very familiar. She sheweth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies. She shows a readiness to expose herself to all perils in the hope of victory. She desires much to hear of hardiness and valiancy, commending by name all approved hardy men of her country, although they be her enemies; and she concealeth no cowardice, even in her friends. The thing she most thirsteth after is victory; and it seemeth to be indifferent to her to have her enemies diminished either by the sword of her friends, or by the liberal promises and rewards of her purse, or by divisions and quarrels among themselves. So that, for victory's sake, pain and pleasure seem pleasant unto her, and in respect of victory, wealth and all things seem to her contemptible and vile. Now, what is to be done with such a lady and princess, or whether such a princess and lady be to be nourished in our bosom, or whether it be good to halt or dissemble with such a lady, I

refer to your judgment. The plainest way is the most honourable, in my opinion."

"The thing she most thirsteth after is victory." These words show a clearer insight into Mary's character than is often to be met in the observations of contemporaries. Knollys, it is apparent, had been profoundly impressed with the power and vigour and courage of the woman whom he was sent to lecture and threaten; and perhaps of all points in her character this wonderful power of continuance and self-renovation is one of the most remarkable. She had passed through the whirlwind and the fire. Passion such as few can feel had rent her very soul, and the awful stamp of murder had touched her brow. The tragedy had been played to its end, the floor had been heaped with slain. Nemesis had come forth in her sternest aspect, and the curtain had fallen—when lo! but one year after, the heroine has taken up her life again, and bursts out of the clouds as fair, as fascinating, as full of untamable force and vitality, as if these things had been a dream. But a year, and Bothwell had disappeared like a mist from her path. He had been master of her very soul and fate—the parting from him had driven her almost mad; yet but a few months' seclusion in the solitude of Lochleven, and light has come back to her eyes, and courage to her heart. Her after-life is that of a woman who has survived herself. And a certain sense of cold and self-sufficing power lying underneath that volcano comes over us as we gaze. To live on for years after the tragedy was over, to carry with her for half a lifetime the recollection of Darnley's sickbed, of Bothwell's embrace, and, after all and over all, still to thirst for victory! No poet, even the highest, dared invent such a character. It stands before us almost awful in the vitality which nothing can impair.

The story of Mary's captivity, with all its attendant schemes and —

intrigues, it is impossible to compress into our limited space. The circumstances of her case are quite enough to prove, even had no actual results encumbered the record, how dangerous an inmate she was. A large number of the English peers, so far as any conception of true loyalty was possible to them at all, were more loyal to her than to their actual sovereign. She set the imagination of the young aglow, and exercised upon the common people that vague witchery which beauty, misfortune, a gracious presence, and a romantic story, have over all uncultured intelligences. She was Elizabeth's natural heir, always a difficult position; and Scotland itself, her native kingdom, was, and had been at all times, but a secondary object with her in comparison with England. Even the last and worst threat to a woman, the threat of publishing her guilt to the world, scarcely could move her to give up her claim to that succession which had been the leading idea of all her life. That she carried on incessant conspiracies with everybody who could be tempted to conspire, at first with the most triumphant hope and confidence, being yet young and of unbroken courage, afterwards by fits and starts, with failing assurance, yet still a spirit ready to stick at nothing, cannot be disputed even by her warmest partisans. The sight is one which must, merely as an exhibition of human vigour and indomitable will, strike every beholder with a certain amazed admiration. With such awful memories lying behind her, with victims falling for her love almost at every step she takes, with the prospect before her of ever and ever a gloomier prison, perhaps a scaffold, her infinite activity of mind, her brave spirit, her unbounded resources, never fail. When one attempt has been quenched in blood, on the morrow she is as ready to try again as if the deadly game she was playing was but a summer sport interrupted by a

chance shower. Nor can any just spectator blame the captive, unless it be for a certain indifference to the blood shed in her cause, and the misery made by her countless conspiracies, which was not actual indifference after all, so much as the unconscious velocity with which such a spirit, set like a planet in its orbit, rushes on by nature through the rustling vacancy of space. She was not callous to the lost heads and aching hearts that fell on her way, but her career was too impetuous to leave her much time for mourning. It was natural that she should struggle for what she conceived to be her rights. The one dreadful episode in her life which hangs like a persistent shadow over her memory, and recurs naturally to every mind when Mary's name is named, did after all occupy little more than a year of that busy and full existence; and there seems every reason to believe that it held a much less important place in Mary's memory than it does in ours. Consciences were robust in those days, and the conscience of the Queen of Scots was perhaps even more than usually robust. It seems to have glided naturally off her memory, as the peccadilloes of our youth do glide. She had suffered bitterly for it and got done with it. She left it behind her as utterly as she had left Dunbar and Holyrood. At Bolton, at Tutbury, at Wingfield, wherever she was, she was the captive representative of legitimacy, of a sovereign's divine rights, of the Catholic religion. There seems no reason to suspect that she did not in good faith conceive herself to be so. Therefore her conspiracies were not only justifiable, but a glory and honour to her. Even the last, in which the assassination of Elizabeth was aimed at, if indeed she knew of this particular, was nothing to startle a woman in her position. It was but a clearer and more distinct (as became her nature) recognition of the fact which her great rival found out and

acted on so soon after. Elizabeth and Mary could not exist in one sphere. They were incompatible each with the other. This was the plain issue to which it came at last.

Thus there was nothing unnatural in Mary's continual struggle to free herself and reclaim her position, had that been possible. But she was a shrewd inmate to the embarrassed neighbour who could neither trust her nor get rid of her. It is hard to see what Elizabeth could have done other than what she finally did to dispose safely of her troublesome guest. In England she was, even in her prison, a centre of disaffection. Free, she would have been at the head of a Catholic army, and civil war would have desolated the country. Whether, had she been suffered to escape to France, she might have done less harm, is a problem now impossible to solve; but Elizabeth, in her own opinion at least, would have been, as she said, acting like a fool in letting her go. And Scotland would not have her at any price. What was to be done with her? The theory that Elizabeth's revengeful passions were satisfied by the humiliation and murder of her rival—that she inveigled Mary into her hands, and tortured her slowly to the brink of the grave before she satisfied her vengeance by the final blow—is one of those primitive and simple minded conceptions which arose before the age of historical criticism. The Queen of England was no monster: she was a woman of a troublesome temper, a very uncertain mind, an immense pride, and a wonderful horror of the idea of anything or anybody outliving and succeeding herself. She stands amid the curious revelations of modern history a strange gigantic specimen of that class of managing women which keeps the world in general in so much hot water. Mr. Froude, for his part, who is considered a champion of Elizabeth, has done the most curious office by her that ever champion did for his liege lady. The world has been gen-

erally of opinion for a century or two, as many simple minded persons are at this moment, that she was the vainest, the cruellest, the most envious and malignant, but also one of the ablest of women. We have looked upon her as an ogress persecuting to the death a beautiful forlorn princess whose chief fault (beyond a few doubtful extravagances of youth) was that of being lovelier, sweeter, in every way more delightful to the eye and to the mind, than her grim adversary; but at the same time we have given to that grim adversary all the strength and determination necessary to the character. The fact seems to have been that Elizabeth's great faculty in this world was that of making what is vulgarly called a mull of everything she touched. When she has made a move in one direction she seems to feel it necessary instantly to make a move in the opposite direction to neutralise the first. She plays her right hand against her left, makes strategic movements at one and the same moment in advance and in retreat, and sometimes labours even under the difficulty of forgetting which string she pulled last, and whose turn it is to be managed. A kind of forlorn attempt to get at the middle course, which is the safe and sure one, seems to be the inspiration of her life; but in her struggles after this *juste milieu*, she drags everybody into the mire, and is herself always seen labouring out of it, muddy and halting, when any emergency happens. Thus in the examination made into the charges against Mary after her arrival in England, Elizabeth contrives to secure a general breakdown, and the discomfiture of everybody—accusers, accused, judges, witnesses, herself included. She will manage it in her own way. She will have the crime proved, and yet not proved; fixing Mary's assailants before the world half as righteous pursuers of wickedness, half as rebels and false accusers, and leaving Mary herself in the anomalous position of a culprit

neither acquitted nor found guilty. As long as any good end could be served by keeping silence about so great a scandal, Elizabeth pushed on the investigation; and when the moment came that made a full and clear judgment a public necessity, her other demon had seized her, and her fatal faculty of interference confused the lengthy and elaborate process into a hopeless muddle. After the proofs of Mary's complicity, the fatal letters, had been seen, examined, and received as indisputable by the Commission which investigated them, a sudden compunction seized Elizabeth about their publication to the world. This she would still spare "her sister;" and she did so, leaving for herself as well as Mary the consequences of this incomplete judgment to wear their lives out, and to perplex posterity. Whether, had those strange documents been published, the revelation of Mary's mind which they made would have sufficed to neutralise the fascination of Mary's person and position, is perhaps doubtful; but anyhow, Elizabeth lost the fruit of her pains, and left a delusive uncertainty to hang over the whole matter, and to aid in those softening effects of time and forgetfulness which did the Queen of Scots such service. Such acts form the ordinary strain of Elizabeth's life. It seemed impossible for her to let anything alone, to suffer anything to proceed to its natural issue, to take any step at the right time; and yet, strangely enough, the nature of the age was such that this shuffling and uncertain career realised most of the efforts of wisdom. Her double action made Elizabeth slow in all her decisions, and ere her doubtful mind was made up, Providence had so often settled the question that procrastination almost seemed a virtue. But to everybody surrounding her—to her councillors, her commanders, all the imperial agents who had to suffer for her mistakes, and act as scapegoats for her on all occasions—she was a continued

hindrance and embarrassment. Her private life was as unsuccessful as that of Mary, even in prison and banishment, was triumphant. The enthusiasm inspired by the captive never, except in the unsavoury shape of a mob's applause, rose round the English Queen. Her vanity was poorly satisfied, if it was satisfied at all, by the princely candidates among whom she was so vainly entreated to choose a husband. Her love was more poorly satisfied still, since Leicester, the object of so faithful an affection, seems, between the intervals in which she entertained the idea of marrying him, to have solaced himself with three wives. Yet in all this she was but reaping as she sowed. Into no action of her life did she ever throw herself fully with her entire heart and will, and from nobody did she receive, or perhaps could she receive, more than she gave. A mind always under the sway of secondary motives cannot expect and has no right to the power of calling forth the profounder primitive emotions in others. After three hundred years, Mary, guilty and miserable, has yet the ear and the interest of the world. Elizabeth, great and prosperous, has nothing to set off against the attractions of her rival. The life of the one was glorious, wretched, shameful, detestable, magnificent; the life of the other was great, sombre, monotonous—monotonous even in the most exciting crises, and amid the grandest events—awaking political rather than personal feeling—the life of one, as we have already said, who awoke no enthusiasm and won no man's heart.

Nothing, however, can be more contemptible than the attempt of unphilosophical history to speak scandal of Queen Elizabeth, and to throw upon a woman whose life proves her so self-controlled, and who was strong enough to conquer her inclinations even in the height of youth, the imputation of silly and senile loves in her age. It

seems doubtful, notwithstanding her intense affection for him, whether she ever went the length of desiring to marry even Leicester. His society, his conversation, the daily sight of him, was necessary to her. Probably she cared for no more. There are such women, though it is a fashion to doubt their existence.

The last scene of all came to these two rivals with the same wonderful and picturesque force of contrast which was apparent through their lives. Mary had lived potentially all her existence, and she had the faculty of dying greatly—a faculty which belonged to her race. No more solemn picture has ever been drawn by history than that of the hall at Fotheringay, where the worn but princely woman, calm and splendid, completed, as people say, her long expiation. She had received the intelligence of her doom without the tingling of a nerve or a change of colour. She spent her last night in this world as a saint might have done, gravely, sweetly, with the profound composure and hush of all emotion which such a certainty brings to a great heart. She had a great heart, though she had sinned as few women have sinned—and now the fever and the fret were over. With a tender natural grace such as never failed her, she pledged her weeping servants after her last meal. She was the only one among the strange assembly in the grey February morning who preserved her calm. Her priest was denied her, and alone, kneeling in her little oratory, she read the death-psalms, interrupted by the summons of her executioners. Then she went down, feeble of limb but strong of heart, to where the block was prepared for her. Even these hideous details awaken no tremor of imagination in her royal self-command. The voice of the English dean, who, in default of the exhortation which she declined to listen to, had begun to read the burial service of the English lit-

urgy, mingled with her utterance as she said on her knees the penitential psalms, but did not disturb her solemn abstraction. Then uncovering her fair neck, she stretched it out to the fatal stroke. There were present two English earls, two weeping women of Mary's chamber, the dean, the executioner. Her little dog had crept under her skirts as she knelt, and was found there. Such is all the tale. Her high courage had stood her in stead at many a harder emergency, and it did not fail in this last sharp but effectual remedy for all trouble. Thus she died, a fatal woman who had brought death to wellnigh all the councillors of her youth, all her lovers and champions. She had seen them fall on her path, man by man, yet had never failed of again another and another. And now her last act was done with such nobility, with such solemnity, as has all but awed the world out of recollection of the stormy scenes before. For our own part we offer no plea for Mary Stuart, nor attempt to veil the crimes of her career; but as she stands we know of no more wonderful figure in all the long panorama of history. Had she but been a man, the chances are our chronicles would have preserved her name as that of the greatest of all the Stuart kings.

When Mary was thus put out of her way, something of the spell which had been upon Elizabeth broke off from her. The Armada came and brought with it the greatest personal success of her waning life. The great stimulus of invasion quickened the blood in her veins, and she both spoke and acted, as she had seldom done in her life, in a way befitting a sovereign prince. Hereafter no rival vexed her; but the long struggle about the succession, which had been, as she said, like her death-knell, continued year by year, kept up on one side by the most pertinacious importunity, on the other by an obstinate and unreasonable

resistance, which, now that no Catholic heir was by to change succession into supercession, and no direct heir was possible to Elizabeth, was more a sign of personal weakness than of policy. By death, by freaks of sudden rebellion sharply and hardly punished, her friends dropt off from her. Leicester, long loved, had died, and in the callousness of her age she had mourned him little. Essex, her bright young favourite, had given his head as the penalty of his rash trick of rebellion. At last the time came when Elizabeth too felt the touch of mortal weakness. Perhaps on account of a superstition, perhaps from reluctance to yield to the weakness she felt stealing over her, she refused to go to bed, and placed herself "on cushions on the floor, neither sitting nor lying, her eyes open and fixed on the ground"—silent, nobody with her to win her last confidences, to give her the last tribute of tears. To the last day of her life the endless question of the succession was still dinned into her ears. Then, with a characteristic burst of impatience, she gave the answer which only that last agony could tear from her. Who could it be but her cousin of Scotland? Let them trouble her no more. But the men were human, and knew that they would have their answer to make and their life to live after the last palpitations of this worn-out existence were over; and they did trouble her more, coming back again to seek a plainer answer. It was after the very priests had left her, when the dying woman could have but the last charity of being left in peace. When the unwelcome demand, the last that she was to hear in this world, as it had been the accompaniment of her life for nearly fifty years, fell on her ear, she raised herself in her bed, throwing up her withered arms over her head with a gesture of impatience or despair. This was the last sign or token of life in her. Pursued to the very brink of the grave by this insatiable

claim—loveless, old, solitary, worn out by time and care, the great Elizabeth, with this pathetic gesture, dumb appeal to God or man, went forth, as we have all to go in our time. She died in her bed, as most people think it easiest and most seemly to die. Yet few will say of this deathbed scene that it is less mournful, less pitiful, than that of the Fotheringay scaffold, while to grandeur or solemnity it has no pretension. Mary had kept her advantage to the last. And she and hers had won in the long and weary struggle.

We are aware that we have done no, full justice in this sketch to the character of Elizabeth. In the contrast, the more vigorous individuality, the more exciting life, unconsciously carries away the sympathy of the writer, as perhaps of the reader also. Our interest goes with Mary, of all women, of all human creatures known to modern history, one of the most marvellous. But our pity remains with Elizabeth. The beautiful creature who perplexed and confused the existence of the English Queen had everything that this world could give—everything a woman prizes, love, adoration, enthusiasm, passion—the indulgence of all her wishes, everything she chose to have, except the English crown; and at the end time and space to "expiate," as the word goes, all her ill-doing, and go grandly out of the world, as a martyr might have gone. Elizabeth had none of these things. She has now no enthusiast to make a stand for her, no one, now or ever, to take up her cause. Yet she had the heart to deny herself to give up what she most wished for the sake of her country, and, by the help of Providence and Cecil, to make that country greater than it had ever been before. Her life, notwithstanding its magnificence, is one of the saddest of lives. It is hard, when one comes to think of it, that Mary, having had all the good things of a woman's existence, should have all the pity too.

HEMANS'S ANCIENT CHRISTIANITY.

We candidly confess that we are not disposed at the present moment to explore the dark recesses of ancient Christianity, or to discuss the several curious questions that may be raised about the earliest stages of that religion which has been for many centuries the animating spirit of the most advanced nations of the earth. We must leave it to the professed theologian to assign the epoch at which the process of *development* may be said to have ceased, and at which a definite system of doctrines is presumed to have been completely formed for all future ages.

But besides the inherent and unquestionable importance of the subject which Mr. Hemans discusses in the present volume, there are circumstances connected with the time at which his work appears, and some connected with the author himself, which lend to it an additional and extrinsic interest, and which will excuse our calling attention to it, even though we are unable to do critical justice to the research and erudition it displays.

Indeed, it would not be easy to settle down to a study of the origin of the Papacy, when we are looking with breathless intent to some great crisis in its history. It is impossible to open Mr. Hemans's book, which commences with an account of the "Primitive Pontiffs," and leads us through that process by which the Christian Bishop became a temporal prince, without reflecting on the precarious tenure on which that temporal power is now held, and speculating on the results which may ensue if the reigning Pontiff should again be reduced to the Christian Bishop.

The theory is, that the Pope should be a ruling prince, a sovereign amongst sovereigns, in order

that no earthly potentate should claim obedience from him, and so restrict or influence him in the exercise of his high spiritual jurisdiction. The theory has a certain logical coherence, but appears to us to be based on a very limited array of facts, on a very partial view of the position which a sovereign prince holds amongst men. Has he not to make treaties and alliances, and even to wage war, with other sovereign princes? and is this a position highly favourable to an unbiased impartial administration of the quite spiritual kingdom of Christ? It is true that a sovereign, as towards obedient subjects, has a species of supreme freedom; but subjects are not always obedient, and the sovereign of a small State has no supreme freedom in relation to other potentates greater than himself. Was it a fortunate circumstance for the Church of Christ that its head—that he who was acknowledged as the Vicar of Christ—should be compelled to resort to spiritual fulminations to uphold a terrestrial throne? But let the theory be what it may, the march of events seems to render the practical application of it impossible. The Sovereign Pontiff has, in his princely character, been for many years a *protected* prince. The name of France protects him still; nor can he be secured from the too-loving embraces of Italy except by the protection of France or of Austria. It needs hardly be said that a prince who holds his principedom by the protection of another, is hopelessly removed from that state of ideal independence which our theory demands. Theologians may still contend, with great force of logic, that the head of the Church should have an independent sovereignty; but that other "irresist-

ible logic of facts" has decided that such independent sovereignty has become impossible.

Nevertheless this protected, this nominal sovereignty may, in the estimation of many shrewd observers, be thought worth preserving. It is true that the Italians are kept waiting at the gates of Rome only because the eye of France is on them; and if France should grow supine, or her armies be preoccupied, Austria may be only too willing to come to the rescue. Still there is a marked difference between even this precarious sovereignty and the declaration made, once for all, that the Bishop of Rome is a subject of the King of Italy! It is this momentous step which is looked upon by many with fear and detestation, as something profane, and ominous of all evil. It may be longer than most of us expect before *this* step is really taken; the present condition of things may have a more lasting character than is usually assigned to it; but there are tendencies at work, there is a spirit abroad, which lead us to infer, *as the most probable result*, that this step will be taken, and that Rome and its great Bishop will be finally absorbed into the kingdom of Italy.

Archbishop Manning might well inveigh, as he did in one of his late able addresses, against this new spirit of nationality which is now remoulding and reforming our European Governments. The spirit of nationality not only demands Italy for the Italians, but it demands government for the governed. It means that populations which can really fraternise should unite to form a government for their own behoof, whether the machinery employed be representative or imperial. It is this awakened nationality that is dissolving into the one state of Italy the little principality of Rome, as it has already absorbed the greater independencies of Naples and Tuscany. The mere discontent of the Romans themselves with

their *theocratic* government might have been harmless enough. It is the movement of all Italy—the movement *without* the city as well as *within*—that is fatal to the Papal power. It is futile to recommend—as the Emperor of France is said to have done—municipal reforms or amended laws as a means of warding off the calamity. The people within the city want this union with the rest of Italy. Governmental reforms are excellent, but they are not *this*. They are no substitute for it. When a people thirst after independence, to give them a more liberal government is only to put additional means into their hands for securing that independence. And the great nation of Italy without the walls, how can it willingly relinquish Rome?—that city which represents all its ancient glory, all its old dominion in the world, without which Italy has no history, only a record of interminable quarrels of petty republics or principalities. Had it been the fortune of the Pope to be the governor of some other less distinguished city, the Italian people might have consented to his retention of it, to be set apart as the seat of his ecclesiastical empire: but Rome, which placed Italy at the head of all the nations of the world, how can it consent to separate that city from the new Italy which has now again to take her place amongst the great kingdoms of the earth? It embraces it only too lovingly. It will do all honour to the great high-priest whose residence it is; but the city of Rome must belong to the new Italy as it did to the old; and this being accomplished, the great high-priest must, in his political capacity, descend from the condition of prince to that of subject.

What will be the result of this step? Not, surely, any deterioration in the spiritual character of the (so-called) Catholic Church, but very probably some serious change in its *ecclesiastical organisation*.

That spirit of nationality which claims an independent political existence for a people which feels itself united by the ties of race and language and geographical position, may proceed to claim a like independence in ecclesiastical affairs. A Catholic or universal Church will readily be acknowledged, for is not truth necessarily catholic or universal? But the government of the Church—its hierarchy—may in each Christian country be strictly national. In this sense each nation may claim to have its own Church, as it claims to have its own King, or Emperor, or Parliament. It is to France especially we have here to look. In France, at this present moment, the Ultramontane party is predominant—the late religious reaction almost inevitably took this direction; but there was a time, not very distant, when the most orthodox of her bishops descanted boldly on the claims of the *Gallican Church*. Say that the Sovereign Pontiff, whom the Ultramontanes have delighted to honour and glorify, has descended from his earthly sovereignty—say that the head of the Church of France has become a subject of the King of Italy,—shall we not again hear of the rights, the duties, the ecclesiastical power, and independence, of the Gallican Church? Under such circumstances, would not the Archbishop of Paris become the veritable Pontiff of the Church in France? And if France, whilst proclaiming aloud her adherence to the faith of the Catholic Church, should proclaim with equal energy her determination to administer the affairs of her Church entirely *by and for* Frenchmen, this one example, this one defection, would be sufficient to break up the old hierarchy. The Catholic Church might remain, but the old European hierarchy would be dissolved. Even Spain would soon have her separate hierarchy and her quite national Church. The Bishop of Rome

would preside over the Church of Italy, and individual priests from all parts of the world might continue to consult the successor of St. Peter as an oracle; but other nations, in their national capacity, would know nothing whatever of his ecclesiastical authority.

This little programme, however, which we have ventured to sketch, may be altogether deranged, if, instead of the popular sentiment in Italy having its full scope, the King and the Court should be able to act in what we may pronounce to be the traditional policy of monarchies. Left to their own devices, the Monarch and the Minister of the monarchy will do all in their power to sustain the Pope in his present attitude. Victor Emmanuel, or whoever occupies the place of Victor Emmanuel, would very willingly sacrifice Rome to make an alliance with the Pope. We may be sure of this, that the King of Italy, in his character of king, will do all he can to preserve the existing order of things. Courts are naturally conservative—one power gives and receives support from another—and (if the popular sentiment which claims Rome for Italy can be resisted) we may see Victor Emmanuel crowned King of Italy by the Pope, and the Pope receiving from the King of Italy a solemn guarantee for the tenure of the city of Rome.

But let this question of the temporal power be decided how it may, it is not the most momentous question which has to be solved. Every one who has lived long enough in Italy to become acquainted with its inhabitants brings back to us the same story; the educated portion of the community—or, let us say, the professional and official classes, and the wealthier part of the commercial class—have deserted the faith of the Church. They may occasionally swell the crowd that listens to her music or witnesses her ceremonial, but they no longer belong

to the body of the faithful. Meanwhile the populace and the peasantry are as superstitious or as believing as ever. The Church presents the aspect of a highly-trained and disciplined priesthood, which has the multitude under its command; has, too, many faithful disciples, or firm political friends, amongst the nobility; but which is encountered by a middle class, secretly or openly opposed to it. What is to be the result of such a conflict?

"A free Church in a free State"—this is the captivating programme of the politicians of Florence. But if your free State is infidel at heart, how possibly can these two live together in harmony? The first action of the free State has been the total suppression of monasteries and convents. The "free Church" is not only told that she has too many of these institutions, and that they hold too much of the property of the country, but that very mode of life which she proclaims to be most conducive to spiritual wellbeing is to be rendered impossible. "Religious orders, &c., which maintain the community-life, are no longer recognised in the State." So runs the proclamation of the law—a law which may manifest freedom of action in the State, but permits very little of the like freedom to the Church. Under pretence of deciding a question of property, a question of religious discipline and culture is really determined. Property, it is declared, shall be held for the purposes of public worship, but not for the maintenance of these monastic institutions, which, in the estimation of the faithful, have been eminently serviceable in elevating the standard of piety throughout all Christendom.

Religious processions in the streets have been forbidden in Florence, on the ground, no doubt, that they encumbered the public thoroughfares. The reason assigned is strictly of a municipal character

—the State is in its own sphere of action; but the Church may fairly reply that it has reasons of a purely spiritual character for maintaining these processions, reasons far above any by which a police regulation is supported. Both parties are in their legitimate sphere of action, but which of the two is to be allowed to act?

A free Church in a free State is a very intelligible programme if both Church and State are Christian; otherwise it is a quite impracticable business. The education of the people falls most legitimately under the supervision of the State. The education of the people is pre-eminently the function of the Church. What is to be done if the State distrusts the Church, and the Church fears the State, in this vital matter of education?—if, in fact, they would each give a very different education? The State, you say, may found its own colleges, and leave to the Church its pulpits, its catechism, and its confessional. If so, the pulpit will inveigh against the "godless colleges," and the colleges against the intolerance of the pulpit. There is incurable conflict amongst our elements of instruction.

Baron Ricasoli, in his well-known letter to the bishops, sets before them, as an example, the relation between the spiritual and temporal power in the United States of America. In that country, he says, there indeed exists a free Church in a free State; but what really exist in America are *free Churches* in a free State. It is precisely because there are rival Churches, not one of which can claim complete predominance, that a general spirit of toleration prevails. In Italy there is but one Church—such poor enfeebled sectaries as may exist are of no political significance: there is but one Church, and that Church holds itself as one with religion itself. Religion and the Catholic Church mean there the same thing.

We were lately reading M. Edgar Quinet's 'History of the French Revolution,' and we were struck by the singular Nemesis which had followed on the persecution of the Protestants. Protestantism had been *stamped out* in France—only too successfully; and when the Revolution, which undertook to remodel most things, and which might reasonably desire to introduce a spirit of toleration into the country, turned to the subject of religion, it found itself face to face with one great power, the Catholic Church. There was no religious rival with whom the Revolution could make alliance. There was simply the Catholic Church, which, whatever temporary compromise it may make, has declared itself, for all time, in favour of *Unity*, not of *Freedom*, of opinion. The Revolution stood face to face with this great spiritual power, and was itself paralysed. At one time it servilely declared that the Catholic faith was the religion of France; it then pillaged the Church; it next strove to remodel it, so as to make it subservient to the new Constitution; it ended by a complete submission to it. The result was inevitable. Infidelity could not compete with religious faith, and there was no other form of faith for France. The impoverished remnant of Protestantism stood aside, wondering what would happen. The State had to make what alliance it could with the old spiritual Despotism. M. Edgar Quinet regrets the *dénouement*, and seems almost to wish that the Revolution had put forth its full force against the Church. We cannot share his regrets. Had it been in the power of the Convention, or of any assembly that governed France during this stormy period, to strike a mortal blow at the Church, in whose favour would this blow have been struck? Not certainly in favour of anything you can call by the high name of Philosophy. The infidelity of a Parisian populace, or of any populace that

has hitherto existed, is not the spirit whose triumph we could wish to secure. The infidel legislature of France themselves shrank from the prospect of such a triumph. There was no alternative but submission to, and alliance with, the one uncompromising Church.

As it was in France, so will it be in Italy. The campaign opens with what seems "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to the Catholic Church. The State seizes on a portion of its property, and destroys some of its institutions. What is more, the intellectual classes amongst the laity appear to be alienated from her teaching. So far the battle goes against the Church. But with her remains *all* the force of the religious sentiment: she has no religious rival—and very shortly we shall see the State solicitous only to make terms with this one great spiritual power. The "free Church in a free State" will end, we suspect, in nothing more than the old alliance between Church and State.

Our vaticinations assume, therefore, a very commonplace character. If the popular sentiment that demands the union of Rome with the new Italian kingdom should prevail over the traditional policy of courts and monarchs, we shall see both in France and Italy, independent hierarchies, as independent of each other as the Greek Church is of the Roman. But there is no immediate prospect that these hierarchies will lose their rank or power in their respective countries. Both those who desire and those who fear a great religious revolution, may put their fears and their desires away in the far future.

According to the latest programme—the last interpretation of this formula, "a free Church in a free State"—the Church is not limited in its future acquisitions from the bounty of the faithful: the *amount* of its property is not restricted, but that property must not be in land. Besides the con-

fiscation of monastic estates, the great corporation of the Church is to resign a portion of its land and to convert the remainder into shares of the national funds, or, we presume, into any other securities of the like kind it may think fit. The State leaves it for the future to its own maintenance, does not even interfere with the choice of its bishops, and of course does not undertake to carry out, by the civil or criminal law, any of its spiritual sentences. The State applies itself simply to secular matters, ignoring the presence of its great spiritual contemporary. All this wears to us the aspect of a mere *paper constitution*. There are not two *Italian nations*, one of which has religion, and the other not. There is but one Italian people, who may be more or less religious. Its legislature will be religious, if religion prevails in the popular mind. Everything depends on the degree of influence or power the Church retains or will acquire. If the people are Catholic and the legislative assembly represents the people, it will be Catholic also. You cannot long have an *infidel* legislature in face of a Catholic people. You may have, as in the United States of America, an *impartial* legislature in the presence of several rival Churches. But the Roman Catholic Church has no rival in Italy. One of two things must happen—either this Church must sink into decrepitude, and become what Buddhism is in China; or it must persuade the legislature and the monarchy, must be heard at elections, and find its way into the policy and consciences of kings and queens. Which of these two, in the present state of the popular mind in Italy, looks the more probable?

One thing must be borne in mind—a corrupt Government makes a corrupt Church. Some of the crimes laid to the charge of the

Catholic priesthood, and which have rendered it odious, are to be shared with the civil power. When Victor Emmanuel first entered Naples to take possession of his new kingdom, he received, amidst many congratulations and submissions, one of a strange character. An ecclesiastical dignitary approached towards his Majesty, and inquired in a low voice, but with an air of the utmost candour and simplicity, to whom he was to make his *report of the confessions*. Victor Emmanuel was slow to comprehend this mysterious question. When it was explained to him, he replied that he had no desire to have any such report tendered to him or to any of his Ministers. King Ferdinand had apparently converted his bishops into political spies, and had learned the treasonable or patriotic tendencies of his subjects by a violation of the secrecy of the confessional. If Victor Emmanuel retains the same honourable scruple that he expressed on this occasion, there will be one fault the less to cover with odium the Neapolitan bishops.*

We said that there were some circumstances connected with the author of the present work, as well as with its period of publication, which give it an additional interest. When we last met with Mr. Hemans in a work which described the several Catholic institutions of Italy, we felt ourselves in company with a faithful member of the Catholic Church. There was no parade of personal conviction, but there was the large and patient belief of one untainted by heresy. In the interval between that and the present publication a change has taken place in the mind of the author. The Roman Catholic Church is no longer the infallible, no longer the one only Church. Other Churches are allowed to rank side by side with it. All have their merits

* Our authority for this anecdote is an article in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' Dec. 1866.

and their imperfections. Nor is it even to the Roman Church that he accords his preference. He has returned to the communion of the Anglican Church; but, unlike the majority of converts, he has no spirit of bitterness or even of alienation towards the mode of worship he has deserted, or in part relinquished. He still writes, or rather we might say he writes more than ever, in a catholic spirit. He has no exclusive attachment to that Christian community to which he has returned; he rather appears to be looking forward to some future Church of an eclectic character, that will embrace all that is true and excellent in the Catholic and the Protestant communions. That which, he says, forces itself most strongly upon his mind is, "the conviction that the true manifestation of the perfectly evangelical Church is yet to be looked for as future; and that all institutions hitherto pretending to that character are destined eventually to give place to a reality nobler and purer, as the morning star fades before the lustre of the risen sun."

What has produced this remarkable change? Two causes have been at work. In the first place, the researches he has made, for the very purpose of writing the present volume, into ancient and primitive Christianity, have convinced him that the exorbitant claims of the Papacy are unfounded. He can no longer accord to the so-called successor of St. Peter an authority over the whole Christian Church. Moreover, he detects certain errors in worship or doctrine, manifest departures from the primitive type of Christianity, which demonstrate to him that that authority has not always been exerted in the support of truth. In the second place (and this interests us somewhat more), he has been an inhabitant, through these late years, of the city of Rome, and has seen and felt that the present spirit which animates the priesthood of the Catholic

Church is by no means eminently Christian; and, moreover, that it has for its result to array Christianity against the very cause of civilization or human progress. The late manifesto of the Pope against principles that are intertwined with the progress of society, combined with the unscrupulous measures adopted by the priesthood to maintain the temporal power of the Pope, have succeeded in producing in him a spirit of revolt. The manner in which the priests have employed their spiritual power for the maintenance of political rights especially disgusted him. The sacraments have been refused to the dying; blameless followers of the spiritual teaching of the Church have been excommunicated, for the one offence of theoretical opposition to the temporal power of the Pope.

We think that our readers cannot fail to be interested in observing how a resident in Rome—one of the faithful, of gentle and forbearing temper—has been affected by the late proceedings of its priesthood. We will therefore take the liberty of quoting a few passages from a private letter written by our author to a friend in England, having, of course, received permission to do so.

"Had I," says Mr. Hemans, "turned away from Roman Catholicism with any feeling of bitterness or hate, this tranquillity which I feel might not have been mine perhaps; but I have no such dispositions towards either its system or its followers, being, on the contrary, still convinced that it is an institution divinely commissioned to effect a mighty work upon earth; that it has been the most efficient, and will continue to be one of the most ascendant, influential, and attractive forms of Christianity. Yet this sad experience has been forced upon me during long residence in Rome, that this system, in the stage now reached by it, is not animated by the pure and holy and uncompromising love of Truth; that it is ready to make compact with falsehood, to deceive, to suppress, to lead into darkness,—to make use, in

short, of all possible means, good or evil, for the one central object of securing its own dominion, and riveting the fetters it has imposed. . . . Its principles are now declared in a sense implying nothing else than defiance against thought, philosophy, modern governments, the rights of conscience, the principle upon which Christian society now mainly reposes. In proclaiming the duty of governments to use compulsion against religious dissent, to force mankind into the desired submission, and the duty of the individual to renounce even the *hope* that there can be a blessed immortality for those *external* to our communion, the Papacy has, I must think, proclaimed its own fall, and unworthiness to fill any longer the high position once attained by merits and held through wisely-aimed exertions."

That egregious intolerance, that unbounded assumption, which towards the multitude are religious weapons of marvellous force, had raised a spirit of revolt in our modest Englishman (more fit by temperament to march in the ranks of martyrs than persecutors), and had probably prepared him to find, in his theological studies, *other grounds* for his defection, into which we might be wandering from our province if we entered.

We are more accustomed to hear of the intolerance of Rome, as it affects the foreigner, than the native inhabitant. But it is against the latter, it seems, that it puts forth its full severity. It was not very long ago, we are credibly informed, that a helpless old lady was arrested, and kept for about two months in the common prison of Rome, to be finally brought before the tribunal of the Inquisition, for the sole offence of possessing an unauthorized Italian version of the New Testament. It is an old story, this intolerance of Rome, but there are good and very modern reasons for keeping it in remembrance. We do not ask those who contemplate a transition to Popery how they will like to be the subjects of such spiritual jurisdiction; we ask them how will they like to belong to, to be represented

by, this so arrogant, so despotic a priesthood? They may point to bland and ineffably amiable men, from the Pontiff himself to some humblest of *curés*. It is the cruel system, the cruel dogma, the cruel logic, which even these benevolent men are doomed to administer and support, by which they will be really represented.

We must turn now to the book itself before us. If a profound interest in his subject, if a conscientious study of it, if a degree of erudition that would not disgrace a German, were sufficient to secure readers, Mr. Hemans might be confident of the success of his present enterprise. The amount of information condensed into one small volume is quite extraordinary; and it is often information that lies out of the beaten track of reading or observation. The author must not only have perused many volumes, but have visited many churches, and all other places where ancient works of art were to be examined. He must have explored the Catacombs, both in the laborious work of Signor de Rossi, and through their actual labyrinths, torch in hand. But unfortunately this conscientious industry is not alone sufficient to give currency to a book; and we are compelled to repeat the observation which was forced upon us when noticing his previous work, that in the *art* of authorship Mr. Hemans is painfully deficient. There is a want of method, of lucid arrangement, and even of lucidity of style. He seems anxious only to get his materials packed together in the smallest possible space. If he tells a simple or curious legend—and he tells many of them—he will run the risk of rendering it obscure by a violent compression of it—perhaps into a single sentence. We imagine that a popular writer, with light and fluent pen, would find abundant material for his more dexterous workmanship in Mr. Hemans's pages. We are not *scolding* Mr. Hemans for these peculiarities or deficiencies; we simply regret that one to whom

authorship is manifestly a great solace, a chosen and conscientious taskwork, should fail of the reward due to his labours by an absence of certain secondary qualifications for his self-appointed task.

The chapter on the Catacombs is highly interesting, and tolerably free from these minor faults of manner or style. We read with amazement that it is computed that under the Roman Campagna "from 800 to 900 miles of excavated corridors, interspersed with chambers in various forms, extend their marvellous ramifications;" and that the number of Christian dead deposited in them is assumed to be between six and seven millions. De Rossi's great work will, when completed, comprise 11,000 epigraphs or inscriptions, classified according to their date. The study of these inscriptions, of the symbols and rude works of art discovered in the Catacombs, is a subject of increasing interest. We doubt not that much curious historical information may be gathered from this source. We cannot, however, appreciate its bearing upon doctrinal theology. Brought up—fortunately, we think—in a school which regards the words of Christ and His apostles as the only and sufficient source of revealed truth, we cannot descend into the Catacombs for any articles of our creed, or any rites of our worship. Nevertheless there is a school of theology, even amongst Protestants, to whom it is a matter of vital interest to know what was precisely the faith or the practice of the earliest Christians—of those who worshipped in the Catacombs, or buried their dead there, inscribing over the tomb their touching hopes or convictions. These will be curious to learn the conclusions of so impartial and earnest a student as Mr. Hemans.

These conclusions, we may say, would neither satisfy the Catholic nor the Protestant who is desirous of finding his own views or doctrines illustrated in the Catacombs. Mr. Hemans finds there no traces of the

sacrifice of the mass; on the other hand, he considers that the primitive worship "revolved round a mystic centre of sacramental ordinances;" he looks upon it that, "in outward form at least, the worship of ultra-Protestantism is at present the *most* remote from that of ancient Catholicism in its pristine purity;" he regards "the worship of the primitive Church as essentially sacramental in scope and ritual in character."

We experience a difficulty in apprehending what precisely is meant here by "sacramental." We can only gather that, from a very early period, the celebration of the Last Supper—owing to these peculiar words, "This is my body"—had become surrounded with a strange mystery which, even to the initiated themselves, would have been perhaps inexplicable in words. Ascending from the Catacombs into such daylight as the ecclesiastical history of these early periods affords, we can hardly doubt the general truth of Mr. Hemans's conclusion. The Eucharist itself seems to have been early separated from the mere Supper of the faithful, and become a peculiar and mysterious rite. We transfer to our pages an interesting quotation from Justin Martyr, describing a mode of Christian worship that prevailed in his time. It is a long quotation, but we are much mistaken if the whole of it will not be read with interest by any one alive to the controversies of our day:—

"On the day of the Sun all those who inhabited towns or villages used to assemble in one place, where first were read the commentaries of the Holy Apostles on the books of the Prophets. Then, the reader having finished his task, he who presided would exhort the people with suitable words to imitate the illustrious acts of the saints, and to follow the precepts and counsels in those sacred volumes. This discourse being finished, all rose at the same time, and, according to usage, prayed as well for themselves and for those who had been just baptized, as for all others in whatsoever country, that, having ac-

quired the knowledge of the truth, they might also attain the grace of leading a life sanctified by good works, observing the commandments of the Lord, and finally arriving at the glory which has no end. They then saluted each other with a kiss, the sign of brotherly affection. Afterwards were offered to him who presided bread and wine with water, having received which things he gave glory and praise to the Father through the Son and through the Holy Spirit, and continued for some time in the rendering of thanks for these gifts from Him received. These prayers being finished, the people who assisted would answer, Amen! And after the supplications and acclamations of the faithful, the deacons took the bread or wine and water, over which had been rendered thanks to the Lord, and distributed them to those present, reserving a part for those who had not been able to intervene at the celebration. Now, this divine food was at that time called the Eucharist, of which assuredly none could partake save those who believed that the doctrines of our religion were most true; who had been baptised, and who had lived in such manner as was commanded by the Redeemer; for indeed, all were persuaded, as we are likewise, that that nourishment ought not to be taken as one eats of bread or drinks of wine commonly, but as most sacred food, seeing that it had been revealed to us that such nourishment is indeed the flesh and blood of Christ Jesus. For the apostles, in their commentaries, which are called Gospel, have written that thus it was commanded to them by the Redeemer, at the time when, having taken bread, after rendering thanks, He said, *Do this in remembrance of me; this is my body*; and having taken the cup and given thanks, added also, *This is my blood*. It was on the Sunday that they assembled, both because this day was the first in the creation of the world, and because on the same had risen from the dead the Son of God, our Saviour, Christ Jesus."

Amongst the pontiffs St. Gregory is, and deserves to be, the favourite hero of our author. His was indeed the heroic age of the Papacy, whether we regard the exalted character of the Pope himself, or the bold and grandiose style of the legends which have attached them-

selves to him. Mr. Hemans often rises into a fervour which approaches eloquence when speaking of St. Gregory, and the style grows so free and animated that we almost regret that we have made any observation whatever on that topic. He delights to show that while Gregory was really elevating the Papacy to its most exalted state, and was really governing or controlling the municipality of Rome to the great advantage of that city, he nevertheless accepted, with the most perfect loyalty, the position of subject of the Byzantine Emperor.

"The Papacy," says Mr. Hemans, "exalted through the acts and example of such a representative, now commanded the highest respect, exercised the highest influence, and shone forth in the most radiant light ever enjoyed by it; and this long before it had assumed a place among the governments of Europe, before it had begun to enrol armies, to surround itself with mercenary troops, to be served by diplomatic ministers, by public or secret police."

Nor did St. Gregory, though a strict disciplinarian, and ruling the Church with a strong hand, advance a claim to be the "Universal Bishop" of the Church. If the Church of Byzantium or Antioch were well governed by their respective rulers, he was content; he put forth no theory of universal authority to emanate from Rome. It was, says Mr. Hemans, "in opposition to the Patriarch of Constantinople, who claimed the title of 'Universal Bishop,' that he adopted that since taken by all Popes, 'Servant of the servants of God.'" A great governor of men was this Servant of God's servants; of inexhaustible activity, of boundless charity, of supreme authority. The miracles which the popular imagination attributed to him are astounding by their number and character, and serve at least to show the impression which he had made on his age. The pleasing legend of his having prayed the soul of Trajan out of purgatory is a still more agreeable

testimony to his character. Here it is in the words of Mr. Hemans:—

"Whilst walking one day in the Forum of Trajan he was meditating on an anecdote of that emperor having turned back when at the head of his legions on the way to battle, to render justice to a poor widow, who flung herself at his horse's feet, demanding vengeance for the innocent blood of her child, slain by the emperor's own son. It seemed to Gregory that the soul of a prince so good could not be for ever lost, pagan though he was; and he prayed for him, till a voice declared Trajan to have been saved through his intercession."

The miracles assigned to St. Gregory are criticised here with usual Protestant freedom. Our readers will remember how the saint and pontiff headed a procession to stay a dreadful pestilence, and how the archangel Michael was seen hovering over the Castle of St. Angelo, in act of sheathing his sword, to indicate the cessation of the divine chastisement. Mr. Hemans remarks that we have historic proof that the pestilence did not suddenly cease after the solemn intercession of the Pope, but gradually diminished, to break out again with fresh violence at a date not far removed. A second time the plague was stayed by a sacred procession, and on this occasion the statue of the angel on the summit of the Castle bowed its head several times as soon as the picture of the Virgin Mother, borne at the head of the procession, came into view of the statue—"as more than sixty persons swore to have seen!" But Mr. Hemans quietly remarks—"Under such influences of panic and excitement, how easily may all similar illusions be accounted for!"

We are glad to welcome this free tone of criticism. Yet on another occasion we notice a clinging to the supernatural where no sentiment of Christian piety seems even to demand it. The old oracles of heathenism may surely be allowed to explain themselves on well-known principles of human thought

and human policy. Mr. Hemans has a curious reluctance to admit this.

"Whatever," he says, "the degree of imposture and illusion, priestcraft or phantasm, mixed up with such agencies of olden idolatry, *the idea of some supernatural element in the oracle system* scarcely deserves the contemptuous rejection it has often met with, but may be conjecturally admitted when we consider how little we know of the spirit-world that surrounds us, and how unfathomable the mystery of the realities perhaps removed but by a dim veil from our cognisance! We have the authority of Milton for that *higher view* which supposes the delusive Powers to have deserted," &c. &c.

Milton's "higher view," which, we presume, was adopted by him rather as a part of his epic machinery than as a grave tenet of his Christian divinity, supposed that the devils, under the mask of heathen divinities, sometimes foretold the future in order that they might the better delude and betray mankind. Mr. Lecky observes, in his well-known book, the 'History of Rationalism,' that certain opinions seem to die out of a country, not exactly because individual reasoners have attacked them with peculiar force, but because they no longer harmonise with the general strain of thinking. We have here an illustration of this observation. We do not regard Mr. Hemans as deficient in power of reasoning because he makes the observation we have just quoted. He has been simply living out of the atmosphere of England, and does not feel that Milton's opinion, viewed as a prosaic fact, has passed out of the arena of reasonable thought. Had he been living in France or Prussia, he could not have penned this sentence. It could have been written only in some half-medieval city.

We cannot, of course, pretend even to indicate the range of topics which Mr. Hemans embraces in his work, for in this one volume he proceeds from the first to the ninth century; but we must not entirely forget that

he treats not only of the history of the Church, but of the history of Christian art. Yet with him the study of ancient art has been made quite subordinate to his theological studies. He rarely deals with art from a strictly artistic point of view. Indeed, without the assistance of engravings, it is almost impossible to convey any notion of those early designs which are to be found in the Catacombs, or in some of the churches. We are persuaded, however, that any one visiting Rome, and interested in its Christian antiquities, would find much useful information in Mr. Hemans's book.

We can understand that to follow step by step the progress of Christian art is a pursuit well worthy to engage the attention of those who have the means for such a study, a ready access to churches and museums. But from one point of view we should protest against the combination of such a study with the serious discussions of theology. The doctrinal part of our religion can surely not be affected by a picture or an emblem discovered in the Catacombs; and as to ecclesiastical matters—the organisation or government of the Church—it appears to us a mere truism to assert that this must vary with the social and political condition of the Christian community. What is gained by proving to us that in primitive times all bishops were equal, if political circumstances and the exigencies of the case clothed the Bishops of Rome or Constantinople with pre-eminent authority? We must accept this fact; we accept it as justified by the necessities of the epoch. Suppose an alteration of circumstances, and that an equality of bishops or even an equality of the clergy, should become the wisest organisation of the Church, we should accept this also. These are matters whose very *raison d'être* is to be found in the condition of human societies. We follow with curiosity Mr. Hemans, or any other guide, who shows us how, in the earliest representations,

the apostles Peter and Paul were placed side by side, *one* crown or wreath being suspended over their heads, as if to mark their equality; while in somewhat later representations Peter appears alone, and with the attributes of Moses—striking the rock with a wand, and letting forth the living waters of truth. We can conceive this change to be connected with some advance in the power of that bishop who claimed to be especially the successor of St. Peter. But from facts of this kind we cannot derive the shadow of an argument for or against the Papacy. That institution grew up to suit the demands of one epoch; it will probably die down, in obedience to the demands of another epoch.

Again, it is interesting to learn that the early Christians delighted in *symbolising* the sacrament of the Eucharist. Sometimes this was done by a fish floating in water, with a basket containing bread and a small vessel of wine on its back; a fish being chosen because (as is almost too well known to need mentioning) the word for fish in Greek is formed by the initial letters of the name and title *Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour*. But we should think it a very misplaced ingenuity which sought to derive any argument from such symbols for or against any given doctrine on the nature of the great sacrament of the Eucharist.

"In order," writes Mr. Hemans, "to understand such a subject as the Eucharist in its supreme place as presented by this primitive act, we must endeavour to realise how this ordinance was to the early Christians the centre and (it seems) daily-recurring transaction of their worship—the keystone of the mystic art on which their whole doctrinal system may be said to have rested. On every side appears evident the desire at once to convey its meaning through symbolism to the faithful, and to conceal both its dogma and celebration from the knowledge of unbelievers, never introduced with direct representation either of its institutions or ritual, but repeatedly

in presentiment for the enlightened eye, through a peculiar selection of types."

This may or may not be an accurate statement of the facts. What we would venture to add is this—that it does not follow that a mystic rite is to be the centre or keystone of the Christian Church of the nineteenth century, or of that future perfect Church which Mr. Hemans anticipates. Our cen-

tre is not a sacrament, but a sentiment—Love to God and man.

But we are far from desiring to enter into the arena of controversy. We have ourselves learned many interesting facts from Mr. Hemans's book, and we can commend it honestly to others, both for the information it contributes, and for the truly catholic spirit in which it is written.

THE MORAL AND POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN JAPAN.

WHILE the nations of the West are disturbed with wars and rumours of wars—and the latent forces of a great moral revolution are even now gathering with ominous mutterings, and threatening to shake to its foundations their boasted civilization—there is in the far East a country gradually unfolding itself to our notice under circumstances which have no historical parallel in the world's annals. That any set of people should have succeeded in hermetically sealing themselves up, and should have deliberately denied themselves the pleasures and the profits of social and commercial intercourse with the rest of the world, for fear of the contamination, which a short but painful experience three centuries ago showed them it might entail, is, we may fairly say, quite the most remarkable moral phenomenon upon a large scale which the world has ever witnessed, and gives evidence of an uncompromising national character and force of will unknown to Western nations.

Our present purpose is to call attention to the effect which eight years of contact with foreigners has produced upon a race so remarkably constituted, and to endeavour to discover whither those changes are tending which are now in progress in Japan.

Before doing so, however, it is necessary to consider, not merely the internal, social, and political

condition of Japan at the moment when, bursting from the seclusion of ages, it steps upon the world's stage, but the exact point in the drama at which this new actor in it appears upon the scene. The general nature of the effect produced must in fact depend upon the relative merits of the two civilisations which are suddenly brought into contact. Thus, had we made acquaintance with the Japanese for the first time seven or eight hundred years ago, we should have been the barbarians and they our instructors in all the arts of civilisation and of progress. Had we torn aside the veil which concealed them from our gaze only one century ago, we should have found a society constructed upon principles almost identical with those existing at the same period in Scotland. Nor do we think there is any one respect in which, at that time, that country could be said to be farther advanced. It had chieftains corresponding almost exactly to Daimios, it had clans answering to the Samourai of Japan, with Dhuni-wassails for Yaconins. In fact, it had a feudal system of a rude and lawless character, while Japan had one which was refined and civilised, in which cattle-stealing would be considered a crime, and the predatory propensities of neighbouring chieftains were curbed by a powerful central government. But the century which has revolution-

ised Western society, has left Japan precisely where it was. The cause of this it is easy to determine. One of the main stimulants to national development is to be found in the principle of competition. But the Japanese, having been cut off completely from all intercourse with other nations, have had nothing to excite the extraordinary intellectual capacity and great powers of application which they possess. Producing more than sufficient to supply their material wants, governed upon a system which secured the contentment, happiness, and prosperity of the masses, thoroughly satisfied with their social conditions, and profoundly convinced of the excellence of the moral philosophy which formed the chief study of their more cultivated classes, there existed no appetite for change. There was no possibility of comparing themselves with others, or desire to imitate any supposed superiority of their neighbours, much less to acquire their territory. They had, in fact, found what we were still struggling to attain, and might have continued to enjoy the bliss arising from ignorance, had they not been rudely shaken from their repose by the unceremonious intrusion upon it of Western nations.

The consternation excited throughout the length and breadth of Japan by the visit of Commodore Perry in 1853, may be likened to that which occurs when the unwary traveller brushes over an ant's nest with his foot. The instantaneous impulse was to resist the intruders. Deeply rooted in the mind of every Japanese was the well-founded apprehension that the introduction of the foreigner was synonymous with the introduction of a train of ills from which Japan was free, and was, in fact, the inauguration of a reign of confusion, anarchy, and ruin. It is needless now to revert to the bitter experience of the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the most

fearful affliction which ever befell a country was suffered by Japan, and the extermination of hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants under every species of torture was the consequence of listening with a too confiding ear to the blandishments of those early Jesuit fathers, whose success has been chronicled in triumphant tones by the ecclesiastical writers of the day—a success but transient, and purchased at the expense of the lives of all their converts without a single exception. No wonder that three centuries had failed to heal the scar or to blot out the remembrance of this fearful tragedy from the minds of the race which had been its victims. Every man was familiar with the law which had been passed to prevent its recurrence, and which prohibited, in the most solemn and precise terms, the foreigner from ever again setting foot in the country. Time had, moreover, served to invest the idea of foreigner with all that was degraded, intriguing, and superstitious. All that was known of him was, that he believed in a religion which stimulated him to the pursuit of wealth by means the most unscrupulous; and those who were not open traders and hucksters were regarded as political intriguers under the garb of ecclesiastics. Japanese experience of the foreigner, either in commerce or in religion, was that he cheated in the one and lied in the other; and they considered that any means were permissible by which so immoral an individual could be kept from entering the country and degrading the community. In order thoroughly to understand the motives which have prompted the Japanese to the acts of violence we are about to record, it is necessary to remember the great cause they had for distrusting the foreigner; and to bear in mind that they regarded him much as we should regard a snake, or any other noxious reptile which mankind has good cause to dread, and is consequently justified in destroying. The news, therefore, that

Commodore Perry and his squadron had been communicated with, that their proposals had been listened to, and that he was to return and make arrangements for providing a harbour of refuge for shipwrecked whalers, was followed almost immediately by the death of the Tycoon who had been guilty of the weakness of such a concession. Although it is not certain that this event was produced by poison, there is a very current belief to that effect; at all events, taken in conjunction with the incidents that followed, the presumption may fairly be permitted; and here it is necessary to dispel certain popular delusions which have existed up to a very late period with reference to the political system of Japan, and many of which still obtain credence. In the first place, it is popularly supposed that there are two emperors in Japan, a Spiritual and a Temporal, and that the former possesses no executive authority, is entirely surrounded by women, and passes his time in a state of ecstatic contemplation. The whole of this is an entire misapprehension. There is only one Emperor in Japan, and he is no more spiritual than is the Queen of Great Britain. The name of the head of the Church is Sirakawa, and to him the Mikado (Emperor) himself owes spiritual allegiance. On certain occasions his majesty even repairs to the chapel to meet Sirakawa, in which are all the shrines of the departed Mikados, who are all canonised, and are patron saints. Upon these occasions the Mikado invokes their protection for the nation, and makes certain offerings. He passes to and from the sacred edifice between prostrate rows of courtiers and privileged persons, who keep their foreheads on the ground, but who take this opportunity of snatching a glance at the august presence by a sidelong upturned look as he passes. By the exertion of a little court influence, any Japanese of family can witness

the progress of the Mikado upon these occasions, just as one may get a ticket to see her Majesty open Parliament. The insignia of royalty are a sword, a crystal ball, and a mirror. The present dynasty of Mikados has existed, according to Japanese history, for many thousands of years. The origin of the superstition of the spiritual character of the Mikados arises from the belief, which is generally entertained, that the first Mikado was born of divine parents; hence the spiritual origin has been confounded by foreigners with a spiritual authority which he does not possess.

Next in rank to the Mikado come the Miya-Sama, or nearest blood-relations of his majesty. As all persons connected with the Mikado's family are supposed to have what may be termed spiritual blood in their veins, a peculiar character attaches to them. They all live at Miako, possess certain privileges, fill all the high offices about the Court, wear a sort of uniform, and are otherwise distinguished. But the Miya-Sama are only the uncles and brothers and children of the Mikado. According to the old custom of the country, these next of kin of the Emperor were not permitted to marry, and used to shave their heads. One of the latest innovations incidental to the influence of the foreigner in Japan, is the abrogation of this rule, intelligence of which has quite recently reached us, by which we learn that the Miya-Sama have determined to let their hair grow, and make trial of the enjoyments of married life.

Next in rank to them comes the Quambak, or Chief Minister of the Emperor. He could only be chosen from one of the five families known as the Goshekke, and was theoretically the highest minister of state, and was nominated by the Mikado. Practically, however, for many years past, the power of the Tycoon has been so great as to enable him to control this appoint-

ment, as well as those of the two next highest officials, the Sadeising and Woodeising, who are both men of higher rank than the Tycoon himself. All this was usurped authority on the part of the Tycoon, to resist whose exalted political pretensions a political struggle took place, which culminated in the civil war that has only recently terminated. It will be seen that this high functionary is indeed only the fourth or fifth personage in the Empire. He has no claim whatever to the name of Emperor, and is not known among Japanese by his recently-invented name of Tycoon.

His real title is Shogoon, or Generalissimo; and as Shogoon he is beginning now to be known among Europeans. There can be no doubt that he did practically exercise the supreme executive authority at the time of Commodore Perry's visit; and his office is the pivot, as we shall presently show, upon which the whole political system of Japan turns. The Shogoon is assisted in his deliberations and executive functions by the Gorojio, or Council of smaller Daimios; and as the Shogoon was oftener a puppet than not, the Government of Japan came at last to be practically vested in the President of this Council—a man, under ordinary circumstances, of comparatively low rank. Without clearly understanding what the system was before foreigners came to Japan, it will be impossible to comprehend the changes which it is now undergoing. It will thus be perceived that neither the Mikado nor his Council, nor the Grand Daimios, had much to say to the administration of the country. Each Daimio was almost absolute at home; but the crown lands were administered by the Shogoon, and the general balance of power between the Daimios was maintained by compelling each of them to keep a large stake in the capital in the shape of property, and to have an important member

of the family at Yedo as hostage for his good behaviour.

Practically, there was very little motive for interference, on the part of the Daimios, in the acts of the Shogoon or his Council. These acts applied almost entirely to local interests; and that Council had even less power of meddling with the Daimios than the Government at Washington had of interfering with the rights of the States prior to the late war. An act, however, which indicated a desire on the part of the Government at Yedo to open the country to foreigners, was one calculated to excite the apprehensions of every Daimio in the country; and certain of the leading princes immediately assumed an attitude of decided hostility to the policy of the Shogoon. Of these, the Princes of Mito, Satsuma, and Chioshin have figured most prominently in the events of the last eight years.

The Prince of Mito was the chief of one of the three families Mito, Owari, and Kiu, known as the Gosankioi; and here, again, we must dispel a delusion which has been popularly entertained up to this time, to the effect that the Shogoon is always chosen from one or other of these families. Such is not the case. They hold their title, doubtless, in virtue of their blood, being all descendants of the celebrated Jeyayaa, the founder of the dignity of Shogoon; but the right of succession is vested in two other families of more direct descent, though of scarcely any territorial influence. These are the families Tyass and Stotsbashi.

In the event of a failure of heirs in these two last-named families, a member of one of the families of the Gosankioi is adopted into them. The family name of the Shogoon's dynasty is Tokugawa, of which the five families above named are branches, all with the same name. The death of a Shogoon is always kept secret for about six weeks, till the appointment of his successor, which is generally

the subject of some intrigue, is ratified by the Mikado, from whom the Shogoon receives his investiture. The permanent seat of his government is at Yedo, but he frequently resides at Miako with his principal ministers of state. On these occasions his Court is called Midionzio. It was a very rare event in former times, for the Shogoon to visit Miako. As long as his power was supreme in Japan he governed from Yedo, and the Mikado and his minister, the Quambak, were contented to follow the advice of the Shoshidi, or political agent of the Shogoon, permanently resident at Miako. Now, however, that the authority of the Shogoon is slipping away from him, he has found it advisable to visit Miako more frequently, for the purpose of counteracting by his personal influence the intrigues of the Daimios to deprive him of power.

It does not appear that either of the two great Councils of Daimios, one consisting of 18 or 24, and the other of 342, which are alluded to by Sir Rutherford Alcock in his interesting work, do really exist. They were probably invented by his informant as a useful body of objectors, to be put forward when the Government wished to excuse themselves from conceding some obnoxious point of policy.

Having thus endeavoured to give an outline of the constitution of the Japanese Government, let us revert to the actual state of things when the Americans arrived in 1853. Upon the throne of the Mikados was a youth who, born in the year 1831, had succeeded in 1847, and was therefore at this time only twenty-two years of age. The Shogoon of the period, by name Menamotto Yejoshi, came, as we have already stated, to a premature end in the year which intervened between Commodore Perry's first and second visit; he had reigned seventeen years with success and his Prime Minister was Midzouno Eitzeno-

kami. The presumption that the Shogoon was actually either poisoned or stabbed by a follower of Prince Mito's, as is sometimes stated, is strengthened by the fact, that immediately after his death Etizenokami ripped himself up.

Menamotto Yejoshi was succeeded by Menamotto Yesada, and the celebrated Ykamono-kami became his minister, and indeed his controller. According to well-informed public opinion in Japan, Ykamono-kami was a bold, bad, ambitious man—a sort of Japanese Bismark; but the Japanese have a mode, as we shall presently see, of ridding themselves of Bismarks unknown in Germany. That he was a man of great force of character and of ability, there can be no question. Menamotto Yesada had been Shogoon about four years when the successes of the allied fleets in China furnished Mr. Harris, the American consul at the one port (Simoda) which Perry had succeeded in opening, with an excuse for extorting from the Japanese Government a new treaty, upon the promise that if it was granted to him, he would intercede with the Western Powers and prevent the bombardment of Yedo. Fearing a contingency which neither we nor the French ever contemplated, the treaty was granted, but, like the former one, was followed instantly by the death of the Shogoon. The immediate cause of the exasperation of the feudal party at this treaty being concluded was due to the disobedience shown by the Shogoon's Government to the orders of the Mikado. It appears that on the Emperor being made aware of the pressure which was being exercised by foreigners to obtain treaties, he relaxed the rule so far as to assent to treaties being made, but at the instance of the Daimios limited them to a duration of five years. Before, however, this order arrived in Yedo, the Shogoon's Government had already signed a treaty of unlimited duration with the

Americans, excusing themselves on the plea that at the end of five years they would put an end to it. The result of this contumacy on the part of the Shogoon was that he died suddenly and mysteriously. The account of his murder given by Sir R. Alcock is, however, denied by the Japanese, who maintain that he died from natural causes. One thing is certain, the death took place simultaneously with Lord Elgin's arrival at Yedo, consequently no successor had been appointed, and the event having been kept secret, according to the custom of the Japanese, our treaty was made, as is now well-known, with a man who was dead, and who, if he had been alive, was not entitled to conclude one for an indefinite period.

The office of Regent was hereditary in the family of Ykamono-kami, in the event of a minor succeeding to the Shogoonship. That ambitious prince determined therefore to use his great power, and put into the office a youth of the family of Ksiu, who had no right to it, instead of a man of the family of Tyass, who was the legal successor. By these means he became Regent, but he also thereby excited a feeling of the strongest animosity against him throughout the country; and in order to secure his position, he either executed or imprisoned those whom he had most reason to fear. Among his more formidable enemies was the Prince of Mito; not only did the Regent compel him to abdicate in favour of his son, but sentenced him to perpetual retirement within the boundaries of his own domain—a not uncommon mode of punishing Daimios. According to Sir Rutherford Alcock, the Shogoon was murdered by the Prince of Mito's Samourai, and the Regent extorted from the murderers the admission that they had been incited to the act by their Prince. It is insisted, on the other hand, by well-informed Japanese, that the Shogoon was

not murdered, and that the Prince of Mito was punished because he had ventured to remonstrate with the Mikado against Ykamono-kami's policy in respect of the foreigners. However this may be, a dire feud was the result of this strong measure—destined to lead to very tragic results.

It is not uncommon for great Daimios to obtrude their advice directly on the Mikado, and provided they have several members of the Mya-Sama and Goshekke on their side, it not unfrequently happens that the Mikado adopts the advice thus irregularly tendered. The Shogoon in such a case, suddenly finds himself undermined at headquarters and endeavours either by intrigue or violence to destroy the hostile influence. Thus, in this instance, there is no doubt that the advice of the Prince of Mito, in which he had the sympathy of all true patriots throughout Japan, was to ignore the treaty made with the Americans, and drive them by force out of the country. The friend at court of the Prince of Mito was no less a personage than the Emperor's uncle, and the power of Ykamono-kami, the Gotairo (or Regent), was at this time so great that he absolutely had the audacity to put the Quambak as well as this elevated personage under arrest. The Emperor himself is too great a functionary to be affected by the intrigues of those who struggle to become possessed of the prestige which they derive from his nominal authority, and no revolutionary movement could ever be directed against his sacred person; but the whole of Japan resented the outrage to so distinguished a noble as the Prince of Mito, and to one so lofty as the Mikado's uncle; and Ykamono-kami was feared and execrated universally. By way of increasing the influence he had already acquired, the Regent succeeded in arranging a matrimonial alliance between the young Shogoon and the Emperor's daughter.

The class which really forms public opinion in Japan is not the highest or Daimio class, still less is it the mercantile or agricultural class, who have, indeed, nothing to say to political affairs. The real rulers of Japan are the Samourai, or clansmen of the Daimios; they are the men who urge their chiefs to war, and sometimes force them into acts of open rebellion against their will. The Samourai of different chiefs combine, intrigue, and dictate their policy in a manner often embarrassing to the Daimios, and they have the singular privilege of becoming Ronins or outlaws, thus putting themselves deliberately outside the social pale, that they may commit, under conditions of recognised lawlessness, acts of violence which, if they remained Samourai, would be considered crimes, but which are justified in their case by the exigencies of patriotism. The Samourai of several of the leading Daimios, whose instincts are naturally hostile to the authority of the Shogoon at all times, and who had become outraged beyond endurance at the acts of the Regent, now proceeded to vent their dissatisfaction in what might be considered the constitutional manner. In the first place, they burnt down the Shogoon's palace at Yedo. Then they began to assassinate foreigners in the hope of frightening them out of the country. First they killed the linguist attached to the British Legation; then two Dutch captains; then some Russians—altogether six murders were committed during the first year of the establishment of our Mission at Yedo. It was not until March, 1860, however, that the final act of vengeance upon Ykamono-kami was executed. This tragical occurrence is described at length by Sir Rutherford; as, however, his account differs considerably from the one we have received from a well-informed source, we will narrate the story as it is believed throughout Japan generally.

The assassins, who were men of high family and position, and who, in devoting themselves to the accomplishment of an act which involved their own certain self-sacrifice, were actuated by the purest, if perverted, motives of patriotism, numbered in all sixteen. They were Samourai of the Princes of Mito and Satsuma. They passed the night prior to their enterprise in the suburb of Sinagawa, a spot apparently devoted to the orgie which seems a preliminary in Japan to deeds of blood, and at nine o'clock next morning proceeded to Ogeba. This is a spot at the entrance of the palace of the Shogoon, famed for its imposing aspect, and usually visited by Samourai newly arrived at the capital, who go sight-seeing. There was nothing remarkable, therefore, in the group assembled there this cold winter morning. A small driving sleet rendered waterproof cloaks desirable; and the Daimios who were astir at that hour were accompanied by retinues thus protected, and consequently unable to get freely to their weapons. The insignia of the Gotairo marking his rank were recognisable in the shape of the spear-heads carried before his norimon or palanquin. Surrounded by about a hundred unsuspecting men, it was the work of an instant for these sixteen desperadoes to dash into their midst, and, smashing the slender side of the norimon, for the most daring (when all were vying for the honour) to seize the head of the occupant. In the act of pulling it out so as to get a fair cut, one of his friends, in the excitement, made a false blow, and instead of cutting off the head of the Gotairo, cut off the left arm of his assailant. Nothing daunted, the latter managed with his right arm to sever the head from the body, and ran triumphantly with it nearly half a mile. On approaching the palace of Sakai-octano-kami, however, his strength gave way, and fainting from loss of blood, he sank, still

hugging the bloody trophy, near the threshold of that Daimio's gateway. Here he requested some one of the numerous crowd of spectators who surrounded him to cut off his own head. No one, however, volunteering to perform this office, he contrived to stab himself in the neck, inflicting a wound from which he shortly after died. His companions entered the palace of Sakai-ootano-kami, and gave themselves up. With the exception of two or three who were killed on the spot, the others remained many months in suspense as to their fate. Two or three separate tribunals deliberated upon the extent of their guilt, and they were finally permitted to put an end to themselves by the process of *hara-kiru*. It is as well here to dispel another delusion—viz., that *hara-kiru* means "happy despatch." It means literally "belly-cut"—a very accurate if somewhat prosaic rendering of the fanciful expression adopted by foreigners.

The news of the Gotairo's death was the signal of a pean of triumph from one end of Japan to the other; but there seems no truth in the story that the head of the Gotairo was exposed at Miako, at the place destined for the execution of princes, with the placard over it, "This is the head of the traitor who has violated the most sacred laws of Japan, those which forbid the admission of the foreigner into the country." This, with many other rumours, was currently reported at the time, for Japan is *par excellence* the country of rumours and gossip, and it is therefore almost impossible for foreigners to arrive at the truth. Indeed, the accuracy of Sir Rutherford Alcock's information is the more surprising when this difficulty is realised; but it would seem that Sakai-ootano-kami gave back the head to the Samourai of the Gotairo, who, in order to conceal his death, denied it to be actually the head of their chief. As, however, the Go-

tairo has never appeared in the land of the living since that bloody morning, and Sakai-ootano-kami has no doubt upon the matter, we need not have any.

The Gotairo was succeeded in the regency by a member of the Tyme family, while Ando Tsusimano-kami, a man of some ability, became first minister: he had been indoctrinated into the policy of the late Regent, and was not dismayed by his fate from attempting to carry it out. In the ensuing year a series of murders took place, commencing with that of the American Secretary of Legation. Then came the attack on the British Legation, with the details of which our readers are familiar, and at last the attempt to murder Ando Tsusimano-kami himself, which resulted in the severe wounding of the minister, and the death of some of his retainers, and nearly all of the assailants. Meantime several of the Gorojio had succumbed in various forms to popular prejudice, the most notable instance being Hori-Oribeno-kami, a man of much intelligence, one of those with whom Lord Elgin's treaty was concluded, and who put an end to himself by *hara-kiru*.

Such was the condition of affairs in Japan in 1862, or four years after the treaties had been concluded with the five Western Powers. The feeling of exasperation against foreigners was increasing rather than diminishing; all the legations had been driven out of Yedo; the members of the Gorojio held their position at peril of their lives; and even in the neighbourhood of the ports murders of foreigners were becoming frequent. The Samourai were gaining courage, and the whole interior of the country was in a state of agitation and turmoil. Among the most warlike and celebrated clans or Samourai of Japan are those of Chioshiu and Satsuma. It was about this time that the leading spirits among them plotted to put to death a no less important personage than the Quambak, who

had excited the animosity of the patriotic by influencing the Emperor in favour of the policy of the Shogoon. At the same time it was proposed to put to death the Shoshidi or ambassador of the Shogoon, who permanently resided at Miako. This conspiracy was hatched by the turbulent Samourai of the two princes, and it was on the point of culminating when it was discovered. Instantly Shimadz Zabro, the father of the present Prince of Satsuma, who had succeeded about five years before to the dignity upon the death of his uncle, determined to visit Miako, in the hope of averting the impending catastrophe. His self-imposed mission was one requiring the highest efforts of Japanese diplomacy. In the first place, his rank did not entitle him to an audience with the Emperor; and in the second, he had to consider the unpopularity he would incur by thwarting so powerful and reckless a body as the Samourai. But Shimadz Zabro, now known as Oosmino-kami, since his investiture with that high dignity, proved equal to the occasion.

Pretending that he was compelled to visit Yedo in consequence of the destruction by fire of one of the Satsuma palaces in that city, he craved permission to pass through Miako; and when there he succeeded in seeing the Emperor, and laid before him a written memorandum containing thirteen propositions, of which the following were the principal:—

First, A general amnesty of all Miya-Samas, Daimios, or Samourai, who had been put under arrest, or were undergoing punishment, in consequence of their opposition to the policy of the Government of the Shogoon, and their opposition to foreigners generally.

Second, That the Regent and present Gorojio at Yedo be changed, and ministers appointed who, although of higher rank than those who had hitherto filled the office, should be selected for their patriot-

ism and ability, without reference to other considerations.

Third, That any disobedience to an order emanating directly from the Emperor should be punished. This was aimed directly at the Shogoon, whose government persistently ignored the instructions of the Emperor, and the latter had not the courage to insist upon it.

Fourth, That all important matters of state policy should be discussed at Miako, and that the Shogoon should be summoned to the capital, in order to prevent the instructions of the Emperor being tampered with on their way to Yedo.

Fifth, That the territory of the late Regent, Ykamono-kami, should be confiscated.

Sixth, That the Emperor should be careful how he allowed himself to be influenced in his policy by the Samourai, as it conflicted diametrically with that of the Shogoon, and rendered the Imperial policy generally inconsistent.

And, finally, That the whole of the Daimios and their retainers resident at Yedo should be withdrawn from that capital and centred at Miako. This measure was advised ostensibly on the score of a saving of useless expense; but it was directed against the Shogoon, and has proved the most formidable blow which his power and prestige have received.

Upon the Emperor agreeing to all these propositions, with the exception of the one we have named, Shimadz Zabro, accompanied by an imperial commissioner, proceeded to Yedo, and, supported by the whole public opinion of Japan and the prestige of the Mikado's authority, left the Shogoon no alternative but to obey. Tyass the Regent, who had succeeded Ykamono-kami, was consequently deposed, and succeeded as Regent by Stotsbashi. There was an almost entire change of ministry. The Prince of Yetizen was appointed Prime Minister, and several Daimios

of high rank took office. The Shogoon proceeded to Miako to confer in person with the Emperor, and a general exodus of Daimios took place from Yedo, reducing the population of that city by many hundreds of thousands, and driving to desperation all the fashionable shopkeepers. If the whole of Belgravia migrated from London to York, and there was a law passed prohibiting the residence of any nobleman in London, we may form some faint idea of the effect of about 300 Daimios leaving the city—abandoning their immense palaces, carrying off their retainers by the thousand, and converting what was known as the "aristocratic" into what may now be called the "deserted" quarter.

It was on his way home, after having effected this most revolutionary stroke of policy, and thereby reduced to its proper dimensions the power of the Shogoon, that Shimadz Zabro brought upon his own country the wrath of the much-hated foreigners; for as the road passes the foreign settlement of Yokohama, his procession met an English lady and some gentlemen out riding. Coming thus in the height of their political excitement suddenly upon the *fons et origo mali*, some of the Samourai, to use the expression of their own countrymen, could not restrain "their patriotic ardour;" and the murder of the unfortunate Richardson, the severe wounding of his companions, the narrow escape of Mrs. Borradaile, were the tragical results, and added another episode to the painful list of Japanese horrors. We immediately came upon the Government of the Shogoon for compensation, but we have shown the condition to which that Government was reduced at this critical moment. The changes made had been in an anti-foreign sense; the whole instinct of the feudal party whose policy had triumphed through the efforts of Shimadz Zabro was to try the issue

with the foreigners, whose military prowess they despised, and of the nature of whose warfare they were completely ignorant.

It was not to be wondered at that the Shogoon could give no redress, and recommended, with some complacency, our taking our own compensation from Satsuma, towards whom, at the moment, he had every reason to entertain feelings of bitter hostility. Accordingly, in the summer of 1863, a fleet of seven English men-of-war appeared off the city of Kagosima. With the details of that engagement, so far as our own severe losses went, our readers are familiar. They may not, however, be equally well informed as to the extent of damage inflicted upon the enemy, as their knowledge of that is derived from the extremely exaggerated and injudicious account of the Admiral, who incurred a censure he did not deserve, for an amount of inhumanity which his own despatch implies, but of which he was fortunately not guilty. We all remember the sensation debate got up upon the occasion in Parliament, the thousands of innocent lives which were supposed to have been sacrificed, and the wanton destruction of the whole city by fire. The actual loss, as reported by the principal naval officer in command of Satsuma's forces, and supported by the testimony of eyewitnesses, to whom we have since had access, was—one soldier killed upon the battery; five townspeople killed by shots which passed over the battery into the street beyond, which ultimately caught fire, destroying property to the value of about £50,000. This, when we consider the heavy loss in officers and men which we suffered upon the occasion, can scarcely be considered an undue proportion of the horrors of war to have inflicted on the enemy in return. The fact is, Japanese never speak of the bombardment of Kagosima except with feelings of gratitude. It would have been scarcely possible

they say, for us to have learned the valuable lesson we were then taught at a smaller cost. Although none of your shells burst, we saw that, properly constructed, they might easily be made more effective missiles. We perceived that your guns had a very powerful range, though the practice was not so good as it might have been. In fact, we saw enough to feel convinced that we had much to learn in the art of war:—and from that moment dates a complete revolution throughout the country, commencing with Satsuma, with respect to foreigners. No sooner was peace restored than the Prince of Satsuma sent a number of young men to be educated in Europe, an example which has since been followed by so many other princes, that the Government of the Shogoon has found it necessary to rescind the law prohibiting Japanese from travelling, and there is scarcely a capital in Europe now which has not been visited by young Japanese students making the "grand tour."

In a word, it immediately became evident to so intelligent a people as the Japanese, that it was impossible, with the existing disparity in military science, for them to drive the foreigner out of Japan, considering the hold he had obtained in the country. The only plan by which encroachments on his part could be resisted must be by becoming his equal not only in the arts of war, but in those of peace. Nor do the most enlightened Japanese, who have devoted themselves to gauging the capacities of Western nations morally and intellectually, entertain any doubt of being able to rival if not excel them in mechanical arts, and even in intellectual culture. Their only fear is that contact with foreigners may destroy that moral superiority, which no one who has had any real opportunity of instituting a comparison between the Japanese

and Christian nations can doubt that the former possess. This statement, taken in connection with some of their customs, and with the acts of cruelty we have recorded, may appear strange at first sight: we shall allude to it again, and for the present the following quotation from the 'London and China Telegraph,' referring to a late visit paid by Sir Harry Parkes to the Prince of Satsuma, will help to illustrate our meaning:—

"The gallant bearing of the defenders of Kagosima cannot fail to win our respect, and the spirit of true charity and unreserved forgiveness since evinced by the Daimio would have done honour to any Christian prince.* The cordiality of his invitation to Sir Harry Parkes to visit Kagosima, and the unbounded hospitality received there, are not the only evidences of this. A still more valuable testimony is contained in the statement of the three survivors of the wreck of the *Cyclone*, lately cast away on the rocky shore of Satsuma's domain:—

"The prince was most kind to us, supplying us with clothes and whatever else we required. We were never without guards, and wherever we went were treated kindly. We cannot refrain from testifying our sincere thanks for the kind manner in which we were treated, which we shall ever remember.' It is to be hoped that measures will be taken to let Prince Satsuma know that the gratitude expressed in the simple words of these poor sailors is fully shared in by our countrymen."

To return to politics. It is difficult for a foreigner to obtain a precise knowledge of the intrigues which were about this time going on at Miako. The struggle was between the Prince of Chioshiu and the Shogoon, then at Miako, for supreme influence with the Mikado. The nature of the bombardment of Kagosima was not believed in by the violent Samourai of Chioshiu, who forced that somewhat weak prince into attempting the most extreme measures for carrying out their policy of ultra "patriotism."

* It is to be remembered that we seized his steamers and mulcted him of a very large sum of money.

At this juncture the Prince of Satsuma's father, Shimadz Zabro, was again summoned to Miako, and appointed by the Mikado a member of the Shogoon's Council in Miako. In this capacity he exerted himself to the utmost to allay the excitement of the Samourai, and to unite in a definite policy the conflicting views prevalent in the capital.

Finding this hopeless, he quickly withdrew, and left the field open to Chioshiu, whose success in court intrigues enabled him to bring about a change of ministry, including the Quambak himself. He also obtained the support of several members of the Miya-Sama and Goshikke, and at last prevailed upon the Mikado to issue an order counteracting the policy of the Shogoon in respect of the foreigner. This order the Shogoon, in his turn, persuaded the Mikado to rescind. It must be here remembered that the Mikado, having no army of his own, has nothing but his prestige and his force of will to fall back upon: if he does not happen to possess any of the latter, the former becomes a tool in the hands of any designing intriguer who is bold enough and powerful enough either to obtain possession of his person or get a complete ascendancy over his mind. Upon finding himself thus thwarted by the Shogoon, Chioshiu, urged by a few of the more violent of his Samourai, vowed vengeance, and plotted an attack upon Miako, with the view of obtaining possession of the Emperor. The Shogoon, to guard against this contingency, had procured an order from the Mikado prohibiting Chioshiu from entering Miako; and that prince, therefore, towards the autumn of 1864, collected an army in the suburbs, and fixed his headquarters in a temple about four miles from the city, prepared to risk his opportunity.

Meantime many patriotic Daimios repaired with their forces to Miako, to protect the sacred person of the Emperor from all undue in-

fluences, whether proceeding from the Shogoon on the one side, or his political antagonist on the other. At this time the protection of the city was vested in one J'doo, who possesses, in virtue of his office, the title of Shoogoshock. The probability is that the sympathies of the Japanese Daimios generally were with Prince Chioshiu, though they disapproved of the extreme measures he adopted to obtain his ends, and they not unnaturally suspected him of motives of ambition mixed with those of patriotism. On the other hand, they all wished to see the power of the Shogoon curtailed, many of them even supporting Prince Chioshiu in wishing it to be altogether abolished. It was with the view of obtaining possession of the Emperor, and extorting from him an order for the abolition of the Shogoon, that Chioshiu determined to attack the city. In addition to the troops of the Shoogoshock, a large number of the Samourai of Satsuma and of other Daimios were in Miako. Chioshiu received an order to withdraw from the neighbourhood of the city, and on his refusing to obey it, the troops in Miako were commanded to enforce compliance. In order to anticipate their action, he divided his force into two columns, and suddenly entered the city from opposite directions in the night. One column actually succeeded, after hard street-fighting, in reaching the gate of the Emperor's palace. Here they were taken in flank by a band of Satsuma's Samourai, and a stubborn hand-to-hand fight took place, worthy of being recorded by some Japanese Macaulay in 'Lays of Ancient Miako.' Many brave men fell on both sides on the Imperial threshold, Satsuma's men fighting with desperation; for if they were borne back, and the Emperor seized, and if the nominal independence and authority which his majesty enjoyed were destroyed, Japan would have entered upon an indefinite period of anarchy.

Driven back from the palace, Chio-shiu's men took refuge in the large palace opposite to it belonging to Sakatskasa, a member of the Goshakke, who was supposed to favour the Prince. This was set fire to, and the men compelled to abandon it; the fire spread, and burnt down three-quarters of the city of Miako. The second column of Chio-shiu's men fell back dismayed, while the first never rallied; and thus ended this audacious attempt at a *coup d'état*. After which, according to the Japanese narrative, the Shogoon said to Prince Chio-shiu, "Why did you attack the Mikado?" and Prince Chio-shiu answered, "I did not attack the Mikado; I merely wished to protect him from you, and enable him to carry out the ancient law prohibiting the admission of the foreigner into Japan." Then the Shogoon made the Mikado give him an order authorising him to attack Chio-shiu, and punish him if he did not at once pay him an indemnity of 100,000 kokons of rice. Part of this was to meet a demand made by us for Prince Chio-shiu's conduct in firing upon an English ship in passing through the Straits of Simoneseki. The prompt bombardment of that town, under more successful circumstances than those which had attended the attack on Kagosima, taught him a salutary lesson, and he paid the share of indemnity demanded by us, and professed himself willing to satisfy the remaining demands of the Shogoon, but pleaded as an excuse that his Samourai would not allow him to do so. We retired from the quarrel, so did Prince Satsuma and most of the other Daimios, and left the Shogoon and Prince Chio-shiu to fight it out. This they have been doing almost ever since, and the Shogoon was beaten in every engagement, much to the gratification of the Daimios in general, who, although they remain neutral, and disapprove of many of Chio-shiu's acts, wish the political power of the

Shogoon destroyed. There can be little doubt that the young Shogoon felt acutely the disasters which his army suffered at the hands of Chio-shiu while it was under the command of his uncle, the Prince of Ksiu. A mere shuttlecock in the hands of those by whom he was surrounded, he was looked upon with suspicion and dislike from one end of Japan to the other, through no fault of his own; and it is certain that his life was shortened by the political agitation which marked every year of his brief and tragical reign. Called to fill the most important position in the Empire when a mere boy, he found himself from the first involved in the unpopular policy conceived by his advisers, whereby they hoped to dominate the feudal party, and keep on good terms with the foreigners at the same time. The fact was, that the two violently antagonistic forces, embodied in the feudal and the foreign elements, rendered, as we have shown, any middle position impossible, and enabled the Daimios to undermine the Shogoon's authority. He thus fell between two stools, and died of drowsy and a broken heart at Osaka last June, at the early age of twenty-one.

His death, according to the usual custom, was kept secret for two months, a period still more disastrous to the fortunes of his army. The now unpopular and difficult office of Shogoon was offered to Stotsbashi, a man who enjoyed a high reputation among the Japanese for political sagacity, and who should have succeeded to the Shogoonship eight years before, had not the Regent, as we have shown, interposed the minor who was just dead. Stotsbashi had succeeded Tyass as Protector of the Shogoon when that prince was deposed at the instance of Shimadz Zabro of Satsuma. He had always identified himself with the feudal rather than with the Shogoon's policy, and was placed

in a position of considerable embarrassment by thus finding greatness thrust upon him. By birth a cadet of the Mito family, he was adopted into the house of Stotsbashi, and thus found the prejudices in which he had been reared clashing with what were apparently his interests. Under these circumstances it was difficult to inspire confidence anywhere. The Shogoon's party distrusted him thoroughly, and the Daimios, who were anxious to abolish the office, did not regard favourably any one likely to occupy it. Stotsbashi came to the wise conclusion of declining the shadow and retaining the substance. He refused to be installed as Shogoon, but determined provisionally to exercise the authority belonging to the office. It is only by the very latest intelligence that we hear that he has finally succeeded in conciliating the Daimios sufficiently to risk investiture at the hands of the Mikado. It would appear that he only consented to accept the office on condition of receiving the unqualified support in his foreign policy, not merely of the Mikado, but of the Daimios; and in order to secure this, he has called a meeting at Osaka, which was attended by all the principal Daimios; and if rumour is to be believed, these powerful nobles consented to waive all further opposition to his policy, on the understanding, however, that the rebellious Chioshiu was to be allowed to retain the territory he had conquered from the late Shogoon. Meantime, in order to strengthen his position, he has applied to foreign nations for help. Not having had the opportunity of studying the history of India, he is in a happy state of ignorance as to the inevitable result of this policy. The Daimios, according to precedent, also bid for foreign aid against the Shogoon; and it will not be the fault of either Shogoon or Daimios if Japan does not go the way of India or Mexico within a very few

years. Already many Japanese, who have examined the consequences of European interference, foresee with dismay that the inevitable result of this wholesale introduction of the foreign element into their domestic affairs will lead to the most fatal disasters; and those who knew Japan as it was, must sympathise in the horror with which all patriotic Japanese contemplate the prospect of their once happy and contented land being first desolated by internal wars, and at last reduced to the demoralised condition of a so-called civilised nation. Here is a country which crushed out Catholicism three centuries ago, and has managed to keep itself tolerably free from the contaminating influences of Western civilisation ever since. With the exception of the Portuguese Jesuits, who tried to flibuster the country, and a few Dutchmen who purchased their right to trade by trampling on the Cross, the Japanese have not seen any Christians till lately. Hence the lust of gain and of power is inseparably connected with Christianity in the mind of a Japanese; they conceive it to be a religious system devoted to the worship of gold and of territory, one which justifies the bombardment of towns for gold, and which teaches that the most successful trader is the most devout worshipper of this god. One of the fundamental principles of the Confucianism which they study, and strive literally to act upon, is almost identical with the saying "that the love of money is the root of all evil"—apparently disbelieved in by civilised nations, but considered absolutely true by them. Hence no matter how great the revenues of any principality may be, they are never spent by the prince upon himself. His diet consists simply of rice and fish; gluttony is considered a contemptible sin, and the man who makes his god his belly is indeed despised. Let us hope that through the French Treaty they will be cured

of this notion, and perceive that it is a mark of civilization to bestow much thought on food, and to relish especially what no Japanese would at present touch—the livers of diseased geese, and birds in a state bordering on putrefaction. When the ladies of Japan know a little more of their Parisian sisters, they will learn to show more of the shoulders they now so carefully conceal, and consider more lightly the virtue of chastity, to which in their pagan ignorance they at present attach a very high importance; for the moral condition of the upper classes of society in Japan is not what those who have only visited certain quarters in their big cities have reported it to be.

Again, among the Samourai class, to bet or gamble for money was a thing unknown; but already that noble British sport of horse-racing has been introduced among these intelligent heathen, and it will be consolatory to think that we have made them acquainted with the pleasures of the ring, and have shown them how to make books and become blacklegs.

With the introduction of railways we shall introduce “boards” and “directions.” The mysteries of finance companies, and the advantages of a stock exchange, will be duly appreciated by so quick a race, and it is not impossible that we may so far enlighten the mind of Prince Satsuma, as to induce him to become the chairman of a hotel company, or the part proprietor of a music-hall. It is a hopeful symptom of the readiness with which this skilful people adopt the appliances of modern civilisation, that in Nagasaki and Yokohama the manufacture of Western false weights and measures is said to be progressing satisfactorily; while modes of adulterating food, formerly unsuspected by them, are being rapidly and extensively introduced by some of our most experienced adulterators. It is only to be expected that,

with the spread of our commercial relations, they will acquire from us new and more scientific methods of fraud, and before long we may anticipate with pleasure the news of the first Japanese bankruptcy. This is a commercial novelty which cannot fail deeply to impress a people who have been limited all their lives to the narrow teachings of Confucian morality. Although Yedo is a city nearly as large as London, except a few religious mendicants there is scarcely a beggar to be seen. It is anticipated that the complete financial revolution which the introduction of the Western commercial system will produce, may largely increase this portion of the population, and enable the Japanese Government to adopt our admirable workhouse system, with all the incidental advantages of “guardians,” a “poor-law board,” &c., at present unknown to them; and the Prince of Satsuma, when he understands political economy, will never again be so absurd as to have the whole infant population of his principality vaccinated at his own private expense, as he did the other day. He will also see that in highly civilised communities a free system of national education is not considered necessary, one of the benighted delusions under which he is now labouring; and he will probably abolish the free schools devoted to the inculcation of the moral precepts of Confucius. In fact, Confucius himself will, before long, be found out to be an impostor, and the great principle of self-sacrifice, which lies at the root of Japanese public and private morality, will be perceived to be a delusion and a snare. The Japanese will no longer put his duty to the race of defunct Mikados first, and his country second, and his Prince third, and himself last, as at present; for he will hear from the professing Christians with whom he associates, that the only principle they know of is, “to look after

number one;" and so, what with contact with the flippant Frenchman, and the vulgar Englishman, and the smart Yankee, the Japanese will be cured of those sentiments of patriotic fanaticism which find their development in an exaggerated form in self-immolation, and even justify political assassinations; but he will also be cured of all those heroic qualities which contrast so favourably with any possessed by those with whom he has recently come in contact. He will lose that simplicity which enables him to believe profoundly in great principles, which knows not the meaning of compromise, and which prompts him to throw away his life without a thought in the discharge of what he believes to be his duty. Here, for instance, is an illustration cut out of an English newspaper published in Japan, of what a Japanese servant considers his duty:—"Last April a fire broke out in the Russian hospital Hakodadi, which was soon destroyed. The patients were very numerous, many of them Japanese. There were also two Englishmen in the wards, one of whom was a boy who lately had his leg amputated below the hip. His attendant, a Japanese, not knowing that the other Englishman had taken the boy on his back and carried him out, said he must save his master, and in the attempt to find him was burned to death. This was not the only instance of devotion; for another patient, a Russian who had lost the use of his legs, and was consequently in despair lest he should be left behind, was carried away by his servants, although all their own property was left behind, and of course destroyed. Such," says the narrator of the above incident—"such are the Japanese! Alas, alas! how long will they remain such?"

The direct results to Japan of contact with Western civilisation, up to this point, in addition to those of a more indirect nature upon

their national character which we have enumerated, have been rice-riots, in consequence of the distress among the poorer classes caused by financial disturbance; the partial ruin of a large portion of the population of Yedo, consequent upon the withdrawal of the Daimios; the bombardment of two cities; the utter demoralisation, commercial and social, in many ways not necessary to particularise, of the native populations of Nagasaki and Yokohama; the creation of a civil war which has lasted nearly two years, and caused infinite misery throughout the country; the disappearance by death of three Shogoons, either prematurely or by violence; the assassination of a Regent, and the self-immolation of several of the most eminent and highly-esteemed princes in the country.

"A great change," says Sir Rutherford Alcock, writing four years ago, "is being effected in the fundamental relations of suzerain and subject. The whole feudal power is profoundly moved, and their organisation, political and social, is crumbling under the shock of sudden contact with Europe. Whether all this can take place, and a new social and political basis be attained, without an interval of disorder, violence, and bloodshed, must be very doubtful." It is now no longer doubtful. All that was here foreseen has happened. And seeing that our own political and social system can only be regarded as a gigantic failure, as compared with the Japanese, if, in the words of the American constitution, "the pursuit of happiness" be the test of success, it would be as well for our national vanity if we estimated our civilisation at its true value, and admitted that it is ten thousand times more powerful for evil than it is for good, and that perhaps the most fatal defect in it is, that it seeks to varnish over its inherent rottenness with a religious gloss which it calls Chris-

tianity, but which, as practised by those who profess it, bears no resemblance to that religion, so that Japanese who are instructed for the first time in the actual moral code laid down by Christ are penetrated with amazement. "Why," they exclaim, "His teaching is actually superior to that of Confucius. We had no conception Christianity was such a religion as this, but believed it to be a superstition only fit for the common people and shopkeepers, like Buddhism. Why do the people who come here not live like Christians? Is it because they are ignorant merchants who only understand superstition?" "No," we are compelled to reply, "they are all the same at home." "Then," they say, astonished, "why do not your learned men follow purely the teaching of Christ as our learned men follow purely the teaching of Confucius?" Such are the questions with which the intelligent Japanese Confucian plies the Western Christian, and it is long before he is enabled so completely to overcome the prejudice which the practice of Christians excites in his mind, as thoroughly to realise that it has scarcely any relation whatever to the sublime precepts of the Divine Founder of the religion he professes. For the Japanese, as

we have already said, is a man who does not know what compromise means, and it is to him astonishing that a man should say he believes one thing and practise in his daily life another. In a word, he is capable of a sublime appreciation of Christianity, if it were not for an inveterate horror which he entertains of contact with the Christian. It is doubtless owing to the purely ethical character of his own religion, that the educated Japanese has no religious bigotry as applied to dogma. He hates bad practice, but he listens with respect and toleration to any new theological opinions, and imbibes with delight the elevated principles of pure Christianity. All good Japanese are in the constant habit of prayer, and only the lower class practise ceremonial. Men are great there according to their lives, not their intellect. Thus the most eminent scholar is discredited because he gave one doubtful opinion on a point of morality.

It is melancholy to reflect that the quarrels of the rival missionaries and the "lives" of those who are Christians only in name, will render it impossible for a people who only judge of a religious system by its results, to accept Christianity.

THE ARMY.

PART III.

BEFORE proceeding further with the task to which we have set ourselves, it may be well to recapitulate in very few words the substance of what has been already said, in order that our readers, while considering the means proposed for the attainment of a specific end, may neither lose sight of the end itself nor overlook the connection which subsists between the end and the means. The end is this—that England shall, under all circumstances, have at her disposal a sufficient army both for defence and offence; that the defensive army shall be organised upon a plan which, within the briefest interval of time—not inconsistent with the just demands upon the population for remunerative labour—shall convert an adequate amount of that population into reliable soldiers; and that the offensive army, sparing as much as possible both the finances and the manhood of the country, shall be capable, at short notice, of such expansion as shall enable it to cope, on something like fair terms, with the armies of the other great powers of the world.* The former of these arrangements, effected through a trained militia, and through the comprehension, under the Mutiny Act, of volunteers, as well as yeomanry cavalry, provides for the defence of the realm, and for the repulse or destruction of an enemy who may have made good a landing on our shores. The latter contemplates the formation of foreign alliances, and provides for making them at once honourable and secure, by enabling the British Government, when forced into war, to place in line of battle, and to keep in a state of efficiency, an efficient army of 50,000, 60,000, or 80,000 men. By what process the first of these

ends is to be reached, our essay of last month has fully explained. And in regard to the last, if here and there a matter of detail be omitted, or a figure misplaced, or some other opening for objection be afforded, the general idea is, we should hope, clear enough. We may, therefore, proceed at once to consider points in the scheme which have not yet been touched upon; and then, making our bow, leave the plan, as a whole, to be sifted, weighed, modified, acted upon, or cast aside, as to the wisdom of the present or any future Government, and of the Legislature, shall seem most expedient.

And first, with a view to meet an objection which has been raised on high authority, let us observe that, in advocating the severance of the Indian from the Home army, we by no means recommend an abject return to that state of things which existed while the government of India was carried on in the name of a great trading company. Our object rather is to assimilate, in this respect, the military policy of England to that of Holland, which has its home and colonial armies distinct in time of peace, and even of moderate pressure in war, but liable, on the occurrence of any great emergency, to be brought, either in Europe or Asia, into the same line of battle. Thus we would throw upon the resources of India the expense of maintaining, in peace and war, 60,000 European troops, as supplemental to its Native army, wherewith to garrison, not the continent only, but the islands of Asia. And, unless the heart of England be struck at, we should limit the services of these troops and of their regimental officers absolutely to the East. But as soon as an officer attains the rank of general, then, in-

asmuch as he is a Queen's officer, he becomes eligible for service in every part of the world, just as general officers may be sent from home to command divisions and brigades in India. In like manner we see no objection to exchanges between the officers of Indian and of other regiments, provided always the officer desiring to exchange into the Indian branch of the army show that he is qualified for that service by an acquaintance with the native languages and a competent knowledge of Indian history and customs. But the two armies must be distinct, both in their spheres of ordinary duty and in the terms on which the men are enlisted, otherwise you cannot accept the proposed plan of short service and a reserve without either incurring an expense which the resources of England could not stand, or else doing grievous injustice to that portion of your army which is employed to keep India in obedience to British rule.

Again, it may be urged against our scheme for consolidating the infantry and cavalry of the line into comparatively few and strong regiments, that it puts serious obstacles in the way of that expansion to which we look forward; that it renders recruiting and the instruction of recruits impossible, through the lack of *cadres* on which to form them. But surely this is a mistake. There is not an army in the world which shows such disproportion between the officers and men of its battalions as ours. Now we do not propose to interfere with this disproportion. We reduce the number of our regiments, strengthening at the same time our companies and troops, but we leave to each battalion its three field-officers, as at present, its eight captains, and its sixteen subalterns. Will anybody pretend to say that a captain and two competent subalterns are not enough in time of peace to manage 100 men? And if, when the reserve come in, the company be raised to 150, what is there to prevent your

adding a third subaltern, if his services be necessary, either from the half-pay list or by new creation? War overrides all schemes which are put together in times of peace for purposes of economy. But the changes forced on by war are temporary only; and if your peace plan be both adequate to its purpose and economical, the country is the better able to bear this extra pressure, because its resources have been husbanded before the pressure came. And in the matter of recruiting, what better plan can be devised than that on which the old army acted during the great wars of the French Revolution? As soon as a regiment of cavalry or a battalion of infantry was ordered on foreign service, it picked out its least robust men, formed them into the skeleton of a troop or company, and gathered in its recruits upon them. Or else a second battalion was formed, which became a feeder to the first; and which, if the same expedient be hereafter resorted to, ought to be constructed on a scale, as regards officers, more limited than is applied to first, or service, battalions. We must confess, therefore, that objections to our plan resting on the ground of want of means to recruit and expand, appear to us not to have much weight.

The next point which demands attention is one to consider which the Committee on Recruitment sat, and upon which their report, with the voluminous evidence attached to it, has for some time been in the hands of Members of Parliament and of the Secretary of State for War. Without intending the slightest disrespect to the accomplished members of that Commission, or to the experienced and well-informed witnesses whom they examined, we must be pardoned if we treat their report as comparatively little worth. It deals with a condition of affairs which may be said to have passed entirely away. It offers palliatives to a system which cannot be defended, and almost every device

suggested would, if acted upon, materially increase the expense of the army without rendering it more effective than it is. The Commissioners, for example, recommend, among other expedients, a more liberal distribution of good-conduct badges, an increase of pay to men who re-enlist after their first term of service expires, and a handsome addition to the veteran's pension. All these are reasonable suggestions if we are to keep things as we now find them; but they all render the army more and more costly to the country. Now we have no wish to increase the taxation of the country for the purpose of keeping things as we now find them. We do not desire to retain men, except such as enlist for the Indian branch of the army, ten or twelve years on a stretch with their colours; and the last thing on earth which we would wish is, that those belonging to the Home Army should be taken on again after their ten or twelve years expire. Nor, looking to the important evidence which came before the Commission, is it at all clear to us, either that the men would be worth the price if by these means we bought them, or that contingencies so remote are much taken into account when the young civilian first addresses himself to the recruiting sergeant. Hear what is said by soldiers, some still in the service, others discharged from it, and judge how far the thought of long or short service, or even of an adequate pension in old age, acts upon the mind of the youth seeking to be enlisted.

Sergeant William Bond, in charge of the Band of the Commissioners, examined—

"When you first entered the service, did you give any consideration to the period for which you enlisted?—No.

"You would have as soon enlisted for fifteen or twenty-one years as for ten?—Yes. I think that it made no difference; it was a momentary impulse: I enlisted with a friend of mine.

"When the period of ten years expired, why did you not continue your service for pension?—I thought that that was part of my life when I could be doing better out of the service, and that I would make a house for myself during that time; and I think that I shall succeed in getting a better house for myself than if I had stopped in the army."

The examination goes on in this strain, but the sergeant sticks to his text. He quitted the army to better himself, not from any dislike to it.

"And you quitted it entirely upon these grounds, and not from any complaint of the service?—No, I had no complaint of the service whatever. Many men think they can better themselves, not only in the band, but other men. I have twenty different acquaintances in London who were in the ranks, and who are doing very well; some are railway porters, others are messengers. They are all earning their 21s. or 25s. a week. . . .

"These men are doing well now; but if they ceased to be able to fill the situations in which they are placed, do you think that they would be in as good a position as if they continued in military service for a pension?—That I cannot say; I now see a great many old soldiers who are in a very bad position; nothing can be worse.

"Is not that very bad position owing to their having left the service?—No; I am alluding to pensioners."

The same tone pervades the evidence of A. B., a gunner in the Royal Artillery. He never thought about his period of service when he enlisted, and would have taken on as readily for twenty-one as for twelve years, and he asserts the same of all his comrades. "Generally, when a recruit is enlisted, unless he has known something of the service before, he does not ask what is the term of service at all, he never thinks of it." "And he does not care about it?"—"No, it never troubles him." This is corroborated by E. F., a soldier of the 28th regiment, and by L. M., a soldier of the 63d and a volunteer from the militia. G. H., of the

8th Hussars, knew when he took the shilling that he was enlisted for twelve years, and preferred that term to twenty-one years. So did J. K., a sergeant in the 52d regiment. But, with the single exception of the sergeant, every non-commissioned officer and private examined takes small account of the Act of 1847, and pronounces himself disinclined to enter again after his first term of service expires. They admit that an offer of increased pay might prevail with some to change their determination, but these would be in a minority. Precisely similar in every respect is the evidence of Lieutenant Wyndowe, the experienced adjutant of the recruiting department in London. He is asked, "With respect to the recruiting for the army generally, do you find that the limit of the period of enlistment has tended to induce more recruits to join the army than a longer period of enlistment would?" He answers, "When they originally enlist I do not think that they much care what period they enlist for; it is only when they come to serve that they think about it. On their original enlistment I do not think that they care what the period is—whether seven, twelve, or fifteen years." "They do not look much to the future?"—"I think not at all." "Neither to the pension to be earned at the end of the service, nor to any other advantages which the service may give him?"—"I do not think that one in twenty knows the advantages of the service at that time."

From these premises we draw two conclusions: first, that young men when in treaty with the recruiting sergeant rarely stop to inquire about the length of time for which they enlist; next, that before their first term of service is over they in a majority of cases make up their minds to retire into civil life. We gather likewise from the evidence of Sergeant Bond and others, that they generally prosper there.

It is from officers only that we hear of the allurements of 2d. additional pay and an increased pension. The men, far better judges in the case, take such things very little into account. Now, if these be legitimate conclusions, derived from trustworthy premises, do they not at once suggest the thought that possibly our whole plan of recruitment is a faulty one; and that we shall do more towards filling the ranks if we abolish long service entirely, and, with it get rid, by degrees, of the dead-weight which the pension list hangs round the neck of the country? Observe, that we are very far from assuming that the time will ever come when pensions for military service can cease among us. Men who from wounds or loss of health through exposure break down in the ranks must always have a claim on the country for a pension, and it ought to be a liberal one. Indeed, we go farther. If a soldier be killed in action or die of his wounds, it might be both politic and just to pension his widow, or even his father or his mother in the event of his leaving no widow behind. But when you restrict a soldier's service in peace to twelve years, and allow him to spend seven of these at home, linking him to the active army all the while by a retaining fee, and calling him back to the ranks only in the event of war, as he can establish no claim upon the country for a pension for such service, so none need ever be awarded. Thus, in the course of a very few years, a saving will be effected, of the amount of which every one may judge for himself who turns to that page in the army estimates wherein the cost of the non-effective portion of the service is noted down.

Another point in connection with the great subject of recruitment well deserves attention. We learn from the testimony of Lord William Paulet, the active and energetic Adjutant-General at headquarters, that in order to keep the army on

its present establishment complete, not fewer than 23,000 recruits are needed annually. Now, we cannot get 23,000 recruits in a year, nor anything like that number; and circumstances so fall out that there will be needed this year, not 23,000, but 40,000. The army is, in consequence, at all times under its establishment, and the duties imposed upon individual soldiers become more or less onerous in proportion to the extent of this deficiency. But cut down your establishment from 198,000 to 70,000, or—inclusive of the household troops—to 80,000, and the supply of recruits, even if you continue to gather them in upon the wretched system heretofore pursued, will always be in excess of the demand; for we make very little of the Indian army as a rival to the home army in this respect. The one will be fed mainly by one class of men, the other by another; and neither, we take it upon us to predict, will ever lack volunteers.

"I have often spoken," says Lieutenant Wyndowe, "to the better class of young men. We get a great many of these men in London; and when we recruited for the East Indian Army, the recruits were mostly men who had been in a better class of life,—some were medical men, some were attorneys, and some had been clerks in banks."

"Were not these men anxious to move out of the country?"—"Yes; a great many of them wished that they might never turn up again, and that was the reason why they selected India. And then, there were situations in India which were not exactly like the position of a private soldier—they were conductors up the country, and places of that sort, and they made themselves very comfortable, and the service was very popular."

There is something very suggestive in evidence like this. It tells two distinct tales. It shows that England abounds with young men,

whom misfortune or their own follies have broken down, but who might yet be reclaimed to society were there a military service open to them, which should realise their wish of "never turning up again." And it quite bears out General Vincent Eyre's view, expressed in a lecture delivered by him at the United Service Institution, on the 1st of March last, that in India military colonies might be planted with advantage—such men as Lieutenant Wyndowe speaks of being the very persons calculated to establish these colonies. Men of this sort do not, however, resort now to the recruiting sergeant, because the certainty of hiding themselves in India is taken away. But give back that certainty to their class, and the Indian army will never be in want of soldiers to fill its ranks. On the other hand, consider what the effect would be upon every town, and still more upon every village, in England, if from year to year, one or two young men were to return to it after serving five years in the ranks, in the enjoyment of sixpence a-day, secured to them for seven years, on the easy terms of appearing and answering to their names once or twice, or even four times in each year, at the nearest market town. And as to the young men themselves—assuming them to have enlisted at eighteen or even at twenty—would they not at twenty-three or twenty-five years of age, with the habits of order and discipline which they had acquired in the ranks, be the very persons whom employers of labour would seek out in order to put them in places of trust and confidence? All this appears to us to be as safe as anything experimental and yet in the future can be said to be. Our recruiting depots would be beset with applicants not coming to us because home had been rendered too hot for them, but guided thither by the natural ambition of being able in five years to resume

their peaceful occupations, richer men by sixpence a-day, and wiser and better from the experience of life which five years of active soldiering would have given them.

Another unspeakable advantage would accrue both to the service and to the country from the adoption of the scheme which we take the liberty to recommend. Few questions connected with the army are more troublesome than that which bears upon the marriage of the men. It seems cruel to deny to soldiers what all other classes of society assert as their due—the right to marry when they will. And, without dispute, it must be conceded that, so far as good conduct goes, the married men are the best behaved in every regiment. Yet the amount of misery which is caused by soldiers' marriages cannot be told. The man's pay can barely support himself. It is altogether insufficient to maintain a wife and children. He starves himself that his family may live, and they and he live, and that is often all. And hence, as well as to prevent such an accumulation of *impedimenta* as would render corps immovable, only a very small proportion of men (six per company) are allowed to marry. The six women thus introduced wash for the company, and through the kindness of the War Office, which as much as possible throws into their hands shirt-making for the army, contrive to get on, and even to help their husbands. But the rest,—for the men will marry—and after they attain a certain age it is hard upon them to say that they shall not,—lead such lives as wring the very hearts of lookers-on. Now, assuming that each man enlists for only five years of active service, and that he comes to his colours at eighteen, or even at twenty, would it be at all unbecoming—would it not, on the contrary, be just and wise—to say that he shall not marry till his five years are up? after which, if there be peace, and he goes back

on long furlough to his village, he can do as he pleases. Non-commissioned officers, of course, would, in this case, marry at their own convenience, and for them and their families adequate accommodation must always be found. But the rank and file would consist exclusively of bachelors, and the regiments in consequence be at once handier than they now are, and in effecting their changes of quarters would cost the country less, especially when sent abroad, than they do under existing circumstances. We except, of course, from this restriction the men of the Indian army. They should be allowed to marry even more freely than at present.

We turn now to the distribution of the army at home, and ask ourselves the question, Whether or not it is such as to make the service known among civilians, and by rendering it popular, lead the youth of the country to look to it as a desirable profession? And aware as we are of the many substantial advantages which private soldiers enjoy over men of their own class in civil life, it surprises, almost as much as troubles us, to be obliged to answer this question in the negative. The truth is, that all, or almost all, which goes to make the soldier's life an agreeable one, is hidden from the eyes of the outer world. It always was so, more or less; perhaps to a certain extent it always must be so; but it is so far more surely at this time than at any former period. A great mistake is committed (we say it with the utmost deference for the judgments of those who think otherwise) in keeping the bulk of our little army massed all the year round at two or three points in the south and west of England. It will be tenfold a mistake if we continue that practice after the plan of divided service is adopted. Not only is the soldier cut off by this process from mixing with civilians of good character, but he is to a great extent driven to look for re-

laxation in the society of the depraved. For soldiers are gregarious animals, and, like other men, they delight in seeing what they call life. The society of the barrack-room soon palls upon them, and they yearn for a change. Something, no doubt, is done to satisfy this yearning, by the establishment for their benefit of libraries, reading-rooms, games, theatricals, concerts, and suchlike. And of the good effect of schools, conducted as those in the army now are—of the reverential performance of public worship in barrack chapels—and of the pains taken by chaplains and others to amuse and instruct the men by lecturing on secular subjects, it is impossible to say too much. Yet all these come short of the desired end. Men cannot be always at church, or reading, or playing dominoes, or listening to lectures or concerts or theatrical performances. They pine for the intercourse of mind with mind, and young men especially miss the converse of their sisters and their sisters' friends. These things our soldiers can never get, crowded, as they now are, by brigades, and even by divisions, into what are ridiculously called camps and fortified garrison towns.

Take first large garrison towns, such as Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and even Dover. Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Dover, to be sure, are fortresses; and fortresses must be occupied. But the force which occupies each is confessedly unequal to its defence were an enemy set down before it, while it is needlessly large for the performance of such duties as, in time of peace, are absolutely necessary. With respect, again, to Woolwich and Chatham, as the former is the headquarter station of the artillery, and the latter set apart for the training of our Indian depots, besides affording accommodation to our schools of engineers, it seems difficult to conceive how, in one or the other, the strength of the garrison can be reduced. Let us not

forget, however, that Chatham was not always the place where Indian depots were trained. Neither, as it appears to us, is there any pressing need to keep them there. It would be better for the men themselves, it would conduce greatly to the process of recruitment, if, under existing circumstances, the three depot-battalions were separated, and sent each to country quarters, within easy reach of a port of embarkation. And doubtless, when we revert, as sooner or later we surely must, to that division of Indian from Home service, which these papers have been written mainly to recommend, such separation will take place. So also with respect to Woolwich. There are, doubtless, appliances there for learning the gunner's craft which cannot be found elsewhere; and in order to make use of these, every young officer, perhaps every recruit, must pass through the station. But why, except for mere idle parade, keep so many brigades of horse and foot artillery, all trained men, trained officers, trained horses, for years together in that one place? Why not spread them through the country, where the people would see and make acquaintance with the soldiers, and the soldiers see and make acquaintance with the people?

Again, consider how it fares with the garrisons of Plymouth, Portsmouth, and Dover, and what an impression the false view taken in these places of the soldier's character and condition makes upon the respectable housekeepers and their children. We defy you to bring together into one place, four, three, or even two thousand young men, no matter from what class of society drawn, without finding a good many blackguards among them. These blackguards are necessarily the most conspicuous portion of the male community; and honest people in civil life, finding that they abound in large garrisons, naturally con-

clude that, in becoming a soldier, a man becomes a blackguard also; they, therefore, hold back from everything like intimacy with him. But go to Hounslow, or York, or Stirling, or Aberdeen, or any other town where only a regiment, or a battalion, or a portion of either, is stationed, and observe the difference. In every one of these places you find sergeants living on terms of intimacy with smaller shopkeepers; entertaining them in barracks, and being entertained by them in their own houses, and not unfrequently marrying their daughters. Corporals and privates, in like manner associate pleasantly with a class slightly below the shopkeeper class; and out of the intimacies which they form comes, not unfrequently, the enlistment of the best description of recruits of which the service can boast. Now, if such be the case at present, while the soldier is still liable to spend six or seven or ten years in India, or even in China, how much more frequent will the occurrence be, when the young among his civilian acquaintances come to understand that the soldier's engagement extends, in peace, only to five years, and that the two or three out of these five which he may spend abroad, will be spent in climates so genial as those of the Mediterranean and Bermuda? We may be mistaken, but it appears to us that, so far as recruiting is concerned, you interpose a very serious obstacle to its success by hiding the army and the many advantages which it offers to young men (the drawbacks of long foreign service notwithstanding), as you now do, from the people, and especially from the agricultural portion of the people. And much more serious will the error be, if, after the adoption of a better system, you persevere in a practice which can recommend itself to no one, except to a martinet fit only to be an adjutant or a sergeant-major of the oldest of the very old schools.

It is bad enough for the soldier, it is sufficiently disadvantageous to the service, that two, three, and four thousand troops should anywhere be shut up together for any length of time in a fortified English town. Officers fond of drilling, when they get so many men under their command, imagine that they cannot too much improve the opportunity, and guards and other duties are multiplied, under the pretext that works must be manned, and arsenals and dockyards protected. So they must. But for the protection of arsenals and dockyards in time of peace a moderate police force may prove far more effective than a guard of soldiers; and where no surprise or sudden onslaught need be apprehended, a sentry at each gate and sally-port, with perhaps here and there a post upon the rampart, seems to be all that is required to keep even the mind of Portsmouth at ease. Where four regiments are now kept together, two, in our opinion, would suffice. Where two have the work of a garrison thrown upon them, one, with ordinary consideration, might do it all. But if it be a mistake to throng places like Dover, Portsmouth, and Plymouth with troops, what shall we say of the effects, moral as well as political, of what are called the camps? That they are eminently mischievous. The men themselves are bored to death with fatigues, musketry drill, and field-days. Their clothing wears out, especially their trousers, so fast that they are often under stoppages. On this head the evidence given by a most intelligent witness, C. D., a sergeant of Horse-Artillery, is very decisive, as indeed it is in regard to the dislike which soldiers have at being massed in large garrison towns.

"Do you think that so long a period of camp life has reconciled the men to the service generally, or that it has had a tendency in the opposite direction?—I think that the tendency has been in the opposite direction.

"They prefer being in quarters to being in camp?—We have not been in camp. We have been in permanent barracks there.

"They prefer a change of quarters occasionally?—Every one in our battery would do anything to get away.

"Their being constantly stationed in one place is liable to give the men a distaste and weariness of the service?—Very much.

"Would it be the same in a town, if you were kept as long at Woolwich or at any other place?—It would be the same in a large garrison, I believe; because so many more duties are entailed by being with so many more troops. If you get away to a quiet station it is a very great advantage. You have not half the duties to perform.

"Is the wear and tear of your clothes here very great?—Very.

"In what proportion do you think that it is so?—I should think that we wear out a pair of overalls annually more than we should if we were away in a quiet out-station, and these we have to pay ourselves."

Evidence to this effect might be accumulated enormously were there any need of it, but there is no need. Aldershot, regarded as a permanent quarter, is odious to the men, and especially to those among them who may have just returned from foreign service. The place may be healthy enough. We believe that it is very healthy. But health itself is purchased at almost too dear a rate if men be obliged to pay for it by the sacrifice of their natural tastes, and the souring of their tempers. Nothing can be more proper, nothing more necessary, than that for a few weeks in every summer regiments should come together for manœuvres. And when we have 100,000 militia embodied, it will greatly add to the value of these gatherings if they be so arranged as that, for a fortnight or so before the militiamen go home, they are allowed to take part in them. But to shut up in huts, placed on a barren heath—which, call them what you will, are only comfortless barracks—eight or ten thousand men, and to keep them

there summer and winter, while it teaches them nothing of camp life, it effectually draws a line of severance between them and their own class, which is never overstepped except to the disadvantage of the soldier. We say nothing of the sort of colony which a huge military establishment inevitably gathers round it. Aldershot, a few years ago, was one of the most secluded and innocent of English villages. It has grown, and is growing from day to day, into a town, wherein all that is worst and most offensive in vice and manners abounds. From these associations which it presses upon our men, who would not, at almost any sacrifice, desire to extricate them? Even the permanent barracks there we regard as a most expensive blunder; but the tents! The best thing to be wished for them is, that a hurricane would come, which, sparing men and horses, and all that is worth preserving, near and far away, would sweep them from the face of the earth. Let us, however, take comfort. They are rotting away, we believe, as fast as they can—as fast as, if not faster than, the kindred abominations at Shorncliffe; and we shall be very much surprised indeed if the House of Commons ever vote one shilling to keep them in repair.

Assuming our suggestions to be acted upon, and the Home army relieved in time of peace from Indian and colonial expatriation, we shall find ourselves with 70,000 available troops, consisting of 15,000 artillery, 5,000 engineers, 8,000 cavalry, and 42,000 infantry of the line. These must provide garrisons for Malta, Gibraltar, and Bermuda, with detachments from Bermuda—if judged expedient—to Jamaica, and possibly to Barbadoes. For such services we allot 15,000 men, of which 13,000 may be infantry of the line, 1600 artillery, and 400 engineers. An arrangement of this sort will divide the infantry into three reliefs; in other words, it will, under ordi-

nary circumstances, secure to every man, out of five years with his colours, twenty months on foreign and forty months on home service. Conceive the gain from this arrangement to men and regimental officers. Conceive also the good effect upon civil society. With respect to the cavalry, and the great bulk of the artillery and engineers, as they go abroad only when war breaks out, their condition will very much assimilate itself to that of the cavalry, artillery, and engineers in Austria and Prussia. What ought we to do with the 55,000 men whom the easy requirements of our ultramarine posts leave to do the peace duties of Great Britain and Ireland? If Ireland were, like Great Britain, inhabited by a reasonable people, there could be no difficulty in answering the question. We should divide the three kingdoms into a given number of military districts, marking the limits of each, with a view not only to the quartering and discipline of regular troops, but to the exigencies of the service during the months when the militia should be out for training. But Ireland, not being inhabited by a reasonable people, must, till better times come, be treated exceptionally. England and Scotland are, however, as quiet as political demagogues will allow them to be; and the power of the demagogue to influence and mislead, will soon, let us hope, be taken from him. This portion of the empire can, therefore, at once be mapped out as we have suggested. And having mapped it out, and allotted to each district its proper share of the four arms, we should, if we had our own way, keep the battalions, squadrons, troops, and companies composing that share as much as possible stationary within their respective districts. Gentlemen speak in the House of Commons and elsewhere about establishing, or trying to establish, a connection between regiments and particular localities. How

is this to be done, if a Highland regiment, say, which is in Edinburgh Castle in October, having moved thither the previous August, is ordered away in March or April, not to Glasgow or Stirling, or any other country town in Scotland, but to Aldershot? How is this to be done, if every six months squadrons and battalions move from York and Woolwich to the same place, in order that, after a year's sojourn in camp, they may proceed to Ipswich or to Leith Fort? The fact is, that our system of home reliefs might seem to have been established for the express purpose of preventing those local connections which it is now so much the fashion to extol. When first raised, the Oxfordshire regiment was mustered in Oxfordshire, drilled and kept there. So was the Bedfordshire in Bedford, so was the Bucks in Buckinghamshire. This was the best arrangement that could be made, because barracks did not exist in those days, and the people of their own county were less annoyed at having Oxfordshire men billeted upon them, than they would have been had an influx of strangers come to be their guests. But the inconveniences attending the system proved to be intolerable, as soon as the demands of the service replaced its own regiment in Oxfordshire by a strange battalion; and the Government was compelled at last by the House of Commons to build barracks for the King's troops. From that time the link which had heretofore bound regiments to counties began to wear away, and our recent practice of massing them by thousands in out-of-the-way places has entirely broken it. Till we can again place corps by some process or another where they shall become familiar to the country people round about their quarters, it is idle to talk about the effect of associations which can in no other way be created. On the other hand, let England have its eastern district, its southern district, its

western district, its midland district, its northern district, and as many more as may be judged necessary, with a division of troops told off for each, and let these troops change their quarters, when they do change them, only from one station within the district to another, and we shall at least have a chance of reawakening between them and the civil population such feelings of mutual respect and goodwill as must go far to render the process of recruiting easy. Nor is this all. Frequent moves, especially moves of troops from one station to another which is remote from it, are expensive operations. They are excused on the ground that if you keep troops long in one place they marry, and get lax in their discipline. But is this the case with the Foot Guards, which never leave London, except for Windsor, and now, in time of trouble, for Dublin? or with the Household cavalry, which passes by regiments from Regent's Park to Knightsbridge, from Knightsbridge to Windsor, and from Windsor back again to Regent's Park? Besides, it must not be forgotten that the army for which we advise this manipulation is to be an army of bachelors. The marriage of a private soldier who has not completed his five years' service must be positively prohibited, even if it be necessary to declare such marriage null and void by Act of Parliament.

One marked benefit to be derived from this arrangement is, that it will enable each general of division to march his troops to some central point at a convenient season of the year, and to practise them, as well as the militia, of which he will then take command, in grand manoeuvres. There are few counties of England, there are fewer still in Scotland and Ireland, where commons may not be found, or land comparatively worthless be hired, for such assemblies. And if men and officers be taught to come into the field, each with

his three days' provisions, and to make the supply hold out, even three days so spent may teach him more of the arts and requirements of war than six or twelve months passed at Aldershot, with every necessary, and most of the luxuries of life, freely provided for him. Nor will anybody object to the occasional concentration of two or three divisions on the heath at Aldershot. But on such occasions the troops must be under canvas, and the period of concentration be commensurate with an active campaign of one month or six weeks' duration, and on no account extend beyond it.

It is not for us to say into how many military districts England and Scotland ought to be divided. The fewer there are of these, the less, of course, they will cost to the country. But the country must not overlook the fact that generals, not less than other officers and men, must keep their hands in, otherwise they will lose their cunning. At this moment the staff of Great Britain alone, inclusive of the Channel Islands, shows a force of fifteen generals, over and above H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, the adjutant and quartermaster generals, the general officer attached to the Guards, the inspector-general of cavalry, the inspector-general of artillery, and the inspector-general of engineers—the three last exercising their powers in Ireland also. And now, if General Peel's plan, of which we propose to speak presently, be acted upon, we shall have another general on the staff in the shape of an inspector-general of recruiting. Perhaps this is too much. We doubt whether there be in all England and Scotland 80,000 effective troops; and it scarcely requires twenty-one generals, with their aides-de-camp, brigade-majors, assistant and deputy-adjutant, and quartermaster-general, &c., to keep 80,000 men in order. We cannot quite see the use, moreover, of a general officer

attached to Guards, who is not also commandant of the London garrison, but manages the details of the Foot Guards only, without having any control over the Household cavalry or the troops stationed in the Tower. Neither, perhaps, is it quite in accord with our old-fashioned notions that the general of a district should be relieved from the responsibility of keeping his cavalry and artillery, as well as his infantry, in an efficient state. When an army takes the field, and the cavalry forms a separate division, a general of cavalry must command it. When the cavalry is distributed by brigades through the divisions, the brigadier of cavalry, like other brigadiers, must act as the general of division requires. So, as it seems to us, matters ought to be conducted in peace; so they were conducted while the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill presided at the Horse Guards. Still these are points with which we had rather not meddle. Doubtless good reasons can be shown for employing twenty-one generals in peaceful Great Britain, while six are found sufficient to command the troops and cope with the Fenian insurrection in Ireland. All that we are really anxious about is, that Great Britain should be so mapped out as to leave no portion of it without its own particular army-corps attached to it; which the inhabitants of that portion will learn by degrees to regard as of the same flesh and blood with themselves, and between whom and the militia of the district, every annual manœuvre will more and more tend to create an amicable feeling. And this brings us back again to the matter of recruiting—a subject handled a good deal at length in General Peel's plan. Let us see what he proposed, on that and on other heads, in the speech, with which, on the 7th of last month, he introduced the army estimates into the House of Commons.

And here, *in limine*, let us give the late War Minister credit for

having been the first servant of the Crown to think seriously of the military wants of the country, and to suggest a means of supplying them. His plan, considered as a whole, is indeed very defective. It recognises a great evil, and applies to it a remedy too feeble to effect a cure. But no small credit is due to him who admits the existence of an evil of this sort, and ventures, in the face of popular prejudice, to grapple with it, however inadequately. Thus General Peel is alive to the defects of the recruiting department as it exists; and in order to remedy these, he proposes to place it under a general officer, who shall arrange a plan of proceeding, and act upon it, if approved by the commander-in-chief. Now the first question which we are tempted to ask is, What possible virtue can there be in the rank and pay of a general which shall make the individual enjoying such advantages do better the work which a colonel now does, operating, as he is required to operate, through the very same channel? We have no doubt that the recruiting general will make what is vulgarly called a splash at the outset. He will select new stations, employ new instruments, and go on "inveigling" young men into the service, just as his predecessor did, and probably with the same measure of success. But what then? Why, this. He has a different story to tell. The soldier's pay is raised by twopence a-day; and if Hodge cannot be tempted by an offer so liberal to take on for twelve years, both the recruiting-general and his agents will be very much disappointed. But the general and his agents have still more to say for themselves. Let Hodge enlist his twelve years, and re-engage for nine years more, and a whole penny will be added to his original pay. To be sure, no promise is held out of more liberal pension in the end; but never mind that. If Hodge desire to quit the ranks,

is, and we must make the best of it. But take the new arrangement as to pay in connection with what we have suggested on the matter of short service, and then see whether we need be at a loss to find what we seek. Bringers-in, such as the army never had before, will be forthcoming in almost all the five-years' men, when, having treated them well during their brief service, we send them home, light of heart, and with their retaining-fee, our own still, so long as their period of soldiering goes on. Many of them will settle down in or near the town where their old regiments are quartered. They will always, if their characters are good, be welcome guests in the barracks; and with their friends, brothers, cousins, and what not, the soldiers will become acquainted. Besides, we ought to be liberal with our short winter-furloughs to the men under the colours, and take care that every one going home on leave shall go well dressed and with money in his pocket. Thus by connecting, in the best possible way, regiments, and even *corps d'armée*, with districts, we shall be able to establish that relation which so many men of experience desire to see established—not between the line and the militia only, but between the line and the manhood of a whole country-side. This once effected, recruiting will never grow slack, though the very idea of pension for long service be ignored. What are five years in prospect to a youth of eighteen or twenty, especially when they come before him arrayed in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war? As we said elsewhere, the difficulty will be, not to find volunteers, but to select them.

The intermixture of the militia with the regular army at great manœuvres may be expected, among other results, to strengthen in the former that love for a military life which two months of judicious handling will be pretty sure to create. We by no means advise

that advantage should be taken of this incident to wile the men away from their county colours. In the event of a hot war, this expedient may be resorted to, though it is a bad one; for it disorganises more or less your second line, and unfits it for the discharge of its proper duties. But we see no objection in time of peace, if the reserve be below its proper establishment, to allow the most effective men in militia regiments, when their six years expire, to volunteer into the army of reserve, on terms somewhat less favourable than are conceded to five-years' men from the line. Of course this privilege will be extended to militiamen with a careful hand. For the successive waves from 80,000 regular troops, taking it for granted that there is no war, will soon raise our original 50,000 reserve men to twice that amount; and more than 100,000 in the army of reserve, this country is not likely, under ordinary circumstances, to require.

We have now exhausted one part of a momentous subject, and honestly confess that we shrink from entering upon another. No human being will pretend to say that the administration of the British army is what it ought to be. No man who knows anything at all of the subject will profess to believe that to make it what it ought to be is a work which he would care to undertake. We are met at the very threshold with difficulties of the most serious nature. There are the prerogatives of the Crown on the one hand to be maintained; there are the just rights of Parliament to be recognised on the other. Continental nations manage the whole of their military affairs through the War Office. They take care that at the head of the War Office a general officer of experience and reputation shall be placed. But where this order of supremacy prevails there is either no constitution, as in France, or the constitution is exactly such as the Crown permits it to be, as in Prus-

sia and Spain. In early days, and through a long succession of reigns, Continental nations have accepted standing armies, which the sovereign not only commands and uses, but which he increases or diminishes at his own pleasure, the taxation of the country covering the expense. But as England never had a standing army till Cromwell created it, and never looked back upon what Cromwell's army did except with indignation, so from generation to generation she has invariably protested, through the House of Commons, against the continued maintenance of an institution of which she was jealous, because of its effect on the liberty of the subject. It is an old compromise, and an awkward one, which left the sword in the hand of the sovereign, reserving the purse to be kept by the people. Hence the antagonism, if we may use an expression which is not exactly accurate, between the Horse Guards and the War Office, which was even greater, perhaps, than it is now, when the real minister of war, the Colonial Secretary, acted in financial matters through the Secretary-at-War. Still, well disposed as the two authorities are to act cordially together—and we know that this is the case now, and has long been so—it would be out of the common nature of things if, from time to time, differences of opinion did not arise between them. The one being a civil power and responsible as such to Parliament, naturally desires to keep the estimates at the lowest possible figure, and is always on the look-out for arrangements which, without materially diminishing the armed force of the country, shall render it as little costly as may be. The other thinks, and fairly thinks, of what is needed to make the army respectable in its own eyes and in the eyes of other Powers. The latter would rather have troops scattered through the colonies, even if they be for any immediate purpose out of reach, than not have troops enough

at all. Again, it goes to the heart of a generous soldier to cast loose upon half-pay men who for years more or less numerous have served the country well. If, then, the war minister propose to reduce and condense, it is more than probable that the commander-in-chief will resist the proposal; and though in the long-run the Minister and the House of Commons will take their own line, the public service is damaged by any controversies and delays which may arise in the meanwhile. Yet how to suggest a remedy for the evil, except by subjugating absolutely one of these authorities to the other, is more than we can do. On this account, and for other reasons equally cogent, we must decline offering an opinion, or so much as making a suggestion in regard to the matter. But there can be no impropriety in dropping a hint or two on the subject of what the French call the *intendance* of the army—which is just as vigorously administered on the other side of the Channel as it is feebly and extravagantly managed among us.

By the *intendance* of an army, we mean the machinery which is employed to keep the troops properly supplied; not with arms and ammunition only, but with lodging, fuel, food, medical stores, and means of transport and clothing. The business of the *intendance* is, in this country, carried on entirely at the War Office; and each department—the Commissariat, the Purveyor, the Barrack, the Store, and the Ordnance—has its own chief, who is responsible to the Minister of War, through the Under-Secretary of State. Gentlemen possessing co-ordinate authority, if they differ in opinion on any point, are exposed to the temptation of sacrificing the public interests to a conscientious belief that they are respectively right. We do not say that this often occurs, but it may occur; and if it do, evil follows. Neither can any of these gentlemen give orders for the issue of a single

article, till the proceeding shall have been considered and discussed in endless minutes, and finally sanctioned by the Secretary, on the recommendation of an Under-Secretary of State. Now, the moment an army takes the field, the representatives of these several departments become, with us, quite powerless. They can do nothing, be the emergency what it may, without the sanction of the Commander of the Forces; and the same restrictions prevail, we believe, at all the colonies. The consequences at home are, risks of collisions, long controversial minutes, waste of time; abroad, the throwing upon the Commander of the Forces an amount both of responsibility and labour which is quite incompatible with due attention to the movements and operations of the troops. A Commission has, we believe, sat to inquire into this subject, and to suggest a change of system. If the Commission has reported, we have not seen the report; but the remedy for such an evil is obvious. The *intendants* of the British army ought to be placed upon the same footing with that of the French army. At the War Office a Chief should be appointed, with any title which the Crown might think fit to bestow upon him, and under him the present Commissaries, Purveyors, and heads of Barrack and Clothing Departments, with the Commandants of Military Train, &c., &c., ought to work. An officer of this rank ought also, as it appears to us, to have a seat in Parliament. He will have the control of enormous sums of money, for the due expenditure of which he should be held personally responsible not only to the Secretary of State, but to the House of Commons also. Such an arrangement would much relieve the Minister, while at the same time it delivered the Under-Secretary from the necessity of deciding, very much at random, questions which he cannot possibly understand by intuition, and has no time to study.

In like manner, when an army takes the field, there ought to accompany it an officer whose special business it is to keep the troops supplied with everything which they can require, from horse-shoes, and nails wherewith to fasten them, up to clothing, food, forage, tents, blankets, medicine, wine, brandy, and surgical instruments—everything, in short, except the men's arms, ammunition, and accoutrements. To him or his deputy, of which there should be one at the headquarters of each division, and not through generals of brigade and division, and so on to the Commander of the Forces, commanders of regiments, of battalions, and batteries, as well as medical officers, whether on the general staff or posted to corps, ought to apply; and if the application be not promptly and efficiently complied with, the responsibility will rest first with the Deputy and ultimately with the Intendant-General himself. So also in the colonies her Majesty's stores will be more economically looked after, and better distributed, if the Intendant, and not the General, be burthened with matters of detail. And forasmuch as the distribution of stores must take place under the authority which is responsible for them, the Land Transport Corps, or whatever else may act as a substitute for it, must be placed entirely under the orders of the Intendant-General.

A good deal might be said about the management of other departments, such as the medical, the educational, and even the chaplain's department, but from these we turn aside. When the proper time comes, and the War Office is thoroughly sifted, something will be found amiss in them all. But we have gone as far as it seems becoming in us to venture, so we shut the book and retire from the controversy, not without hope that some good to the country may sooner or later come out of the suggestions which we have presumed to offer.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE AND THE BALLOT IN AMERICA.

It may be accepted as an axiom in politics that every government in the world, whether constitutional or despotic, popular or oligarchic, civil or ecclesiastical, must exist in one of three conditions:—*First*, in that of fixity and immobility, like the governments of China, Japan, Burma, and other Oriental nations, where no new right, privilege, or immunity is ever asked by or accorded to the multitude; *second*, in that of progression, like most of the countries of Europe, and particularly Great Britain, in which the bases of political liberty are gradually and cautiously extended in proportion with the wealth and intelligence of the people; and *third*, in the condition of the government of the United States of America, where the multitude riot and revel in the full completion of liberty, and have nothing further to ask, unless it be a foreign war to extend their territory and gratify the lust of conquest (which is by no means a vice peculiar to kings and aristocracies), or, failing a pretext for foreign war, to indulge themselves in that still more deplorable luxury of a war amongst themselves—the poor against the rich, and one school of political and social opinion against another. In the first of these three forms and conditions of government, a violent revolution is always possible; in the second, the gradual concession of all the just and well-considered demands of the people prevents revolution; while in the third, the very extreme of liberty and licence, combined with the periodical scramble for supreme power, and the patronage and profits that attend its possession, is certain in the fulness of time to engender evil passions, which in their turn engender civil strife, and, as a last resource for the salvation of the State, a despotism, civil or mili-

tary, and the restriction of that unbridled licence of the multitude which produced the evil.

There is a class amongst us who, not contented with the slow but safe extension of political power to all who can prove themselves worthy of exercising it, would leap at once to the system of manhood suffrage as it exists in America (and who would even go, as some Americans do, and as the philosopher of Westminster does, for womanhood suffrage also), even though the speedy result of the experiment might be a war of those who have nothing against those who have something; the subdivision of the land among the landless, and the abolition of the church, the peerage, and the monarchy. As land is almost limitless, and consequently cheap, in America, and as free-trade exists in religion, though not in cottons, woollens, and outlery, and as there is no peerage to pull down, or monarchy to abolish, it may be well that the impatient class who clamour for manhood suffrage in England should know how their favourite system wrought in America before the civil war, and how it is working now. That other classes who like to look before they leap, and prefer the government of the prudent and wise few to that of the rash and ignorant many, should also be aware of the dissatisfaction of the best and most thoughtful Americans with the ultra-democracy under which they live, we propose to describe the action of manhood suffrage in American elections, by what sort of agencies it is conducted, what sort of men it introduces into political life, and what are its results present and prospective on the liberties of the nation.

It is proper, before proceeding further with the subject, to place prominently before the reader's at-

tention the fact that the political system in the United States is both binary and trinary. Within the individual State, it is municipal and statal—(let us be pardoned for coining the last word, for there is no other in the language to express the meaning); and within the Federal Union it is statal and national. The County and the Municipality hold of the State, which is declared to be free, sovereign, and independent within its own sphere; and the State, for certain well-defined purposes, holds of and belongs to the Union or Confederation. The men, without other qualification than their manhood (and, before the civil war, of the colour of their skins), elect not only their Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, their Representatives and Senators, in the State Legislatures, but their Representatives in Congress. They also elect, but indirectly, the President and Vice-President. In some States they elect the Judges. In most, if not all, of the States, they elect mayors, aldermen, sheriffs, magistrates, coroners, district-attorneys (or public prosecutors), county and State treasurers, commissioners of roads, and commissioners of education. Many of these elections are annual, some biennial, some triennial; while, in the case of the greatest and most exciting election of all, that of President, the voting, though it takes place only once in four years, may be said to be never absent from the mind and the manoeuvres of political parties. Indeed, it may be said of America that there is always an election of some kind near at hand or in actual progress, and that it is quite impossible for any man who has his fortune to push, or his business to manage, to devote much of his time, energies, or attention to the claims of the candidates.

In every constitutional country, whatever may be the exact degree of political liberty accorded to the great body of the people, party gov-

ernment is indispensable. Were there no essential differences of opinion or principle on which parties could declare themselves, and offer each other battle at the polls, the party of the "outs" would always find a pretext to make war against the "ins." But from the foundation of the American Republic to the present day, there have always been well-defined questions of public policy to divide the people into two great parties, not only of "outs" and "ins," oblivious of principle, and greedy for the spoils of office, but of earnest men, with strong convictions of right, and zealous desire for the public welfare. Among these questions, taking them in the order of time, there have been that of State rights as opposed to Federal unity and the consolidation of power in the central authority; that of the extension of the territory of the Republic by purchase from foreign powers; that of similar extension by means of war; that of a high protective tariff; that of a national bank; that of the right of nullification by any State, within its own boundaries, of laws passed by the United States collectively; that of the right of secession; and, last and deadliest, that of negro slavery, the great black rock on which the ship of State struck heavily, and well-nigh shattered itself to pieces in the concussion. Generally the division of parties on these subjects has been geographical as well as moral. The South, as a rule, was for State rights, for the minimisation of the central authority, for free-trade, and for the continuance of negro slavery; while the North, as a rule, was for the unification of the Republic, for the consolidation of authority, for protection to native industry, and for the freedom of the slaves. There were, nevertheless, many Southern men who had Northern views on all these subjects, and, *vice versa*, many Northern men who were of opinion that the Republic could only main-

tain itself permanently on Southern principles, and that slavery itself might be gradually abolished if the North would leave the South alone to settle the question with the least damage to property and the least harm to the negro. The original party-names in America were Federalists and Whigs on the one side, and Democrats on the other, the one representing the Northern, and the other the Southern "platform." The Democratic party, almost a unit in the South, and with a large following in the North, managed to retain power almost exclusively until the year 1860, when, by dissensions within its own body, it split into three sections, and allowed the Republicans (as the Whigs, Federalists, Protectionists, and Abolitionists of slavery called themselves) to vault into power, and into war, on the shoulders of Abraham Lincoln. The party-nicknames bestowed by one on the other, sometimes accepted and sometimes repudiated, have been numerous, and at first sight appear bewildering. The Democrats have called themselves, or been called by their opponents, Locofoeos, Hard-shell Democrats, Soft-shell Democrats, Straight-out Democrats, Know-nothings, White Republicans, Butternuts, and Copperheads; while the Republicans, in like manner, have been known and spoken of as Federalists, Whigs, Old-line Whigs, Abolitionists, Black Republicans, Niggerheads, Woollyheads, and Black Snakes. It will serve no useful purpose to explain the origin and meaning of these vulgar epithets. Many of them explain themselves; and we proceed at once to describe a popular election, and the means employed by each party to secure its triumph.

In Great Britain and Ireland, as we all happily know, there cannot be an election of such transcendent importance as that which for nearly two years out of every four occupies the minds of politicians in

America; and which every fourth year leads to such a war of parties, and such a disturbance of all the social relations of society, as severely test the foundations of the body politic; so that we with our calmer and less demonstrative manners, our more ancient institutions, our smaller constituencies, and our less vital issues to be tried, can scarcely understand the feverishness of the popular pulse, and the fierceness of political passions, when a President is to be elected—a feverishness and passion that extend more or less to every election for every office, inasmuch as the triumph or failure of a party in a municipal or a State contest is held to prefigure its triumph or failure in the greater contest for the Presidency. With such vast constituencies to manage as those which exist in America, there must be people who will devote themselves to the task, and who make it their business to see that the party does not fail in its purposes for lack of discipline. As elections, for some office or other, from the least to the greatest in the gift of the people, are constantly occurring, these managers or wire-pullers are perpetually employed in their vocation. As men engaged in commerce or the learned professions could not attend to such work without sacrificing their business, it follows as matter of course, either that men who have made their fortunes, and have the taste and the leisure for politics, undertake the duties of party management, or that men without fortune, who expect to be paid in money or by office for their time and work, devote themselves to the business. Politics in America, as every American who has the good of his country at heart very earnestly deplures, is not the pursuit of the good, the great, or the learned, or even of the wealthy. The very word "politician" is used in an offensive sense, and signifies a low intriguer who would sell his personal honour or his country "for a mess of pottage."

The epithet is so odious that everybody repudiates it, even those who live by the wages they receive as representatives or senators, or by the salaries of the places which have been the reward of their party services. In Great Britain and Ireland politics, on the contrary, fall naturally to the management of men whose position in life enables them, without pecuniary profit, to devote their time, their intellect, and their energies to the task of legislation. In Great Britain, also, he who desires a seat in Parliament, the highest position which a British subject can solicit at the hands of his fellow-countrymen, needs no one's consent to offer himself as a candidate. In America, however, no man, however eminent, able, and respected, can become a candidate of his own volition. He must first of all be "nominated" by his party; his name must be put on the "ticket;" he must stand the contest along with other men whom he may not know, and whom, if he do know, he may despise, and must share their risks as well as his own. He must issue no address to the constituency, and must take no public step whatever towards his election, until he have secured privately, and by the ordinary agencies, his nomination on the party ticket. He is also fettered as to locality. A citizen of the State of New York cannot be brought forward as a candidate in any State but his own. An Englishman or Scotchman can sit for an Irish borough, a Scotchman for an English or Irish one, and an Irishman for either; but a Georgian cannot contest a seat in Pennsylvania, or a citizen of a New England State cross the border into New York to receive political station from the New York people.

It will be apparent from this statement that the people of America—that is to say, the white males above the age of twenty-one, unconvicted of felony, and the blacks of the same age possessing a certain property qualification, which

varies in the different States—have not only the power to elect candidates, but the power, unknown in England, of deciding whether any man shall be permitted to become a candidate at all. The unit of the system is the "Committee." Each party, the Democratic and the Republican, has its organisation, or "Committee," in every ward of the great cities—such as New York, Baltimore, Boston, or Philadelphia; and in every village, town, and township throughout the Union. In the cities—where the principal inhabitants are busy merchants, bankers, manufacturers, lawyers, and physicians, who have no time to spare for political intrigue, and many of whom never take the trouble to record their votes in municipal or State elections, or even for the Presidency—the "Committee," whether Democratic or Republican, is mostly composed of small shopkeepers and mechanics, who by means of their party desire to rise in the world—to become aldermen or common-councilmen, and share in the fat offices and rich pickings of the municipality—to obtain contracts for street-cleaning, or paving, or printing, or whatever else may be going. Among these are generally to be found a large sprinkling of young and briefless lawyers looking for seats in the State Legislature, in which if they happen to distinguish themselves, they have a chance at a future time of a nomination for Congress. These people meet at "hotel-bars," "grog-shops," "rum-holes," "lager-bier saloons," and similar places; and make it their business to discover what public men, already members of the local Legislature or of Congress, or holders of other office, desire re-election, and are willing to pay the price; what men in the local Legislature aspire to the more brilliant honours of Congress; and what new men, unknown to fame, are ambitious of playing their part on the stage of politics.

When they have found out the men "who will bleed," or in other words who will pay for a nomination, they consult with the affiliated Committees of the party in the other wards, and at a series of secret meetings, in which the antecedents, the political character, the ability, the popularity, and the means of the aspirants are critically discussed, they sooner or later eliminate from the several lists the names of the unlikely, unavailable, unpopular, or niggardly candidates, and present such a "ticket" as it is probable the whole party will support. When things have advanced this length the next step is to present the names to the public. This is done by means of what are called "primary meetings," which are summoned in all the wards of great cities, and in the smaller towns and townships. It is a matter of regret among the best informed and most conservative Americans that the upper classes (for even in a pure democracy there must be some people richer, better educated, and better mannered than the multitude) never attend these meetings, and that they are almost entirely abandoned, except in the rural districts, to the rowdy class and to the low professional politicians. If the nominees successfully pass the ordeal of the primary meetings, the next stage in the journey towards election is the "mass," a general meeting of the party. Here the candidate has a chance of expounding his sentiments, if he have a taste for public speaking; and here he may deliver himself of as much "high-falution" and "spread-eagleism" as he thinks proper, or as his audience will tolerate. There is another and more formidable ordeal still to be gone through—that of the State Convention, to which the Ward Committees and minor organisations appoint delegates. The State Convention is a difficult business to manage, especially when the party

is not unanimous in support of the principal candidate or candidates; and it is here that the wire-pullers have to display all the adroitness and *fineness* of which they are capable, to tone down jealousies, smooth away animosities, and reconcile conflicting claims and pretensions. The candidates themselves do not appear personally at these Conventions, everything being managed for them, and generally keep quietly out of sight, but within call. When once the Convention has adopted its "ticket," the whole party is henceforth compelled to support it, however unpopular some of the names may be, or however objectionable, for any reason good, bad, or indifferent, the whole or part of them may appear to respectable people. No dissent is tolerated. The newspapers of the party, from this time forth, daily publish the "ticket," and support the names upon it in their editorial columns. The recognised halls, committee-rooms, and places of meeting hired by the party hang out banners emblazoned in the same manner, while the printers are kept steadily at work disseminating by handbill, placard, or pamphlet whatever information may, in the opinion of their candidates and their most prominent friends, conduce to their final triumph at the polls. Public meetings during the whole intermediate time between the general Convention and the election are of daily and nightly occurrence, aided in their effect by torchlight processions, bands of music, Chinese lanterns, transparencies, and other paraphernalia that please the multitude, and impress the public generally with the idea that the party, Democratic or Republican, whichever it may be, is not only in earnest, but confident of success. It deserves notice in England that it is always during this stormy period—after the definitive choice of candidates by the Convention, and before the day fixed for the election—that the Anglophobia, which a

large portion of the Americans feel, and a still larger portion affect to feel, breaks out with its greatest fury. To catch the Irish vote, Democrats vie with Republicans and Republicans with Democrats in vilification and abuse of Great Britain. This has always been the case since the Irish immigration into the States became considerable, especially since 1847 and 1848, and will probably continue as long as there are Irishmen in America, or the descendants of Irishmen, entitled to the privilege of voting. The press on both sides blows the trumpets of defiance at the serene Old Power, which cares nothing for American party quarrels; and leading politicians and men in office sometimes give expression to sentiments which, were they uttered by persons of similar position and authority in any other country in the world, would produce a state of feeling in England of the worst augury for the preservation of peaceful relations; but which, occurring in America, amount to nothing more than harmless declamation, which Englishmen who know its meaning can well afford to laugh at. The purpose served—the Irish wheedled—the election over—Old England is quietly let alone until the next time, when for the same purpose it becomes necessary to represent her as the remorseless enemy of Ireland, the foe of the human race, and so worn out, decrepid, and corrupt as to need nothing but a dig of the beak or a scratch of the talons of the mighty American Eagle, to be sent from her rickety throne, deprived alike of Canada and Ireland, and reduced to her proper place—that of a third-rate power, only allowed to exist at all by the generosity of America.

Though the various public meetings that precede an election are riotous enough, and the most unseemly interruptions of the speakers are of constant occurrence, it does not often happen, except in the

great cities, that there are any disturbances at the polls. In the rural districts, where the population is sparse, and everybody is known, the ballot is conducted with as much quietness and regularity as at a London Club; but in New York—where, among a population nearly amounting to a million, there are on the lowest computation a loose population of two hundred thousand of the most ruffianly Irishmen, and the scum of the Red Republicans and Communists of France and Germany, frauds are constantly attempted in the interest of one party, which the opposing party feels itself bound to expose and to resist. A whole ship-load of immigrants from Ireland or Germany has been known to arrive on the eve of an election, or on the polling day itself, and to have been marched *en masse* to the polling-booths, to deposit their ballots for a party ticket, though five years' residence and subsequent naturalisation by law alone qualify a stranger to vote, and although not one of these fraudulent voters might ever have heard the names of the candidates, or had the faintest idea of the principles they espoused. Such attempts at the polls have sometimes led to violence and bloodshed. The advice "to vote early, and to vote often," has also, when acted upon, led to the display of the bowie-knife and the revolver; and an election never occurs in which each party does not accuse the other of persistent and systematic fraud and falsification. Sometimes a voter thrusts in a whole sheaf or handful of balloting-papers instead of one; sometimes, as in the case of the election of Mr. Godfrey Gunther as Mayor of New York, hundreds of balloting-papers deposited in the urns were found to have been clipped at the corner, and to be in favour of Mr. Godfrey Gunther, and were consequently rejected; and sometimes a greater number of ballots have been cast than there were people in the dis-

strict, including the women and children. The British Radicals who clamour for the ballot amongst us ought, in addition to the knowledge of such facts as these, to be informed that in America the ballot is adopted as a convenience, and not as a protection; that the war of parties, though corrupt, is open; that the discipline of party is stringent in the extreme, and that everybody's vote is known to his party as completely as if it were published in the newspapers.

It is evident that, if an election be ever so pure in America, it must cost money, and that the hire of places of meeting, and the expense of printing and advertising, and the subvention of needy newspapers, must be very large. It is evident, too, that as no man ever stands singly as a candidate for any office, and as every candidate is but one of a batch, whose names appear on the "ticket," no particular individual "bleeds" or pays for the whole expenses. As much as possible is extracted from the pockets of the candidates by the wire-pullers of the primary committees and other organisers, for legitimate as well as illegitimate expenses—payment of the aforesaid wire-pullers entering largely into the computation; and the remainder is provided out of the common fund of the party, or specially assessed for the occasion. Every person who, for party reasons (and all men are appointed for party reasons in America), is appointed to a place in the Customs, or the Post Office, or the Treasury, or any other department of the State or the Federal Government, has to pay a certain well-understood percentage monthly out of his salary to support the party in its periodical contests. Any such official refusing to contribute is, after due notice, and time given to repent and pay, solemnly "read out" of the party, and becomes a marked man for the remainder of his life. In vain for him to solicit public employment. In vain for him to expect mercy. Out of the more than

a hundred thousand offices in the gift of the general Government, and of the perhaps two or three thousand in the gift of the Government of his particular State, there is not one to be given to him. He must descend from the official ranks into those of manual labour or petty trade. Happy for him if he escape persecution even there, and have not to trace his total ruin to the independence of his character, and his rebellion against his party.

We have yet to speak of the great presidential elections, which occupy so much of the time, and so sorely try the institutions of America; but before we reach this branch of the subject, it will be instructive to show the sort of men whom manhood suffrage, the ballot, and wire-pulling, elect for judges, mayors, senators, representatives, and minor dignitaries. We shall, as far as possible, allow the Americans themselves to testify to these facts, in order to prevent the charge that might otherwise be made, that the narrative was coloured by British prejudice, or distorted by unfamiliarity with the subject. Acting on this principle, we extract the following from the 'New York Evening Express,' a Democratic journal, commenting upon a statement in the 'Tribune,' the best known and most able journal of the Republicans. We may explain that "Mozart," alluded to in the extract, means the Mozart Music Hall, in Broadway, the headquarters of one section of the Democratic party, which was long at feud with the original or Tammany Hall democrats, so named from the Tammany Hotel, their usual place of meeting.

"THE ELECTIVE JUDICIARY SYSTEM.

"The 'Tribune,' in enumerating certain charges against Mayor Wood, against 'Mozart' rather, as Mayor Wood's representative, alleges—

"I. That Fernando Wood, wishing to make his blinder personal followers swallow Oakley Hall without knowing it, caused the Republican as well as the Democratic judges, whose terms expired

this fall, to be nominated for re-election last month by his judicial convention at Mozart Hall.

"II. That the Republican judges (Messrs. Woodruff and Hoffman) having been thus nominated, were formally waited on by a committee from that convention, and tendered by them the Mozart Democratic nomination, on the express ground that it had been decided by that body to re-elect the old judges, without distinction of party.

"III. That Messrs. Woodruff and Hoffman having accepted, were soon after waited on by the same or another committee, which solicited of them a contribution of 500 dollars each, to pay the expenses of the Mozart Democracy in printing the ballots, posters, &c. &c., getting up ticket-boxes, and dealing out ballots on the day of election. They complied with the demand.

"Nevertheless (continues the 'Tribune'), they 'were jockeyed.' By means of this fraud, Judges Woodruff and Hoffman were defeated, and Messrs. Barbour and Monell, with Oakley Hall, elected by Mozart votes. Report says, we know not how truly, that this operation cost Messrs. Monell and Barbour 5000 dollars each. It is certainly to be hoped that a mayor of New York did not commit such a fraud for the mere love of cheating.

"Comment upon an elective judiciary system productive of such results is unnecessary.

"1st, We see two 'Republican judges' contributing 500 dollars each from their small and hard-earned salaries to a Democratic organisation, to the principles of which, as 'Republicans,' they must be bitterly opposed. 2d, 5000 dollars each from judges elect, Monell and Barbour, ten times as much as was received from Judges Woodruff and Hoffman, did the job.

"We do not, we cannot credit this last paragraph, and we should be loth to credit the first, if it were not a universally admitted fact. Nevertheless, the 'Tribune' thus illustrates the beauties of that elective judiciary system which the now Republican managers of this state, in state convention, foisted upon our people."

The New York judges, elected by such means as are described in the extract, have acquired, rightfully or wrongfully, the character of being more than usually lenient with

the roughs and rowdies brought before them in their judicial capacity. Roughs and rowdies are not only voters by virtue of their manhood, but they manage by organisation, and by the aid of the rum-sellers, the lager-bier saloon keepers, and the retail liquor-dealers generally, to exercise a very considerable influence in the municipal as well as in the state and national elections. As an instance how the liquor interest in a city like New York may be brought to bear upon the election of a judge in possession of a seat upon the bench, and who aspires to re-election, the following, out of many instances, may be cited. In the year 1868, in the height of the civil war, the Legislature at Albany passed an act applicable to the whole of the State of New York, including the city of that name, forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors after midnight. As this Act interfered very much with the business of the keepers of lager-bier saloons, as well as with that of the keepers of "rum-holes" and "grogeries," as those places which would be called "gin-shops" in England are called in America, it was resolved, in the lager-bier interest, to have a legal decision on the point whether lager-bier could be considered an intoxicating liquor within the meaning of the Act. The case was ably argued *pro* and *con*; and one tun-bellied "Dutchman," as the Germans are called, declared upon oath that he could drink and had drunk as many as fifty pints of lager-bier in a single day, and that he had not only never been intoxicated, but had never been in the slightest degree the worse, but very much the better, for his libations. Upon this and other evidence of a like character, the judge, who was a candidate for re-election, decided that lager-bier was not an intoxicating beverage, that the act could no more apply to such a beverage than to tea or cold water, and dismissed the cases of several keepers of lager-bier saloons, who had been

summoned before him for violation of the law. Had he given any other decision, the whole of the bier and liquor interest in the city would have voted against him; and he would in all probability have been defeated in the contest. It is a subject of common remark that in a State where the judges are elected for short periods by the vote of the people, or of manhood suffrage, murderers and other great criminals have far greater chances, either of acquittal, or, if the case be too clear against them, of slight punishment, than they have where the judges are appointed for life, as they are in Massachusetts and some other States. The writer will not take upon himself to say that this serious accusation is true. He can only assert that it is openly made and seldom denied; and that in a public room, crowded with people, he once heard a New York judge, with the most violent, profane, and obscene language, accuse another New York judge of having taken a bribe of 500 dollars from the family and friends of a notorious murderer, to sum up the evidence in the murderer's favour, and do his best thereby to induce the jury to acquit him. The accusation seemed to excite no surprise among the persons present—though whether the accused stood too high or the accuser too low, or *vice versa*, or whether such accusations were in no sense extraordinary, the writer does not feel himself called upon to decide.

Nor does manhood suffrage always secure a better class of senators and representatives than it does of judges. The following portrait of a senator is taken from the 'New York Herald,' a journal that sometimes rebukes sin, as another very unholy personage is said to do, and which, though it may be systematically malevolent, is not systematically untrue.

"SENATOR SIMMONS.

"Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, was caught receiving a percentage for

procuring a gun-contract for an eastern firm. A committee of the Senate was appointed to investigate the affair, and summoned Simmons as a witness. To every one's surprise, Simmons turned State's evidence against himself, and confessed the crime, but stated that he did not know that his proceedings were at all wrong. Evidently the members of the committee felt that Simmons had only done the usual thing, and they reported the fact to the Senate. The Senate, of course, purged itself of all suspicion of connivance with such jobbery by expelling Simmons? Nothing of the kind. The Senate sent the case back to a committee, which is equivalent to consigning it to the tomb of the Capulets. Of course this smothering of so disgraceful an affair amounted to a positive endorsement of Senator Simmons's proceedings. We suppose that the motive of this is very obvious. How many other senators have gun-contracts for themselves or their friends? How many other senators have dirtied their fingers with percentages? When Simmons was accused, how many other senators trembled? When Simmons was hauled up, how many other senators began to wish themselves out of danger? When the Simmons case was so neatly smothered, how many other senators breathed more freely? Why, it has become to be considered a part of the duty of a United States senator to swindle the Government. It is almost the only duty the senators perform well."

The 'World,' which is as highly respectable a paper as any published in England, also draws the portrait of a senator, whom, for reasons that will immediately appear, we wish to associate with Senator Simmons as described by the 'Herald.' The senator in question is known for his fervent attachment to the Monroe doctrine, and for his fierce desire to pick a quarrel with France and Great Britain, one at a time, or both together, in its vindication. The writer in the 'World' describes a scene in the Senate, when the expulsion of Mr. Jesse D. Bright from that body, on the ground of his sympathy with the Southern cause, was under discussion, in February 1862. He says:

"Mr. M'Dougall of California, being drunk as usual, attempted to make a speech, and failed, as he always does. He was drunk, so very drunk that even the official reporters will have hard work to make English of the few incoherent sentences which rolled from his lips. Three thousand people saw and knew that he was drunk, and I see no reason for not recording the fact in this letter. It is a pity there can be no expulsion from the Senate for outrages against public decency."

When the case for the expulsion of Mr. Bright, solely on the ground of his political sympathy with the South, and his opposition to the war, was debated and concluded, there was considerable doubt whether the requisite majority of two-thirds could be obtained against him. In the midst of the discussions, Mr. Simmons, already mentioned, withdrew from the Senate Chamber, and was afterwards followed by Mr. M'Dougall.

"At the close of the roll-call," says the report from which we have already quoted, "only thirty votes were counted for the expulsion. Two more names were required for the constitutional two-thirds majority. Senator Simmons appeared from a side-door, and Senator M'Dougall from the refreshment room, and added their names to the majority. Thus the deed was done."

And a shameful deed it was; a flagrant example of party tyranny; a gross invasion of the right of a senator to express his honest opinions on a subject of the highest importance to his country, and wrought by instruments as little to be commended as itself.

The great difference between bribery as practised in England and bribery as it prevails in America, is, that Englishmen who aspire to seats in Parliament sometimes bribe poor voters, but never take a bribe themselves—while in America, it is not only the voters, but the members of the Legislature who are bribed. In Congress, as well as in the various local or State Legislatures, an organised system of bribery prevails. Great capitalists

or speculators, who have a scheme to carry through the Legislature, or a scheme to defeat, thoroughly understand how to influence the votes of members, and by means of lobbying, as it is called, soon ascertain whose vote is to be bought, and the price to be paid for it. In the political slang of America, a scheme which any one introduces into the Legislature—such as a new line of railway, the incorporation of a trading company, the formation of a dock, the renewal of a patent, &c.—is called "a log to roll," or "an axe to grind." The log-rollers and axe-grinders swarm in every legislative capital of the country, and congregate more particularly at Washington, where greater interests are involved than at the State capitals—though even in these latter, concessions involving millions of money are often in debate. The Protectionists, or native manufacturers, who desire to exclude by all but prohibitory duties the manufactures of England, in order that they may add the amount of the duty to the selling price, and so rob all classes of their countrymen without benefiting the public treasury, are the great log-rollers and axe-grinders of Washington; and the sums they pay for votes are popularly believed to be enormous. The late Daniel Webster, one of the greatest of American orators, and who only needed the rather important essential of honesty to have been one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of American statesmen, lived almost wholly by the subsidies he received from the manufacturers of New England to speak and vote in their interest, though his intellect was too great and clear, and his knowledge of political and social economy too profound, to allow any one who knew him well, or who had studied his life and career, to think that he had much, if any, faith in the doctrine which he propounded. How many men of the political morality, or immorality, of Mr. Webster, but without his genius, supported for a

money-bribe the recent tariff, will probably never be publicly known; but it is no secret that the measure was carried by the "axe-grinders" and "log-rollers" at a larger cost than was ever before incurred for the passage of a bill in America.

The money received by representatives and senators for their votes on private bills, or for alterations in the tariff, proposed and carried in the interests of a "ring," or organised association of manufacturers or dealers, does not represent all the sources of pecuniary profit which are open to the elected of the people, as the case of a Mr. Callicott, Speaker in 1864 of the House of Assembly of the State of New York, may serve to show. Mr. Callicott was elected to the House by the votes of the Democratic party; and, greatly to the surprise and disgust of his supporters, he received a nomination for the Speakership from the Republicans, and was elected by their vote. The nomination was made by the Republican State Central Committee at a "caucus" of the party, and was duly supported by all the Republicans in the House. The price paid to Mr. Callicott for his desertion of his party was \$1200, or £240 sterling; and the reason why it was worth the while of the Republicans to purchase him, was that a single vote in addition to the sixty-four already in their ranks, would give them the majority and the power to elect a senator for Congress. The indignation of the Democrats found vent in the following article in the 'World' newspaper, the ablest organ of the party:—

"The revelations concerning the purchase of the present Speaker of the Assembly of this State by the Republican State Central Committee are indescribably disgraceful to all the parties implicated. We attached very little consequence to the charges of corruption brought against Callicott when he was made the nominee of the Republicans for Speaker, as vanity and disappointed aspirations would account for his treachery to the party that elected him; but in the light of the disclosures made

within the past month, there can be no sort of doubt but that he was bought and paid for as a vessel of dishonour for the base uses of the Republican party. Nor is this all. If it was simply another instance of individual vileness it would not be worthy of notice, but in this case a great and powerful party is implicated in his crime. The Republican State Central Committee and the sixty-four Republican members of the State Assembly are as guilty as he. To secure a party end and elect a United States senator who does not represent the political majority in this State, they deliberately purchased this man, Callicott, for 1200 dols., a price less than a very ordinary negro field-hand would bring, and, moreover, gave him the highest post of honour and influence in their gift! But bad as these proceedings were, the methods employed to keep the facts from the public are, if possible, still worse. When a committee was raised to investigate the startling and well substantiated charges of Mr. Field, in defiance of all the usages of parliamentary bodies, it was composed of a majority of Callicott's purchasers. As was intended, this packed committee ruled out all the evidence that would prove the charges true, and have made the investigation a farce. Even the document, which is a copy for the order for the 1200 dols. which was paid to the Republican Speaker, was not allowed to be considered. When a resolution was offered in the Assembly, instructing the committee to take all the evidence presented, Callicott, in the chair, rules it out of order, and he is sustained by the political majority! In this case the criminal not only packs the jury, but, in addition, acts as judge, and excludes all the witnesses that can prove his guilt."

An equally instructive instance of bribery in high places occurred in the same year in the State of Pennsylvania, when Mr. Simon Cameron, ex-Secretary of War, and ex-Ambassador to the Court of the Emperor of Russia, being ambitious of election to the Senate of the United States, discovered in the Upper House of the Legislature of Pennsylvania a gentleman who pretended to have no objections to vote against his party for a conside-

ration, if the consideration were large enough. This gentleman very cleverly angled for Mr. Cameron, hooked him, and landed him at the bar of public opinion as the willing purchaser, for 20,000 dollars (£4000), of an honour supposed to be unpurchasable. In other words, the member of the Pennsylvanian Legislature laid a snare for the ex-Secretary of War, and as soon as he had procured written evidence of his intention to bribe, and a positive offer of money, laid the whole scheme before the public, heaped confusion on the head of the briber, and added a very interesting chapter to the history of American party politics.

The Americans are sometimes in the habit of boasting that, notwithstanding the corrupt influences at work, their Government is economical. But the economy is more apparent than real. Because they only allow their President the modest salary of \$25,000 (£5000) per annum, the price at which the services of an English Secretary of State can be secured, and the British Parliament votes a Civil List or allowance to royalty of sixty or seventy times that amount, they consider that the advantage of cheapness is on their side. But such is not the fact. It costs from first to last fully three millions of pounds sterling to elect a President, which sum is distributed between the two great parties, and provided for either by voluntary subscription of such members of either party as expect place, honour, and emolument by the triumph of their candidates; or by the enforced contributions of all functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, who owe their places to their politics. This sum is more than double the amount of the British Civil List for the same period of time. Nor are the other expenses of the American Government less considerable. When it is taken into account that every member of the Legislature of every

State in the Union is paid a salary as a representative of the people, and that the members of the United States Congress at Washington also receive salaries and "mileage," or payment of their travelling expenses, and that such representatives in the States and in the Union cannot altogether number much less than six thousand men, all salaried, while the members of the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland receive no salary or payment whatever, it will be evident that a very large item of expense, from which the British people are free, must be credited to the American system. Nor is the municipal government, on account of the inherent corruption that grows out of manhood suffrage, less costly than that of the State or the Union. We have before us as we write a document entitled, "An Ordinance making the Annual appropriation for the support of the Government of the City of New York for the year 1862, the payment of the Interest on a portion of the City Debt, and the Annual Instalments upon the Principal of said Debt becoming due the said year." The first item in the account is \$2000 (£400) for the abatement of nuisances, of which there is nothing to be said. The second item is \$45,000 (£9000) paid to the newspapers of the party in power, whichever that party may be, for reporting the speeches of the Common Council. It cannot perhaps be said that the reporters are paid too much for reporting, or the newspapers for publishing at full length the speeches of the illiterate jobbers and grog-shop keepers who form the great majority of the Common Council in New York, though it may well be doubted whether the owners of real estate in the city, who have to provide the money, are not flagrantly robbed by such an unwarrantable appropriation of their funds. The fifth item is the large sum of \$118,841 (£23,768) for the maintenance and government of

the Central Park, unquestionably a great ornament and convenience to the city, and about as large as Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens combined. Under honest management such a park ought not to cost more than these two beautiful parks of the Londoners to maintain and keep it in order. If the London parks cost one-fifth of the money, all we can say is, that we shall be very much surprised to learn it. The sixth item, that of \$279,000 (£55,800) for cleaning the streets and removing the dirt, ashes, and other refuse from the houses, is a stupendous fraud upon the people. In other cities of the world contractors are found who will readily pay for the privilege of removing the dirt and ashes; but in New York, not only is this large sum put into the pockets of political jobbers as a reward for the dirtiest kind of political work, but the stipulated service is not rendered. The streets, except such main avenues as Broadway and the fashionable districts of Fourteenth Street and the Fifth Avenue, are disgracefully dirty. Rotten cabbage-leaves, potato-peelings, fish bones and entrails, and all the refuse that finds its way in London into the dust-bin, are either thrown into the roadway, or exposed upon the foot-pavement in wooden boxes or barrels, to await the visit of the contractor's cart, and often remain for days together without being emptied—not only obstructing the pavement, but, in the hot months of summer, poisoning the atmosphere by the foul effluvia which they generate. Anything filthier and more abominable than the side streets which branch from the lower end of Broadway it is impossible to conceive in a civilized country. The public complaints of the nuisance are constant, but the remedy is never applied. The eighth item, under the head of "Contingencies," amounts to the respectable sum of 65,000 dollars (£13,000) for the expenses of public celebrations, including Washington's Birthday and the fourth of July,

and the entertainment of public guests. The tenth item of 18,000 dollars (£3600) shows that the Mayor of New York spends as much money as would pay more than fifty per cent of the President's salary for such petty expenses of his office as postage-stamps, messengers, telegrams, and the killing of vagrant dogs. The "Contingencies" of the various departments figure largely in the accounts. The street-cleaning gentlemen require 10,000 dollars (£2000) in addition to their very handsome allowance of £55,800 for doing as little as they can. The City Inspector's Department claims 20,000 dollars (£4000) under the same head, the Comptroller's Office 2000 dollars (£400), and the Law Department 15,000 dollars (£3000), all in addition to the ordinary salaries and allowances. The eighteenth item in the account is 35,000 dollars (£7000) for election expenses—always in the interest of the party in power, but paid for out of the taxation of real estate in the city. The nineteenth item is for the expenses of the Fire Department, all the members of which, until lately, were, or pretended to be, amateurs, who performed their services gratuitously, and amounted to no less than 108,000 dollars (£21,600). The twentieth item, for public gas and lamps, amounts to 400,000 dollars (£80,000). The twenty-third—a great source of robbery and jobbery—is for printing for the Common Council, in addition to the 35,000 dollars (£7000) provided for in the second item, and amounts to exactly double that sum—70,000 dollars, or £14,000, and is uninclusive of 25,000 dollars (£5000) for the printing ordered by the mayor, aldermen, and other civic functionaries. In addition to the charges for street-cleaning already specified, appear two other items for the same supposed, but not performed, service—one of 43,000 dollars (£8600) for removing nightsoil, and another of 86,448 dollars (£17,289) for what is called the street department, and the salaries of the officials connected therewith. For station-

ery and blank books the city pays 30,000 dollars (£3000), while the cleaning of the public offices—which, it is to be hoped, are kept physically purer than the streets—amounts to no less than 50,000 dollars (£10,000). It may be wearisome to the reader to be dragged through all the items of this remarkable document; and it may suffice to add, in conclusion, to this branch of our subject, that for the year in question the total expenses of the Corporation—with a jurisdiction uninclusive of the contiguous cities of Jersey and Brooklyn—was 5,681,266 dollars, or *one million one hundred and thirty-six thousand, two hundred and fifty-three pounds sterling*—or, with a population of as nearly as possible eight hundred thousand souls, at the annual rate of seven dollars and upwards a head for man, woman, and child. This is for municipal government alone, in addition to the taxation necessary to support the State Government, and that, still more heavy, required for the army and navy, the payment of interest on the national debt, and the general expenses of the Federal Government.

The results of manhood suffrage and the ballot in this great city—the wealthiest and most refined in America, but in which the wealthy and refined shrink with horror from association with the persons elected to the administration of civic affairs—have been so unsatisfactory to all but the greedy political cormorants who live upon the plunder of the ratepayers, that it has been proposed to deprive the city of the privilege of self-government, and to hand over the administration of its affairs to functionaries responsible to the State Government at Albany, the political capital. Several attempts to carry a bill of this nature through the Legislature have been made, but without success. The attempts, however fruitless, are sufficient to prove that “manhood suffrage,” judged by its results, is not considered in America to be in all respects an unmixed blessing.

Although the municipal government of the cities is more corrupt and costly than that of the rural districts, it is not to be supposed that there is no jobbing in the townships and counties, or that the country swains of America are innocent Arcadians, whose noses scent nothing but the perfume of flowers and turn with disgust from the foul odours of public plunder. A man, for instance, desires to be elected a Commissioner of Roads, to use the influence thus obtained to bestow a contract for the repair or construction of a highway or byway on a relative or friend, or to sell such influence to any one who will buy it. In a district where the majority of voters are labouring men or small shopkeepers interested in the expenditure of money, it is a common practice only to elect men as commissioners who will pledge themselves to the making of new roads, or the widening or straightening of old ones; although every owner of real estate in the neighbourhood assessed for the cost would object to such new roads and such alterations of old ones as unnecessary, and an utter waste of money. In this operation the Road Commissioners, and the people who elect them, alike find their interest—the one from patronage in the disposal of contracts, the other either in receipt of wages as labourers, or from the profits derived by the expenditure of wages in their shops and stores.

But what is done in the city and township is done in the State; and what is done in the State is done throughout the whole Union, wherever the principle of manhood suffrage has to be periodically applied for the election of a President. Let us hear what a thoughtful Northern observer says upon the subject. From a work entitled ‘North and South, by a White Republican,’ we extract the following:—

“Let us glance a little more closely at the operations of the unlimited suffrage system, on the broad field of a ‘Presidential campaign,’ formerly the great

political Olympiad, now the quadrennial saturnalia of the United States. In the local elections of towns, districts, and states, we find the elements of this all-pervading evil at work, but on comparatively a limited scale. In the grand race for the White House, behold the political 'Derby-day' of the 'great Republic'! All the passions of the mob are let loose; freedom runs into lawlessness, and liberty riots in licentiousness. Every partisan blackleg bets his 'pile' upon his favourite, and every political prostitute has something to win or lose on the result. The stakes are large, the struggle desperate, and the cheating reckless. The winning party has not only four years in the White House, clothed with supreme executive authority, and 25,000 dollars a-year; he has also the making of his cabinet, the appointment of his foreign ministers, and the distribution of one hundred thousand salaried officers, to say nothing of the patronage of 100,000,000 dollars a-year in time of peace, and 1,000,000,000 in time of war! And every four years, or twenty times since the formation of the American Government, has this whirlwind of passion, like a tropical tornado, swept over the land, its momentum increasing with the tide of population, until the rocking of thirty millions of excited people, like Atlantic waves lashed into madness by the fury of opposing winds, threatens to upheave the very foundations of the Republic. A Presidential canvass in the United States—who that has witnessed its orgies, from the noisy and sulphurous announcement of the candidate's nomination to the drunken huzzas that hail his election, can need any further illustration of the degrading and dangerous effects of universal suffrage, or fail to foresee, in these riotous and gambling elections, not only the instability of republican institutions, but the utter impossibility of their permanent duration? Poor-house paupers and bar-room loafers sell their votes for money, for grog, for the promise of a place, or a contract under Government; and thus the masses become debauched, while unprincipled demagogues, through bribery and corruption, rise scum-like to the surface, there to float and sparkle awhile, like rotten mackerel, upon the dirty current of 'popular favour.' "

In full corroboration of this statement, we find a Southern gentleman, General Jas. Williams,

formerly Ambassador for the United States to Turkey, in a work entitled 'The Rise and Fall of the Model Republic,' which he dedicates to the friends of rational liberty, giving utterance to his deliberate conviction that the system of electing the President "is a perpetual fountain of bitter personal, political, and national animosities; and that perseverance in such a mode of designating the chief officer of the State can only end in the total estrangement of North and South, and the subversion of the Government. Furthermore, he adds:—

"From first to last the Presidential contests have constituted a perpetually existing bribe to the party politicians to plunge the country into great excitement, and to create and foster sectional animosities. As the nation progressed in wealth and importance, the number of citizens who occupied themselves in the business of President-making was enlarged. From hundreds they increased to thousands, and from thousands to hundreds of thousands. The issues they presented to the popular mind were such as seemed likely to arouse, and did in effect develop, the most violent passions of the people. They cultivated and brought into action the sternest fanaticism of an intolerant priesthood, and turned to profitable account the wildest vagaries of the most crazy social reformers. The more these questions seemed fraught with danger to the internal tranquillity of the Republic, the more available they were in the accomplishment of the purpose for which they were employed. However much the great body of the people may have desired to dismiss such subjects from Presidential contests and from the halls of Congress, they were as powerless as infants in the hands of the agitators. The President-makers made up the issues, and the people had no other resource than to withdraw themselves from all participation in the affairs of Government, or to plunge headlong into the mad current, with the dubious consolation afforded by the reflection that 'where all are fools or madmen, 'twere folly to be wise.' There could be but one result of such conflicts; and such conflicts were the inevitable consequences of Presidential elections."

It may be stated, in addition to the facts and opinions set forth by this Northern and this Southern writer, that of late years no candidate for the presidency has ever been popular, unless he were a soldier, or a man comparatively unknown in politics, who had raised himself from the ranks of labour. To be a gentleman, to be a great and learned lawyer, to be a finished orator, to be an enlightened statesman—all these are disqualifications for the highest office in the State. General Jackson owed his elevation to his having fought the British at New Orleans, and to having served with distinction in the war against Mexico. General Taylor, a man of little education or manners, and without the slightest pretensions to statesmanship, was elected for the same reasons; while General Harrison, who only survived his elevation to the Presidential chair for one short month, was chosen first because he had fought against the Indian savages at Tippecanoe, and secondly, because he was highly to the taste of the rowdy population, because he was no fine gentleman, lived in a log cabin or hut, and drank the cheapest drink, "hard cider," because he neither knew the flavour of wine, nor had money enough to buy it. Mr. Lincoln's popularity throughout the North was greatly increased after his nomination by the publication of the fact, previously known but to few people, that he had in his youth been a flute-boatman and a rail-splitter; while as regards Mr. Johnson, the present occupant of the Republican throne, it cannot be doubted that the fact that he was once a poor journeyman tailor was peculiarly agreeable to the minds of large classes of labouring people. It flattered their pride that a man of their own class could be raised so high by their votes; and while a politician like Mr. Chase, Mr. Seward, Mr. Charles Sumner, General Dix, or any one else moving in the social sphere of intellectual aristocracy, would have appealed in vain to them and the

wire-pullers of party, their votes were gladly given to an ex-mechanic. If Mr. Johnson has turned out to be a man of courage and genius, no thanks are due to the foresight of those who elected him.

In the United States, of which the Government claims to be, and to act as, a Government, solely by the will of the majority of the people, it happens if one of the two great parties be firmly united, and the other be divided within itself, that the minority carries the day. Mr. Lincoln was not chosen either on his first or his second election by an actual majority of the people. The whole of the United States voted on the first occasion, when, after a contest unparalleled in bitterness, and for the alarm, too speedily to be justified, which it created, he gained, by the usual agencies of the party he represented, the suffrages of 1,866,452 persons. The party opposed to the principles he represented, received 2,786,615 votes. If, instead of dividing these votes, as they did, thereby committing political suicide, among Douglas, Breckenridge, and Bell, representing three sections of opinion, agreed in nothing but in their hatred of the Republican party, the Democrats had concentrated themselves upon one candidate, like their opponents, they would have had a clear majority of nearly a million, or, in exact numbers, 947,289 votes. The whole number of votes cast for Mr. Lincoln in the South came from West Virginia—which has since been converted into a separate State, in defiance of an express provision of the Constitution—and these votes only amounted to 1929. The four border States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri gave him no more than 24,501. With this expression of public sentiment against Mr. Lincoln, the Democrats of the north, south, and border States might well have endured him for his term of office, and regained in 1864 the power which in 1860 they allowed to slip out of their hands. They did not take

that course; the Southern States rushed into secession; their Northern friends, without their aid, were in a minority; and after a deluge of fraternal blood had been shed, and the best section of their common country had been ruined, the Democrats were forced by the tyranny of the dominant party to support a war which they abhorred. Mr. Lincoln, on his re-election in 1864, was in as great a minority of the whole people as he was on the first occasion, for eleven States in rebellion took no part in the proceedings, and nearly one-half of the people of the North preferred the claims of General M'Clellan, the nominee of the Democratic party, to those of Mr. Lincoln, who had proved himself a ready tool in the hands of revolutionary fanatics, and was not fashioned in the heroic mould of men who are fitted to play a great part in days of national peril. As Mr. Lincoln was, so Mr. Johnson is, the representative of a minority; but with this difference, owing to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, that he only shared the opinions of the minority that elected him on the one subject of the war, and that, the war being ended, he became as he was before—a Democrat. For this reason the dominant party hate him; and that it may retain power, while still in a minority, it affects to believe that the Union is not restored, and insists virtually that it shall not be restored, until in 1868 they shall have succeeded in securing for themselves the enjoyment of another term of office.

The Radical faction in England does not, however, admit any of these things. The supporters of manhood suffrage amongst us think that by manhood suffrage no wrong can be done, and that the manhood suffrage of the United States is so invariably beneficial in its action—although the Americans know better—as to be utterly incapable of doing injustice. Mr. Bright seems to be entirely of this opinion. This great and fluent

demagogue, who is generally wrong upon every topic on which he opens his mouth, asserted in the House of Commons, on the 5th ultimo, that there was no other country in the world, except Great Britain, "in which the monarch or the aristocracy, or the ruling classes, of whatever grade they might be, were afraid of numbers of votes at elections." "In none of the legislatures of America," he added, "or of Australia, or any of the kingdoms of Europe, were heard any discussions of the subjects such as were heard in this (the Commons House of Parliament), year after year. *The legislatures of other countries had no fear of their fellow countrymen*, and no fear that the giving them votes would be destructive of the interests of any order of society, or of the constitution under which they lived." In estimating the public utterances of Mr. Bright, it is difficult to decide whether he is dishonest or stupid, or merely perverse. He is an admirer of the Northern, and a contemner of the Southern Americans. He must read the American telegrams, even if he do not read the newspaper correspondence from America, and consequently must know, if he read with any intelligence, or any desire to arrive at the truth, and to make the best or the worst of it, that in Washington at this moment, the dominant faction, if the whole American people, North and South, white and black, were counted in, would be in a minority of one against two, or, at the most favourable computation, of three against five; and that the minority is most decidedly afraid of admitting their Southern fellow-citizens into the Union, which these Northern fanatics waged a terrible and unnatural war to restore, lest the vote of a majority of the whole people should be against them, and thus they should be hurled from power and lose the fat offices and patronage of the Government. The Southerners, like many wise men elsewhere, in Old England and in

New England, do not like the idea of granting the suffrage to the poorest of the poor, and to the utterly uneducated; and for these reasons, if for no other, object to giving the right of voting to negroes, who in such States as South Carolina out number the whites almost three to one; yet we may be sure that if they would waive this objection, and consent to let the negroes vote, on the calculation and with the certainty that they could guide and control the vote, the Northern Republicans would immediately change their tactics, and object to this very negro vote on which they now rely for the perpetuation of their party rule.

We leave the kingdoms and empires of Europe and the Australian colonies out of the discussion which the member for Birmingham provokes, though even in these we might prove Mr. Bright to be in the wrong, and ask whether the men of the North, voting by manhood suffrage and represented in the Congress or rump of a Congress of the United States, now sitting at Washington, are not "*afraid*" (it is Mr. Bright's word) of their fellow-countrymen south of a certain degree of latitude, and whether this Northern minority, strong in the possession of power, is not acting far more tyrannically than any king or kaiser of Europe ever did without provoking a revolution; and whether its propelling motive is not the dread that, if the whole people could say their say and have their way, a revolution would come that would infallibly sweep these poor philosophists and doctrinaires, and their allies the protectionists, from the power which they hope to hold in perpetuity by the subjugation and virtual enslavement of the South, or, if need were, by the utter extermination of the white Southern people.

To sum up the argument in a few sentences. We hold it to be proved, and to be admitted in America by the most advanced and

cultivated minds in that country, that manhood suffrage does not select the best men for public life; that the elected of the people are as open to receive money-bribes as the people who elect them; that there is an inordinate and cowardly demand for employment in the public service; that public servants are not appointed for merit, and that if they possess merits, they are dismissed as ruthlessly as if they had none when the party opposed to them in politics comes into possession of power; that in the municipality, in the State, and in the Union, the elections are corruptly managed by small and corrupt agents; that the Government, elected directly and indirectly by this agency as its main source, is not a cheap government; that the administration of the law in such States as confide the election of the judges periodically to the people is not so pure as in States where the judges are appointed for life by the Senate; that people without property, being in a majority, systematically place burdens upon property which property cannot bear without an injurious reaction upon the people themselves; that constant elections are a constant nuisance; that the passions of men in the aggregate who vote by manhood suffrage are as fruitful occasions of strife and war as were ever engendered among the aristocracies, oligarchies, and monarchies of the Old World; that the election of a president, even in peaceful times, is an event that leads the country to the very brink of revolution. And though Mr. Bright may be of a contrary opinion, we hold that the minority, who by the fate of war are in actual possession of power and authority, do in reality and very thoroughly dread the day when the voice of the majority shall again declare itself. That voice, were it freely expressed, would declare, not the downfall of the great Republican party, which will always and ought always to continue to exist,

but its removal from office. Furthermore it should be stated, that as the actual restriction of the suffrage within narrower limits than those which it now occupies is impossible, in the circumstances of the United States, unless at the risk of renewed civil war, many Americans, who have not in vain studied politics or the teachings of history, are of opinion that if a man without property ought to have one vote, a man with property ought to have two or three, or a

greater number, in proportion to the amount of his contributions towards the wants of the State, or his stake in its prosperity; and that there has been during many years a steady increase in the numbers of the persons who believe that, unless some such breakwater be formed against the stormy democracy, there will be, not one, but many civil wars, ending, as such wars do if they become chronic, in the inevitable establishment of a military despotism.

A LETTER NEVER SENT.

I.

THESE longing eyes may never more behold Thee,
These yearning arms may never more enfold Thee,
To my sad heart I never more may press Thee,
But day and night I never cease to bless Thee.

II.

I do not envy those who may be near Thee,
Who have that joy supreme—who see Thee, hear Thee;
I bless them also, knowing they, too, love Thee,
And that they prize no earthly thing above Thee.

III.

I do not even hope again to meet Thee,
I never dare to think how I should greet Thee,
Low in the dust should I fall down before Thee,
And kneeling there, for pardon should implore Thee.

IV.

Alas! 'twould be a sin to kneel before Thee!—
A sin to let Thee know I still adore Thee!
I kneel and pray that Heaven may bless and guide Thee:
Love of my life! to Heaven's care I confide Thee.

BROWNLOWS.

PART IV.

CHAPTER XI.—THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

AFTER all, no doubt, it is the young people who are the kings and queens of this world. They don't have it in their own hands, nor their own way in it, which would not be good for them, but all our plots and plans are for their advantage whether they know it or not. For their sakes a great deal of harm is done in this world, which the doers hold excused, sometimes sanctified, by its motive, and the young creatures themselves have a great many things to bear which, no doubt, is for their advantage too. It is the least invidious title of rank which can exist in any community, for we have all been young—all had a great many things done for us which we would much rather had been let alone—and all suffered or profited by the plans of our progenitors. But if they are important in the actual universe, they are still more important in the world of fiction. Here we cannot do without these young heroes and heroines. To make a middle-aged man or woman interesting demands genius, the highest concentration of human power and skill; whereas almost any of us can frame our innocent little tale about Edwin and Angelina, and tempt a little circle to listen notwithstanding the familiarity of the subject. Such is the fact, let us account for it as we may. The youths and maidens, and their encounters, and their quarrels, and their makings-up, their walks and talks and simple doings, are the one subject that never fails; so, though it is a wonder how it should be so, let us go back to them and consider their young prospects and their relations to each other before we go further on in the real progress of our tale.

The way that Sara made ac-

quaintance with the little dweller at her gate was in this wise. It was the day after the dinner-party, when the Motherwells were still at Brownlows. Sara had gone out to convey some consolation to old Betty at the gate, who was a rheumatical old woman. And she thought she had managed to escape very cleverly out of Lady Motherwell's clutches, when, to her horror, Sir Charles overtook her in the avenue. He carried in his manner and appearance all the dignity of a man whose mind is made up. He talked very little, certainly, to begin with—but that was his way; and he caressed his abrupt little black mustache as men do caress any physical adjunct which is a comfort to them in a crisis. Sara could not conceal it from herself that something was coming, and there was no apparent escape for her. The avenue was long; there was nobody visible coming or going. Had the two been on a desert island, Sir Charles could scarcely have had less fear of interruption. I do not pretend to say that Sara was entirely inexperienced in this sort of thing, and did not know how to snub an incipient lover or get out of such a dilemma in ordinary cases; but Sir Charles Motherwell's was not an ordinary case. In the first place, he was staying in the house, and would have to continue there till to-morrow at least, whatever might happen to him now; and in the second, he was obtuse, and might not understand what anything short of absolute refusal meant. He was not a man to be snubbed graciously or ungraciously, and made to comprehend without words that his suit was not to be offered. Such a point of understanding was too high for

him. He was meditating between himself and his mustache what he had to say, and he was impervious to all Sara's delicate indications of an indisposition to listen. How could he tell what people meant unless they said it? Thus he was a man with whom only such solid instruments as Yes and No were of any use; and it would have been very embarrassing if Sara, with at least twenty-four hours of his society to look forward to, had been obliged to say No. She did the very best she could under the emergency. She talked with all her might and tried to amuse him, and if possible lead him off his grand intention. She chatted incessantly with something of the same feelings that inspired Scherazade, speaking against time, though not precisely for her life, and altogether unaware that, in so far as her companion could abstract his thought from the words he was about to say, when he could find them, his complacent consciousness of the trouble she took to please him was rising higher and higher. Poor dear little thing! he was saying to himself, how pleased she will be! But yet, notwithstanding this comfortable thought, it was a difficult matter to Sir Charles in broad daylight, and with the eyes of the world, as it were, upon him, to prevail upon the right words to come.

They were only half-way down the avenue when he cleared his throat. Sara was in despair. She knew by that sound and by the last convulsive twitch of his mustache that it was just coming. A pause of awful suspense ensued. She was so frightened that even her own endeavour to ward off extremities failed her. She could not go on talking in the horror of the moment. Should she pretend to have forgotten something in the house and rush back? or should she make believe somebody was calling her, and fly forward? She had thrown herself forward on one foot, ready for a run, when that

blessed diversion came for which she could never be sufficiently thankful. She gave a start of delightful relief when they came to that break in the trees. "Who can that be?" she said, much as, had she been a man, she would have uttered a cheer. It would not have done for Miss Brownlow to burst forth into an unlooked-for hurrah, so she gave vent to this question instead, and made a little rush on to the grass where that figure was visible. It was a pretty little figure in a red cloak; and it was bending forward, anxiously examining some herbage about the root of a tree. At the sound of Sara's exclamation the stranger raised herself hurriedly, blushed, looked confused, and finally, with a certain shy promptitude, came forward, as if, Sara said afterwards, she was a perfect little angel out of heaven.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "perhaps I ought not to be here. I am so sorry; but—it was for old Betty I came."

"You are very welcome to come," said Sara, eagerly—"if you don't mind the damp grass. It is you who live at Mrs. Swayne's? Oh, yes, I know you quite well. Pray, come whenever you please. There are a great many pretty walks in the park."

"Oh, thank you!" said little Pamela. It was the first time she had seen the young great lady so near; and she took a mental inventory of her, all that she was like, and all that she had on. Seeing Miss Sara on foot, like any other human creature, was not a thing that occurred every day; and she took to examining her with a double, or rather triple, interest—first, because it *was* Miss Sara, and something very new; second, to be able to describe minutely the glorious vision to her mother; and, thirdly, out of genuine admiration. How beautiful she was! and how beautifully dressed! and then the tall gentleman by her side, so unlike anything Pamela ever saw, who

took off his hat to her—actually to her! No doubt, though he was not so handsome as might have been desired, they were going to be married. He must be very good, gallant, and noble, as he was not so *very* good-looking. Pamela's bright eyes danced with eagerness and excitement as she looked at them. It was as good as a play or a story-book. It was a romance being performed for her benefit, actually occurring under her very eyes.

"I know what you were doing," said Sara, "but it is too early yet. 'Round the ashen roots the violets blow!—I know that is what you were thinking of."

Pamela, who knew very little about violets, and nothing about poetry, opened her eyes very wide. "Indeed," she said, anxiously, "I was only looking for some plantain for Betty's bird—that was all. I did not mean to take any—flowers. I would not do anything so—so—ungrateful."

"But you shall have as many violets as ever you like," said Sara, who was eager to find any pretence for prolonging the conversation. "Do come and walk here by me. I am going to see old Betty. Do you know how she is to-day? Don't you think she is a nice old woman? I am going to tell her she ought to have her grandchild to live with her, and open the gate, now that her rheumatism has come on. It always lasts three months when it comes on. Your Mr. Swayne's, you know, goes on and off. I always hear all about it from my maid."

When she paused for breath, Pamela felt that as the tall gentleman took no part in the conversation it was incumbent upon her to say something. She was much flattered by the unexpected grandeur of walking by Miss Brownlow's side, and being taken into her confidence; but the emergency drove every idea out of her head, as was natural. She could not think of anything that it would be

nice to say, and in desperation hazarded a question. "Is there much rheumatism about here?" poor Pamela said, looking up as if her life depended on the answer she received; and then she grew burning red, and hot all over, and felt as if life itself was no longer worth having, after thus making a fool of herself. As if Miss Brownlow knew anything about the rheumatism here! "What an idiot she will think me!" said she to herself, longing that the earth would open and swallow her up. But Miss Brownlow was by no means critical. On the contrary, Sara rushed into the subject with enthusiasm.

"There is always rheumatism where there are so many trees," she said, with decision—"from the damp, you know. Don't you find it so at Motherwell, Sir Charles? You have such heaps of trees in that part of the county. Half my poor people have it here. And the dreadful thing is that one doesn't know any cure for it, except flannel. You never can give them too much flannel," said Sara, raising her eyes gravely to her tall companion. "They think flannel is good for everything under the skies."

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Sir Charles. "Sure it's very good of you. Don't know much about rheumatism myself. Always see lots about in our place; flannel pettico—hem—oh—beg your pardon. I'm sure—"

When he uttered that unfortunate remark, poor Sir Charles brought himself up with a sudden start, and turned very red. It was his horror and embarrassment, poor man, and fear of having shocked his companion's delicacy. But Sara took the meanest advantage of him. She held out her hand, with a sweet smile, "Are you going?" she said; "it is so kind of you to have come so far with me. I hope you will have a pleasant ride. Please make Jack call at the

Rectory, and ask if Fanny's cold is better. Shall you be back to luncheon? But you never are, you gentlemen. Are you never hungry in the middle of the day as we are? Till dinner, then," she said, waving her hand. Perhaps there was something mesmeric in it. The disappointed wooer was so startled that he stood still as under a spell.

"Didn't mean to leave you," he said; "don't care for riding. I'd like to see old Betty too."

"Oh, but that would be much too polite," cried Sara. "Please, never mind me. It is so kind of you to have come so far. Good-bye just now. I hope you will have a pleasant ride." She was gone before he could move or recover from his consternation. He stood in dumb amazement for a full minute looking after her; and then poor Sir Charles turned away with the obedience of despair. He had been too well brought up on the whole. His mother had brought him to such a pitch of discipline that he could not choose but obey her helm, whosoever hand might touch it. "It was all those conbounded petticoats," he said to himself. "How could I be such an ass?" which was the most vigorous speech he had made even to himself for ages. As for Sara, she relaxed from her usual dignity, and went along skipping and tripping in the exhilaration of her heart. "Oh, what a blessing he is to me!—oh, what a little angel you were to appear just when you did!" said Sara; and then she gave a glance at her new companion's bewildered face, and commended herself. "But don't let us think of him any more," she continued. "Tell me about yourself—want to know all about yourself. Wasn't it lucky we met? Please tell me your name, and how old you are, and how you like living here. Of course, you know I am Sara Brownlow. And oh, to be sure, first of all, why did you say

ungrateful? Have I ever done anything to make you grateful to me?"

"Oh yes, please," said Pamela.

"It is so pretty to see you always when you ride, and when you drive out. I am not quite strong yet, and I don't know anybody here; but I have only to sit down at the window, and there is always something going on. Last night you can't think how pretty it was. The carriage lamps kept walking up and down like giants with two big eyes. And I can see all up the avenue from my window; and when I looked very close, just as they passed Betty's door, I could see a little glimpse of the ladies inside, I saw one lovely pink dress; and then in the next, there was a scarlet cloak all trimmed with swansdown. I could tell it was swansdown, it was so fluffy. Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to talk so much; but it is such fun living there, just opposite the gate. And that is why I am so grateful to you."

Sara, it was impossible to deny, was much staggered by this speech. Its frankness amazed and yet attracted her. It drove her into deep bewilderment as to the rank of her little companion. Was she a lady? She would scarcely have taken so much pleasure in the sight, had it been within the range of possibility that she could herself join such a party; but then her voice was a refined voice, and her lovely looks might, as Sara had thought before, have belonged to a princess. The young mistress of Brownlows looked very curiously at Pamela, but she could not fathom her. The red cloak was a little the worse for wear, but still it was such a garb as any one might have worn. There was no sort of finery, no sort of pretension, about the little personage. And then Sara had already made up her mind in any case to take her pretty neighbour under her protection. The end of the matter was, that in turning it over in her mind, the amusing side of the

question at last caught her eye. How strange it was! While the awful moment before dinner was being got through at the great house, this little creature at the gate was clapping her hands over the sounds and sights out of doors. To her, it was not heavy people coming to dinner, to be entertained in body and mind for three or four mortal hours; but prancing horses and rolling wheels, and the lamps making their shining progress two and two, and all the cheerful commotion. How odd it was! She must be (whatever her "position") an original little thing to see so tedious a business in such a novel light.

"It is very odd," said Sara, "that I never thought of that before. I almost think I shouldn't mind having stupid people now and then if I had thought of that. And so you think it fun? You wouldn't think it fun if you had to watch them eating their dinner, and amuse them all the evening. It is such hard work; and then to ask them to sing when you know they can't sing, no more than peacocks, and to stand and say Thank you when it is all over! I wonder what made you think of looking at the lamps. It is very clever of you, you know, to describe them like that. Do you read a great deal? Are you fond of it? Do you play, or do you draw, or what do you like best?"

This question staggered Pamela as much as her description had done Sara. She grew pale, and then she grew red. "I am—not in the least clever," she said, "nor—nor accomplished—nor—I am not a great lady like you, Miss Brownlow," the little girl added, with a sudden pang of mortification. She had not been in the least envious of Sara, nor desirous of claiming equality with her. And yet when she thus suddenly perceived the difference, it went to her heart so sharply that she had hard ado not to cry.

As for Sara she laughed softly, not knowing of any bitterness be-

neath that reply. She laughed, knowing she was not a great lady, and yet a little disposed to think she was, and pleased to appear so in her companion's eyes. "If you were to speak like that to Lady Motherwell, I wonder what she would say," said Sara; "but I don't want you to be a great lady. I think you are the prettiest little thing I ever saw in my life. There now—I suppose it is wrong to say it, but it is quite true. It is a pleasure just to look at you. If you are not nice and good, it is a great shame, and very ungrateful of you, when God has made you so pretty; but I think you must be nice. Don't blush and tremble like that, as if I were a gentleman. I am just nineteen. How old are you?"

"Seventeen last midsummer," said Pamela, under her breath.

"I knew you were quite a child," said Sara, with dignity. "Don't look so frightened. I mean to come and see you almost every day. And you shall come home with me, and see the flowers, and the pictures, and all my pretty things. I have quantities of pretty things. Papa is so very kind. I have no mother; but that—that—old—lady—is your mother, is she? or your grandmother? Look, there is old Betty at the door. Wicked old woman! what business has she to come out to the door and make her rheumatism worse? Come along a little quicker; but, you poor little dear, what is the matter? Can't you run?"

"I sprained my ankle," said Pamela, blushing more and more, and wondering if Mr. John had perhaps kept that little incident to himself.

"And I trying to make you run!" cried the penitent Sara. "Never mind, take my arm. I am not in the least in a hurry. Lean upon me—there's a good child. They should not let you come so far alone."

Thus it was that the two arrived at Betty's cottage, to the old woman's intense amazement. Pamela

herself was flattered by the kind help afforded her, but it is doubtful whether she enjoyed it; and in the exciting novelty of the position, she was glad to sit down in a corner and collect herself while her brilliant young patroness fulfilled her benevolent mission. Betty's lodge was a creation of Miss Brownlow's from beginning to end. It was Sara's design, and Sara had furnished it, up to the pictures on the wall, which were carefully chosen in accordance with what might be supposed to be an old woman's taste, and the little book-shelf which was filled on the same principles. The fact was, however, that Betty had somewhat mortified Sara by pinning up a glorious coloured picture out of the "Illustrated News," and by taking in a tale of love and mystery in penny numbers, showing illegitimate tastes both in literature and art. But she was suffering, and eventually at such a moment her offences ought to be forgiven.

"You should not stand at the door like that, and go opening the gate in such weather," said Sara. "I came to say you must have one of your son's children to help you,—that one you had last year."

"She's gone to service, Miss," said Betty, with a bob.

"Then one of your daughter's,—the daughter you have at Master-ton—she has dozens and dozens of children. Why cannot one of them come out and take care of you?"

"Please, Miss," said Betty, "a poor man's childer is his fortune—leastways in a place where there's mills and things. They're all a-doing of something, them little things. I'm awful comfortable, Miss, thanks to you and your good papa?"—at this and all other intervals of her speech, Betty made a curtsy—"but I ain't got money like to pay 'em wages, and saving when one's a bit delicate, or that—"

"Betty, sit down, please, and don't make so many curtsies. I don't understand that. If I had a

nice old grandmother like you"—said Sara; and then she paused and blushed, and bethought herself—Perhaps it might be as well not to enter upon that question. "Anyhow it is very easy to pay them something," she said. "I will pay it for you till your rheumatism is better. And then there is your other son, who was a tailor or something—where is he?"

"Oh! if I could but tell!" said Betty. "Oh, Miss, he's one o' them as brings down grey hairs wi' sorrow—not as I have a many to lose, though when I was a young lass, the likes o' me for a 'ead of 'air wasn't in all Dewsbury. But Tom, I'm afeard, I'm afeard, has taken to terrible bad ways."

"Drinking or something?" asked Sara, in the tone of a woman experienced in such inevitable miseries.

"Worse than that, Miss. I don't say as it ain't bad enough when a man takes to drinking. Many a sore heart it's giv' me, but it allays comes kind o' natural like," said Betty, with her apron at her eyes. "But poor Tom, he's gone and come out for a Radical, Miss, and sets hisself up a-making speeches and things. It's that as brought it on me so bad. I've not been so bad before, not sin' his poor father died."

"Then don't stand and curtsy like that, please," said Sara. "A Radical—is that all? I am a little of a Radical myself, and so is papa."

"Ah, the like of you don't know," said Betty. "Mr. John wouldn't say nothing for him. He said, 'That's very bad, very bad, Betty,' when I went and told him; and a young gentleman like that is the one to know."

"He knows nothing about it," said Sara; "he's a University man, and Eton, you know: he is all in the old world way; but papa and I are Radicals, like Tom. Are you?—but I suppose you are too young to know. And oh, here it is just

time for luncheon, and you have never told me your name. Betty, make haste and send for Tom or somebody to help you. And there's something coming in a basket; and if you want anything you must send up to the house."

"You're very kind, Miss," said Betty, "and the neighbours is real kind, and Mrs. Swayne, though she has queer ways— And as for Miss Pammy here——"

"Pamela," said the little girl, softly, from her chair.

"Is that your name?" said Sara. "Pamela—I never knew any one called Pamela before. What a pretty name! Sara is horrible. Every soul calls me Sairah. Look here, you are a little darling; and you don't know what you saved me from this morning; and I'll come to see you the moment Lady Motherwell goes away."

Upon which Sara dropped a rapid kiss upon her new friend's cheek and rushed forth, passing the window like an arrow, rushing up the long avenue like a winged creature, with the wind in her hair and in her dress. The little lodge grew darker to Pamela's dazzled eyes when she was gone.

"Is that really Miss Brownlow. Betty?" she said, after the first pause.

"Who could it be else, I would like to know!" said Betty; "a leaving her orders like that, and never giving no time to answer or nothing. I wonder what's coming in the basket. Not as I'm one o' the greedy ones as is always looking for something; but what's the good o' serving them rich common folks if you don't get no good out of them? Oh for certain sure it's Miss Sara; and she taken a fancy to you."

"What do you mean by common folks?" asked Pamela, already disposed, as was natural, to take up the cudgels for her new friend. "She is a lady, oh, all down to the very tips of her shoes."

"Maybe as far as you knows,"

said Betty, "but I've been here off and on for forty years, and I mind the old Squires; not saying no harm of Miss Sara, as is very open-handed; but you mind my words, you'll see plenty of her for a bit—she's took a fancy to you."

"Do you think so, *really*, Betty?" said Pamela, with brightening eyes.

"What I says is for a bit," said Betty; "don't you take up as I'm meaning more—for a bit, Miss Pammy; that's how them sort does. She's one as 'ill come every day, and then, when she's other things in hand like, or other folks, or feels a bit tired——"

"Yes, perhaps," said Pamela, who had grown very red; "but that need not have any effect on me. If I was fond of any one, I would never, never change, whatever they might do—not if they were to be cruel and unkind—not if they were to forget me——"

Here the little girl started, and became very silent all in a moment. And the blush of indignation on her cheek passed, and was followed by a softer sweeter colour, and her words died away on her lips. And her eyes, which had been shining on old Betty with all the magnanimity of youth, went down, and were covered up under the blue-veined, long-fringed eyelids. The fact was, some one else had come into the lodge—had come without knocking, in a very noiseless, stealthy sort of way—"as if he meant it." And this new-comer was no less a person than Mr. John.

"My sister says you are ill, Betty," said Jack; "what do you mean by being ill? I am to send in one of your grandchildren from Masterton. What do you say? Shall I? or should you rather be alone?"

"It's allays you for the thoughtful one, Mr. John," said Betty, gratefully; "though you're a gentleman, and it don't stand to reason. But Miss Sara's a-going to pay; and if there's a little as is to be arned honest, I'm not one as would

send it past my own. There's little Betsey, as is a tidy bit of a thing. But I ain't ill, not to say ill, no more nor Miss 'Pammly here is ill—her as had her ankle sprained in that awful snow."

Mr. John made what Pamela thought a very grand bow at this point of Betty's speech. He had taken his hat off when he came in. Betty's doctor, when he came to see her, did not take off his hat, not even when Pamela was present. The little girl had very quick eyes, and she did not fail to mark the difference. After he had made his bow, Mr. John somehow seemed to forget Betty. It was to the little stranger his words, his eyes, his looks, were addressed. "I hope you are better?" he said. "I took the liberty of going to your house to ask, but Mrs. Swayne used to turn me away."

"Oh, thank you; you are very kind," said Pamela; and then she added, "Mrs. Swayne is very funny. Mamma would have liked to have thanked you, I am sure."

"And I am sure I did not want any thanks," said Jack; "only to know. You are sure you are better now?"

"Oh, much better," said Pamela; and then, there came a pause. It was more than a pause. It was a dead stop, with no apparent possibility of revival. Pamela, for her part, like an inexperienced little girl, fidgeted on her chair, and wrapped herself close in her cloak. Was that all? His sister had a great deal more to say. Jack, though he was not inexperienced, was almost for the moment as awkward as Pamela. He went across the room to look at the picture out of the 'Illustrated News;' and he spoke to Betty's bird, which had just been regaled with the bit of plantain Pamela had brought; and, at last, when all those little exercises had been gone through, he came back.

"I hope you like living here," he said. "It is cold and bleak

now, but in summer, it is very pretty. You came at the worst time of the year; but I hope you mean to stay?"

"Oh, yea, we like it," said Pamela; and then there came another pause.

"My sister is quite pleased to think of having you for a neighbour," said Jack. It was quite extraordinary how stupid he was. He could talk well enough sometimes; but at this present moment he had not a syllable to say. "Except Miss Hardcastle at the Rectory, she has nobody near, and my father and I are so much away."

Pamela looked up at him with a certain sweet surprise in her eyes. Could he too really think her a fit friend for his sister? "It is very kind of Miss Brownlow," she said; "but I am only—I mean I don't think I am—I am always with my mother."

"But your mother would not like you to be shut up," said Jack, coming a little nearer. "I always look over the way now when I pass. To see bright faces instead of blank windows is quite pleasant. I dare say you never notice us."

"Oh yea," cried Pamela. "And that pretty horse! It is such fun to live there and see you all passing." She said this forgetting herself, and then she met old Betty's gaze and grew conscious again, "I mean we are always so quiet," she said, and began once more to examine the binding of her cloak.

At this moment the bell from the great house began to tinkle pleasantly in the wintry air; it was another of Pamela's amusements. And it marked the dinner hour at which her mother would look for her; but how was she to move with this young man behind her chair? Betty, however, was not so delicate. "I always sets my clock by the luncheon-bell," said old Betty. "There it's a-going, bless it! I has my dinner by it regular, and I sets my clock. Don't you go for to stir, Miss Pammly. Bless you, I don't

mind you! And Mr. John, he's a-going to his lunch. Don't you mind. I'll set my little bit of a table ready; but I has it afore the fire in this cold weather, and it don't come a-nigh of you."

"Oh, mamma will want me," said Pamela. "I shall come back another time and see you." She made Jack a little curtsy as she got up, but to her confusion he came out with her and opened the gate for her, and sauntered across the road by her side.

"I am not going to lunch—I am going to ride. So you have noticed the mare?" said Jack. "I am rather proud of her. She is a beauty. You should see how she goes when the road is clear. I suppose I shall have to go now, for here come the horses and Motherwell. He is one of those men who always turn up just when they're not wanted," Jack continued, opening the gate of Mrs. Swayne's little garden for Pamela. Mrs. Swayne herself was at the window up stairs, and Mrs. Preston was at the parlour window looking out for her child. They both saw that wonderful sight. Young Mr. Brownlow with his hat off holding open the little gate, and looking down into the little face, which was so flushed with pleasure and pride, and embarrassment and innocent shame. As for Pamela herself, she did not know if she

were walking on solid ground or on air. When the door closed behind her, and she found herself in the dingy little passage with nothing but her dinner before her, and the dusky afternoon, and her work, her heart gave a little cry of impatience. But she was in the parlour time enough to see Jack spring on his horse and trot off into the sunshine with his tall companion. They went off into the sunshine, but in the parlour it was deepest shade, for Mr. Swayne had so cleverly contrived his house that the sunshine never entered. Its shadows hung across the road stretching to the gate of Brownlows, almost the whole day, which made everything dingier than it was naturally. This was what Pamela experienced when she came in out of the bright air, out of sight of those young faces and young voices. Could she ever have anything to do with them? Or was it only a kind of dream, too pleasant, too sweet to come to anything? It was her very first out-set in life, and she was aware that she was not much of a heroine. Perhaps it was only the accident of an hour; but even that was pleasant if it should be no more. This, when she had told all about it, and filled the afternoon with the reflected glory, was the philosophical conclusion to which Pamela came at last.

CHAPTER XII.—NEWS OF FRIENDS.

"But you must not set your heart upon it, my darling," said Mrs. Preston. "It may be or it may'n't be—nobody can say. And you must not get to blame the young lady if she thinks better of it. They are very rich, and they have all the best people in the county coming and going. And you are but my poor little girl, with no grand friends; and you mustn't take it to heart and be disappointed. If you were doing that, though it's such good air and

so quiet, I'd have to take my darling away."

"I won't, mamma," said Pamela; "I'll be good. But you say yourself that it *may* be——"

"Yes," said the mother; "young creatures like that are not so worldly-minded—at least, sometimes they're not. She might take a fancy to you; but you mustn't build on it, Pamela. That's all, my dear. We're humble folks, and the like of us don't go visiting at great houses. And even

you've not got the education, my darling; and nothing but your black frocks——"

"Oh, mamma, do you think I want to visit at great houses?" cried Pamela. "I should not know what to say nor how to behave. What I should like would be to go and see her in the mornings when nobody was there, and be her little companion, and listen to her talking, and to see her dressed when she was going out. I know we are poor; but she might get fond of me for all that——"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Preston, "I think she is a very nice young lady. I wish her mamma had been living, Pamela. If there had been a good woman that had children of her own, living at that great house, I think it would have been a comfort to me."

"Mamma, I can't think why you should always be speaking like that," said Pamela, with a cloud on her brow.

"You would soon know why if you were as old as me," said the mother. "I can't forget I'm old, and how little strength I've got left. And I shouldn't like my pet to get disappointed," she said, rising and drawing Pamela's pretty head to her, as she stood behind her chair; "don't you build upon it, dear. And now I'm going into the kitchen for five minutes to ask for poor Mr. Swayne."

It was a thing she did almost every night, and Pamela was not surprised; perhaps it was even a relief to her to have a few minutes all to herself to think over the wonderful events of the day. To be sure, it had been about Sara alone, and her overtures of friendship, that the mother and daughter had been talking. But when Pamela was by herself, she recollected, naturally, that there had been another actor in the scene. She did not think of asking her mother, or even herself, if Mr. John was to be depended on, or if there was any danger of disappointment in respect to him.

Indeed, Pamela was so wise that she did not, as she said to herself, think at all about this branch of the subject; for, of course, it was not likely she would ever make great friends with a young gentleman. The peculiarity of the matter was that, though she was not thinking of Mr. John, she seemed to see him standing before her, holding the gate open, looking into her face, and saying that Motherwell was one of the men that always turned up when they were least wanted. She was not thinking of Jack; and was it her fault if this picture had fixed itself on her retina, if that is the name of it? She went and sat down on the rug before the fire, and gazed into the glow, and thought it all over. After a while she even put her hands over her eyes, that she might think it over the more perfectly. And it is astonishing how often this picture came between her and her thoughts; but, thank heaven, it was only a picture! Whatever Pamela might be thinking of, it was certainly not of Mr. John.

Mrs. Swayne's kitchen was by far the most cheerful place in the house. It had a brick floor, which was as red as the hearth was white, and a great array of shining things about the walls. There was a comfortable cat dozing and blinking before the fire, which was reflected out of so many glowing surfaces, copper, pewter, and tin, that the walls were hung with a perfect gallery of cats. Mrs. Swayne herself had a wickerwork chair at one side, which she very seldom occupied; for there was a great multiplicity of meals in the house, and there was always something just coming to perfection in the oven or on the fire. But opposite, in a high-backed chair covered with blue and white checked linen, was Mr. Swayne, who was the object of so much care, and was subject to the rheumatics, like Betty. The difference of his rheumatics was, that they went off and on. One day he

would be well—so well as to go out and see after his business; and the next day he would be fixed in his easy-chair. Perhaps, on the whole, it was more aggravating than if he had gone in steadily for a good long bout when he was at it, and saved his wife's time. But then that was the nature of the man. There was a visitor in the kitchen when Mrs. Preston went in—no less a personage than old Betty, who, with a daring disregard for her rheumatics, had come across the road, wrapped in an old cloak, to talk over the news of the day. It was a rash proceeding, no doubt, but yet rheumatics were very ordinary affairs, and it was seldom—very seldom—that anything so exciting came in Betty's way. Mrs. Swayne, for her part, had been very eloquent about it before her lodger appeared.

"I'd make short work with him," she said, "if it was me. I'd send him about his business, you take my word. It ain't me as would trust one of 'em a step further than I could see 'em. Coming a-raging and a-roaring round of a house, as soon as they found out as there was a poor little tender bit of a lamb to devour."

"What is that you say about a bit o' lamb, Nancy?" cried Mr. Swayne; "that's an awful treat, that is, at this time of the year. I reckon it's for the new lodgers and not for us. I'll devour it, and welcome, my lass, if you'll set it afore me."

Mrs. Swayne gave no direct answer to this question. She cast a glance of mild despair at Betty, who answered by lifting up her hands in sympathy and commiseration. "That's just like the men," said Mrs. Swayne. "Talk o' something to put into them, and that's all as they care for. It's what a poor woman has to put up with late and early. Always a-craving and a-craving, and you ne'er out of a mess, dinner and supper—dinner and supper. But as I was a-saying, if it was me,

he should never have the chance of a word in her ear again."

"It's my opinion, Mrs. Swayne," said Betty, unwinding her shawl a little, "as in those sort of cases it's mostly the mother's fault."

"I don't know what you mean by the mother's fault," said Mrs. Swayne, who was contradictory, and liked to take the initiative. "She never set eyes on him, as I can tell, poor soul. And how was she to know as they were all about in the avenue? It's none o' the mother's fault; but if it was me, now as they've took the first step——"

"That was all as I meant," said Betty, humbly; "now as it's come to that, I would take her off, as it were, this very day."

"And a deal of good you'd do with that," said Mrs. Swayne, with natural indignation; "take her off! and leave my parlour empty, and have him a-running after her from one place to another. I thought you was one as knew better; I'd brave it out if it was me—he shouldn't get no advantages in my way o' working. Husht both of you, and hold your tongues; I never see the like of you for talk, Swayne—when here's the poor lady out o' the parlour as can't abide a noise. Better? ay, a deal better, Mrs. Preston: if he wasn't one as adored a good easy-chair afore the fire——"

"And a very good place, too, this cold weather," said Mr. Swayne, with a feeble chuckle. "Nancy, you tell the lady about the lamb."

Mrs. Swayne and Betty once more exchanged looks of plaintive comment. "That's him all over," she said; "but you're one as understands what men is, Mrs. Preston, and I've no mind to explain. I hear as Miss Sara took awful to our young Miss, meeting of her promiscuous in the avenue. Betty, here, she says as it was wonderful; but I always thought myself as that was how it would be."

"Yes," said the gratified mother; "not that I would have my Pa-

mela build upon it. A young lady like that might change her mind; but I don't deny that it would be very nice. Whatever is a pleasure to Pamela is twice a pleasure to me.

"And a sweet young lady as ever I set eyes on," said Betty, seizing the opportunity, and making Mrs. Preston one of her usual bobs.

Pamela's mother was not a lady born; the two women, who were in their way respectful to her, saw this with lynx eyes. She was not even rich enough, poor soul, to have the appearance of a lady; and it would have been a little difficult for them to have explained why they were so civil. No doubt principally it was because they knew so little of her, and her appearance had the semi-dignity of preoccupation—a thing very difficult to be comprehended in that region of society which is wont to express all its sentiments freely. She had something on her mind, and she did not relieve herself by talking, and she lived in the parlour while Mrs. Swayne contented herself with the kitchen. That was about the extent of her claim on their respect.

"I suppose you are all very fond of Miss Sara, knowing her all her life," Mrs. Preston said, after she had received very graciously Betty's tribute to her own child. Though she warned Pamela against building on it, it would be hard to describe the fairy structures which had already sprung in her own mind on these slight foundations; and though she would not have breathed his name for worlds, it is possible that Pamela's mother, in her visions, found a place for Mr. John too.

"Fond! I don't know as we're so fond of her neither," said Mrs. Swayne. "She's well, and well enough, but I can't say as she's my sort. She's too kind of familiar like—and it ain't like a real county lady neither. But it's Betty as sees her most. And awful good they

are, I will say that for them, to every creature about the place.

"Ah, mum, they ain't the real old gentry," said Betty, with a touch of pathos. "If I was one as had come with 'em, or that—but I'm real old Dawsbury, me, and was at the Hall, coming and going, for twenty years afore their time. I ain't got nothing to say again' Miss Sara. She comed there, that's all—she wasn't *born*. It makes a difference when folks have been forty years and more about a place. To see them pass away as has the right," said Betty, growing sentimental, "and them come in as has only a bag o' money!"

"Little enough money the old Squire had," said Mrs. Swayne, turning her head, "nor manners neither. Don't you be ungrateful, Betty Oaley. You was as poor as a church-mouse all along o' your old Squires, and got as fat as fat when the new folks come and put you all comfortable. Deny it, if you can. I would worship the very ground Miss Sara sets foot on, if I was you."

"Ah, she ain't the real old gentry," said Betty, with a sigh.

Perhaps Mrs. Preston had a weakness for real old gentry too, and she had a dull life, poor woman, and was glad of a little gossip. She had heard the story before, but she asked to hear it again, hoping for a little amusement; for a woman, however bowed down to the level of her fortune, gets tired sometimes, even of such a resource as needlework. She would not sit down, for she felt that might be considered lowering herself to their level. But she stood with her hand upon the back of an old high wooden chair, and asked questions. If they were not the real old gentry, and were such upstarts, why was it that the place was called by their name, and how did they come there?

"Some say as it was a poor old creature in Masterton as give him the money," said Mrs. Swayne, "away from her own child, as was

gone off a-soldiering. I wouldn't say it was money that would thrive. He was called to make the will for her, or something; an old miser, that was what she was; and with that he bought the place. And the folks laughed, and said it was Brownlow's. But he ain't a man to laugh at, ain't Mr. Brownlow hisself. A body may have their opinion about the young folks. Young folks ain't nothing much to build upon, as you was a-saying, Mrs. Preston, at their best; but I wouldn't be the one as would cross *him* hisself. He's terrible deep, and terrible close, like all them lawyers. And he has a way of talking as is dreadful deceiving. Them as tries to fight honest and open with the likes of him haasn't no chance. He ain't a hard neighbour like, nor unkind to poor folk; but I wouldn't go again' him, not for all the world, if it was me."

"That's all you know, you women," said Mr. Swayne; "he's the easiest-minded gentleman going, is Mr. Brownlow. He's one as pays your little bits o' bills like a prince, and don't ask no bothering questions—what's this for, and what's that for, and all them niggles-naggles. He's as free with his money — What are you two women a-shaking of your heads off for, as if I was a-saying what isn't true?"

"It's true, and it ain't true," said Mrs. Swayne; "and if you ever was anyway in trouble along of the young folks, Mrs. Preston, or had him to do with, I give you my warning you'll have to mind."

"I shall never have anything to do with Mr. Brownlow," said the lodger, with a half-frightened smile. "I'm independent. He can't have anything to say to me."

Mrs. Swayne shook her head, and so did Betty, following her lead. The landlady did not very well know why, and neither did the old woman. It was always a practicable way of holding up the beacon before the eyes of Pamela's mother. And that poor soul, who was not

very courageous, grew frightened, she could not tell why.

"But there was something to-day as made me laugh," said old Betty—"not as I was in spirits for laughing—what with my back, as was like to split, and my bad knee, and them noises in my ears. But just to see how folks forget! Miss Sara she came in. She was along of your young miss, mum, and a-making a fuss over her; and she says, 'Betty,' says she, 'we ain't a-going to let you open the gate, and your rheumatics so bad; send for one of them grandchildren o' yours.' Atween oursels, I was just a-thinking o' that; for what's enough for one is enough for two, and it's allays a saving for Polly. My Polly has seven on 'em, mum, and hard work a-keeping all straight. So I up and says, 'A poor man's children is his fortin, Miss,' says I; 'they're all on 'em a working at summat, and I can't have 'em without paying.' And no more I oughtn't to, serving rich folks. 'What! not for their grandmother?' says she. 'If I had a nice old grandmother like you —'"

"Law!" said Mrs. Swayne, and her own grandmother living in a poky bit of a place in Masterton, as everybody knows—never brought out here for a breath of fresh air, nor none of them going a-nigh of her! To think how little folks is sensible when it's themselves as is to blame!"

"That's what it is," said the triumphant Betty. "When she said that, it was her conscience as spoke. She went as red as red, and stopped there and then. It was along of old Mrs. Fennell, poor old soul! Why ain't she a-living out here, and her own flesh and blood to make her comfortable? It was on my lips to say, Law! Miss, there's old Mrs. Fennell is older nor me."

"Fennell?" said Mrs. Preston; "I ought to know that name."

"It was her own mamma's name," said Betty, "and I've met wi' them

as seen the old lady with their own eyes. Hobson, the carrier, he goes and sees her regular with game and things; but what's game in comparison with your own flesh and blood?"

"Perhaps the mother died young," said Mrs. Preston, with some anxiety—"that breaks the link, like, Fennell? I wonder what Fennells she belongs to. I once knew that name well. I wish the old lady was living here."

"You take my word, she'll never live here," said Mrs. Swayne. "She ain't grand enough. Old grandmothers is in the way when young folks sets up for lords and ladies. And it ain't that far to Masterton but you could go and see her. There's Hobson, he knows; he'd make you safe, never fear."

Mrs. Preston shrank back a little from the suggestion. "I'm not one to pay visits," she said. "But I'll say good-night to you all, now. I hope you'll soon be better, Mr. Swayne. And, Betty, you should not be out of doors on such a cold night. My child will be dull, all by herself." So saying, she left them; but she did not that moment return to Pamela. She went up-stairs by herself in the dark, with her heart beating quick in her ears. "Fennell!" she was saying to herself—"I ought to know that name." It was very dark on the road, and there was nothing visible from the window but the red glow from Betty's lodge, where the door stood innocently open; but notwithstanding Mrs. Preston went and looked out, as if the scene could have thrown any enlightenment upon her thoughts. She was excited about it, unimportant though the matter seemed. What if perhaps she might be on the trace of friends—people who would be good to Pamela? There was once a Fennell—Tom Fennell—who ages ago— No doubt he was dead and gone, with everybody who had belonged to her far-off early life. But standing there in the darkness,

pressing her withered cheek close to the window, as if there was something to be seen outside, it went through the old woman's mind how, perhaps, if she had chosen Tom Fennell instead of the other one, things might have been different. If any life could ever have been real to the liver of it, surely her hard life, her many toils and sufferings, must have been such sure fact as to leave no room for fancy. Yet so truly, even to an unimaginative woman, was this fantastic existence such stuff as dreams are made of, that she stopped to think what the difference might have been if— She was nearly sixty, worn even beyond her years, incapable of very much thinking; and yet she took a moment to herself ere she could join her child, and permitted herself this strange indulgence. When she descended the stairs again, still in the dark, going softly, and with a certain thrill of excitement, Mrs. Preston's mind was full of dreams more unreal than those which Pamela pondered before the fire. She was forming visions of a sweet, kind, fair old lady who would be good to Pamela. Already her heart was lighter for the thought. If she should be ill or feel any signs of breaking up, what a comfort to mount into the carrier's cart and go and commend her child to such a protector! If she had conceived at once the plan of marrying Pamela to Mr. John, and making her at one sweep mistress of Brownlows, the idea would have been wisdom itself in comparison; but she did not know that, poor soul! She came down with a visionary glow about her heart, the secret of which she told to no one, and roused up Pamela, who looked half dazed and dazzled as she drew her hands from before her face and rose from the rug she had been seated on. Pamela had been dreaming, but not more than her mother. She almost looked as if she had been sleeping as she opened her

dazzled eyes. There are times when one sees clearer with one's eyes closed. The child had been looking at that picture of hers so long that she felt guilty when her mother woke her up. She had a kind of shamefaced consciousness, Mr. John having been so long about, that her mother must find his presence out—not knowing that her mother was preoccupied and full of her own imaginations too. But they did not say anything to each other about their dreams. They dropped into silence, each over her work, as people are so ready to do who have something to think of. Pamela's little field of imagination was limited, and did not carry her much beyond the encounters of to-day; but Mrs. Preston bent her head over her sewing with many an old scene coming up in her mind. She remembered the day when Tom Fennell "spoke" to her first, as vividly in all its particulars as Pamela recollected Jack Brownlow's looks as he stood at the door. How strange if it should be the same Fennells! if Pamela's new friends should be related to her old one—if this lady at Masterton should be the woman in all the world pointed out by Providence to succour her darling. Poor Mrs. Preston uttered praises to Providence unawares—she seemed to see the blessed, yet crooked, ways by which she had been drawn to such a discovery. Her heart accepted it as a plan long ago concerted in heaven for her help when she was most helpless, to surprise her, as it were, with the infinite thought taken for her, and tender kindness. These were the feelings that rose and swelled in her mind and went on from step to step of further certainty. One thing was very confusing, it is true; but still when a woman is in such a state of mind, she can swallow a good many confusing particulars. It was to make out what could be the special relationship (taking it for granted that there was a rela-

tionship) between Tom Fennell and this old lady. She could not well have been his mother; perhaps his wife—his widow! This was scarcely a palatable thought, but still she swallowed it—swallowed it, and preferred to think of something else, and permitted the matter to fall back into its former uncertainty. What did it matter about particulars when Providence had been so good to her!—Dying itself would be little if she could but make sure of friends for Pamela. She sang, as it were, a "Nunc dimittis" in her soul.

Thus the acquaintance began between the young people at the great house and little Pamela in Mrs. Swayne's cottage. It was not an acquaintance which was likely to arise in the ordinary course of affairs, and naturally it called forth a little comment. Probably, had the mother been living, as Mrs. Preston wished, Sara would never have formed so unequal a friendship; but it was immaterial to Mr. Brownlow, who heard his child talk of her companion, and was pleased to think she was pleased: prepossessed as he was by the pretty face at the window which so often gleamed out upon him, he himself, though he scarcely saw any more of her than that passing glimpse in the morning, was taken with a certain fondness for the lovely little girl. He no longer said she was like Sara; she was like a face he had seen somewhere, he said, and he never failed to look out for her, and after a while gave her a friendly nod as he passed. It was more difficult to find out what were Jack's sentiments. He too saw a great deal of the little stranger, but it was in, of course, an accidental way. He used to happen to be in the avenue when she was coming or going. He happened to be in the park now and then when the spring brightened, and Pamela was able to take long walks. These things, of course, were pure

accident, and he made no particular mention of them. As for Pamela herself, she would say, "I met Mr. John," in her innocent way, but that was about all. It is true that Mrs. Swayne in the cottage and Betty at the lodge both kept very close watch on the young people's proceedings. If these two had met at the other end of the parish, Betty, notwithstanding her rheumatics, would have managed to know it. But the only one who was aware of this scrutiny was Jack. Thus the spring came on, and the days grew pleasant. It was pleasant for them all, as the buds opened and the great chestnut-blossoms began to rise in milky spires among the big half-folded leaves. Even Mrs. Preeon opened and smoothed out, and took to white caps and collars, and felt as if she might live till Pamela

was five-and-twenty. Five-and-twenty is not a great age, but it is less helpless than seventeen, and in a last extremity there was always Mrs. Fennell in Masterton who could be appealed to. Sometimes even the two homely sentinels who watched over Pamela would relax in those lingering spring nights. Old Betty, though she was worldly-minded, was yet a motherly kind of old woman; her heart smote her when she looked in Pamela's face. "And why shouldn't he be honest and true, and marry a pretty lass if it was his fancy?" Betty would say. But as for Mrs. Swayne, she thanked Providence she had been in temptation herself, and knew what that sort meant; which was much more than any of the others did, up to this moment—Jack, probably, least of all.

CHAPTER XIII.—A CRISIS.

All this time affairs had been going on very quietly in the office. Mr. Brownlow came and went every day, and Jack when it suited him, and business went on as usual. As for young Powys, he had turned out an admirable clerk. Nothing could be more punctual, more painstaking than he was. Mr. Wrinkell the head-clerk was so pleased that he invited him to tea and chapel on Sunday, which was an offer the stranger had not despised. And it was known that he had taken a little tiny house in the outskirts, not the Dewsbury way, but at the other side of the town—a little house with a garden, where he had been seen planting primroses, to the great amusement of the other clerks. They had tried jeers, but the jeers were not witty, and Powys's patience was found to have limits. And he was so big and strong, and looked so completely as if he meant it, that the merriment soon came to an end and he was allowed to take his own way. They said he was

currying favour with old Wrinkell; they said he was trying to humbug the governor; they said he had his pleasures his own way, and kept close about them. But all these arrows did not touch the junior clerk. Mr. Brownlow watched the young man out of his private office with the most anxious mixture of feelings. Wrinkell himself, though he was of thirty years' standing in the office, and his employer and he had been youths together, did not occupy nearly so much room in Mr. Brownlow's favour as this "new fellow." He took a livelier interest even in the papers that had come through his *protégé's* hands. "This is Powys's work, is it?" he would say, as he looked at the fair sheets which cost other people so much trouble. Powys did his work very well for one thing, but that did not explain it. Mr. Brownlow got into a way of drawing back the curtain which covered the glass partition between his own room and the outer office. He would draw back this curtain, accidentally

as it were, the least in the world, and cast his eyes now and then on the desk at which the young man sat. He thought sometimes it was a pity to keep him there, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested fellow like that, at a desk, and consulted with himself whether he could not make some partial explanation to him, and advance him some money and send him off to a farm in his native Canada. It would be better for Powys, and it would be better for Brownlow. But he had not the courage to take such a direct step. Many a thought was in his mind as he sat glancing by turns from the side of the curtain—compunctions and self-reproaches now and then, but chiefly, it must be confessed, more selfish thoughts. Business went on just the same, but yet it cannot be denied that an occasional terror seized Mr. Wrinkell's spirit that his principal's mind was "beginning to go." "And young John never was fit to hold the candle to him," Mr. Wrinkell said, in those moments of privacy when he confided his cares to the wife of his bosom. "When our Mr. Brownlow goes, the business will go, you'll see that. His opinion on that Waterworks case was not so clear as it used to be—not near so clear as it used to be; he'll sit for an hour at a time and never put pen to paper. He is but a young man yet, for his time of life, but I'm afraid he's beginning to go; and when he goes, the business will go. You'll see young John, with his fine notions, will never keep it up for a year."

"Well, Thomas, never mind," said Mrs. Wrinkell; "it's sure to last out our time."

"Ah! that's just like women," said her husband—"after me the deluge; but I can tell you I do mind." He had the same opinion of women, as Mrs. Swayne had of men, and it sprang from personal superiority in both cases, which is stronger than theory. But still he did let himself be comforted by the

feminine suggestion. "There will be peace in my time;" this was the judgment formed by his head-clerk who knew so well of Mr. Brownlow's altered ways.

All this went on for some months after the admission of young Powys, and then all at once there was a change. The change made itself apparent in the Canadian, to begin with. At first it was only like a shadow creeping over the young man; then by degrees the difference grew more and more marked. He ceased to be held up as a model by the sorrowing Wrinkell; he ceased to be an example of the punctual and accurate. His eyes began to be red and bloodshot in the mornings; he looked weary, heavy, languid—sick of work, and sick of everything. Evidently he had taken to bad ways. So all his companions in the office concluded, not without satisfaction. Mr. Wrinkell made up his mind to it sorrowing. "I've seen many go, but I thought the root of the matter was in him," he said to his domestic counsellor. "Well, Thomas, we did our best for him," that sympathetic woman replied. It was not everybody that Mr. Wrinkell would have asked to chapel and tea. And this was how his kindness was to be rewarded. As for Mr. Brownlow, when he awoke to a sense of the change, it had a very strange effect upon him. He had a distinct impression of pain, for he liked the lad, about whom he knew so much more than anybody else knew. And in the midst of his pain there came a guilty throb of satisfaction, which woke him thoroughly up, and made him ask himself sternly what this all meant. Was he glad to see the young man go wrong because he stood in his own miserable selfish way? This was what a few months of such a secret had brought him to. It was now April, and in November the year would be out, and all the danger over. Once more, and always with a deeper impatience, he longed for this moment.

It seemed to him, notwithstanding his matured and steady intellect, that if that day had but come, if that hour were but attained, his natural freedom would come back to him. If he had been consulted about his own case, he would have seen through this vain supposition; but it *was* his own case, and he did not see through it. Meanwhile, in the interval, what was he to do? He drew his curtain aside, and sat and watched the changed looks of this unfortunate boy. He had begun so innocently and well, was he to be allowed to end badly, like so many? Had not he himself, in receiving the lad, and trading as it were on his ignorance, taken on himself something of the responsibility? He sat thinking of this when he ought to have been thinking of other people's business. There was not one of all his clients whose affairs were so complicated and engrossing as his own. He was more perplexed and beaten about in his own mind than any of the people who came to ask him for his advice. Oh, the sounding nothings they would bring before him; he who was engaged in personal conflict with the very first principles of honor and rectitude. Was he to let the lad perish? was he to interfere? What was he to do?

At the very height of his perplexity, one of those April days, Mr. Brownlow was very late at the office. Not exactly on account of the confusion of mind he was in, and yet because the intrusion of this personal subject had retarded him in his business. He was there after all the clerks were gone—even Mr. Wrinkell. He had watched young Powys go away from that very window where he had once watched Bessie Fennell passing in her thin cloak. The young man went off by himself, taking the contrary road, as Mr. Brownlow knew, from that which led to his home. He looked ill—he looked unhappy; and his employer watched him with a sickening at his heart. Was it

his fault? and could he mend it or stop the evil, even were he to make up his mind to try? After that he had more than an hour's work, and sent off the dogcart to wait for him at the Green Man in the market place. It was very quiet in the office when all his people were gone. As he sat working, there came over him memories of other times when he had worked like this, when his mother would come stealing down to him from the rooms above; when Bessie would come with her work to sit by him as he finished his. Strange to think that neither Bessie nor his mother were up-stairs now; strange to believe, when you came to think of it, that there was nobody there—that the house was vacant, and his home elsewhere, and all his own generation, his own contemporaries, cut off from his side. These ideas floated through his mind as he worked, but they did not impair the soundness of the work, as some other thoughts did. His mind was not beginning to go, though Mr. Wrinkell thought so. It was even a wonder to himself how quickly, how clearly he got through it; how fit he was for work yet, though the world was so changed. He had finished while it was still good daylight, and put away his papers and buttoned his coat, and set out in an easy way. There was nothing particular to hurry him. There was Jack's mare, which flew rather than trotted, to take him home. Thus thinking, he went out, drawing on his gloves. Opposite him, as he opened the door, the sky was glowing in the west after the sunset, and he could see a woman's figure against it passing slowly as if waiting for some one. Before he could shut the door, it became evident that it was for himself that she was waiting. Somehow he divined who she was before she said a word. A comely, elderly, motherly woman, dressed like a farmer's or a shopkeeper's wife, in the days when people dressed like their con-

dition. She had a large figured shawl on, and a bonnet with black ribbons. And he knew she was Powys's mother—the woman on earth he most dreaded—come to speak to him about her son.

"Mr. Brownlow," she said, coming up to him with a nervous movement of her hands, "I've been waiting about this hour not to be troublesome. Oh! could you let me speak to you ten minutes? I won't keep you. Oh! please, if I might speak to you five minutes now."

"Surely," he said; he was not quite sure if it was audible, but he said it with his lips. And he went in and held the door open for her. Then, though he never could tell why, he took her up stairs—not to the office which he had just closed, but up to the long silent drawing-room which he had not entered for years. There came upon his mind an impression that Bessie was surely about somewhere, to come and stand by him, if he could only call her. But in the first place he had to do with his guest. He gave her a chair and made her sit down, and stood before her. "Tell me how I can serve you," he said. It seemed to him like a dream and he could not understand it. Would she tell her fatal name, and make her claim, and end it all at once? That was folly. But still it seemed somehow natural to think that this was why she had come. The woman he had hunted for far and wide—whom he had then neglected and thought no more of—whom lately he had woke up to such horror and fear of, his greatest danger, his worst enemy,—was it she who was sitting so humbly before him now?

"I have no right to trouble you, Mr. Brownlow," she said; "it's because you were so kind to my boy. Many a time I wanted to come and thank you; and now—oh, it's a different thing now!"

"Your son is young Powys," said Mr. Brownlow—"yes; I knew by—the face. He has gone

home some time ago. I wonder you did not meet him in the street."

"Gone away from the office—not gone home," said Mrs. Powys. "Oh, Mr. Brownlow, I want to speak to you about him. He is as good as gold. He never had another thought in his mind but his sisters and me. He'd come and spend all his time with us when other young men were going about their pleasure. There never was such a son as he was nor a brother. And oh, Mr. Brownlow, now it's come to this! I feel as if it would break my heart."

"What has it come to?" said Mr. Brownlow. He drew forward a chair and sat down facing her, and the noise he made in doing so seemed to wake thunders in the empty house. He had got over his agitation by this time, and was as calm as he always was. And his profession came to his help, and opened his eyes and ears to everything that might be of use to him, notwithstanding the effect the house had upon him in its stillness, and this meeting which he had so much reason to fear.

"Oh, sir, it's come to grief and trouble," said the poor woman. "Something has come between my boy and me. We are parted as far as if the Atlantic was between us. I don't know what is in his heart. Oh, sir, it's for your influence I've come. He'll do anything for you. It's hard to ask a stranger to help me with my own son, and him so good and so kind; but if it goes on like this it will break my heart."

"I feared there was something wrong," said Mr. Brownlow; "I feared it, though I never thought it could have gone so far. I'll do what I can, but I fear it is little I can do. If he has taken to bad ways—"

But here the stranger gave a cry of denial which rang through the room. "Bad ways! my boy!" said the mother. "Mr. Brownlow,

you know a great deal more than I do, but you don't know my son. He taken to bad ways! I would sooner believe I was wicked myself. I am wicked, to come and complain of him to them that don't know."

"Then what in the name of goodness is it?" said the lawyer, startled out of his seriousness. He began to lose the tragic sense of a dangerous presence. It might be the woman he feared; but it was a homely, incoherent, inconsequent personage all the same.

Mrs. Powys drew herself up solemnly. She too was less respectful of the man who did not understand. "What it is, sir," she said, slowly, and with a certain pomp, "is, that my boy has something on his mind."

Something on his mind! John Brownlow sank again into a strange fever of suspense and curiosity and unreasonable panic. Could it be so? Could the youth have found out something, and be sifting it to get at the truth? The room seemed to take life and become a conscious spectator, looking at him, to see how he would act in this emergency. But yet he persevered in the course he had decided on, not giving in to his own feelings. "What can he have on his mind?" he asked. His pretended ignorance sounded in his own ears like a lie; but nevertheless he went on all the same.

"That's what I don't know, sir," said Mrs. Powys, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "He's been unmuzzing among my papers, and he's maybe found something, or he's heard some talk that has put things in his head. I know he has heard things in this very house—people talking about families, and wills, and all that. His father was of a very good family, Mr. Brownlow. I don't know them, but I know they're rich people. Maybe that's that, or perhaps—but I don't know how to account for it. It's something that is eating into his

heart. And he has such a confidence in you! It was you that took him up when we were strangers, and had nobody to look to us. I have a little that my poor husband left me; but it's very little to keep four upon; and I may say it's you that gave us bread, for that matter. There's nothing in this world my boy wouldn't do for you."

Then there was a pause. The poor woman had exhausted her words and her self-command and her breath, and stopped perforce, and Mr. Brownlow did not know how to reply. What could he say to her? It was a matter of death and life between him and her boy, instead of the indifferent question she thought. "Would you like me to speak to him?" he said at last, with a little difficulty of utterance; "should I ask him what is occupying his mind? But he might not choose to tell me. What would you wish me to do?"

"Oh, sir, you're very good," said Mrs. Powys, melting into gratitude, "I never can thank God enough that my poor boy has met with such a kind friend."

"Hush!" said Mr. Brownlow, rising from his chair. He could not bear this; thanking God, as if God did not know well enough, too well, how the real state of the matter was? He was not a man used to deception, or who could adapt himself to it readily. He had all the habits of an honest life against him, and that impulse to speak truth and do right which he struggled with as if it were a temptation. Thus his position was awfully the reverse of that of a man tempting and falling. He was doing wrong with all the force of his will, and striving against his own inclination and instinct of uprightness; but here was one thing beyond his strength. To bring God in, and render Him, as it were, a party, was more than he could bear. "I am not so kind as you

think," he said, hoarsely. "I am not—I mean your son deserves all that I can do."

"Oh, sir, that's kind—that's kindness itself to say so," cried the poor mother. "Nothing that could be said is so kind as that—and me, that was beginning to lose faith in him! It was to ask you to speak to him, Mr. Brownlow. If you were to ask him, he might open his heart to you. A gentleman is different from a poor woman. Not that anybody could feel for him like me, but he would think such a deal of your advice. If you would speak and get him to open his heart. That was what I wanted to ask you, if it's not too much. If you would be so kind—and God knows, if ever it was in my power or my children's, though I'm but a poor creature, to do anything in this world that would be a service to you—"

God again. What did the woman mean? And she was a widow, one of those that God was said to take special charge of. It was bad enough before without that. John Brownlow had gone to the fireless hearth, and was standing by it leaning his head against the high carved wooden mantelpiece, and looking down upon the cold vacancy where for so many years the fire that warmed his inmost life had blazed and sparkled. He stood thus and listened, and within him the void seemed as cold, and the emptiness as profound. It was his moment of fate. He was going to cast himself off, from the life he had lived at that hearth—to make a separation for ever and ever between the John Brownlow, honest and generous, who had been trained to manhood within these walls, and had loved and married, and brought his bride to this fireside—and the country gentleman who, in all his great house, would never more find the easy heart and clear conscience which were natural to this atmosphere. He stood there, and looked down on

the old domestic centre, and asked himself if it was worth the terrible sacrifice; honour and honesty and truth—and all to keep Brownlow for Sara, to preserve the greys, and the flowers, and the park, and Jack's wonderful mare, and all the superfluities that these young creatures treated so lightly? Was it worth the price? This was the wide fundamental question he was asking himself, while his visitor, in her chair between him and the window, spoke of her gratitude. But there was no trace in his face, even if she could have seen it, that he had descended into the very depths, and was debating with himself a matter of life and death. When her voice ceased, Mr. Brownlow's self-debate ceased too, coming to a sharp and sudden end, as if it was only under cover of her words that it could pass unnoted. Then he came towards her slowly, and took the chair opposite to her, and met her eye. The colour had gone out of his face, but he was too self-possessed and experienced a man to show what the struggle was through which he had just come. And the poor woman thought it so natural that he should be full of thought. Was he not considering, in his wonderful kindness, what he could do for her boy?

"I will do what you ask me," he said. "It may be difficult, but I will try. Don't thank me, for you don't know whether I shall succeed. I will do—what I can. I will speak to your son, perhaps to-morrow—the earliest opportunity I have. You were quite right to come. And—you may—trust him—to me," said Mr. Brownlow. He did not mean to say these last words: What was it that drew them—dragged them from his lips? "You may trust him to me." He even repeated it twice, wondering at himself all the while, and not knowing what he meant. As for poor Mrs. Powys, she was overwhelmed by her gratitude.

"Oh, sir, with all my heart," she

cried,—“him, and all my hopes in this world!” And then she bade God bless him, who was so good to her and her boy. Yea, that was the worst of it. John Brownlow felt that but too clearly all through. It was hard enough to struggle with himself, with his own conscience and instincts; but behind all that there was another struggle which would be harder still—the struggle with God to whom this woman would appeal, and who, he was but too clearly aware, knew all about it. But sufficient unto the moment was its own conflict. He took his hat after that, and took his visitor down stairs, and answered the amazed looks of the housekeeper, who came to see what this unusual disturbance meant, with a few words of explanation, and shook hands with Mrs. Powys at the door. The sunset glow had only just gone, so short a time had this conversation really occupied, though it involved so much, and the first magical tone of twilight had fallen into the evening air. When Mr. Brownlow left the office door he went straight on, and did not remember the carriage that was waiting for him. He was so much absorbed by his own affairs, and had so many things to think of, that even the strength of habit failed him. Without knowing, he set out walking upon the well-known way. Probably the mere fact of movement was a solace to him. He went along steadily by the budding hedgerows and the little gardens and the cottage doors, and did not know it. What he was really doing was holding conversations with the young Powys, conversations with his children, all mingled and penetrated with one long never-ending conflict with himself. He had been passive hitherto, now he would have to be active. He had contented himself simply with keeping back the knowledge which after all it was not his business to give. Now, if he was to gain his object, he must do positively what he had hitherto done negatively.

He must mislead—he must contradict—he must lie. The young man’s knowledge of his rights, if they were his rights, must be very imperfect. To confuse him, to deceive him, to destroy all possible evidence, to use every device to lose his time and blind his eyes, was what Mr. Brownlow had now to do.

And there can be no doubt that, but for the intervention of personal feelings, it would have been an easy thing enough to do. If there had been no right or wrong involved, no personal advantage or loss, how very simple a matter to make this youth, who had such perfect confidence in him, believe as he pleased; and how easy after to make much of young Powys, to advance him, to provide for him—to do a great deal better for him, in short, than he could do for himself with old Mrs. Thomson’s fifty thousand pounds! If there was no right and wrong involved! Mr. Brownlow walked on and on as he thought, and never once observed the length of the way. One thing in the world he could not do—that was, to take away all the sweet indulgences with which he had surrounded her, the delights, the luxuries, the position, from his child. He could not reduce Sara to be Brownlow the solicitor’s daughter in the dark old-fashioned house at Masterton. He went over all her pretty ways to himself as he went on. He saw her gliding about the great house which seemed her natural sphere. He saw her receiving his guests, people who would not have known her, or would at least have patronised her from a very lofty distance, had she been in that house at Masterton; he saw her rolling forth in her pretty carriage with the greys, which were the envy of the county. All these matters were things for which, in his own person, John Brownlow cared not a straw. He did not care even to secure them for his son, who was a man and had his profession, and was no better than himself; but Sara—and then

the superb little princess she was to the rest of the world! the devoted little daughter she was to him! Words of hers came somehow dropping into his ears as the twilight breathed around him. How she had once said——Good heavens! what was that she had said?

All at once Mr. Brownlow awoke. He found himself walking on the Dewsbury road, instead of driving, as he ought to have been. He remembered that the dogcart was waiting for him in the market-place. He became aware that he had forgotten himself, forgotten everything, in the stress and urgency of his thoughts. What was the galvanic touch that brought him back to consciousness? The recollection of half-a-dozen words once spoken by his child—girlish words, perhaps forgotten as soon as uttered; yet when he stopped, and turned round to see how far he had come, though he had been walking very moderately and the evening was not warm, a sudden rush of colour, like a girl's blush, had come to his face. If the mare had been in sight, in her wildest mood, it would have been a relief to him to seize the reins, and fight it out with her, and fly on, at any risk, away from that spot, away from that thought, away from the suggestion so humbling, so saving, so merciful and cruel, which had suddenly entered his mind. But the mare was making everybody very uncomfortable in the market-place at Masterton, and could not aid her master to escape from himself. Then he turned again, and went on. It was a seven-miles' walk, and he had come three parts of the way; but even the distance that remained was long to a man who had suddenly fallen into company with a new idea which he would rather not entertain. He felt the jar in all his limbs from this sudden electric shock. Sara had said it, it was true—she had meant it. He had her young life in his hands, and he could save Brownlow to her, and

yet save his soul. Which was the most to be thought of, his soul or her happiness?—that was the question. Such was the sudden tumult that ran through John Brownlow's veins. He seemed to be left there alone in the country quiet, in the soft twilight, under the dropping dew, to consider it, shut out from all counsel or succour of God or man. Man he himself shut out, locking his secret in his own breast—God! whom he knew his last struggle was to be with, whom that woman had insisted on bringing in, a party to the whole matter—was not He standing aside, in a terrible stillness, a spectator, waiting to see what would come of it, refusing all participation? Would God any more than man approve of this way of saving John Brownlow's soul? But the more he tried to escape from it the more it came back. She had said it, and she had meant it, with a certain sweet scorn of life's darker chances, and faith unbounded in her father, of all men, who was God's deputy to the child. Mr. Brownlow quickened his paces, walked faster and faster, till his heart thumped against his breast, and his breath came in gasps; but he could not go so fast as his thoughts, which were always in advance of him. Thus he came to the gate of Brownlows before he knew. It was the prettiest evening scene. Twilight had settled down to the softest night; big stars, lambent and dilating, were coming softly out, as if to look at something out of the sweet blue. And it was no more dark than it was light. Old Betty, on her step, was sitting crooning, with many quavers, one of her old songs. And Pamela, who had just watered her flowers, leant over the gate, smiling, and listening with eyes that were very like the stars. Somehow this picture went to Mr. Brownlow's heart. He went up to the child as he passed, and laid a kind hand upon her pretty head, on the soft rings of

her dark hair. "Good night, little one," he said, quite softly, with that half-ashame which a man feels when he betrays that he has a heart in him. He had never taken so much notice of her before. It was partly because anything associated with Sara touched him to the quick at this moment; partly for her own sake, and for the sake

of the dews and stars; and partly that his mind was overstrained, and tottering. "Poor little thing," he said to himself, as he went up the avenue, "she is nobody, and she is happy." With this passing thought, Mr. Brownlow fell once more into the hands of his demon, and, thus agitated and struggling, reached his home.

THE MINISTERS AND THEIR MEASURE.

MUCH has been made by Liberals of all shades of opinion, both in the House of Commons and elsewhere, of the indecision, not to say the blundering of Lord Derby and his colleagues in dealing with the question of Electoral Reform. There is nothing in this of which the supporters of Lord Derby can complain as either unjust or ungenerous. A political Opposition—a Government *in posse*—abrogates its functions, if it allow any legitimate opportunity to escape of damaging a Government *in esse*; and the best friends of the present Government will scarcely care to deny that Ministers have, on the subject of Electoral Reform, laid themselves open to a good deal of fault-finding. *Audi alteram partem* is, however, a maxim as sound in politics as in any other science. We have heard enough of the mistakes, if mistakes they were, into which the Administration fell. Not the slightest attention has been paid to the circumstances which induced the line of conduct thus freely censured. Yet common candour seems to require that these should be taken into account before any final judgment be arrived at in regard to the issues produced by them. It is extremely difficult, however, if not impossible, for men either embarrassed with the trammels of office, or so recently cast loose from them as to be still under the dominion of

old confidences, to speak out upon points which closely affect both their own credit and the credit of others. And hence it comes to pass that the explanations, both of the seceders from the Cabinet and of those who stick to the ship, as they are offered under restraint, so they make upon such as hear or read them an impression which is certainly not a just one. But we, and such as we, are beset by no difficulties of the sort. We may speak the truth, and what we believe to be the whole truth, without abusing a trust which was never committed to us. And the truth we intend on the present occasion to speak—first, because it is an act of justice to all concerned that, in a crisis like the present, there should be no needless reserve; and next, because, without understanding what the real merits of the questions at issue are, even Tory members may be unable to satisfy themselves that they are acting consistently when they give their support to the Bill now before the House of Commons.

We need not take our readers far back in history for the purpose of proving that opposition to Parliamentary Reform is not, nor ever has been, a fundamental principle in Toryism. Individual Tories, like individual Whigs, might object to change as inconvenient, perhaps unnecessary; but between Toryism and Reform, in the proper sense of

that term, there is not now, nor was there at any previous period, the slightest antagonism. William Pitt, the founder of the present Tory party, was a staunch Parliamentary Reformer. Circumstances intervened, indeed, to prevent his perseverance in a policy which, had not the French Revolution and the wars consequent upon it put everything else out of wise men's heads, must have prevailed in the end. But Pitt was not the less an honest and conscientious Parliamentary Reformer, as every one who approached him in terms of intimacy knew, and as even his rivals, the Whigs, are now forced to admit, for their own purposes.

Pitt's opinions of what ought to be done, with a view to render the House of Commons, more than it was in his day, a just representation of the English people, were, however, very different from those which later Reformers advocated. He never thought of revolutionising the political influences of the country. His great object was to take away from decayed boroughs the privilege of returning members to Parliament, and to give it to populous places either very inadequately represented or not represented at all. Perhaps he was too tender of the feelings, or, to speak more plainly, of the purses, of the owners of rotten boroughs. To us who make free with the property of corporate bodies whenever it suits the purpose of demagogues and agitators to get up a clamour against them, it seems monstrous that a Minister of the Crown should have proposed to buy up the rights of either corporations or individuals. And possibly this consideration may have had some effect in swelling the majority of 77, by which, in 1785, Pitt's Reform Bill was defeated. But this consideration apart, there was not a proposition at that time advanced to which any one conversant with

the true spirit of Toryism would now object. He proposed to disfranchise thirty-six decayed boroughs, each returning two members, and, by means of the seventy-two seats thus obtained, to assign additional representatives to the larger cities, and to the cities of London and Westminster. Not a word, however, was said in his Bill about substituting one kind of qualification for another. To the county constituencies he desired, indeed, to add copyholders, as being equally with freeholders, proprietors of land; but beyond this he never proposed to go. In boroughs absolutely, in counties with this single exception, the right of returning members to Parliament was reserved exclusively for those on whom, from time immemorial, custom and the established principles of the Constitution had conferred it. His scheme thus struck at the root of the nomination system, which the Whigs were the first to introduce, and from which they long profited; but in every other respect it left the political influences of the country exactly where it found them.

Pitt's Bill, had it been carried, would have swept away Old Sarum, Boroughbridge, and such-like. It would have provided also for the execution of a similar process upon all other boroughs which, in the course of time, might fall into the condition at which these places had arrived. But it would have left Preston, and Coventry, and many other boroughs, in the hands of burgesses, freemen, scot-and-lot payers, pot-wallopers, householders, and inhabitants generally. Pitt's Bill carefully guarded the rights of the very classes about extending the franchise to whom we now hear so much. And in guarding these rights, it offered the best, and indeed the only real, security for maintaining intact the great institutions of the country, and the constitutional mon-

archy itself. For a Constitution which throws all political power into the hands of any one class, whether it be the highest, or the middle, or the lowest, bears upon the face of it marks of decay; it cannot last, and it ought not to last.

Pitt's Bill was thrown out, and Pitt himself died. He died while England was in the very throes of a struggle for existence; and when the nation came triumphantly out of that contest, a feeble Government, calling itself Tory, was so astonished at its own success, that it could never find out either the cause of the success, or the great principle established by it. Lord Liverpool and his "pluckless" adherents might shelter themselves under Pitt's name, but they certainly did not gather up his mantle. They mistook a *post quod* for a *propter quod*. They committed the grievous blunder of believing that the close boroughs, and not the people, had won for them their laurels; and, having conquered peace, they shrank from taking up that wise peace-policy which their master had chalked out for them. We all know, and most of us feel, the bitter consequence. The Whigs, wise in their generation, appropriated, and of course abused, every Tory principle. They became Liberals in religion—they whose fathers had enacted the penal laws against Irish Roman Catholics and Scotch Episcopalians. They clamoured for Parliamentary Reform—they whose fathers had first created rotten boroughs, and afterwards defeated Pitt's endeavours to get rid of them. They spoke and wrote, though not so consistently, it must be allowed, against restrictions on trade—they whose fathers had helped the manufacturers of Lancashire to exclude even Irish fabrics from English markets. And at last, having been hoisted by accident into

power, they carried a Reform Bill. Now, observe the consequences.

The measure of 1832 was not one of reform, but of revolution. It extinguished at a blow the right of the poorest citizens, the scot-and-lot payers and the pot-wallopers; and it reserved those of the freemen in boroughs only during the natural life of one generation. At the same time, it created an entirely new order of votes, founding the right to exercise them not upon a principle but on accident. There is a principle to point to, wherever it is possible to say, Every man within the limits of this borough is qualified, and always was qualified, to vote for a member of Parliament, as soon as he attains the age of twenty-one. There is a principle, likewise, in confining the right to vote to such as inhabit houses, or pay rates and taxes, or even boil a pot. But what I am to give by the year for the right of occupying my house or my farm is matter of bargain, and nothing more, between me and another individual. The State has nothing in the world to say to it; nor is it fixed by either law or custom. There is no principle, therefore, in a rental franchise, whether it be fixed, as Lord Grey fixed it, at ten pounds in boroughs; or be raised, as the Chandos clause in the Reform Act of 1832 raised it, to fifty pounds in counties. An accident gives, and an accident takes away, the privilege. And as the rents of houses and farms rise or fall according as trade and agriculture flourish or decay in particular localities, so counties and boroughs are continually liable to have their constituencies interfered with. Thus the man who was a voter last year ceases to be a voter this year—not because he has done or suffered anything to forfeit his privilege as a freeman, but because he holds his house or his farm on terms more favourable than he found

it necessary to submit to a year ago.

The nation was mad when Lord John Russell propounded his scheme; and the scheme became a reality without either its supporters or its opponents quite seeing to what it must lead. Mobs shouted for "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," under the delusion that they were about to become a power in the State. The leaders of the Tory opposition fought against it, because they believed that it would destroy the balance between the landed and commercial interests in the mother country, and leave those of the colonies altogether unprotected. They were perfectly right, as far as their vision extended; but they failed, after all, to see where the chief peril lay. Others, not being leaders, took still lower ground, and protested against the extinction of nomination-boroughs, because through nomination-boroughs poor men eminent for talent could alone hope to win their way into Parliament. There was a show of reasonableness in this argument also, but only a show. Yet it was not here, any more than in the damage done or threatened to be done to the landed and colonial interests, that the real mischief of the arrangement lay. If the principles of the Constitution had been adhered to, the mere transference of the electoral privilege from places decayed to places flourishing could have done harm to no legitimate interest in the empire. But the moment you made rental the sole test of a man's qualification to vote, you set aside all principle. Sooner or later the cry was sure to be raised, "You have fixed your scale too high." Sooner or later the argument was certain to be advanced, "There is no more magic in a ten-pound rental than in a five."

The great Reform measure was

scarcely passed ere the people made the discovery that they had been cheated. It had not, if we recollect right, been a year in force, when an agitation began to supersede it by something else. But if the people were dissatisfied the Whigs were not. The measure had served their purpose, and they stuck to it—stuck to it, that is to say, as long as the ten-pounders stood by them and gave them a monopoly of office. Their mismanagement of public affairs, however, soon became so conspicuous that the ten-pounders themselves ceased to support them; and with the withdrawal of the support on which they had counted for a generation at least, died out all their zeal for the constituencies which they had themselves created. Unfortunately the Tories committed again the error into which they had fallen at an earlier period. Having failed to detect and expose the grand vice inherent in the measure when first proposed, so now, when the effects of that vice began to appear, they took up a wrong position, by resisting instead of modifying proposals of change. They treated as a principle what was no principle at all, and argued in favour of keeping things as they were, lest the whole machine should run down into democracy. This was a great mistake. They ought, from the outset, to have given the measure of 1832, and its authors, no rest till, with the aid of the people, they had re-established, by some process or another, those great principles in the election of the House of Commons which recent legislation had swept aside. It is in the nature of Conservatism, however, to adapt itself to circumstances, and rather to obey an indifferent law, and maintain an indifferent system, than run the risk of worse things by actively promoting change. Hence even Mr.

Disraeli, while condemning as unsatisfactory and offensive to the working classes a plan of suffrage which recognises property, and property alone, as its basis, supported the measure of 1832 as long as he could do so to any purpose. "I am prepared," he said, in 1848, while speaking to Mr. Hume's motion for household suffrage, triennial Parliaments, and the ballot, "to support the system of 1832, until I see that the circumstances and necessities of the country require a change; but I am convinced that when that change comes, it will be one which will have more regard for other sentiments, qualities, and conditions, than the mere possession of property as a qualification for the exercise of the political franchise. And therefore, in opposing the measure of the honourable member for Montrose, I protest against being placed in the category of finality, or as one who believes that no change is ever to take place in that wherein there has been throughout the history of this ancient country frequent and continuous change—the construction of this state of the realm. I oppose this new scheme because it does not appear to be adapted in any way to satisfy the wants of the age, or to be conceived in the spirit of the times."

When Mr. Disraeli gave utterance to these sentiments, a Liberal Government still clung to the work of its own hands, and pronounced it to be perfect. Speaking for his party, Mr. Disraeli only fulfilled the pledge which Sir Robert Peel had given when the Reform Bill of 1832 became the law of the land. But a Liberal Government, either converted to new ideas, or impelled to new projects by pressure from without, soon afterwards changed its tactics, and Lord John Russell became the leader in an attack upon his own fortress. Now, then, the great Conservative party was free

to take its own line, and it certainly supported—some of its members on one ground, others on another—that section of the Liberals who, with Lord Palmerston at their head, were either indifferent to change, or positively hostile to it. Let us not forget, however, that while defeating the Ministers, or compelling them to withdraw one bill after another, the Conservatives, as a party, were never entirely satisfied with the Constitution which Lord Grey had given them. Its results might be less immediately dangerous to the great institutions of the country than they had anticipated, and the Parliaments returned by it did their duty on the whole, according to their lights; but it certainly did not favor Conservative statesmen or Conservative views. Hence the more thoughtful among them took their stand, when damaging every scheme which Liberal Reformers brought forward, on the principle, not that these schemes implied change, but that they implied change in a wrong direction. What possible good to the country could arise from a mere lowering of the franchise, while you still left the settlement of the terms on which it could be exercised to private agreement between the landlord and the tenant? It was not upon a franchise of rental that the Constitution had been built up. No; the Constitution conferred the full rights of citizenship only upon those who, whether they were landlords or tenants, contributed to bear the burthens of the State, or were the lineal descendants, by birth or occupancy, of burgesses privileged by old charters on account of public services rendered. A rental qualification—a mere property qualification—was something quite apart from the spirit as well as the letter of the law; for we must never forget what the old freeholders were. It had never been thought of till a Whig clique in-

vented it for their own purposes; it could never by any bald process of continual lowering be rendered equivalent to what the people had been deprived of at the peaceful revolution of 1832.

Such is, without doubt, the doctrine of the English Constitution, as the best writers in all ages have laid it down. And there was a time, within living memory, when the highest authorities in and out of Parliament, whether they called themselves Whigs or Tories, thus understood, and thus fought for it. Yet we cannot be surprised to find that the truth has of late years been generally lost sight of. There are probably not now twenty men in both Houses of Parliament who played any part in public life while sound doctrine like this was advocated. Five-and-thirty years run out more than a generation of statesmen. We cannot expect that gentlemen brought up under a new order of things shall much care to inquire into the principles on which that order rests. With them, or a majority of them, Conservatism means a determination, if possible, to keep things as they are. And so, when, in 1859, Lord Derby's Government brought in a Reform Bill of their own, while Whigs and Radicals combined to charge them with apostasy from the principles of their party, the party itself hardly approved of the proceeding. The Conservative party committed a mistake in this. It was quite within Lord Derby's province, in 1859, to attempt to do well what the Whigs had failed to do at all. Unfortunately, however, Lord Derby or Lord Derby's colleagues had not, in 1859, given to the subject the attention which they have since done. They looked rather to expediency than to principle—not designedly, but in the natural course of events; for the same delusion which kept their followers from understanding that

Conservatism and obstructiveness are as different as day and night, led them to consider only how much they could with safety give, adhering to the platform which the Whigs had set up. Hence, in 1859, they adopted rental as a principle; and having done so, found that they had really no ground on which to stand. Their defeat was, therefore, a matter of as little surprise to us as—to confess the truth—it was a subject of regret. Now, however, the case is different; and if there be among our readers any who are of opinion that, having failed once, a Conservative Government ought never to have approached a measure of Reform again, we beg of them, before allowing this idea to stiffen into a fixed opinion, to take one or two matters of fact into consideration.

It is admitted on all hands that Reform had become a necessity. Nobody desired it for its own sake. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone would have been well pleased to go on under the act of 1832, had they seen their way under it to a monopoly of place and power; and if you had polled the present or any other House of Commons which has sat within the last thirty years, you would have found a marvellous unanimity of sentiment prevailing among the great majority of its members on that head. As to the present House, we believe that, were it bold enough to speak out, it would follow the lead of Mr. Lowe, and set up a Ministry hostile to all change. Yet Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone have so managed to play their cards that the House dare not take this bold course, nor any man seeking to be a political leader in the country argue in favour of it. Lord Palmerston was the only statesman of his day whose adroitness sufficed to play with the edge-tool of Reform, yet to keep it from

hurting either himself or anybody else. Even under Lord Palmerston's regime, however, the stream made way, and Mr. Gladstone's was the hand which raised the sluice. It has often been a matter of surprise to us that Lord Palmerston ever forgave his colleague for this. The brave old man was seldom absent from his place; but when held back by sickness or otherwise, his irritable and ambitious Chancellor of the Exchequer never failed to enunciate some sentiment which encouraged the sitters below the gangway to look to him as their coming leader. And these announcements not only had their effect on the House, but they produced fruit in due season. What that fruit has been, the events of the late and of the present session of Parliament abundantly show. The Whig bid for permanency of office last year was a large one. It based itself, like other Liberal bids, on rental, and added to that—which is no principle at all—certain of the propositions which the Tories were so ill advised as to bring forward in 1859. Happily it was not accepted; because the inevitable consequence of its acceptance would have been fresh demands as soon as the new House of Commons met, and fresh agitation out-of-doors to force compliance with them. But the rejection of so wild a scheme did not imply the return of the public mind to a state of reason. Quite otherwise. Mr. Gladstone took good care that it should not be so. His appeals to the people of Liverpool, while at war with the House of Commons, roused a spirit which we cannot afford to trifle with. And it did more. It committed himself, and, to a certain extent, the whole Liberal party, to extreme measures in the event of a Government of resistance being formed. Now, let us not forget that the Tories are in a minority in the

House of Commons. Let us remember, also, that whatever their real sentiments may be, neither Tories nor Adullamites have pronounced against all change. Suppose Lord Derby had come to the determination of letting things alone, could he have tided over a single session? It is just possible that he might—it is not very probable. But what then? Mr. Beales and Mr. Potter would have been obliged to give place to agitators more influential than themselves. We should have had, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone haranguing mobs at Charing Cross, instead of receiving "ovations" from them in Carlton House Terrace. And with Mr. Gladstone to cheer them on, and Mr. Bright backing him, who will undertake to say what mobs might not have attempted? Our readers will do themselves and the party great wrong, if they give way to the thought that it was possible for Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, being in office, to evade Reform. And to this conclusion we now know that the Cabinet unanimously arrived, as soon as time had been given fully and fairly to look their position in the face. It is much to be regretted that they could not all see it through the same identical medium.

Far be it from us to censure Lord Carnarvon, Lord Cranborne, and General Peel for the course which they have felt themselves constrained to take. Their value in the Cabinet must have been fully appreciated, otherwise their secession from it would have occurred earlier than it did; yet their late secession, as it has not yet been very satisfactorily accounted for, so it undeniably placed the Administration from which they withdrew in a false position. It is pretty clear that the idea of proceeding, in the first instance, by resolution, was their idea. In our

poor judgment, this policy was not only admissible, but commendable; for the question at issue had ceased to be a question of party; it had become one for the Legislature, and only the Legislature, to settle. But the House of Commons evinced no disposition to express a gratuitous opinion on the subject, partly, perhaps, because the Resolutions were too vague, but a great deal more, we suspect, because a majority of its members were indisposed, so soon after taking their seats, to become parties to an arrangement which must lead to a speedy dissolution. Of this feeling the leader of the Opposition was quite aware, and he cleverly took advantage of it. How magnanimous he was! how placid!! how full of temper and moderation!!! He had no desire, not he, to balk the Ministers in their good work; quite the reverse. Let them withdraw Resolutions which meant nothing, and bring forward a measure of their own. It should receive from him and his party the utmost consideration. They would even help the Government to carry it, with or without amendments, as the case should seem to require. Mr. Gladstone's plausibility conquered, and the Resolutions were withdrawn. How have his promises been fulfilled?

We have accounted elsewhere for the adoption, in many quarters, of that view of Conservatism which makes it one and the same thing with hostility to change. Lord Carnarvon and Lord Cranborne have had no practical experience of any other constitution in this country than that which dates from the Reform Bill of 1832. General Peel is old enough to remember the struggle which preceded that settlement, and, in the House or out of it, took some part in it. Hence, while the high-minded and straightforward soldier conceives himself to be bound by the implied en-

gagement into which his party entered five-and-thirty years ago, his younger colleagues stand upon the ground that change, especially in a downward direction, must be an unmitigated evil. Yet, with rare inconsistency, they appear to have assented to a change which had a decided downward tendency. Their measure—for we assume that it was theirs—would have kept us hanging on still to the rental franchise, pitching it a little lower than it was before, and so insuring for us a speedy fall lower and still lower. It appears to us that the six-pound rating which Mr. Disraeli, in deference to their wish, proposed, could have settled nothing. There was still the crack in the armour, at which an enemy could aim his thrusts; for rental is rental, whether it be calculated from the parish books or from the agreement into which landlord and tenant have entered together. But the moment you set the idea of rental aside, and make contribution to the burthens of the State your stand-point, you at once go back to the old constitutional usages of the country, and have solid ground for the sole of your foot. It is much to be regretted that three statesmen so able, three gentlemen so high-minded and honest, could not see this; for it is next to certain that when the plan comes to be worked we shall discover that, after all, a constituency composed of persons paying local rates and direct taxes is not much more unmanageable,—is less democratic,—than if it were limited to the occupants of six-pound or seven-pound houses.

We deeply lament the schism which has taken place in the Cabinet. It is a great misfortune to the party; but the party, if it be true to itself, and sufficiently wise to understand the real state of affairs, will not allow the circumstance to affect in any way its decision in the matter of the Minis-

terial Reform Bill. There are, indeed, clauses in the Bill to which, as it appears to us, fair objections may be taken. Duality in voting for Members of Parliament is one of these. It may be, we admit that it is, sound in theory. It is acted upon, also, in the management of parochial business—which, by the by, in other respects than taxation, is very much Parliamentary business on a small scale. There is therefore something like a precedent for it; but the precedent is an imperfect one, and cannot be pleaded in support of the measure. And the measure itself, if effected, would tell quite as much on one side of the question as another; at all events, it would pretty well continue to the ten-pounders that monopoly of political influence with which they are naturally indisposed to part. We confess, too, that the proposal to extend the franchise to depositors in savings banks, and to fund-holders of £50, seems to us to be a mistake. The class which mainly uses the savings bank—though a very useful, and, on the whole, a very respectable class—is perhaps the last in the kingdom on which we should care to throw any portion of the responsibility of returning members to represent us in Parliament; and fund-holders of £50 and upwards are almost all payers, in some form or another, of direct taxes. Again, we entertain grave doubts as to the propriety of publicly recognising the political existence of clergymen as clergymen, and Dissenting ministers as Dissenting ministers; of schoolmasters as schoolmasters, and of barristers, attorneys, and doctors according to their several callings. There is obvious justice in allowing Masters of Arts to vote for the members whom the Universities send to Parliament. And if it be thought expedient to grant to the Inns of Court, either collectively or

separately, the privilege of being represented in the House of Commons, then by all means let barristers and attorneys, in virtue of their position, vote for Inns-of-Court members. But why clergymen, who, whether they be incumbents or curates, almost always inhabit rated houses, or pay direct taxes, should be taken out of the common category of English citizenship we can no more understand than we can understand why Dissenting ministers and schoolmasters, equally with the clergy rated, we presume, to the poor, should be thus favoured, while gentlemen, quite their equals in intelligence, breeding, and knowledge of the world, are passed over. Indeed, we frankly acknowledge that what is called the educational franchise has no great attraction for us. Education rightly improved leads to position in society, involving the ability to contribute to the burthens of the State. When it is not so improved as to produce these results, the educated man is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, disqualified, on moral grounds, from the exercise of political influence. We do not advise Mr. Disraeli to withdraw this clause in his Bill, as he has wisely withdrawn the duality clause; but the Bill would not, in our opinion, be damaged, were all that is said about educational franchise left out of it. By all means give a member to the London University; and, when the Scottish Bill is introduced, do not overlook the claims in this respect of the Scottish Universities. But lawyers, doctors, graduates, clergymen, Dissenting ministers, and schoolmasters, wherever scattered through the nation, may safely be left to establish, like other citizens, their right, as contributors to the State's necessities, to vote in counties or boroughs for the members who are to represent them in Parliament.

Again, we cannot quite see our

way to the propriety of setting up a rental qualification in counties, when you get rid of it in boroughs. If the old constitutional system was broken in upon in 1832 by giving votes to £50 tenants at will, the wrong will certainly not be remedied by extending the percentage to a lower figure. Yet this mistake is committed in the Ministerial Bill, because a tenant rated at £15 a-year is, after all, raised to the franchise not in consequence of his paying rates, but because his rent reaches a certain line instead of falling below it. Now, we are not going to resist this clause. Let the Ministers press, and the House accept it, if they will; but there is really no principle in it. The freeholder, from time immemorial, because he was liable in military service, and the copyholder, for good reasons shown, are entitled to vote. They are owners of the soil, and for their property they are rated and taxed. In like manner, let the payment of rates and of direct taxes qualify tenants equally with owners.

It is rather remarkable that Mr. Gladstone, in his fierce onslaught on Mr. Disraeli's propositions, should have passed lightly over these palpable defects, and fastened like a bull-dog on the supposed injustice done to the occupiers of compound houses. His object is plain enough. He appeals from the House of Commons to the people, and, not being very scrupulous, he puts upon the measure now under discussion, a gloss as uncandid as it is mischievous. No wrong whatever is done to the occupants of compound houses. They are merely kept, by the new bill, in the position which the Act of 1832 assigned to them: cut off from exercising the franchise so long as they prefer their own ease to the privilege of voting, but authorised at any moment to assume that privilege. Clauses XXXIV. and XXXV. of

the new Bill are perfectly clear on this head:—

“XXXIV. Where the owner is rated in respect of a dwelling-house instead of the occupier, the occupier may claim to be rated for the purpose of acquiring the franchise in the same manner and subject to the same conditions in and subject to which an occupier may claim to be registered under the existing Acts of Parliament for the purpose of acquiring the franchise in respect of the occupation of premises of a clear yearly value of not less than £10, and all the provisions of the said Acts shall apply accordingly; provided that the rates to be paid by such occupier in order to entitle him to the franchise shall be rates calculated on the full ratable value of the premises.

“XXXV. Where any occupier of a dwelling-house in respect of which the owner is rated instead of the occupier at the time of the passing of this Act would be entitled to be registered, in pursuance of this Act, at the first registration of Parliamentary voters to be made after the passing of this Act, if he had paid rates for the required period, such occupier shall, notwithstanding he may not have paid such rates, be entitled to be registered, subject to the following conditions:—

“1. That he makes a claim to be rated in manner in which such claims are required by the existing law to be made, within one month after the passing of this Act:

“2. That he pays all rates due in respect of such house at the time of making his claim, and further pays all rates becoming due in respect of such house between the date of his claim being made and the date of his name being placed on the register of Parliamentary voters, such last-mentioned rates to be calculated on the full ratable value of the premises.”

It is perfectly clear from this, that every occupant of a house for which the landlord pays the rates may, if he be disposed, come upon the roll of voters by paying the rates himself. Mr. Gladstone, however, before he even saw the Bill, denounced it as making no such

provisions. Just hear him, as he spoke on the 18th of last month:—

"I was astounded when the right hon. gentleman descended from the pedestal of the Constitution on which he had set himself, and dealt with the case of the compound house-holder. He said that the compound house-holder was, after all, as good a man as anybody else (hear); he might be competent to enjoy the franchise and to fulfil his duties as a voter; but as the owner of the property, by paying the rates, has deprived him of the position which he would otherwise hold, we will, says the right hon. gentleman, give the compound house-holder every facility. The right hon. gentleman then boldly proceeded to place upon his list of enfranchised citizens 486,000 persons who did not pay rates, but who came under the description of compound house-holders. But if that is so, where is this great principle of the British Constitution? (Laughter, mingled with cries of 'Oh, oh!') from the Ministerial side.) What is the use of talking about the value of rating, and setting forth doctrines like that which the right hon. gentleman propounds when he talks of the completeness and authenticity of this principle? (Cries of 'Oh, oh!') What is the use of setting up a principle in order to knock it down again? The right hon. gentleman frankly says he thinks those persons who are not ratepayers just as much entitled to be enfranchised as those who are. (Loud cries of 'No, no,' from the Ministerial side.) Several hon. gentlemen opposite say 'No,' but if they will give me a little time, I am coming to their method of construing the speech of the right hon. gentleman."

Mr. Gladstone got from the House the hearing for which he petitioned, and the result was to himself, and to the party of which he is the leader, most disastrous. His temper, curbed and restrained thus far, failed him quite; and in personal violence, and a tone offensive to all who witnessed the scene, he endeavoured to make up for the hollowness of an argument as disingenuous as it was futile. He de-

clared his rooted hostility to the whole measure. He had never seen it; he had listened only to the explanatory speech with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer asked leave to present it to the House; yet he did his best to tear it to pieces by anticipation, and wound up in these words:—"I confess I think it quite impossible that any proposal like that, or one conceived in such a spirit, can obtain the sanction of this House." He denounced also, as unconstitutional, Lord Derby's wise act, in calling his friends together and explaining to them both the course which he was preparing to adopt and the reasons which influenced him in adopting it. What would the leader of the Opposition have? Is it not the fact that Lord Russell did the same thing before he brought in the second reading of his fragmentary Bill of last year? Does not Mr. Gladstone himself call his party together, and use his best eloquence to imbue them with the opinions which he has adopted, and means in the House of Commons to advocate? Mr. Gladstone knew, while charging Lord Derby with unconstitutional conduct, that there was no justice in the charge. It was the mere cry of an angry man—of a man so angry that reason ceased for the moment to control either his ideas or his expressions. It helped to deepen the sense of shame and disgust which, in spite of the critical nature of their position, took possession of a good many of the Liberals who heard it. Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Osborn both told him their minds, and so did a hundred other Liberal members, who have refused, point-blank, to go with their leader in his blind opposition to a measure which they propose to criticise and improve if they can, but which they will not agree to defeat at the second reading.

We should act unfairly by our readers—we should be untrue to ourselves and our own party—if we professed to regard the political condition of the country as either satisfactory or safe. It is very much the reverse; but the Liberals, not we, have brought it to the state in which we now find it. Ever since their accession to office, now seven-and-thirty years ago, they have thought of nothing and cared for nothing, except how to keep the government in their own hands. Their own people freely admit that Lord Russell has done them and the country infinite mischief. Had he stood in defeat as well as in triumph by his own measure, the Constitution of 1832 would have been still in full vigour. In spite of its defects, it had adapted itself to men's habits of thought and action; so that they who saw most clearly how slender was the thread of principle on which it hung, were willing to abide by it. Not so the individual who goes about boasting that it sprang from the recesses of his own brain, nor, as a matter of course, any one of those more violent levellers, on whom, whenever worsted in fair fight by the Tories, he has taught himself to lean. And beyond even these, in hostility to all which they once professed to admire, have been, with one honourable exception, the apostates from Tory principles. Where are such men as Wickham Martin, Dyke Acland, Cardwell, and Roundell Palmer now? Where is Gladstone, once the hope of the Conservatives, the one statesman to whom, before all others, the Church looked as her defender? Steeped to the very chin in Radicalism, and forcing their rivals, by the untenable positions which they take up, into the last plunge of all. Well, there is no help for it. It has been a bid by them for place, at the expense of the best interests of the

country, ever since they made common cause with the party, to which their great leader, Sir Robert Peel, never gave his countenance. We cannot help their apostasy, however much we may deplore it; but its effects are terrible. They and their allies, the ultra-Whigs and ultra-Radicals, have left us no choice. Better house-hold suffrage at once, subject to rating and the residence clause, than that all the business of the country should stagnate in order that year by year fresh disputes might be raised as to the relative merits of a £5, a £6, a £7, and an £8 franchise. Does any sane man doubt that, if Lord Derby had offered a £6 franchise, battle would have been joined with him in favour of £5 franchise; or that if he had offered a £5, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright would have demanded a £4 franchise? No; the day of compromise was past. We had to choose our own course, well knowing that, however low the qualification proposed by us, the enemy would have gone below. Better, then, that we should find some solid ground on which to stand, be it ever so far down, than place ourselves upon a bog which gives way the moment you put your weight upon it, and plunges you you don't know where. Most gladly should we have abided by the measure of 1832, had that been possible. It certainly did not effect much for us. It gave us, at brief intervals, some five or six years of power, as against thirty years of place insured to the Liberals; and it damaged most of the great institutions of the country, to which, far more than to men, our allegiance is given. Still it had some sort of stability in it; and every day the middle classes were more and more coming to the conclusion that it would be best for them and for the country to hold hard. But we were not allowed to abide by the settlement

of 1832; and from the hour in which it was made manifest that change had set in, the only hope of escape from agitation, and perhaps revolution, lay in the adoption of some such scheme as Mr. Disraeli has proposed. Indeed, we will go further. It is scarcely a secret—it hardly pretends to be a secret—that the fears manifested by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright originate in the circumstance that the ground has been out from beneath their feet. There was something almost ludicrous in the tone which pervaded the conversation of the Liberals at all the clubs, and in every private circle, when the Ministers first announced their intention of going in for household suffrage. The proposal was monstrous. The measure was revolutionary. It was awful to feel that we were about to be cast down to the level of democracy by the very men who professed to hold together as a party in order to save us from that calamity. And yet everybody seemed to be convinced that Mr. Gladstone was prepared, as soon as he had defeated the Ministerial scheme, and expelled its promoters from office, himself to bring in a Bill for the establishment of household suffrage—certainly in boroughs, probably in counties also. No wonder that his wrath, on discovering that the enemy was beforehand with him, should have clouded his intellect altogether. Let it not be forgotten that to Lord Brougham's letter proposing this *ultima ratio* he never published a reply. Now, he is not the man to hold back from argument when appealed to by a person of Lord Brougham's calibre, if he see his way to the expression of an adverse judgment. But in this case he made no such expression; and the inference is obvious, that household suffrage was his great card, and that he is furious because the

opposite party have managed to get it dealt to them, and are bold enough to play it.

And now, before laying aside the pen for the present, let us entreat our friends in and out of Parliament to look the situation fairly in the face, and not, on the impulse of possible disappointment and annoyance, to make shipwreck of the Constitution. Take what line they may, a franchise founded on household suffrage is now inevitable. In the measure proposed by the Government there are provisions which might very much reconcile the staunchest of Tories to the necessity. Such we hold to be the residential clause; the clauses which provide that by mere change of occupancy a voter shall not forfeit the franchise; and the clause allowing the use of polling-papers. Possibly, also, a further safeguard against democracy might be established, if, in the clause which confers the right of voting on all persons who pay, in direct taxes, 20s. yearly, special reference were made to the lodger classes. This latter, however, is a point of very secondary consideration, for the clause as it stands is obvious enough in its meaning. Now, it surely does not become Tories to throw away these palpable gains, even if the Government yield—as we honestly confess that we hope it will—on most if not all of what are called the fancy franchises. For no matter yet in the future can be more sure than this, that if the Government be defeated and resign, the only prospect before us is ruin. Mr. Gladstone cannot hope to achieve a victory except by underbidding his rivals in everything. He objects to the payment of rates; he objects to a two-years' residence; he objects to requiring that in any shape compound householders shall be required to put themselves on a level with other householders; and he demands a

lodger franchise without restriction, without qualification, without conditions. Where will all this carry us except to manhood suffrage? and with manhood suffrage and the ballot—for the ballot will follow, as a matter of course—we are Americanised at a stroke. Farewell, after that, to the legitimate influence of intellect, property, rank, character, at elections. Farewell to all hope that the gentry of the country will be allowed, even if they care, to take any part in its

government. We have a chance now of holding our own—of maintaining the Throne, the House of Lords, the Church, and the organisation of society which hangs upon them. But let us miss the chance—let the opportunity escape—and woe be to us! A breach in the Conservative party would at this moment be a calamity for which no triumph of either section, no gathering of a new party round a new nucleus, could make amends.

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BROWNLOWS.

PART V.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEXT morning Mr. Brownlow was not well enough to go to business. He was not ill. He repeated the assurance a score of times to himself and to his children. He had not slept well, that was all—and perhaps a day's rest, a little quiet and tranquillity, would do him good. He had got up at his usual hour, and was down to breakfast, and read his paper, and everything went on in its ordinary way; but yet he was indisposed—and a day's rest would do him good. Young John assented heartily, and was very willing to take his father's place for the day and manage all his business. It was a bright morning, and the room was full of flowers, and the young leaves fluttered at the windows in the earliest green of spring. It was exhilarating to stand in the great recesses of the windows and look out upon the park, all green and budding, and think it was all yours and your children's—a sort of feeling which had little effect upon the young

people, but was sweet yet overwhelming to their father as he stood and looked out in the quiet of the morning. All his—all theirs; yet perhaps——

"I don't think I shall go down to-day," he said. "You can tell Wrinkell to send me up the papers in the Wardell case. He knows what I want. He can send the new clerk up with them—Powys I mean."

"Powys?" said Jack.

"Well, yes, Powys. Is there any reason why he should not send Powys?" said Mr. Brownlow, peremptorily, feeling hot and conscious, and ready to take offence.

"No, certainly," said Jack, with some surprise. He did not take to Powys, that was unquestionable; yet the chances are he would never have remarked upon Mr. Brownlow's choice of him but for the curious impatience and peremptoriness in his father's tone.

"I like him," said Mr. Brownlow—"he knows what he has to

do, and—he does it. I like a man who does that—it gives one confidence for the time to come.”

“Yes,” said Jack. “I never cared for him, sir, as you know. He is not my ideal of a clerk—but that is nothing; only I rather think Wrinkell has changed his opinion lately. The young fellow gets on well enough—but there is a difference. I suppose that sort of extra punctuality and virtue can only last a certain time.”

“I daresay these are very fine notions, Jack,” said his father; “but I am not quite such an accomplished man of the world, I suppose, as if I had been brought up at Eton. I believe in virtue lasting a long time. You must bear with my old-fashioned prejudices.” This Mr. Brownlow said in a way which puzzled Jack, for he was not a man given to sneers.

“Of course, if you take it like that, sir, I have not another word to say,” said the young man, and he went away feeling bitterly hostile to Powys, who seemed to be the cause of it all. He said to himself that to be snubbed on account of a clerk was a new experience, and lost himself in conjectures as to the cause of this unexplained partiality—“a fellow who his going to the bad and all,” Jack said to himself; and his feeling was somewhat vindictive, and he did not feel so sorry as he ought to have done that Powys was going to the bad. It seemed on the whole a kind of retribution. Mr. Wrinkell himself had been sent for to Brownlows on various occasions, but it was not an honour that had been accorded to any of the clerks; and now this young fellow, whose appearance and conduct had both begun to be doubtful, was to have the privilege. Jack did not comprehend it; uneasy unexpressed suspicions came into his mind, all utterly wide of the mark, yet not the less uncomfortable. The mare was a comfort to him as she went off in one of her long dashes, without ever taking

breath, like an arrow down the avenue; and so was the momentary glimpse of a little face at the window, to which he took off his hat; but notwithstanding these consolations, he was irritated and somewhat disturbed. On account of a cad! He had no right to give such a title to his father's favourite; but still it must be allowed that it was a little hard.

“Who is Powys?” said Sara, when her brother was gone. “And why are you angry, papa? You are cross, you know, and that is not like you. I am afraid you must be ill.”

“Cross, am I?” said Mr. Brownlow. “I suppose I am not quite well—I told you I had a bad night.”

“Yes—but what has Powys to do with it?—and who is he?” said Sara, looking into his face.

Then various possibilities rushed into her father's mind; should he tell her what he was going to ask of her? Should he claim her promise and hold her to her word? Should he make an attempt, the only one possible, to secure for himself a confidant and counsellor? Ah, no! that was out of the question. He might sully his own honour,—but never, never his child's. And he felt, even with a certain exultation, that his child would not have yielded to the temptation—that she would balk him instead of obeying him, did she know why. He felt this in his inmost mind, and he was glad. She would do what he asked her, trusting in him, and in her it would be a virtue—only his should be the sin.

“Who is he?” he said, with a doubtful smile which resulted from his own thoughts, and not from her question. “You will know who he is before long. I want to be civil to him, Sara. He is not just like any other clerk. I would bring him, if you would not be shocked—to lunch—”

“Shocked!” said Sara, with one of her princess airs—“I am not a great lady. You are Mr. Brownlow

the solicitor, papa—I hope I know my proper place.”

“Yes,” said John Brownlow; but the words brought an uneasy colour to his face, and confounded him in the midst of his projects. To keep her from being merely Mr. Brownlow the solicitor’s daughter, he was going to soil his own honour and risk her happiness; and yet it was thus that she asserted her condition whenever she had a chance. He left her as soon as he could, taking no such advantage of his unusual holiday as Sara supposed he would. He left the breakfast-room which was so bright, and wandered away into the library, a room which, busy man as he was, he occupied very seldom. It was of all the rooms in Brownlows the one which had most appearance of having been made by a new proprietor. There were books in it, to be sure, which had belonged to the Brownlows, the solicitors, for generations; but these were not half or quarter part enough to fill the room, which was larger than any two rooms in the High Street—and consequently it had been necessary to fill the vacant space with ranges upon ranges of literature out of the bookseller’s, which had not mellowed on the shelves, nor come to belong to them by nature. Mr. Brownlow did not think of this, but yet he was somehow conscious of it when, with the prospect of a long unoccupied day before him, he went into this room. It was on the other side of the house, turned away from the sunshine, and looking out upon nothing but evergreens, sombre corners of shrubberies, and the paths which led to the kitchen and stables. He went in and sat down by the table, and looked round at all the shelves, and drew a blotting-book towards him mechanically. What did he want with it? he had no letters to write there—nothing to do that belonged to that luxurious leisurely place. If there was work to be done, it was at the office that he ought to

do it. He had not the habit of writing here—nor even of reading. The handsome library had nothing to do with his life. This, perhaps, was why he established himself in it on the special day of which we speak. It seemed to him as if any moment his fine house might topple down about his ears like a house of cards. He had thought over it in the High Street till he was sick and his head swam; perhaps some new light might fall on the subject if he were to think of it here. This was why he established himself at the table, making in his leisure a pretence to himself of having something to do. If he had been used to any sort of guile or dishonourable dealing, the chances are it would have been easier for him; but it is hard upon a man to change the habits of his life. John Brownlow had to maintain with himself a fight harder than that which a man ordinarily has to fight against temptation; for the fact was that this was far, very far from being his case. He was not tempted to do wrong. It was the good impulse which in his mind had come to be the thing to be struggled against. What he wanted was to do what was right; but with all the steadiness of a virtuous resolution he had set himself to struggle against his impulse and to do wrong.

Here was the state of the case: He had found, as he undoubtedly believed, the woman whom more than twenty years ago he had given himself so much trouble to find. She was here, a poor woman—to whom old Mrs. Thomson’s fifty thousand pounds would be equal to as many millions—with a son, whose every prospect would be changed, whose life would begin on a totally different level, if his legitimate inheritance came to him as it ought: this was all very distinct and clear. But, on the other hand, to withdraw that fifty thousand pounds from his own affairs at this moment, would be next to

ruin to John Brownlow. It would be a loss to him of almost as much more. It would reduce him again hopelessly to the character of the country solicitor—a character which he had not abandoned, which he had, in short, rather prided himself in keeping up, but which was very different, in conjunction with his present standing in the county, from what it would be were he Brownlow the solicitor alone. And then there was the awful question of interest, which ought to have been accumulating all these five-and-twenty years. He thought to himself, as he reflected, that his best course would have been to reject young Powys's application and throw him off, and leave him to find occupation where he could. Then, if the young man had discovered anything, it would at least have been a fair fight. But he had of his own will entered into relations with him; he had him under his eyes day by day, a standing temptation, a standing reproach; he had kept him close by him to make discoveries that otherwise he probably never would have made; and he had made discoveries. At any moment the demand might come which should change the character of the position altogether. All this was old ground over which he had gone time after time. There was nothing new in it but the sudden remedy which had occurred to him on the previous night as he walked home. He had not as yet confessed to himself that he had accepted that suggestion, and yet only half voluntarily he had taken the first steps to bring it about. It was a remedy almost as bad as the original danger—very unpalatable, very mortifying—but it was better than utter downfall. By moments Mr. Brownlow's heart revolted altogether against it. It was selling his child, even though it was for her own sake—it was taking advantage of her best instincts, of her rash girlish readiness to put her future

in his hands. And there were also other questions involved. When it came to the point, would Sara hold by her promise—had she meant it, in earnest, as a real promise when she made it? And then she was a girl who would do anything, everything for her father's sake, in the way of self-sacrifice, but would she understand sacrificing herself to save, not her father, but Brownlows? All these were very doubtful questions. Mr. Brownlow, who had never before been in anybody's power, who knew nothing about mysteries, found himself now, as it were, in everybody's power, threading a darkling way, from which his own efforts could never deliver him. He was in the power of young Powys, who any day could come to his door and demand—how much? any sum almost—his whole fortune—with no alternative but that of a lawsuit, which would take his good name as well. He was in the power of his son, who, if he heard of it, might simplify matters very summarily, and the chances were would do so; and he was in the power of Sara, who could save him if she would—save him not only from the consequences but from the sin—save his conscience and his credit, and her own position. Why should not she do it? Young Powys was poor, and perhaps not highly educated; but he was pleasanter to look at, more worth talking to, than Sir Charles Motherwell. If he gave his daughter to this youth, John Brownlow felt that he would do more than merely make him amends for having taken his inheritance. It would be restoring the inheritance to him, and giving him over and above it something that was worth more than compound interest. When he had come to this point, however, a revulsion occurred in his thoughts. How could he think of marrying his child, his Sara, she of whom he had made a kind of princess, who might marry anybody, as people

say—how could he give her to a nameless young man in his office? What would the world say? What inquiries, what suspicions would arise, if he gave up his house and all its advantages to a young fellow without a penny? And then Sara herself, so delicate in all her tastes, so daintily brought up, so difficult to please! If she were so little fastidious at the end, what would be thought of it? She had refused Sir Charles Motherwell, if not actually yet tacitly—and Sir Charles had many advantages, and was very nearly the greatest man in the county—refused him, and now was going to take her father's uncultivated clerk. Would she, could she do it? was it a thing he ought to ask of her? or was it not better that he should take it upon his conscience boldly to deceive and wrong the stranger than to put such a burden on the delicate shoulders of his child?

Thus he passed the morning, driven about from one idea to another, and feeling little comfort in any, longing for Powys's arrival, that he might read in his eyes how much he knew, and yet fearing it, lest he might know too much. If any of his clients had come to him in such a state of mind, John Brownlow would have looked upon that man with a certain pity mingled with contempt, and while advising him to his best would have said to himself, How weak all this shilly-shally is! one way or other let something be decided. But it is a very different matter deciding on one's own affairs and on the affairs of other people. Even at that moment, notwithstanding his own agitation and mental distress, had he been suddenly called upon for counsel he could have given it clearly and fully—the thing was, that he could not advise himself.

And to aggravate matters, while he sat thus thinking it all over and waiting for Powys, and working himself up almost to the point of preparing for a personal contest

with him, the Rector chanced to call, and was brought triumphantly into the library. "Papa is so seldom at home," Sara had said, with a certain exultation; "come and see him." And Mr. Hardcastle was exultant too. "How lucky that I should have come to-day of all others," he said. "One never sees you by daylight."

"Well, yes," said Mr. Brownlow, who was cross and out of temper in spite of himself; "I am visible by daylight to everybody on the road between this and Masterton. I don't think I shut myself up."

"That's exactly what I mean," said the Rector; "but you have been overdoing it, Brownlow. You're ill. I always told you you ought to give yourself more leisure. A man at your time of life is not like a young fellow. We can't do it, my dear sir—we can't do it. I am up to as much as most men of my age; but it won't do morning and night—I have found that out."

"It suits me very well," said Mr. Brownlow, "I am not ill, thank you. I had a restless night—rather—"

"Ah, that's just it," said Mr. Hardcastle. "The brain is fatigued—that is what it is. And you ought to take warning. It is the beginning of so many things. For instance, last year when my head was so bad—"

"Don't speak of it," said Mr. Brownlow. "My head is not bad; I am all right. I have a—a clerk coming with some papers: that is what I am waiting for. Is Fanny with you to-day?"

"No," said Mr. Hardcastle. "They have begun to have her up at Ridley more than I care to see her. And there is that young Koppel, you know. Not that he means anything, I suppose. Indeed, I thought he was devoted to Sara a short time ago. Ah, my dear Brownlow, it is a difficult matter for us, left as we both are with young girls who have never known maternal care—"

It was not a moment when Mr. Brownlow could enter upon such a subject. But he instinctively changed his expression, and looked solemn and serious, as the occasion demanded. Poor Bessie!—he had probably been a truer lover to her than the Rector had been to the two Mrs. Hardcastles, though she had not been in his mind just then; but he felt bound to put on the necessary melancholy look.

"Yes," he said; "no doubt it is difficult. My clerk is very late. He ought to have been here at twelve. I have a good many pressing matters of business just now—"

"I see, I see; you have no time for private considerations," said the Rector. "Don't overdo it, don't overdo it,—that is all I have got to say. Remember what a condition I was in only two years since—took no pleasure in anything. Man delighted me not, nor woman either—not even my little Fanny. If ever there was a miserable state on earth, it is that. I see a fine tall young fellow straying about there among the shrubberies. Is that your clerk?"

Mr. Brownlow got up hastily and came to the window, and there beyond all question was Powys, who had lost his way, and had got involved in the maze of paths which divided the evergreens. It was a curious way for him to approach the house, and he was not the man to seek a back entrance, however humble his circumstances had been. But anyhow it was he, and he had got confused, and stood under one of the great laurels, looking at the way to the stables, and the way to the kitchen, feeling that neither way was his way, and not knowing where to turn. Mr. Brownlow opened the window and called to him. Many a day after he thought of it, with that vague wonder which such symbolical circumstances naturally excite. It did not seem important enough to be part of the symbolism of Providence at the moment. Yet it was strange to re-

member that it was thus the young man was brought into the house. Mr. Brownlow set the window open, and watched him as he came forward, undeniably a fine tall young fellow, as Mr. Hardcastle said. Somehow a kind of pride in his good looks, such as a father might have felt, came into John Brownlow's mind. Sir Charles, with his black respirator, was not to be named in the same day with young Powys, so far as appearance went. He was looking as he did when he first came to the office, fresh, and frank, and openhearted. Those appearances which had so troubled the mind of Mr. Wrinkell and alarmed Mr. Brownlow himself, were not visible in his open countenance. He came forward with his firm and rapid step, not the step of a dweller in streets. And Mr. Hardcastle, who had a slight infusion of muscular Christianity in his creed, could not refrain from admiration.

"That is not much like what one looks for in a lawyer's clerk," said the Rector. "What a chest that young fellow has got! Who is he, Brownlow?—not a Masterton man, I should think."

"He is a Canadian," said Mr. Brownlow, "not very long in the office, but very promising. He has brought me some papers that I must attend to—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," said Mr. Hardcastle—"always business; but I shall stay to luncheon as you are at home. I suppose you mean to allow yourself some lunch?"

"Surely," said Mr. Brownlow; but it was impossible to reply otherwise than coldly. He had wanted no spy upon his actions, nobody to speculate on what he meant in the strange step he was about to take. He could not send his neighbour away; but at the same time he could not be cordial to him as if he desired his company. And then he turned to speak to his clerk, leaving the Rector, who went away in a puzzled state of mind,

wondering whether Mr. Brownlow meant to be rude to him. As for young Powys, he came in by the window, taking off his hat, and looking at his employer with an honest mixture of amusement and embarrassment. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "I had lost my way; I don't know where I was going——"

"You were going to the stables," said Mr. Brownlow, "where I dare say you would have found something much more amusing than with me. Come in. You are later than I expected. How is it you did not come up in the dogcart? My son should have thought of that."

"He did not say anything about it," said Powys, "but I liked the walk. Mr. Wrinkell told me to bring you these, sir. They are the papers in the Wardell case; and he gave me some explanations which I was to repeat to you—some new facts that have just come out——"

"Sit down," said Mr. Brownlow. He gave the young man a seat at his table, and resumed his own, and drew the papers to him. But he was not thinking of the papers or of the Wardell case. His attention was fixed upon his young companion. Perhaps it was the walk, perhaps some new discovery, perhaps because he began to see his way to the recovery of that which John Brownlow was determined not to give up, but certainly his eye was as bright and his colour as fresh as when he had first come to the office innocent and unsuspecting. He sat down with none of the affectation either of humility or of equality which a Masterton youth of his position would have shown. He was not afraid of his employer, who had been kind to him, and his transatlantic ideas made him feel the difference between them, though great in the mean time, to be rather a difference of time than of class. Such at least was the unconscious feeling in his mind. It is true that he had begun to learn that more things

than time, or even industry and brains, are necessary in an old and long-constituted social system, but his new and hardly purchased knowledge had not affected his instincts. He was respectful, but he did not feel himself out of place in Mr. Brownlow's library. He took his seat, and looked round him with the interest of a man free to observe or even comment, which, considering that even Mr. Wrinkell was rather disposed at Brownlows to sit on the edge of his chair, was a pleasant variety. Mr. Brownlow drew the papers to him, and bent over them, leaning his head on both his hands; but the fact was, he was looking at Powys from under that cover, fixing his anxious gaze upon him, reading what was in the unsuspecting face—what was in it, and most likely a great deal which was not in it. When he had done this for some minutes he suddenly raised his head, removed his hands from his forehead to his chin, and looked steadily at his young companion.

"I will attend to these by-and-by," he said, abruptly; "in the mean time, my young friend, I have something to say to you."

Then Powys, whose eyes had been fixed upon a dark picture over and beyond, at some distance, Mr. Brownlow's head, came to himself suddenly, and met the look fixed upon him. The elder man thought there was a little defiance in the glance which the younger cast upon him; but this is one of the things in which one sees always what one is prepared to see. Powys, for his part, was not in the least defiant; he was a little surprised, a little curious, eager to hear and reply, but he was utterly unconscious of the sentiments which the other read in his eyes.

"I thought a little while ago," said Mr. Brownlow, in his excitement going further than he meant to go, "that I had found in you one of the best clerks that ever I had."

Here he stopped for a moment, and Powys regarded him open-mouthed, waiting for more. His frank face clouded over a little when he saw that Mr. Brownlow made a pause. "I was going to say Thank you, sir," said the young man; "and indeed I do say Thank you; but am I to understand that you don't think so now?"

"I don't know what to think," said Mr. Brownlow. "I take more interest in you than—than I am in the habit of taking in a—stranger; but they tell me at the office there is a change, and I see there is a change. It has been suggested to me that you were going to the bad, which I don't believe; and it has been suggested to me that you had something on your mind——"

The young man had changed colour, as indeed he could scarcely help doing; his *amour propre* was still as lively and as easily excited as is natural to his age. "If you are speaking of my duties in the office, sir," he said, "you have a perfect right to speak; but I don't suppose they could be influenced one way or another by the fact that I had something on my mind——"

"I am not speaking to you so much as your employer as—as your friend," said Mr. Brownlow. "You know the change has been visible. People have spoken about it to me—not perhaps the people you would imagine to have interfered. And I want to speak to you as an old man may speak to a young man—as I should wish, if the circumstances make it needful, any one would speak to my son. Why do you smile?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I could not but smile at the thought of Mr. John——"

"Never mind Mr. John," said Mr. Brownlow, discomfited. "He has his way, and we have ours. I don't set up my son as an example. The thing is, that I should be glad if you would take me into your

confidence. If anything is wrong I might be able to help you; and if you have something on your mind——"

"Mr. Brownlow," said young Powys, with a deep blush, "I am very sorry to seem ungrateful, but a man, if he is good for anything, must have something he keeps to himself. If it is about my work, I will hear whatever you please to say to me, and make whatever explanations you require. I am not going to the bad; but for anything else I think I have a right to my own mind."

"I don't deny it—I don't deny it," said Mr. Brownlow, anxiously. "Don't think I want to thrust myself into your affairs; but if either advice or help——"

"Thank you," said the young man. He smiled, and once more Mr. Brownlow, though not imaginative, put a thousand meanings into the smile. "I will be more attentive to my work," he said; "perhaps I have suffered my own thoughts to interfere with me. Thank you, sir, for your kindness. I am very glad that you have given me this warning."

"But it does not tempt you to open your heart," said Mr. Brownlow, smiling too, though not with very pleasurable feelings.

"There is nothing in my heart that is worth opening," said Powys; "nothing but my own small affairs—thank you heartily all the same."

This is how Mr. Brownlow was baffled notwithstanding his superior age and prudence and skill. He sat silent for a time with that curious feeling of humiliation and displeasure which attends a defeat even when nobody is to be blamed for it. Then by way of saving his dignity he drew once more towards him the Wardell papers and studied them in silence. As for the young man, he resumed, but with a troubled mind, his examination of the dark old picture. Perhaps his refusal to open his heart arose as

much from the fact that he had next to nothing to tell as from any other reason, and the moment that the conversation ceased his heart misgave him. Young Powys was not one of the people possessed by a blessed certainty that the course they themselves take is the best. As soon as he had closed his mouth a revulsion of feeling came upon him. He seemed to himself hard-hearted, ungrateful, odious, and sat thinking over all Mr. Brownlow's kindness to him, and his detestable requital of that kindness, and asking himself how he could recommence the interrupted talk. What could he say to show that he was very grateful, and a devoted servant, notwithstanding that there was a corner of his heart which he could not open up? or must he continue to lie under this sense of having disappointed and refused to confide in so kind a friend? A spectator would have supposed the circumstances unchanged had he seen the lawyer seated calmly at

the table looking over his papers, and his clerk at a little distance respectfully waiting his employer's pleasure; but in the breast of the young man, who was much too young to be sure of himself, there was a wonderful change. He seemed to himself to have made a friend into an enemy; to have lost his vantage-ground in Mr. Brownlow's good opinion, and above all to have been ungrateful and unkind. Thus they sat in dead silence till the bell for luncheon—the great bell which amused Pamela, bringing a lively picture before her of all that was going on at the great house—began to sound into the stillness. Then Mr. Brownlow stirred, gathered his papers together, and rose from his chair. Powys sat still, not knowing what to do; and it may be imagined what his feelings were when his employer spoke.

"Come along, Powys," said Mr. Brownlow—"you have had a long walk, and you must be hungry—come and have some lunch."

CHAPTER XV.—LUNCHEON.

It was like a dream to the young Canadian when he followed the master of the house into the dining-room;—not that *that*, or any other social privilege, would have struck the youth with astonishment or exultation as it would have done a young man from Masterton; but because he had just behaved so ungratefully and ungraciously, and had no right to any such recompense. He had heard enough in the office about Brownlows to know that it was an unprecedented honour that was being paid him; but it was the coals of fire thus heaped upon his head which he principally felt. Sara was already at the head of the table in all that perfection of dainty apparel which dazzles the eyes of people unused to it. Naturally the stranger knew nothing about any one particular of her dress, but he felt, without

knowing how, the difference between that costly simplicity and all the finery of the women he was accustomed to see. It was a different sphere and atmosphere altogether from any he had ever entered; and the only advantage he had over any of his fellow-clerks who might have been introduced in the same way was, that he had mastered the first grand rule of good breeding, and had forgotten himself. He had no time to think how he ought to behave in his own person. His mind was too much occupied by the novelty of the sphere into which he was thus suddenly brought. Sara inclined her head graciously as he was brought in, and was not surprised; but as for Mr. Hardcastle, whose seat was just opposite that of young Powys, words could not express his consternation. One of the clerks!

Mr. Brownlow the solicitor was not such a great man himself that he should feel justified in introducing his clerks at his table; and after that, what next? A rapid calculation passed through Mr. Hardcastle's mind as he stared at the new-comer. If this sort of thing was to go on, it would have to be looked to. If Mr. Brownlow thought it right for Sara, he certainly should not think it right for his Fanny. Jack Brownlow himself, with Brownlows perhaps, and at least a large share of his father's fortune, was not to be despised; but the clerks! The Rector even felt himself injured—though, to be sure, young Powys or any other clerk could not have dreamed of paying addresses to him. And it must be admitted that the conversation was not lively at table. Mr. Brownlow was embarrassed as knowing his own intentions, which, of course, nobody else did. Mr. Hardcastle was astonished and partially affronted. And Powys kept silence. Thus there was only Sara to keep up a little appearance of animation at the table. It is at such moments that the true superiority of woman-kind really shows itself. She was not embarrassed—the social difference which, as she thought, existed between her and her father's clerk was so great and complete that Sara felt herself as fully at liberty to be gracious to him, as if he had been his own mother or sister. "If Mr. Powys walked all the way he must want his luncheon, papa," she said. "Don't you think it is a pretty road? Of course it is not grand like your scenery in Canada. We don't have any Niagaras in England; but it is pleasant, don't you think?"

"It is very pleasant," said young Powys; "but there are more things in Canada than Niagara."

"I suppose so," said Sara, who was rather of opinion that he ought to have been much flattered by her allusion to Canada; "and there are prettier places in England than

Dewsbury—but still people who belong to it are fond of it all the same. Mr. Hardcastle, this is the dish you are so fond of—are you ill, like papa, that you don't eat to-day?"

"Not ill, my dear," said the Rector, with meaning—"only like your papa, a little out of sorts."

"I don't know why people should be out of sorts who have everything they can possibly want," said Sara. "I think it is wicked both of papa and you. If you were poor men in the village, with not enough for your children to eat, you would know better than to be out of sorts. I am sure it would do us all a great deal of good if we were suddenly ruined," the young woman continued, looking her father, as it happened, full in the face. Of course she did not mean anything. It came into her head all at once to say this, and she said it; but equally of course it fell with a very different significance on her father's ears. He changed colour in spite of himself—he dropped on his plate a morsel he was carrying to his mouth. A sick sensation came over him. Sara did not know very much about the foundation of his fortune, but still she knew something; and she was just as likely as not to let fall some word which would throw final illumination upon the mind of the young stranger. Mr. Brownlow smiled a sickly sort of smile at her from the other end of the table.

"Don't use such strong language," he said. "Being ruined means with Sara going to live in a cottage covered with roses, and taking care of one's aged father; but, my darling, your father is not yet old enough to give in to being ruined, even should such a chance happen to us. So you must make up your mind to do without the cottage. The roses you can have, as many as you like."

"Sara means by ruin, that is to say," said the Rector, "something rather better than the best that I

have been able to struggle into, and nothing to do for it. I should accept her ruin with all my heart."

"You are laughing at me," said Sara, "both of you. Fanny would know if she were here. You understand, don't you, Mr. Powys? What do I care for cottages or roses? but if one were suddenly brought face to face with the realities of life——"

"You have got that out of a book, Sara," said the Rector.

"And if I have, Mr. Hardcastle?" said Sara. "I hope some books are true. I know what I mean, whether you know it or not. And so does Mr. Powys," she added, suddenly meeting the stranger's eye.

This appeal was unlucky, for it neutralised the amusement of the two elder gentlemen, and brought them back to their starting-point. It was a mistake in every way, for Powys, though he was looking on with interest and wonder, did not understand what Sara meant. He looked at her when she spoke, and reddened, and faltered something, and then betook himself to his plate with great assiduity, to hide his perplexity. He had never known anything but the realities of life. He had known them in their most primitive shape, and he was beginning to become acquainted with them still more bitterly in the shape they take in the midst of civilisation, when poverty has to contend with more than the primitive necessities. And to think of this dainty creature, whose very air that she breathed seemed different from that of his world, desiring to be brought face to face with such realities! He had been looking at her with great reverence, but now there mingled with his reverence just that shade of conscious superiority which a man likes to feel. He was not good, sweet, delightful, celestial, as she was, but he knew better—precious distinction between the woman and the man.

But Sara, always thinking of him as so different from herself that she could use freedom with him, was not satisfied. "You understand me?" she said, repeating her appeal.

"No," said young Powys; "at least if it is real poverty she speaks of, I don't think Miss Brownlow can know what it means." He turned to her father as he spoke with the instinct of natural good-breeding. And thereupon there occurred a curious change. The two gentlemen began to approve of the stranger. Sara, who up to this moment had been so gracious, approved of him no more.

"You are quite right," said the Rector; "what Miss Brownlow is thinking of is an imaginary poverty which exists no longer—if it ever existed. If your father had ever been a poor curate, my dear Sara, like myself, for instance——"

"Oh, if you are all going to turn against me——" said Sara, with a little shrug of her shoulders. And she turned away as much as she could do it without rudeness from the side of the table at which young Powys sat, and began in revenge to talk society. "So Fanny is at Ridley," she said; "what does she mean by always being at Ridley? The Keppels are very well, but they are not so charming as that comes to. Is there any one nice staying there just now?"

"Perhaps you and I should not agree about niceness," said the Rector. "There are several people down for Easter. There is Sir Joseph Scrape, for instance, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer once, before you were born. I am very fond of him, but you would prefer his grandson, Sara, if he happened to have a grandson."

"On the contrary, I like old gentlemen," said Sara. "I never see anything else, for one thing. There is yourself, Mr. Hardcastle, and papa——"

"Well, I suppose I am an old gentleman," said the Rector, rue-

fully; "at least to babies like you. That is how things go in this world—one shifts the burden on to one's neighbour. Probably Sir Joseph is of my mind, and thinks somebody else old. And then, in revenge, we have nothing to do but to call you young creatures babies, though you have the world in your hands," Mr. Hardcastle added, with a sigh; for he was a vigorous man, and a widower, and had been already twice married, and saw no reason why he should not take that step again. And it was hard upon him to be called an old gentleman in this unabashed and open way.

"Well, they have the world before them," said Mr. Brownlow; "but I am not so sure that they have it in their hands."

"We have nothing in our hands," said Sara, indignantly—"even I, though papa is awfully good to me. I don't mean to speak along, but he is *awfully* good, you know; and what does it matter? I daren't go anywhere by myself, or do anything that everybody else doesn't do. And as for Fanny, she would not so much as take a walk if she thought you did not like it."

"Fanny is a very good girl," said Mr. Hardcastle, with a certain melting in his voice.

"We are all very good girls," said Sara, "but what is the use of it? We have to do everything we are told just the same; and have old Lady Motherwell, for example, sitting upon one, whenever she has a chance. And then you say we have the world in our hands! If you were to let us do a little as we pleased, and be happy our own way——"

"Then you have changed your mind," said Mr. Brownlow. He was smiling, but yet underneath that he was very serious, not able to refrain from giving in his mind a thousand times more weight than they deserved to his daughter's light and random words, though he knew well enough they were random and light. "I thought

you were a dutiful child, who would do what I asked you, even in the most important transaction of your life—so you said once, at heart."

"Anything you asked me, papa?" cried Sara, with a sudden change of countenance. "Yes, to be sure! anything! Not because I am dutiful, but because—you are surely all very stupid to-day—because—— Don't you know what I mean?"

"Yes," said young Powys, who all this time had not spoken a word. Perhaps in her impatience her eye had fallen upon him; perhaps it was because he could not help it; but however that might be, the monosyllable sent a little electric shock round the table. As for the speaker himself, he had no sooner uttered it than he reddened like a girl up to his very hair. Sara started a little, and became suddenly silent, looking at the unexpected interpreter she had got; and as for the Rector, he stared with the air of a man who asks himself, What next?

The sudden pause thus made in the conversation by his inadvertent reply, confused the young man most of all. He felt it down to the very tips of his fingers. It went tingling through and through him, as if he were the centre of the electricity—as indeed he was. His first impulse, to get up and run away, of course could not be yielded to; and as luncheon was over by this time, and the servants gone, and the business of the meal over, it was harder than ever to find any shelter to retire behind. Despair at last, however, gave him a little courage. "I think, sir," he said, turning to Mr. Brownlow, "if you have no commands for me that I had better go. Mr. Wrinkell will want to know your opinion; unless, indeed——"

"I am not well enough for work," said Mr. Brownlow, "and you may as well take a holiday as you are here. It will do you good. Go

and look at the horses, and take a stroll in the park. Of course you are fond of the country. I don't think there is much to see in the house——"

"If Mr. Powys would like to see the Claude, I will take him into the drawing-room," said Sara, with all her original benignity. Powys, to tell the truth, did not very well know whether he was standing on his head, or on the other and more ordinary extremity. He was confounded by the grace showed to him. And being a backwoodsman by nature, and knowing not much more than Masterton in the civilised world, the fact is that at first, before he considered the matter, he had not an idea what a Claude was. But that made no difference; he was ready to have gone to Pandemonium if the same offer had been made to show the way. Not that he had fallen in love at first sight with the young mistress of Brownlows. He was too much dazzled, too much surprised for that; but he had understood what she meant, and the finest little delicate thread of *rapprochement* had come into existence between them. As for Sara's condescension and benignity, he liked it. Her brother would have driven him frantic with a tithe of the affability which Sara thought her duty under the circumstances; but from her it was what it ought to be. The young man did not think it was possible that such a privilege was to be accorded to him, but he looked at her gratefully, thanking her with his eyes. And Sara looked at him, and for an instant saw into those eyes, and became suddenly sensible that it was not her father's clerk, but a man, a young man, to whom she had made this obliging offer. It was not an idea that had entered her head before; he was a clerk whom Mr. Brownlow chose to bring in to luncheon. He might have been a hundred for anything Sara cared. Now, all at once it dawned upon her that the clerk was a man, and young, and also

well-looking, a discovery which filled her with a certain mixture of horror and amusement. "Well, how was I to know?" she said to herself, although, to be sure, she had been sitting at the same table with him for about an hour.

"Certainly, if Powys likes, let him see the Claude; but I should think he would prefer the horses," said Mr. Brownlow; and then Sara rose and shook out her long skirt, and made a little sign to the stranger to follow her. When the two young creatures disappeared, Mr. Hardcastle, who had been staring at them, open-mouthed, turned round aghast and pale with consternation upon his friend.

"Brownlow, are you mad?" he said; "good heavens! if it was anybody but you I should think it was softening of the brain."

"It may be softening of the brain," said Mr. Brownlow, cheerfully; "I don't know what the symptoms are. What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" said the Rector—he had to stop and pour himself out a glass of wine to collect his faculties—"why, it looks as if you meant it. Send your clerk off with your child, a young fellow like that, as if they were equals! Your clerk! I should not permit it with my Fanny, I can tell you that."

"Do you think Sara will run away with him?" said Mr. Brownlow, smiling. I feel sure I can trust *him* not to do it. Why, what nonsense you are speaking! If you have no more confidence in my little friend Fanny, I have. *She* would be in no danger from my clerk if she were to see him every day, and show him all the pictures in the world."

"Oh, Fanny,—that is not the question," said the Rector, half suspicious of the praise, and half pleased. "It was Sara we were talking of. I don't believe she would care if a man was a chimney-sweep. You have inoculated her with your dreadful Radical ideas——"

"I? I am not a Radical," said

Mr. Brownlow; and he still smiled, though he entered into no further explanation. As for the Rector, he gulped down his wine, and subsided into his neckcloth, as he did when he was disturbed in his mind. He had no parallel in his experience to this amazing indiscretion. Fanny?—no; to be sure Fanny was a very good girl, and knew her place better—she would not have offered to show the Claude, though it had been the finest Claude in the world, even to a curate, much less to a clerk. And then it seemed to Mr. Hardcastle that Mr. Brownlow's eyes looked very heavy, and that there were many tokens half visible about him of softening of the brain.

Meanwhile Sara went sweeping along the great wide fresh airy passages, and through the hall, and up the grand staircase. Her dress was of silk, and rustled—not a vulgar rustle, like that which announces some women offensively wherever they go, but a soft satiny silvery ripple of sound, which harmonised her going like a low accompaniment. Young Powys had only seen her for the first time that day, and he was a reasonable young fellow, and had not a thought of love or love-making in his mind. Love! as if anything so preposterous could ever arise between this young princess and a poor lawyer's clerk, maintaining his mother and his little sisters on sixty pounds a-year. But yet, he was a young man, and she was a girl; and following after her as he did, it was not in human nature not to behold and note the fair creature, with her glistening robes and her shining hair. Now and then, when she passed through a patch of sunshine from one of the windows, she seemed to light up all over, and reflect it back again, and send forth soft rays of responsive light. Though she was so slender and slight, her step was as steady and free as his own, Canadian and backwoodsman as he was; and yet, as she moved,

her pretty head swayed by times like the head of a tall lily upon the breeze, not with weakness, but with the flexile grace that belonged to her nature. Powys saw all this, and it bewitched him, though she was altogether out of his sphere. Something in the atmosphere about her went to his head. It was the most delicate intoxication that ever man felt, and yet it was intoxication in a way. He went up stairs after her, feeling like a man in a dream, not knowing what fairy palace, what new event she might be leading him to; but quite willing and ready, under her guidance, to meet any destiny that might await him. The Claude was so placed in the great drawing-room that the actual landscape, so far as the mild greenness of the park could be called landscape, met your eye as you turned from the immortal landscape of the picture. Sara went straight up to it without a pause, and showed her companion where he was to stand. "This is the Claude," she said, with a majestic little wave of her hand by way of introduction. And the young man stood and looked at the picture, with her dress almost touching him. If he did not know much about the Claude at the commencement, he knew still less now. But he looked into the clear depths of the picture with the most devout attention. There was a ripple of water, and a straight line of light gleaming down into it, penetrating the stream, and casting up all the crisp cool glistening wavelets against its own glow. But as for the young spectator, who was not a connoisseur, his head got confused somehow between the sun on Claude's ripples of water, and the sun as it had fallen in the hall upon Sara's hair and her dress.

"It is very lovely," he said, rather more because he thought it was the thing he ought to say than from any other cause.

"Yes," said Sara; "we are very proud of our Claude; but I should

like to know why active men like papa should like those sort of pictures; he prefers landscapes to everything else—whereas they make me impatient. I want something that lives and breathes. I like pictures of life—not that one everlasting line of light fixed down upon the canvas with no possibility of change.”

“I don’t know much about pictures,” said Powys—“but yet—don’t you think it is less natural still to see one everlasting attitude—like that, for instance, on the other wall? people don’t keep doing one particular thing all their lives.”

“I should like to be a policeman and tell them to move on,” said Sara. “That woman there, who is giving the bread to the beggar—she has been the vexation of my life; why can’t she give it and have done with it? I think I hate pictures—I don’t see what we want with them. I always want to know what happened next.”

“But nothing need happen at all here,” said Powys, with unconscious comprehension, turning to the Claude again. He was a little out of his depth, and not used to this kind of talk, but more and more it was going to his head, and that intoxication carried him on.

“That is the worst of all,” said Sara. “Why doesn’t there come a storm?—what is the good of everything always being the same? That was what I meant down-stairs when you pretended you did not understand.”

What was the poor young fellow to say? He was penetrated to his very heart by the sweet poison of this unprecedented flattery—for it was flattery, though Sara meant nothing more than the freemasonry of youth. She had forgotten he was a clerk, standing there before the Claude; she had even forgotten her own horror at the discovery that he was a man. He was young, like herself, willing to follow her lead, and he “understood;” which after all, though Sara was not par-

ticularly wise, is the true test of social capabilities. He did know what she meant, though in that one case he had not responded; and Sara, like everybody else of quick intelligence and rapid mind, met with a great many people who stared and did not know what she meant. This was why she did the stranger the honour of a half reproach;—it brought the poor youth’s intoxication to its height.

“But I don’t think you understand,” he said, ruefully, apologetically, pathetically, laying himself down at her feet, as it were, to be trod upon if she pleased—“you don’t know how hard it is to be poor; so long as it was only one’s self, perhaps, or so long as it was mere hardship; but there is worse than that; you have to feel yourself mean and sordid—you have to do shabby things. You have to put yourself under galling obligations; but I ought not to speak to you like this—this is what it really is to be poor.”

Sara stood and looked at him, opening her eyes wider and wider. This was not in the least like the cottage with the roses, but she had forgotten all about that; what she was thinking of now was whether he was referring to his own case—whether his life was like that—whether her father could not do something for him; but for the natural grace of sympathy which restrained her, she would have said so right out; but in her simplicity she said something very near as bad. “Mr. Powys,” she said, quite earnestly, “do you live in Masterton all alone?”

Then he woke up and came to himself. It was like falling from a great height, and finding one’s feet, in a very confused, sheepish sort of way, on the common ground. And the thought crossed his mind, also, that she might think he was referring to himself, and made him still more sheepish and confused. But yet, now that he was roused, he was able to answer for

himself. "No, Miss Brownlow," he said; "my mother and my little sisters are with me. I don't live alone."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Sara, whose turn it now was to blush. "I hope you like Master-ton?" This very faltering and uncomfortable question was the end of the interview; for it was very clear no answer was required. And

then she showed him the way downstairs, and he went his way by himself, retracing the very steps which he had taken when he was following her. He felt, poor fellow, as if he had made a mistake somehow, and done something wrong, and went out very rueful into the park, as he would have gone to his desk in strict obedience to his employer's commands.

CHAPTER XVI.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Brownlow did really look as if he were taking a holiday. He came forth into the avenue as Sara was going out, and joined her, and she seized her opportunity, and took his arm, and led him up and down in the afternoon sunshine. It is a pretty sight to see a girl clinging to her father, pouring all her guesses and philosophies into his ears, and claiming his confidence. It is a different kind of intercourse, more picturesque, more amusing, in some ways even more touching, than the intercourse of a mother and daughter, especially when there is, as with these two, no mother in the case, and the one sole parent has both offices to fulfil. Sara clung to her father's arm, and congratulated herself upon having got him out, and promised herself a good long talk. "For I never see you, papa," she said; "you know I never see you. You are at that horrid office the whole long day."

"Only all the mornings and all the evenings," said Mr. Brownlow, "which is a pretty good proportion, I think, of life."

"Oh, but there is always Jack or somebody," said Sara, tightening her clasp of his arm; "and sometimes one wants only you."

"Have you something to say to me, then?" said her father, with a little curiosity, even anxiety,—for of course his own disturbed thoughts accompanied him every-

where, and put meanings into every word that was said.

"Something!" said Sara, with indignation; "heaps of things. I want to tell you and I want to ask you;—but, by the by, answer me first, before I forget, is this Mr. Powys very poor?"

"Powys!" said Mr. Brownlow, with a suppressed thrill of excitement. "What of Powys? It seems to me I hear of nothing else. Where has the young fellow gone?"

"I did not do anything to him," said Sara, turning her large eyes full of mock reproach upon her father's face. "You need not ask him from me in that way. I suppose he has gone home—to his mother and his little sisters," she added, dropping her voice.

"And what do you know about his mother and his little sisters?" said Mr. Brownlow, startled yet amused by her tone.

"Well, he told me he had such people belonging to him, papa," said Sara; "and he gave me a very grand description before that of what it is to be poor. I want to know if he is very poor? and could I send anything to them, or do anything? or are they too grand for that? I couldn't you raise his salary, or something? You ought to do something, since he is a favourite of your own."

"Did he complain to you?" said Mr. Brownlow, in consternation: "and I trust in goodness, Sara,

you did not propose to do anything for them, as you say?"

"No, indeed; I had not the courage," said Sara. "I never have sense enough to do such things. Complain! oh, dear no; he did not complain. But he was so much in earnest about it, you know, *apropos* of that silly speech [made at luncheon, that he made me quite uncomfortable. Is he a—
—a gentleman, papa?"

"He is my clerk," said Mr. Brownlow, shortly; and then the conversation dropped. Sara was not a young woman to be stopped in this way in ordinary cases, though she did stop this time, seeing her father fully meant it; but all the same she did not stop thinking, which indeed, in her case, was a thing very difficult to do.

Then Mr. Brownlow began to nerve himself for a great effort. It excited him as nothing had excited him for many a long year. He drew his child's arm more closely through his own, and drew her nearer to him. They were going slowly down the avenue, upon which the afternoon sunshine lay warm, all marked and lined across by columns of trees, and the light shadows of the half-developed foliage. "Do you know," he said, "I have been thinking a great deal lately about a thing you once said to me. I don't know whether you meant it——"

"I never say anything I don't mean," said Sara, interrupting him; but she too felt that something more than usual was coming, and did not enlarge upon the subject. "What was it, papa?" she said, clinging still closer to his arm.

"You refused Motherwell," said Mr. Brownlow, "though he could have given you an excellent position, and is, they tell me, a very honest fellow. I told you to consider it, but you refused him, Sara."

"Well, no," said Sara, candidly; "refusing people is very clumsy sort of work, unless you want to

tell of it after, and that is mean. I did not refuse him. I only contrived, you know, that he should not speak."

"Well, I suppose it comes to about the same thing," said Mr. Brownlow. "What I am going to say now is very serious. You once told me you would marry the man I asked you to marry. Hush, my darling, don't speak yet. I dare say you never thought I would ask such a proof of confidence from you; but there are strange turns in circumstances. I am not going to be cruel, like a tyrannical father in a book; but if I were to ask you to do such a great thing for me—to do it blindly without asking questions, to try to love and to marry a man, not of your own choice, but mine—Sara, would you do it? Don't speak yet. I would not bind you. At the last moment you should be free to withdraw from the bargain——"

"Let me speak, papa!" cried Sara. "Do you mean to say that you *need* this—that you really *want* it? Is it something that can't be done any other way? first tell me that."

"I don't think it can be done any other way," said Mr. Brownlow, sadly, with a sigh.

"Then, of course, I will do it," said Sara. She turned to him as she spoke, and fixed her eyes intently on his face. Her levity, her lightness, her careless freedom were all gone. No doubt she had meant the original promise, as she said, but she had made it with a certain gay bravado, little dreaming of anything to follow. Now she was suddenly sobered and silenced. There was no mistaking the reality in Mr. Brownlow's face. Sara was not a careful, thoughtful woman: she was a creature who leapt at conclusions, and would not linger over the most solemn decision. And then she was not old enough to see both sides of a question. She jumped at it, and gave her pledge, and fixed her fate more

quickly than another temperament would have chosen a pair of gloves. But for all that she was very grave. She looked up in her father's face questioning him with her eyes. She was ready to put her life in his hands, to give him her future, her happiness, as if it had been a flower for his coat. But yet she was sufficiently roused to see that this was no laughing matter. "Of course I will do it," she repeated, without any grandeur of expression; but she never looked so grave, or had been so serious all her life.

As for her father, he looked at her with a gaze that seemed to devour her. He wanted to see into her heart. He wanted to look through and through those two blue spheres into the soul which was below, and he could not do it. He was so intent upon this that he did not even perceive at the first minute that she had consented. Then the words caught his ear and went to his heart—"Of course I will do it." When he caught the meaning, strangely enough his object went altogether out of his mind, and he thought of nothing but of the half pathetic, unhesitating, magnificent generosity of his child. She had not asked a question, why or wherefore, but had given herself up at once with a kind of prodigal readiness. A sudden gush of tears, such as had not refreshed them for years, came into Mr. Brownlow's eyes. Not that they ran over, or fell, or displayed themselves in any way, but they came up under the bushy eyebrows like water under reeds, making a certain glimmer in the shade. "My dear child!" he said, with a voice that had a jar in it such as profound emotion gives; and he gathered up her two little hands into his, and pressed them together, holding her fast to him. He was so touched that his impulse was to give her back her word, not to take advantage of it; to let everything go to ruin if it would, and keep his child safe. But was

it not for herself? It was in the moment when this painful sweetness was going to his very heart, that he bent over her and kissed her on the forehead. He could not say anything, but there are many occasions, besides those proper to lovers, when that which is inexpressible may be put into a kiss. The touch of her father's lips on Sara's forehead told her a hundred things; love, sorrow, pain, and a certain poignant mixture of joy and humiliation. He could not have uttered a word to save his life. She was willing to do it, with a lavish youthful promptitude; and he, was he to accept the sacrifice? This was what John Brownlow was thinking when he stooped over her and pressed his lips on his child's brow. She had taken from him the power of speech.

Such a supreme moment cannot last. Sara, too, not knowing why, had felt that *serriment du cœur*, and had been pierced by the same poignant sweetness. But she knew little reason for it, and none in particular why her father should be so moved, and her spirits came back to her long before his did. She walked along by his side in silence, feeling by the close pressure of her hands that he had not quite come to himself, for some time after she had come back to herself. With every step she took the impression glided off Sara's mind; her natural light-heartedness returned to her. Moreover, she was not to be compelled to marry that very day, so there was no need for being miserable about it just yet at least. She was about to speak half-a-dozen times before she really ventured on utterance; and when at last she took her step out of the solemnity and sublimity of the situation, this was how Sara plunged into it, without any interval of repose.

"I beg your pardon, papa: I would not trouble you if I could help it. But please, now it is all

decided, will you just tell me—am I to marry anybody that turns up? or is there any one in particular? I beg your pardon, but one likes to know."

Mr. Brownlow was struck by this demand, as was to be expected. It affected his nerves, though nobody had been aware that he had any nerves. He gave an abrupt, short laugh, which was not very merry, and clasped her hands tighter than ever in his.

"Sara," he said, "this is not a joke. Do you know there is scarcely anything I would not have done rather than ask this of you? It is a very serious matter to me."

"I am sure I am treating it very seriously," said Sara. "I don't take it for a joke; but you see, papa, there is a difference. What you care for is that it should be settled. It is not you that have the marrying to do; but for my part it is *that* that is of the most importance. I should rather like to know who it was, if it would be the same to you."

Once more Mr. Brownlow pressed in his own the soft, slender hands he held. "You shall know in time—you shall know in good time," he said, "if it is inevitable;" and he gave a sort of moan over her as a woman might have done. His beautiful * child! who was fit for a prince's bride, if any prince were good enough. Perhaps even yet the necessity might be escaped.

"But I should like to know now," said Sara; and then she gave a little start, and coloured suddenly, and looked him quickly, keenly in the face. "Papa!" she said;—"you don't mean—do you mean—this Mr. Powys, perhaps?"

Mr. Brownlow actually shrank from her eye. He grew pale, almost green; faltered, dropped her hands—"My darling!" he said feebly. He had not once dreamt

of making any revelation on this subject. He had not even intended to put it to her at all, had it not come to him, as it were, by necessity; and consequently he was quite unprepared to defend himself. As for Sara, she clung to him closer, and looked him still more keenly in the eyes.

"Tell me," she said; "I will keep my word all the same. It will make no difference to me. Papa, tell me! it is better I should know at once."

"You ought not to have asked me that question, Sara," said Mr. Brownlow, recovering himself; "if I ask such a sacrifice of you, you shall know all about it in good time. I can't tell; my own scheme does not look so reasonable to me as it did—I may give it up altogether. But in the mean time don't ask me any more questions. And if you should repent, even at the last moment——"

"But if it is necessary to you, papa?" said Sara, opening her eyes—"if it has to be done, what does it matter whether I repent or not?"

"Nothing is necessary to me that would cost your happiness," said Mr. Brownlow. And then they went on again for some time in silence. As for Sara, she had no inclination to have the magnificence of her sacrifice thus interfered with. For the moment her feeling was that, on the whole, it would even be better that the marriage to which she devoted herself should be an unhappy and unfit one. If it were happy it would not be a sacrifice; and to be able to repent at the last, like any commonplace young woman following her own inclinations, was not at all according to Sara's estimation of the contract. She went on by her father's side, thinking of that and of some other things in silence. Her thoughts were of a very different

* The fact was, Sara was not beautiful. There was not the least trace of perfection about her; but her father had prepossessions and prejudices, such as parents are apt to have, unphilosophical as it may be.

tenor from his. She was not taking the matter tragically as he supposed—no blank veil had been thrown over Sara's future by this intimation, though Mr. Brownlow, walking absorbed by her side, was inclined to think so. On the contrary, her imagination had begun to play with the idea lightly, as with a far-off possibility in which there was some excitement, and even some amusement possible. While her father relapsed into painful consideration of the whole subject, Sara went on demurely by his side, not without the dawnings of a smile about the corners of her mouth. There was nothing said between them for a long time. It seemed to Mr. Brownlow as if the conversation had broken off at such a point that it would be hard to recommence it. He seemed to have committed and betrayed himself without doing any good whatever by it; and he was wroth at his own weakness. Softening of the brain! there might be something in what the Rector said. Perhaps it was disease, and not the pressure of circumstances, which had made him take so seriously the first note of alarm. Perhaps his whole scheme to secure Brownlows and his fortune to Sara was premature, if not unnecessary. It was while he was thus opening up anew the whole matter, that Sara at last ventured to betray the tenor of her thoughts.

"Papa," she said, "I asked you a question just now, and you did not answer me; but answer me now, for I want to know. This—this—gentleman—Mr. Powys. Is he—a gentleman, papa?"

"I told you he was my clerk, Sara," said Mr. Brownlow, much annoyed by the question.

"I know you did, but that is not quite enough. A man may be a gentleman though he is a clerk. I want a plain answer," said Sara, looking up again into her father's face.

And he was not without the

common weakness of Englishmen for good connections—very far from that. He would not have minded, to tell the truth, giving a thousand pounds or so on the spot to any known family of Powys which would have adopted the young Canadian into its bosom. "I don't know what Powys has to do with the matter," he said; and then unconsciously his tone changed. "It is a good name; and I think—I imagine—he must belong somehow to the Lady Powys who once lived near Masterton. His father was well born, but, I believe," added Mr. Brownlow, with a slight shiver, "that he married—beneath him. I think so. I can't say I am quite sure."

"I should have thought you would have known everything," said Sara. "Of course, papa, you know I am dying to ask you a hundred questions, but I won't, if you will only just tell me one thing. A girl may promise to accept any one—whom—whom her people wish her to have; but is it as certain," said Sara, solemnly, "that he—will have me?"

Then Mr. Brownlow stood still for a moment, looking with wonder, incomprehension, and a certain mixture of awe and dismay upon his child. Sara, obeying his movement, stood still also with her eyes cast down, and just showing a glimmer of malice under their lids, with the colour glowing softly in her cheeks, with the ghost of a smile coming and going round her pretty mouth. "Oh child, child!" was all Mr. Brownlow said. He was moved to smile in spite of himself, but he was more moved to wonder. After all, she was making a joke of it—or was it really possible that, in this careless smiling way, the young creature, who had thrust her life into his hands like a flower, to be disposed of as he would, was going forward to meet all unknown evils and dangers? The sober, steady, calculating man could understand a great many

things more abstruse, but he could not understand this.

This, however, was about the end of their conference, for they had reached old Betty's cottage by this time, who came out, ungrateful old woman as she was, to curtsy as humbly to Mr. Brownlow as if he had been twenty old squires, and to ask after his health. And Sara had occasion to speak to her friend Pamela on the other side of the way. It was not consistent with the father's dignity, of course, to go with her to visit those humble neighbours, but he stood at the gate with old Betty behind in a whirl of courtesies, watching while Sara's tall, straight, graceful figure went across the road, and Pamela, with her little, fresh, bright, dewy face, like an April morning, came running out to meet her. "Poor little thing!" Mr. Brownlow said to himself—though he could not have explained why he was sorry for Pamela; and then he turned back slowly and went home, crossing the long shadows of the trees. He was not satisfied with himself or with his day's work. He was like a doctor accustomed to regard with a cool and impartial eye the diseases of others, but much at a loss when he had his own personal pains in hand. He was uneasy and ashamed when he was alone and reminded himself that he had managed very badly. What was he to do? Was he to act as a doctor would, and put his domestic malady into the hands of a brother practitioner? But this was a suggestion at which he shuddered. Was he to take Jack into his counsel and get the aid of his judgment?—but Jack was worse, a thousand times worse, than a stranger. He had all his life been considered a very clever lawyer, and he knew it; he had got scores of people out of scrapes, and, one way or other, half the county was beholden to him; and he could do nothing but get himself deeper and deeper into his own miserable scrape. Faint

thoughts of making it into "a case" and taking opinions on it—taking Wrinkell's opinion, for instance, quietly, his old friend who had a clear head and a great deal of experience—came into his mind. He had made a muddle of it himself. And then the Rector's question recurred to him with still greater force—could it be softening of the brain? Perhaps it would be best to speak to the doctor first of all.

Meanwhile Sara had gone into Mrs. Swayne's little dark parlour, out of the sunshine, and had seated herself at Pamela's post in the window, very dreamy and full of thought. She did not even speak for a long time, but let her little friend prattle to her. "I saw you and Mr. Brownlow coming down the avenue," said Pamela; "what a long time you were, and how strange it looked! Sometimes you had a great deal to say, and then for a long time you would walk on and on, and never look at each other. Was he scolding you? Sometimes I thought he was."

Sara made no answer to this question; she only uttered a long, somewhat demonstrative sigh, and then went off upon a way of her own. "I wonder how it would have felt to have had a mother?" she said, and sighed again, to her companion's great dismay.

"How it would have felt!" said Pamela; "that is just the one thing that makes me feel I don't envy you. You have quantities and quantities of fine things, but I have mamma."

"And I have papa," said Sara, quickly, not disposed to be set at a disadvantage; "that was not what I meant. Sometimes, though you may think it very wicked, I feel as if I was rather glad; for, of course, if mamma had been living it would have been very different for me; and then sometimes I think I would give a great deal— Look here. I don't like talking of such things; but did you ever think what you

would do if you were married? Fanny Hardcastle likes talking of it. How do you think you should feel? to the—to the gentleman, you know?"

"Think," said Pamela; "does one need to think about it? love him, to be sure." And this she said with a rising colour, and with two rays of new light waking up in her eyes.

"Ah, love him," said Sara; "it is very easy to talk; but how are you to love him? that does not come of itself just when it is told, you know; at least I suppose it doesn't—I am sure I never tried."

"But if you did not love him, of course you would not marry him," said Pamela, getting confused.

"Yes—that is just one of the things it is so easy to say," said Sara; "and I suppose at your age you don't know any better. Don't you know that people *have* to marry whether they like it or not? and when they never, never would have thought of it themselves? I suppose," said Sara, in the strength of her superior knowledge, "that most of us are married like that. Because it suits our people, or because—I don't know what—anything but one's own will." And this little speech the young martyr again rounded with a sigh.

"Are you going to be married?" said Pamela, drawing a footstool close to her friend's feet, and looking up with awe into her face. "I wish you would tell me. Mamma has gone to Dewsbury, and she will not be back for an hour. Oh, do tell me—I will never repeat it to anybody. And, dear Miss Brownlow, if you don't love him——"

"Hush," said Sara, "I never said anything about a *him*. It is you who are such a romantic little girl. What I was speaking of was one's duty; one has to do one's duty whether one likes it or not."

This oracular speech was very disappointing to Pamela. She looked up eagerly with her bright eyes, trying to make out the ro-

mance which she had no doubt existed. "I can fancy," she said, softly, "why you wanted your mother;" and her little hand stole into Sara's, which lay on her knee. Sara did not resist the soft caress. She took the hand, and pressed it close between her own, which were longer, and not so rounded and childlike; and then, being a girl of uncertain disposition, she laughed, to Pamela's great surprise and dismay.

"I think, perhaps, I like to be my own mistress best," she said; "if mamma had lived she never would have let me do anything I wanted to do—and then most likely she would not have known what I meant. It is Jack, you know, who is most like mamma."

"But he is very nice," said Pamela, quickly; and then she bent down her head as quickly, feeling the hot crimson rushing to her face, though she did not well know why. Sara took no notice of it—never observed it, indeed—and kept smoothing down in her own her little neighbour's soft small hand.

"Oh, yes," she said, "and I am very fond of my brother; only he and I are not alike, you know. I wonder who Jack will marry, if he ever marries; but it is very fine to hear him talk of that—perhaps he never did to you. He is so scornful of everybody who falls in love, and calls them asses, and all sorts of things. I should just like to see him fall in love himself. If he were to make a very foolish marriage it would be fun. They say those dreadfully wise people always do."

"Do they?" said Pamela; and she bent down to look at the border of her little black silk apron, and to set it to rights, very energetically, with her unoccupied hand. But she did not ask any further question; and so the two girls sat together for a few minutes, hand clasped in hand, the head of the one almost touching the other, yet each far afield in her own thoughts;

of which, to tell the truth, though she was so much the elder and the wiser, Sara's thoughts were the least painful, the least heavy, of the two.

"You don't give me any advice, Pamela," she said at last. "Come up the avenue with me at least. Papa has gone home, and it is quite dark here out of the sun. Put on your hat and come with me. I like the light when it slants so, and falls in long lines. I think you have a headache to-day, and a walk will do you good."

"Yes, I think I have a little headache," said Pamela, softly; and she put on her hat and followed her companion out. The sunshine had passed beyond Betty's cottage, and cut the avenue obliquely in two—the one end all light, the other all gloom. The two young creatures ran lightly across the shady end, Sara, as always, leading the way. Her mind, it is true, was as full as it could be of her father's communication, but the burden sat lightly on her. Now and then a word or two would tingle, as it were, in her ears; now and then it would occur to her that her fate was sealed, as she said, and a sigh, half false half true, would come to her lips; but, in the mean time, she was more amused by the novelty of the position than discouraged by the approach of fate.

"What are you thinking of?" she said, when they came into the tender light in the further part of the avenue; for the two, by this time, had slackened their pace, and drawn close together, as is the wont of girls, though they did not speak.

"I was only looking at our shadows going before us," said Pamela, and this time the little girl echoed very softly Sara's sigh.

"They are not at all beautiful to look at; they are shadows on stilts," said Sara; "you might think of something more interesting than that."

"But I wish something did go before us like that to show the

way," said Pamela. "I wish it was true about guardian angels—if we could only see them, that is to say; and then it is so difficult to know——"

"What?" said Sara; "you are too young to want a guardian angel; you are not much more than a little angel yourself. When one has begun to go daily further from the east, one knows the good of being quite a child."

"But I am not quite a child," said Pamela, under her breath.

"Oh yes, you are. But look here, Jack must be coming; don't you hear the wheels? I did not know it was so late. Shall you mind going back alone, for I must run and dress? And please come to me in the morning as soon as ever they are gone, I have such heaps of things to say."

Saying this, Sara ran off, flying along under the trees, she and her shadow; and poor little Pamela, not so much distressed as perhaps she ought to have been to be left alone, turned back towards the house. The dogcart was audible before it dashed through the gate, and Pamela's heart beat, keeping time with the ringing of the mare's feet and the sound of the wheels. But it stopped before Betty's door, and some one jumped down, and the mare and the dogcart and the groom dashed past Pamela in a kind of whirlwind. Mr. John had keen eyes, and saw something before him in the avenue; and he was quick-witted, and timed his inquiries after Betty in the most prudent way. Before Pamela, whose heart beat louder than ever, was half-way down the avenue, he had joined her, evidently, whatever Betty or Mrs. Swayne might say to the contrary, in the most purely accidental way.

"This is luck," said Jack; "I have not seen you for two whole days, except at the window, which doesn't count. I don't know how we managed to endure the dulness before that window came

to be inhabited. Come this way a little under the chestnuts—you have the sun in your eyes."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Pamela, "and I must not wait; I am going home."

"I suppose you have been walking with Sara, and she has left you to go home alone," said Jack; "it is like her. She never thinks of anything. But tell me what you have been doing these two frightfully long days?"

From which it will be seen that Mr. John, as well as his sister, had made a little progress towards intimacy since he became first acquainted with the lodgers at Mrs. Swayne's.

"I don't think they have been frightfully long days," said Pamela, making the least little timid response to his emphasis and to his eyes—wrong, no doubt, but almost inevitable. "I have been doing nothing more than usual; mamma has wanted me, that is all."

"Then it is too bad of mamma," said Jack; "you know you ought to be out every day. I must come and talk to her about it—air and exercise, you know."

"But you are not a doctor," said Pamela, with a soft ring of laughter—not that he was witty, but that the poor child was happy, and showed it in spite of herself; for Mr. John had turned, and was walking down the avenue, very slowly, pausing almost every minute, and not at all like a man who was going home to dinner. He was still young. I suppose that was why he preferred Pamela to the more momentous fact which was in course of preparation at the great house.

"I am a little of everything," he said; "I should like to go out to Australia, and get a farm, and keep sheep. Don't you like the old stories and the old pictures with the shepherdesses? If you had a little hut all covered with flowers, and a crook with ribbons——"

"Oh, but I should not like to

be a shepherdess," cried Pamela, in haste.

"Shouldn't you? Well, I did not mean that; but to go out into the bush, or the backwoods, or whatever they call it, and do everything, and get everything for one's self. Shouldn't you like that? Better than all the nonsense and all the ceremony here," said Jack, bending down to see under the shade of her hat, which, as it happened, was difficult enough.

"We don't have much ceremony," said Pamela, "but if I was a lady like your sister——"

"Like Sara!" said Jack; and he nodded his head with a little brotherly contempt. "Don't be anything different from what you are please. I should like people to wear always the same dress, and keep exactly as they were when—the first time, you know. I like you, for instance, in your red cloak. I never see a red cloak without thinking of you. I hope you will keep that one for ever and ever," said the philosophical youth. As for Pamela she could not but feel a little confused, wondering whether this, or Sara's description of her brother, was the reality. And she should not have known what to answer but that the bell at the house interfered in her behalf, and began to sound forth its teasing call—a sound which could not be gainsaid.

"There is the bell," she cried; "you will be too late for dinner. Oh, please, don't come any further. There is old Betty looking out."

"Bother dinner," said Mr. John, "and old Betty too," he added, under his breath. He had taken her hand, the same hand which Sara had been holding, to bid her good-bye, no doubt in the ordinary way. At all events, old Betty's vicinity made the farewell all that politeness required. But he did not leave her until he had opened the gate for her, and watched her enter at her own door. "When my sister leaves Miss Preston in the

avenue," he said, turning gravely to Betty, with that severe propriety for which he was distinguished, "be sure you always see her safely home; she is too young to walk about alone." And with these dignified words Mr. John walked on, having seen the last of her, leav-

ing Betty speechless with amazement. "As if I done it!" Betty said. And then he went home to dinner. Thus both Mr. Brownlow's children, though he did not know it, had begun to make little speculations for themselves in undiscovered ways.

SOCIAL AMBITIONS.

A good deal of popular nonsense is talked and written in these days (nonsense of some kind being always popular) about the meanness and immorality and wickedness generally of people struggling for position. It is thought to show great weakness of character, to say the least, and in fact to be generally discreditable, to make it one of the great objects in life to raise one's self on the social ladder; or rather, to make it evident to others that such is your object: for, like the Spartan boys and their thefts, the discredit lies chiefly in the being found out. However humiliating the fact may be, the truth, I suppose, is undeniable: we do all of us, with very few and remarkable exceptions, make either the maintenance or the improvement of our social standing a very important object of life. And almost equally true it is that we all—with still rarer exceptions—laugh at others when we detect the ways and means to which they have recourse in the pursuit of it. Is this always an honest contempt for the schemers? or is it sometimes jealousy of their bolder tactics and more patent success? or even an attempt to draw off the eyes of the social detective from our own "little game"? When a light-fingered adventurer has gone off with your watch, and has reason to think the hue and cry is growing hot after him, he always points to some imaginary offender in advance of him, and shouts "Stop thief!"

Let us discuss quietly what the

worth of all this virtuous indignation, real or assumed, comes to. Is there anything at all in life worth striving after? Putting higher aims and objects out of the question—aims which go beyond this life—it must be admitted, I suppose, that a man may lawfully propose to himself some object of attainment not necessarily inconsistent with those higher ends, though quite distinct from them. Very much of the work of this world would never be done as it ought to be, if there were not certain prizes, real or imaginary, proposed for its successful performance. Those for whom the higher principle is in itself sufficient—with whom "duty" is the sole aim and reward—are happily not unknown among us, but they will always be the minority. These lower ends which govern us all, more or less, may be roughly classed under three heads. Either we work with an eye to money,—mere money; or we go through our work (or much more often shirk it) in the hope of some enjoyment afterwards, more or less rational according to our tastes; or we are aiming at position, rank, influence, in some shape; and with a view to this, we are willing to spend freely the money which some hoard, and to sacrifice personal indulgences which make all the happiness of others. No one can doubt that this last class of motives is the highest of the three. It comprises the ambitions, and, if you will, the temptations and infirmities, of nobler minds. For what

does the statesman work? I am not ignoring patriotism; "Save my country, Heaven!" is, no doubt, the honest prayer of other Ministers besides the great Commoner. But we are looking just now at those lower motives which act upon men in daily life, which are part of the same wise arrangement, which are not so contradictory of the higher as a narrow-minded teaching would assume, and which very often serve them in good stead, as a reinforcement and support. He works for the sake of influence and power. To feel that he directs the councils of a great nation; that his will is, to some extent, law to the world; and that he owes this high position not to any claim of birth or inheritance, but to some confessed superiority of personal qualities,—these are rewards which no amount of wealth or luxury of self-indulgence could compensate. Take the instance of a zealous and conscientious clergyman. The higher motive, in his case, is of course assumed; but he is either above human nature or below it, if he does not honestly confess to himself that there is a desire for power and influence over others, if not for what we call popularity, quite secular in itself, but which gives his work a zest, and helps sometimes to keep him up to the mark when the spur of the higher motive grows blunt. If he declares that he cares for none of these things, that he feels no gratification in his influence as a teacher, or his estimation in the pulpit,—he may be a saint, no doubt, but he is quite as likely to be a hypocrite or a fool. So again with the soldier. He will do his duty, fearlessly and faithfully, as we know he has done it, when the consciousness of having done it can be his only hope of reward, and where the world may never know even his name; but Honour and Fame are not the mere visions which the cynic would have us think, and though "all that a man has he will give for his life," we hold him right

in giving life itself for glory. Personal courage is a virtue neither rare nor of very high account; yet we think no man a braggart or a fool for wearing a plain bronze star, or being a little proud to read the letters "V. O." after his name. A bit of ribbon will reward men who would throw a bank-note in your face; ay, and bribe a man who could not be bought by a lac of rupees.

But we ordinary individuals, in our eventless private life, cannot be much acted upon by these higher ambitions. The everyday prosaic facts of our existence, our vulgar good and evil, are too small and confined for such aspirations. Honour, and fame, and influence, and reputation, are not within our grasp. We may flatter ourselves that we have talents for public life, but they are never likely to be called into action. The Queen will never send for us to form a Government, however hard her Majesty may find herself put to it for measures or men. We may be great administrators, great generals, great preachers, or great reformers, in *posses*, but the *esse* will always be denied us. We shall go down to our graves, like the good people of Stoke Pogis, "mute inglorious Miltons," or "Cromwells guiltless of our country's blood"—and so much the better for us. What, then, are to be our little worldly ambitions? or are we to have none? Are we to be content with "doing our duty in that state of life," &c. &c.? That much we take for granted, if you please, on this present occasion. Besides, that is little more than half a truth. We have been preaching that a good while to the poor, and have never got them quite to believe it. We are beginning now—rather late, perhaps—to teach them the other half of the lesson, how to raise themselves, morally and socially. A mere animal content with things as they are is not so very high a virtue. And the doctrine we are

now propounding to our inferiors we have impressed upon our own sons and daughters long ago. We have warned our boys against what we call "inferior" society, and our girls against "marrying beneath them." And yet we sometimes talk about "struggling for position," and "sacrificing to appearances," as if these things were utterly contemptible, and what all wise and honourable people must instinctively eschew.

The truth is, that there is a monstrous amount of pride and self-conceit, which we try in vain to conceal from ourselves under the fine names of independence and self-respect. We are all very willing to admit that we have inferiors, whom we are prepared to treat with a sort of good-natured condescension, but amongst whom we are not at all content to mix ourselves in the way of society, or to allow our sons and daughters to intermarry. But we are by no means so ready to look on the other side of the line, and to confess that we have any "superiors." We persuade ourselves that all those who are undeniably above us in the social scale are so only through what (in this case) we call the accidents of rank or wealth. We adopt in sober earnest the Irishman's motto, that "one man is as good as another—and a great deal better too." That is, we are quite as good as any one above us, and a great deal better than those below. If the rich lord's son comes a-wooing to the poor squire's daughter, well and good; the lady's friends, for their part, will see no shadow of a *misalliance*. All are "gentlefolk," it will be said, by birth and education; and beyond this point the court of honour does not pursue its inquiries. Rank, and title, and money—pshaw! "A man's a man for a' that." But let the handsome attorney, or the clever young surgeon, well-bred and well-educated so far as all the essentials of a gentleman are concerned, presume to take advantage of some professional ac-

quaintance so far as to cast his eyes upon a sister of the same family, and great is the consternation of father, mother, brothers, and sisters at his audacity. Yet the supposed equality in the one case, and the inequality in the other, rest upon the merest convention. The daughter of a large family of moderate means would probably find her married life a greater change in the first case than in the last. The habits and associations of fashionable society might not be at all more like those of her old home than the modest establishment of the professional man. She would be far more likely to feel, in the first case, in herself, and still more through her friends,

"The burden of an honour unto which
she was not born,"

than she would be to miss any of her old home comforts and indulgences in the second. Refined tastes, literary accomplishments, the cheap and nameless elegances of social life, are not unknown always to surgeons and lawyers. They may have an eye for the fine arts as well as for a pretty woman. In neither case is the taste limited to the exact level on which we ourselves stand. Yet how many good, and pleasant, and sufficiently pretty girls there are, within the knowledge of any of us, whose lives are wasting because of this false conceit! How many whose

"Cold and joyless charms shall lie,
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,"

when they might have been happy wives and mothers, if they had not been brought up from their childhood in that pestilent heresy of belief that they were good enough to mate with any man in England above their sphere, but that no man below it was good enough to raise his eyes higher than the hem of their petticoat!

It is a similar false conceit of our own importance which leads us

into what seems the opposite extreme. Most educated people assume that they are the peers of all society—above them, be it always understood. They tacitly profess, and perhaps try to persuade themselves, that they occupy, or might occupy if they would, the broad platform upon which all gentlemen meet on an equality, and that any little artificial elevations which rise out of that level are more nominal than real—almost fictitious, and certainly not worth thinking about. They would not for the world be suspected of trying to improve their position; that would be to confess that their position admitted of material improvement. To be supposed capable of preferring the company of your superiors is plainly to confess that you have superiors; a fact which is by no means to be rashly admitted. You remark with a virtuous disgust the pains which Mr. A. takes to make himself useful to Lord B.; no wonder Lord B. has taken him up lately. As for yourself, you have no desire to be taken up by Lord B. or Lord C. or any one else; you don't admit their right to take you up. So speaks the independent Briton, and has always spoken; in fiction, in the drama, in real life,—which has also in it some amount of fiction and of acting too; and his posterity praise his saying. Look again, remarks the Chorus of more than Spartan matrons, how Mrs. D. has worked to get her daughters into that house: *we* don't work to get our daughters in anywhere. Are not our daughters ladies—accomplished (Italian, Spanish, ladies' Latin, Use of the Globes, which we all know are the only things young men care about)—pretty (red hair is so fashionable)—who can suppose they have not the full right of *entrée* into any society they please? have we need to fish for invitations? and, amidst an applauding rustle of crinolines, the Chorus separates, not jealous, of course, of

Mrs. D.'s success, but still—wondering, out of mere natural curiosity, how she managed it.

Now, is all this independent talk so very grand, after all? Is there not a good deal of false assumption on the one hand, and false shame on the other, at the bottom of it? Is this desire for what we call "position" one of those base natural appetites (for natural it is) that must only be indulged in secret, and whose very existence must be ignored as far as may be? Is it really more mean and base and discreditable to wish to get into a little better society, than to wish to make a little more money, or ride a better horse, or eat a better dinner? Remember what good society implies, or should imply, and must be understood, if you please, to imply in these wandering pages. Not mere luxurious eating and drinking, costly gewgaws, and other pomps and vanities; but a higher culture, a more polished conversation, a heightened self-respect, more appreciation from your friends, and more friends to appreciate. It may minister, no doubt, to your pride and vanity, and will, if you yourself are hopelessly narrow-minded; but it ought rather to refine your tastes, to enlarge your views of life, to increase your influence for good. Some finer qualities of mind may lie as yet only half-developed, for want of a wider field of exercise. Why on earth do we all applaud a tradesman for pushing his business, and reckon it a merit in a man to confine himself in a dingy office for eight hours a-day merely for the sake of amassing pounds, shillings, and pence, and yet feel inclined to laugh at him when he spends some of this hard-earned money liberally in the evident desire to "make himself a gentleman"? Is it that this last ambition is really meaner than the race for wealth? or is it that those who have no desire to raise themselves, or who feel the attempt hopeless, sneer at all such

aspirations because they are higher than their own; while those who consider themselves gentlemen already resent any intrusion upon their sacred order? This last prejudice is even the more unworthy of the two. Suppose the rich plebeian, when he has made his money, sits down in stolid content to enjoy himself; suppose he says to himself, "I have no wish to be a gentleman: I'm content with my station in life; I'm as good as my word; I can drink as good wine, and cheaper, because I know where to get it; I ride as good a horse, I give better wages to my butler, I take more expensive lodgings at Brighton,* and I haven't to pay £5000 for getting my son into Parliament." Is he such a very noble character? Do we really think that his feelings are more creditable to him, more manly, more English, than those of his younger partner, who began life as a shopboy in the same house of business, but who takes advantage of his own success in life to enter upon a very different course; who sends his son to Eton and to Christchurch, and gets him returned to Parliament for one of those convenient little boroughs which in our present immaculate liberality we are going to destroy (but where he will possibly represent the "working classes" as really and effectively as Mr. Beales or Mr. Potter); who puts a hundred quiet little wheels in motion to get his own name into the commission of the peace, and bestows much pains and trouble to reach and maintain a somewhat insecure position among the gentlemen of the county? Are these kind of advantages worth as much to a man as money? If they are, why should it be considered more unworthy or more ridiculous to struggle for the one than for the other? Why are all the various schemes to make money, though they may sometimes go very near the wind, regarded (especially when successful) with an in-

dulgent smile, and why is the smile changed into a sneer when a mother schemes to get her daughters invited to the best balls, or to improve in some harmless way an acquaintance which she thinks desirable? We all care for notice, and admiration, and greetings in the marketplace, quite as much as for money—some of us a great deal more; why are we all so terribly ashamed of confessing the one craving, while we almost make a boast of the other?

Of course, anything like falsehood, or meanness, or want of honesty, is to be as sternly repudiated in the social struggle, as it is, or ought to be, in the money market. Neither wealth nor position is worth the sacrifice of self-respect. And we must leave out of the question those self-contained philosophers who profess themselves independent of both; and who mostly exist, so far as my little experience of the world goes, upon paper. Diogenes had to get a lantern in the daytime, by his own account, to find an honest man: it would take a good many honest men, and very improved lanterns, in these days, to find a Diogenes. Our modern philosophers live not in tubs but in clubs, and rail at the vanities of life out of the depths of an easy-chair, digesting the best of little dinners and smoking the most perfect of cigars.

There are people here and there who make it an article of their creed to rest quiet in their own sphere, and to have no wish or ambition beyond it. It may be allowed that there is a good deal of what is right and praiseworthy in this feeling; but where it is carried to an extreme, there is also a good deal of obtuseness and perversity. Such persons are privately of opinion that the world ought not to move at all, except astronomically. They resist to the utmost of their power, as they would a foreign invasion, any change in social habits and customs. They make a religious merit of not con-

forming themselves to the progress of society; which, indeed, they look upon as being for the most part a progress in the wrong direction. Such people continue to praise what they are pleased to call good old-fashioned English cookery, and keep up their domestic arrangements on the pattern of their grandmothers. They talk of the conduct of their neighbours, who are content to adjust themselves, in things indifferent, to the tastes of the day, as "finery" and "affectation." It may, of course, be the mark of a very philosophic mind, to let "fashion go her idle way," and pass us by; but it is more often the mark of a narrow one. I suppose the tastes of civilised nations undergo a constant flux and change, as our own individual tastes do from childhood down to old age; and that it is useless to resist what is nothing less than a law of nature. The sweet things that we tasted, and the pretty things we were so much delighted with, when we were children, look and taste very different when we happen to fall in with them now. It is not altogether true to say that the child's tastes were purer and simpler; so they were, for the child. It is not desirable to wean our young Britons upon curry, and moderate lollipops are much more wholesome for them than champagne. But the man who appreciates a sound glass of wine and a well-dressed *entrée* has as wholesome a taste for his years as the child; there is no real simplicity, except of a sort which no one cares to assume, in continuing to prefer bread-and-milk, any more than there is in sticking to an under-done joint and a badly-boiled potato. It is just the same with our tastes as members of a civilised community. The appetite for social distinction and consideration may have nothing in it which is specially virtuous or praiseworthy, but neither is it to be set down as a reprehensible craving. Those

whom the substantial fare of life contents are not necessarily more moderate than those who have a liking for cayenne and condiments.

I have in my mind's eye a highly respectable family of my acquaintance, whom we will call the Stiffes. They come of a good old stock, somewhat shorn of its lands and honours, and live in a rented house, in a thinly-inhabited part of the country. They are thus rather out of the track of the world, having no local importance where they live, and making it necessary for those who wish to show them consideration and courtesy to take some pains to do so. In fact, they run considerable risk, in these days when social life travels express, of being shunted off into a siding, and forgotten. They are not rich, but fairly independent and are ready to show, on all proper occasions, a liberal if a somewhat old-fashioned hospitality. But not a step will my friend Stiffe or his wife take, or allow their family to take, to maintain that footing in society which would readily be accorded to them, if they showed any disposition to value it. No; their tacitly-adopted maxim is (I think I have heard it even expressed in so many words), "If people want our society, they may seek it." But people don't, very much. There are so many pleasant persons to be found, with so little seeking, in these days, glad to meet your social advances half-way, that if the Muses and the Graces themselves took bodily shape in the world, and showed a taste for retirement, nobody would disturb them after the first visits of curiosity had been paid. Still, you are inclined to say perhaps that my friends the Stiffes are very sensible and independent people. I don't contest the point; I only remark what seem to me the results. I spend a day or two with them occasionally (for I hold fast to old friends, in spite of what you think my shallow worldly

philosophy). You think that I find there the charms of unsophisticated nature, the manly simplicity of an English home, the follies of life exchanged for its rational enjoyments. I find my old friends kind and cordial, only not so charitable as I could wish towards that more frivolous world out of which they persist in thinking I come to them as a reluctant pilgrim. But as for the younger branches,—well, young men are locomotive, and the son who has been at Cambridge, and the other cub who prefers “loafing” at home, ride about a good deal, and see enough of the world in some fashion to vote the governor a low (he has more of the gentleman than either of them can pretend to), and at the same time to be awkwardly half-conscious of their own deficiencies. Morally, they seem neither better nor worse than other young men who are socially much more pleasant. As for the daughters—good girls enough—they are certainly not improved by this sort of half-eclusion. I know nothing about their accomplishments, in the common sense of the word; they have probably had masters, and gone through the regular young ladies’ course; that is the sort of thing which parents of the character of my old friends are scrupulously careful of. But the practical accomplishments which make a girl attractive in the eyes of sensible men are not the regulation amount of French, Italian, and music. Good-humour, pleasant talk, a graceful and unaffected self-possession, are much more popular and more useful qualifications. The first my young friends have naturally; but I confess in the others they seem to me terribly deficient. Their talk is quite as “small” as that of the most frivolous young woman who knows nothing but fashionable slang; perhaps smaller, because their subjects are more limited. They appear to me at once curious

and cynical about the doings of people with whom they do not associate, and for whom they profess not to care. They seem altogether to be growing up in a temper of mind which will go far to make them undesirable wives, or very unpleasant old maids, if they miss the more natural vocation. I see very little, in their case, of that charming bloom of simplicity which poets suppose is fostered in the shade, and I think a little more sunshine would do much to improve it. And I wish my old friend would take the hints I sometimes venture to give him, that modern society, with all its faults, is a great power in education; that it does much to form taste, and tone, and temper; and that it is worth an honourable courtship, and requires it, as much as his daughters; though it is to be hoped a man need not go down upon his knees, or profess a whole system of flatteries and hypocrisies, to either.

Look how entirely conventional some of our present ideas are upon this subject—how far a man may confessedly struggle for position without compromising his self-respect. One of the highest objects of social ambition that a man can have would be to represent his county in Parliament. I say social ambition, because, in nine cases out of ten, not even the aspirant himself can imagine that he is influenced by the pure ardour of patriotism, or by a desire to study and to practise the science of government. Men like the position, the patronage and the influence which it brings with it, the éclat of belonging to “the most magnificent club” in the empire. They are not at all to be blamed for this. It is a much more respectable ambition than to win the St. Leger, or to kill fifteen thousand head of inoffensive animals, whether in South Africa or in the West Highlands. Well, in order to obtain this coveted position, an English gentleman, of fine taste and

strict honour, will devote himself for days and weeks to a round of visits, in which he begs and prays, insinuates and flatters, cajoles and promises—in many cases one might add, lies and shuffles ("canvass" is the parliamentary term for it all)—in a fashion which, if he is what he is supposed to be, must make his life for that time a humiliation and a burden to him. He will kiss the farmers' ugly daughters, shake hands with a drunken blacksmith, drink bad beer and answer impertinent questions at public-house gatherings of his "supporters," and, worse than all, pander to the ignorance and the passions of a noisy mob, in order to induce them to choose him as their "representative." I am no great admirer of Mr. Mill; but his theory was undoubtedly sound (though his friends seem to have found it inconvenient in practice), that the constituents ought to court the representative, and not the representative the constituents. And there may be an unfortunate twist in my moral perceptions, but I feel that I could sooner make up my mind, æsthetically speaking at any rate, to buy a body of independent voters out and out, paying for them honestly, than to go about begging them for their sweet voices in the fashion which is not uncommon. No price that can be paid for social distinction seems to me so dear as that which an English gentleman pays when he stands, hat in hand,

"To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers."

He apologises to himself, no doubt, like the hero of *Corioli*, "'Tis custom calls me to't;" yet surely he must be often ready to add—

"Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go."

But to return to our point. This same English gentleman, who sees nothing undignified in begging you to help him to a seat in Parlia-

ment, will shrink in the most sensitive manner from any appearance of solicitation, when there is a question as to the proper person for some far less distinguished appointment. A Chairman of Quarter-Sessions is wanted, or a president for some great public meeting. Does he go round to all his friends and entreat them, "I am the man—choose me"? He would no more think of doing such a thing, than his daughter would think of going round to the same houses and asking one of the young men to marry her. Both would like the thing well enough, it may be, if it were properly proposed to them; but for their very reputation's sake they must hold their tongues. Whatever move is made in the matter on their behalf must be made very quietly by judicious friends. Nay, if the appointment is offered, there should of right be a decent surprise and coyness. There are stock phrases kept on hand for such occasions, about "unexpected honour," "many persons better qualified," and so on, which a man would be considered rather braven-faced if he did not make use of. Some compliments of this kind it is even considered decorous to affect at first to decline, on the plea of want of time, or press of other engagements; just as a young lady who has sat still half the evening, yet thinks it due to herself to consult her card before she will promise the next dance to the partner whom Providence, in the person of some good-natured friend, has at last sent her. It is seldom that the compliment is accepted with the honest gratitude of the *Arkansse belle*, who electrified her only suitor with the reply, "Yea, sirree, and thank ye too; for I've sot, and sot, till I thought I'd tuk root!" This very plain speaking would startle an Englishman as much as it is said to have done the young Boston ex-quisite to whom it was addressed. Yet gratitude is always flattering; and if a man must dance, it is plea-

sant to have a partner who appreciates the exertion.

Perhaps it is owing to the large faculty of self-esteem which foreigners ascribe to us, that we English people make it a point of honour to seem passive and indifferent as to social successes, which Frenchmen, for instance, will discuss openly. A lady, whose daughter's engagement had just been announced, received a congratulatory letter, amongst others, from a French gentleman, a friend of the family. It began in the following terms: "I congratulate you, dear madam, on having with such success accomplished that object so dear to every mother's heart, the marriage of Mademoiselle X." My friend (an honest woman enough, who had taken no particular pains to bring about the engagement) read the letter aloud with a half-embarrassed amusement. Of course it *had* been an object with her, as with any mother, to see her daughter happily, and if possible prosperously, settled; but to have the thing put in this plain way, and to be congratulated in all earnestness upon her "success," was a joke which one could afford to smile at as coming in all simplicity from a foreigner, but which would have been resented as an impertinence from an English correspondent. The matrimonial campaign may be carried on as actively in one country as in the other, but on this side the water the successful generals must be content with the consciousness of having done their duty, and not venture to claim any public credit for their services.

Sometimes, as we advance in life, a little love of personal ease creeps in upon us, and indifference to our place in society becomes in a great measure real. We weigh the pains with the result, and come to the honest conclusion that "it isn't worth while." I do not blame any one who has done so in his own case; I only protest against his claiming any merit for the feeling,

or insisting upon it that all who feel otherwise are wrong. If he has no one but himself for whom he need consult in these matters—if no one's future place in life, or enjoyment of life, depends on his living in the world or out of the world—by all means let him be happy in his own choice. But this argument about what is "worth while," and what is or is not waste of time and pains in this world, is one of those which may be pushed so far that it becomes unmanageable. How many people's whole time and pains, their whole labour early and late, is spent in the mere earning of food sufficient to keep them alive!—an object of which, after all, a cynic might say, in some cases, the beneficial results to the world were not self-evident. Yet Heaven forbid that we should blame these poor people for thinking their mere animal lives of immense consequence to themselves. Nay, let some infirm old pauper, a burden to herself and to the parish, slip down in the street and meet with an accident that threatens to cut her few remaining days short. She shall be carried to a hospital, and have the best aid that science can give her, and be plied with good diet and zealous nursing, and it shall be the triumph of the whole establishment to succeed in keeping her hobbling about (and very probably grumbling) for a few years longer. So it is, and so may it long continue. But if mere life be thus worth infinite time and pains to maintain even when at its dregs, are not the relishes of life also worth some trouble? Is not "the game worth the candle," as our neighbours say, to those who enjoy the game?

But, it will be said perhaps, this worldly translation of "Excelsior" is fraught with evil. This social struggle breeds envy, falsehood, jealousy—false pride if it is successful, discontent if it fails. This argument, too, is one which begins to wear a little threadbare, though it has done long service in this and

other cases. This hateful brood of which you remind us is hatched everywhere, it seems to me, and has a parentage which we need not here discuss. Read the annals of the monastic orders, as written by themselves, if you would know how these miserable passions can fester in a cloister, and how men can intrigue and fawn, and undermine and supplant, in their greed for the honours of asceticism, as for those of the world they have renounced. You will find a certain amount of insincerity in what people say to each other, and of each other, in "society;" but at the worst, it is only selfish; its very falsehoods seek to please: if you want to find the hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness added, look in a religious newspaper. We may play the game of life fairly or unfairly, selfishly or generously, snappishly or good-humouredly. We may find in it a wholesome excitement, and yet win modestly and lose cheerfully. It is one of the boasts of our English Olympic games, that they test not only a man's strength of wind and limb, his quickness of eye, his courage and pluck, but his temper, his self-restraint, his generous appreciation of a rival. Are we sure that all these qualities must be thrown away, as dead weights, in the race for the little social olive-crown? Envy, jealousy, selfishness, fawning hypocrisy, are ugly things anywhere, and are not unknown, alas! from the top to the very bottom of society; but will any credible witness come forward and lay his hand upon his heart, and say that he has found them help him to any social success that was worth the having? Society is not a very Daniel in judgment, and solid wisdom and merit may often fail to win their way where more superficial recommendations are readily admitted. But it is tolerably sharp-eyed, and has a horror of these moral uglinesses, if on no higher ground than that of taste. It is because social pretence and

meanness are so readily detected, that they furnish such convenient matter for novels and caricatures.

Unquestionably, the deep roots of our happiness in life strike into different soil from the matter which has been here discussed. But, next to a good conscience and happy home affections, there is nothing which contributes more to the satisfaction and enjoyment of life than the sense of being known and esteemed by an increasing circle of acquaintance, and of carrying with us some weight in society—some influence among our equals, some consideration with our superiors. It seems as honest and wholesome a source of gratification as any which a reasonable being can feel. Nor do I see how any one is the better for being quite content with a high appreciation of himself if he fails to persuade those who know him to agree with him. To shine and make a figure in society is given to very few, and the gift, where it exists, has its special dangers; but to be welcome where it is supposed that welcome is not offered at random—to win those marks of consideration which society is free either to give or to withhold, and which assume (rightly or not) some desert in the recipient—in short, to succeed in taking up a position in the eyes of our fellow-men somewhat in advance of our bald legal claim, is not a mere sop to our pride and vanity; it is quite as likely that it may serve to put us on our mettle, and keep us, in many ways, up to our best. If we ourselves wished to refine, to elevate, to educate, in more senses than even Minutes of Council can take cognisance of, the classes below us, who are copying us daily in more points than either they or we are willing to allow, we may be sure that we should best attain that object by admitting them, wherever possible, to some intercourse with ourselves; by showing them something of the finer shades of life; by placing them in some

position which implies a certain amount of respect and confidence, and which may awaken their self-esteem. Drunkenness would disappear wonderfully from the classes where it now lingers, if once you could screw their social code up to the mark of proclaiming it "bad style."

Would my graver readers, who are too good to court the world, and too humble to wish to rise, like to have a moral to conclude with? Morals are the easiest things in the world to write, and may be tacked on to the most immoral rhapsodies. In this case it comes easily enough. If it is pleasant to ourselves to meet with notice and consideration, and to have the fact of our existence honourably recognised, let us remember that there are surely those to whom it will be pleasant to meet with such recognition from us. Talk of equality as we will, the gradations of social position are infinite; depending often on the most vague, accidental, often the most absurd distinctions. You, my excellent friend and present possible censor, who scout the notion of caring for such artificial barriers between man and man,—who argue that, at all events, one educated gentleman is as good as another,—carry out your principles boldly. Take the curate's fat wife and three red-haired daughters (metaphorically of course) to your arms; ask the husband himself to one of your "swell" dinners, and set him down at your table above Sir Bumper Jones; he was far

above him in the school at Rugby, and took respectable honours at college, where poor Bumper Jones, even then tending towards agriculture, was "ploughed"—cross-ploughed, it might be said, for the process was more than once repeated; and therefore, on your principles, the curate is the better man. Send for that awkward squinting niece of yours out of Wales (she is your niece, you are a gentleman, and the claims of blood are strong), and ask your neighbour, Lady Jane, to bring her out at the next county ball. Do this, and half-a-dozen similar independent actions, and though you may possibly make your native county too hot to hold you, and pass in society for a dangerous person—"one with whom one's never safe, you know"—yet I promise you (if that will be any reward) I will come and eat your dinners as of old, and confess that, in this right royal mood, you are company for a king. And you who do, at least in your hearts, confess with me that you don't like yourselves to be "left out in the cold," see that you do your little part to let in life's sunshine upon others. Give, where you think it may be valued, the kindly patronage which neither lowers giver nor receiver. Open the sphere of your own life a little on both sides; let it cut (in a mathematical sense only) the sphere below so as to take in as large a segment as it fairly may, and do not be content to let it touch at the single point, where your own interests oblige it.

A MODERN MAGICIAN.

SEVERAL years ago I had the fortune or misfortune to be attacked by a typhus fever of great severity. I say advisedly fortune or misfortune, as such a fever would be considered to fall within the one or the other category, according to the temperament of the patient. Notwithstanding the fact that, on my convalescence, I found myself for a time changed from the robust, vigorous person I had been before my illness to one with shattered nerves and with all my senses in so irritable a state that a sudden noise would jar me from my balance, and set me trembling, I still count it a fortune to have passed into and through that strange world of fever, and to have made acquaintance with the forms of delirium which then presented themselves to my mind. The boundaries of the real and the ideal, or rather of the actual and the imaginative, worlds, were then obliterated. I passed freely from the domain of facts into that of dreams without being aware of the separation. In truth, many of the incidents of my visionary life seemed to have more coherence and reality than the actual things which I, in common with those around me, saw. My walls made pictures that were visible only to me. The rumbling of carriages on the street, and the hum of the busy life outside, changed in the portals of my ears into musical forms or poetic utterances, became the murmur of vast forests, where roamed strange shapes, and fluttered brilliant and unknown birds, and through which at times crawled nauseous forms from which I strove in vain to flee. Or again, I heard in that confused din the sunny dash of snowy surf ridges plunging along a gleaming shore, where troops of airy figures wound about in harmonious dance, or, lifting into the air, streamed away like

vapour into the blue distance. One creature who visited me in this strange world was a sort of gnome or dwarf, whom I first saw standing on the post at the foot of my bed, with an enormous portfolio as tall as himself under his arm. He was hideous, yet of most friendly aspect, and after smiling graciously at me for some time, crept round, seated himself at my pillow, and threw open before me his portfolio. I have seen many drawings and rare portfolios, but none were ever like this. As page after page he turned, I beheld not the shadows of scenes, but the scenes themselves, living and changing before me. Vast Alpine mountains and valleys, like what we dream the Alps may be, but which their facts never realise to us—glorified, sublimed, by light and height and colour—with opaline splendours of snowy peaks, and carpeted valleys of arabesque patterns, sailed over by condors and rocs and fabulous birds; visions of such lands as are seen and indicated in the Arabian tales, with transformations which, strange as they were, seemed simple and natural; interiors of vast cathedrals with splendid processions, and crowded with music such as sane ear never heard, that rolled round the shafted heights, and played among the carven figures that leaned from the ceiling. Surely it was a fortune to have been introduced into a world like this, and to have believed in its reality. Yes, thoroughly believed in it, with no misgiving; for these were, for the time, the only real existences, and the friends who walked about and tended the poor sick creature on the bed, and pitied him, and strove to soothe him, were merely spectral, and had no real existence. Sometimes, in what we call sane days, after perfect recovery, I had a dim question in my own mind as to

what is real and what is purely visionary—such deep impression did these fever dreams leave on my mind.

Another curious fancy then beset me. I thought for a time that I was two persons—one of whom was perfectly well and happy and tranquil, and the other was in pain and distress—and yet there was the same identity of personality; and often I begged that this one should be gently moved to a more restful position, while the other should be carefully left as it was—having nothing to desire for the latter, and everything to wish for the former.

These are simply hints at a condition which I doubtless had in common with many who are under the influence of fever, and I merely note them here to show how two existences may go on side by side, and a dual personality be possible. It may account for some of the experiences I intend to tell in this paper.

As I gradually recovered my strength, the recognised facts of this world regained their hold on me, and I became what we call sane. But in the sanest minds there is a leaning to the unsane or delirious tendency, and this is seen in dreams, and in the literature of dreams, for so I call all those imaginative stories and narratives such as the 'Arabian Nights,' which have their foundations in dream, and from which we derive so strange and fascinating a delight.

I did not rapidly recover my strength, and my physician, who was a man of too much experience and sagacity to treat all his patients by one rule, among other means to restore my irritable nerves, tried the effect of magnetism. I experienced much benefit from this, and became more tranquil in my moods; but my health still remaining feeble, he finally advised me to travel, and change at once all the influences that surrounded me. "Go to Rome," he said; "there you will find a soothing climate,

and a multitude of objects to interest you; and a winter's residence there will restore you to yourself again."

I was only too happy to follow this advice—for it had been the desire of my life to go to Rome—and I immediately began to make all my preparations for the journey. On the evening before I was to set out he called upon me, and after sitting with me a few minutes and giving me general directions as to the care of my health, he took from his pocket-book a letter addressed to Signore Marco Curio, Rome, which he placed in my hands, saying—

"I have brought you this letter of introduction in the hope that Signore Curio may possibly be of assistance to you. Many years ago, when I was in Rome, I made his acquaintance by mere accident, and during the few months I stayed in that city I saw him frequently, and was much astonished at the extent of his information and the peculiarity of his views as to the treatment of certain branches of disease which are little understood among us. He leads a very retired life, has not the confidence of any of the profession, by whom he is generally considered as a quack, is a remarkable adept in legerdemain, professes to have power as a magician, and, indeed, gave me some remarkable proofs of his skill in this mysterious art. As you may suppose, I placed very little confidence in this, looking upon the whole as a delusion; and as he usually spoke of it in a mocking way, I am far from persuaded that he is not of the same opinion. But however this may be, his acquaintance with the subject—historical, theoretical, and practical—is, to say the least, very uncommon; and, whether you believe in it or not, he is quite capable of making it very interesting. The reason for which I give you this letter is simply that you may avail yourself in case of need of his singular power as a mag-

netiser—for in this gift he far exceeds all whom I have ever known. I myself began with being a complete sceptic on the subject of magnetism, but I was unable either to account for or to gainsay the practical facts which he exhibited to me on several occasions. You know that we physicians—regular physicians, I mean—are of a very sceptical constitution of mind, and do not readily admit even very strong evidence in favour of powers transcending the ordinary and, as we call them, legitimate practice of our profession; yet I must confess to you that now, as an old man who has at least had a large experience, I am persuaded that we know much less than we pretend as to curative means, and there may be, and in fact I have known many, cures effected by means which were apparently not only wholly inadequate, but quite illegitimate and unrecognised by any college of medicine.

“To return, however, to Signore Curio, I cannot vouch for his character or respectability. He is not considered as a respectable person, and no one in Rome seemed to be acquainted with his family, or to know anything satisfactory of his history. In fact, there was something about his physiognomy and in his manner which repelled me, at the same time that a certain oddity and frank whimsicality attracted me. I would not at all recommend him as a friend, and yet I think that he may be of service to you; and I have, therefore, brought you this letter, which you can use or not, as it seems to you best.”

I thanked my friend for his kindness, took the letter, and he bade me good-bye. The next day I sailed.

I was charmed with Rome. It was something so different from all I had seen, that its very novelty attracted me. Born and brought up in a country where everything was raw, new, and changing every

day, it was delightful to be in a place which was its opposite in every particular. Here all was old, fixed, and changeless. There was a feeling of repose and a peaceful quiet melancholy brooding over everything, which, after the excitement and almost exasperation of life in the new and struggling life of my own country, was most grateful and soothing to my nerves. It was like coming out of the glare of sunshine into a cool, refreshing shade. The sharp, tense outlines, the clear, definite landscape, the skinless, shell-like sky, which tormented my nerves at home, were here changed for a veiled atmosphere full of delicate gradations of colour that involved all things in a kind of material sentiment. The sharp prying sunshine which used to keep up an irritating espionage in America, saying constantly, “I have my eye on you—wake up—go ahead—no idling here,” which made constant labour a necessity, and would not suffer one to be tranquil or lazy for a moment, no longer irritated me. Everything, on the contrary, seemed to pray me to linger, to repose, to be calm. Nature, as it were, magnetised me into peaceful moods. My intense activity of mind began to subside into dreaming. I wandered through the cypress alleys of the old villas, lingered by the fountains, whose soft monotonous spill of water soothed me. I lay under the shadows of the lofty stone pines, and listened to the sea-like murmur of their widespread tops. I sat for hours on the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars, happy simply in inhaling the delicious air that breathed in over the Campagna, in gazing at the silent mountains that dreamed in the distance, veiled in tender deeps of opaline air and light, or in watching the palpitating lizards that slid up over the ruins, and gazed at me with a shy and timid confidence. In my long, aimless reveries, disturbed by no sense of work to be done, bound to the

present by no immediate chain, I seemed to float about in thought, to be wafted hither and thither by some influences to which I yielded a perfect assent. Sometimes I seemed to see as well as feel the figures of the past, dim shadows of the ancient days, moving about me in their old haunts, and wherever I wandered I felt a mysterious sentiment steal over me. I should not have been startled, such was the condition of my mind, to meet at times the figures of the ancient poets, orators, and emperors, or even of the ancient gods themselves, among those peaceful and beautiful ruins.

Some months went on in this way, when one morning in turning over my papers I came upon the letter to Signore Marco Curio, and my curiosity being somewhat stimulated by what my friend had said about him when he gave me this letter, I determined at once to present it. I met with considerable difficulty, however, in obtaining any information about him. Those to whom I applied seemed never to have heard of him. The name was not an uncommon one, but nobody of that name answered at all to my friend's description, and I was on the point of abandoning my inquiries, when one day by mere accident I came upon the track of him. I was making a call upon a young artist, a countryman of mine, when my visit was interrupted by the entrance of a man who brought with him a case containing, apparently, some musical instrument, and who was presented to me by my friend the artist as his music-master.

"Are you going to take a music lesson?" I asked. "If so, I will not interrupt you any longer."

"Oh, don't go," was his answer. "Yes, I am going to take a music lesson; and perhaps it may interest you when you know what it is. If so, pray stay. You know," he continued, "that I have been studying music for some time,

being of the opinion that no artist who wishes to arrive at excellence in his profession should attach himself solely to one art, but at least should make excursions into some of the others, and thus enlarge his perceptions and susceptibilities. All are the same in their essence, and simply different in their expression; and if a man addicts himself exclusively to one, he is pretty sure, sooner or later, to fall into a mannerism, and, so to speak, make a rut in his mind. Nobody ever yet was great in one thing who knew and did only that one thing, as some day I will prove to you when we have time enough to talk the matter over. Acting upon this theory, I have been, as you know, studying music zealously. Well, a little while ago a whim seized me—I daresay you will laugh at it—that I should like to know how the ancient lyre was played. It came into my head one day when I was making a sketch of Mercury, and I determined to find out all about the matter, make me a lyre, and play it. But how to go to work was the difficulty. I hunted up the subject in all the encyclopedias and rubbishy old books I could get hold of, but I could get no clear idea of anything from books. My impression was, after reading numerous treatises on the subject, that the writers of them, despite their book-learning and scientific explanations, would have been sorely puzzled to construct and tune a lyre, much less to play upon it. At all events I could get no clear notion either of the ancient music or of the temperament and tuning of the lyre; so, giving up books, I went to some learned archæologists, who gave me interesting lectures on the subject, and a great deal of useless information. The musicians to whom I applied seemed to have troubled their heads very little on the matter; and I was becoming rather a bore by playing too much on the ancient lyre, when one day I fell in with a strange sort of a fellow,

a Signore Curio, who has not, by the way, a particularly good reputation even among the few who know him, and who is devoted to magic and spiritualism, but who did really seem to know something about the ancient lyre."

"Oh, you know Signore Curio," I said. "I have been inquiring for him a month at least, and nobody could tell me anything about him. I have a letter for him. Can you give me his address?"

"Certainly," he answered. "I have written it down in my note-book, I believe. Wait a minute, and I'll find it for you." He then began to look for his note-book; but the studio was a topsy-turvy place, and he could not find it at once. Suddenly he cried, "What an ass I am! Here is Paolo Febo, who knows him perfectly well, and will give you his address. I say, Febo," he cried, turning round to the music-master, "my friend here has a letter for Signore Curio, and is asking for his address. You can tell him, can you not?"

The music-master bowed, and said, "He lives in the Vicolo di Parnasso, numero twenty, fifth storey, on the right of the stairs. It's the old Palazzo delle Muse—so called from the statues of the Muses which used to stand in the Cortile, and you will know it by the remains of some of the old statues, without heads and arms, which are still to be seen there."

"That's it; I now remember!" cried my friend, "and a precious old place it is, I can tell you, and picturesque enough, but perhaps there have been places more comfortable and in better repair. Eh, Febo?"

The music-master bowed again, and said, "It is not what it used to be when the family was in its pride."

I wrote down the address in my book, and begged my friend to proceed with his story.

"Oh," said he, "my story, as you call it, is about finished. This

Signore Curio, hearing that I was interested in knowing how the ancient lyre was played, told me he thought he could help me. 'The fact is,' he said, 'I know how to play it myself tolerably well; but I have a friend who really understands the instrument far better than I do, and is less out of practice, and if you like I will send him to you. But I don't think you will like it. It is too monotonous for modern tastes. I have myself an old lyre of the most primitive character, which I made out of a tortoise shell by simply straining three strings over it; but my friend has a much better instrument, with all the improvements which were afterwards added, and I am sure he will gladly give you lessons on it if you wish, for the poor fellow is rather hard-up at present (the theatres being shut), and will willingly earn an honest penny, and thank you too; so, if you like, I will send him to you. It will be no trouble to me, as I see him every day, and he and his sister live close beside me.'

"Accordingly he sent me Signore Febo, whom you see before you. An excellent fellow, by the way, and very much the gentleman. (Pho! pho! he doesn't understand English). Do you see, I am really hard at work at the instrument. By the way, wouldn't you like to hear it? He plays uncommonly well, I assure you; and if you feel any sort of interest in it, stay with me, and he will give you a touch of the ancient lyre."

I said how glad I should be to hear it, was formally presented to Signore Febo, who was good enough to say that it would give him pleasure to play to me.

There was certainly something interesting in Signore Febo's appearance. He was rather tall and slender, with a somewhat careworn face, full, almost too full, lips, and a chin so large as to verge upon the sensual. It was evident that the world had not gone well with him, and there was a sad look in his large

dark eyes. But large, dark, sad, sentimental eyes are too common in Rome to distinguish any one, and some of the stupidest fellows I know possess them. His hair, which had originally been of a golden blonde, had now turned to a delicate silvery gray. It was worn away somewhat from the temples and from the crown of the head, but was rather long behind, and curled in his neck, and on the top of his forehead there still remained a thick tuft of curls, knotted closely together, which, as he took off his hat, he finically ruffled up and arranged with his hand. His movements were refined and graceful, but rather studied, and he somewhat reminded me of an old beau of the last century in his formal politeness, pointing his toes out and constantly bowing; or rather he looked like an old French dancing-master who had once been of the *haute noblesse*, and who was now of fallen fortune and in exile. His dress was decidedly shabby, though it had been scrupulously brushed, and was as well preserved as constant care could keep it. He wore a pin with a winged horse in white enamel in his scarf, and he carried a cane on which was a skilfully carved serpent for a handle. His linen, though coarse, was perfectly clean, and his collar, too large for the fashion, was turned down so as to expose a large throat. For shoes he wore a sort of pumps of undressed leather, cut very low, and with scarcely any heel; and the gingerly way in which he stepped gave him an air of affectation.

I was on the whole struck with his appearance as something quite out of the common run of music-master, and was decidedly interested in his favour. On reiterating our request that he should play us something on his lyre, he took his instrument carefully from the case, and began to tune the strings. After preluding a little, he then struck from them a wild monotonous air

unlike anything I ever heard before, meagre, and with scarce a chord, the unisons of the octaves frequently sounded together, and the notes moving in peculiar intervals, reminding me at times of the intonations of the *Canto-fermo* of later days. As he went on his eyes became animated with a strange fire, his nostrils dilated, and a look of enthusiasm illumined his face. Suddenly he broke forth with a high tenor voice, a little strained and sharp, but still melodious, into a recitation rather than song, the words of which were apparently Greek, though pronounced with such an entire difference of accent and sound from that which is taught to us in our universities as Greek, that I failed to recognise a single word. Strange as the music was, it moved me with its wild rhythm, its sudden pulsations, the stress of its lengthened solemn tones, and the hurrying of its more rapid ones. There was something wonderfully self-contained in its character, as if it were the accompaniment to a kind of majestic dance, but differing from our music as a procession in basso-relievo differs from a modern historic picture, the latter being in many planes, and the other only in one. At last it ended; and as he looked down upon us, his eyes being, while he played and sang, fixed in the air, the enthusiasm died out of his face and figure into an unutterably sad smile, as the glow fades in the forge when the bellows cease to blow.

"In what mode was that?" I cried: "it was very striking, new, and vehement."

"In the Phrygian mode," he answered. "The Doric is more grave and majestic, as the *Æolian* is more sweet and soft; but I scarcely think they would please you so much as that which I have played. The Phrygian is most modern in its character. Would you like to hear the Doric?"

He then played us a strain of Doric, which was a solemn majestic

movement in the minor mode, but which, as he said, though impressive, wanted the fire of the Phrygian. We thanked him warmly, and expressed our admiration at his performance.

"There was a time," he answered, in a dejected way, "when I could play—when I was something; I am very happy if I have given you any pleasure; at present the music which delighted the Greeks cannot be expected to please. Tastes and religions have changed, and he who led the Muses on Parnassus would hardly find a second place in a modern orchestra."

"Indeed! indeed!" I cried, "that is rather hard on the divine Apollo. If he were here to play, I think he would be able to enchant us as much as ever he did the Greeks."

His mouth and nostrils curved with a look of half scorn, and then dropped into a melancholy and incredulous expression as he said, "You have kindly listened for a quarter of an hour, but with all your kindness I fear even you would soon tire of hearing it played—at least by a poor music-master like me. But," he added, with a deprecating bow, as if to apologise for a liberty he was taking, "would it be agreeable to you to proceed with your lesson, or shall we postpone it to another day?"

"Oh, do not let me interrupt you," I cried. "I have trespassed too long already. But, before I go, let me again thank you most heartily for the rare pleasure you have given me. Though you depreciate your own performance, I doubt whether Apollo himself could play better. I had no idea that the ancient music could be so impressive. But these old Greeks were a wonderful people. Their sculpture, drama, and architecture rhymed together, I knew, and formed a species of trilogy; and now I find that their music is of the same composed and strong quality. Sometimes I even doubt whether we have had the best of the bargain in exchange-

ing their simplicity for our variety, their single plane for our perspective; and as for our religions, I am not so sure that Apollo was not quite as satisfactory as St. Peter. St. Peter is certainly not so prepossessing in his appearance. Do you not sometimes question whether Jupiter, Apollo, Minerva, Juno, and the rest, may not have their turn again? I don't know that I should not vote for them, for I do not see but that the saints we now worship are the same thing in a new and less manly dress."

A sudden flash went across Signore Febo's face which transfigured him. It seemed absolutely to radiate light; or, perhaps, this effect was occasioned by a gleam of sunshine, which, at the moment, came through a crevice and played about his head. It was, however, but an instant illusion, and my friend did not seem to observe it. Signore Febo bowed with a sad smile and said, "That is a dangerous sentiment to express in Rome. I am afraid that the old dynasty has had its day, as St. Peter will have his."

So I said good-bye, and departed, thinking as I went along of Signore Febo, and pitying him, as a man who evidently "had had losses." His face, now that I came to think it over quietly, did not look quite Italian, though his pronunciation of Italian seemed perfect; and I was possessed with the idea that I had either seen him before, or at least some person who closely resembled him. But with every effort I could not recall the person thus vaguely suggested by him. Nothing is more annoying than this confused kind of remembrance. Vainly we seek to drive away the haunting question; again and again it returns and torments us like a buzzing fly that, brushed away, comes perseveringly back to alight on the same spot. However, I could not satisfy myself on this point, and at last I was forced to give it up.

A few days after this interview I set out with my letter in search of Signore Curio. The address was so exact that I had no difficulty in finding it. The house was, as it had been described, an old palazzo a good deal decayed and gone to ruin, but it had evidently in its time been handsome, and remains of its former pride and beauty still clung to it. A fountain, covered with mosses and green slimy weeds, stood facing the entrance, and the water still bubbled scantily out of bent pipes into an old reservoir, and dribbled on to the pavement below. One or two old statuettes corroded by time stood askew in little niches over it, and among the green leaves and maidenhair dropping from the crevices of the basin and the wall peered out coarsely executed masks with gaping mouths, holding pipes, out of which the water had long ceased to pour. Three antique statues, without heads, and with shattered arms, stood in three of the nine niches, and these represented the Muses of which Febo had spoken. The staircase to the first two storeys was broad and imposing, with granite columns, and a somewhat elaborate though now rickety balustrade; but ascending beyond them it narrowed and crept curiously round unexpected angles, leading sometimes to additional stairs beyond long corridors, and finally at the fifth piano, fairly down, I found a door with the name Curio on a brass-plate. I pulled the solid green cord which hung outside, a little bell tinkled, and in a few moments an odd-looking woman pushed back a little aside which covered a grating on the floor, and cried, "Chi è?"

I gave the usual answer, that I was a friend, and sought the *Padrone* Signore Curio, upon which she ushered me into a large bare room and left me, saying she would ask if the *padrone* could receive me. After a few moments she reappeared and conducted me into

an inner room, where, after waiting a while, the door opened, and in came a slender man with a dried-up face, and robed in a shabby dressing-gown. He peered at me with a pair of sharp black eyes as I advanced to him and asked if I had the pleasure of seeing Signore Curio.

"*A servir la—at your service,*" he answered.

"I have a letter of introduction to you from my friend Dr.—," said I, and I put it into his hand.

"Ah! ah!" he cried, "from my old friend the American doctor—a very clever man. Excuse me; pray take a seat, and let me see what he says."

He seemed much amused as he read the letter, glancing up from it now and then with an inquisitive look at me, and then continuing its perusal. At last he finished it, came forward, shook me by the hand, with a chuckle of suppressed laughter, made me welcome, and began to ask me about my health.

I told him I was better, but still not reinstated in strength; that I suffered from nervous irritability, and hoped, as my friend the doctor had suggested, that he might be able to help me; that I was aware of his powers as a magnetiser, and that I had experienced benefit from that treatment in America.

"Ah! ah!" he replied, "as for magnetism, that is considered objectionable here—not according to the notions of the Church—St. Peter never magnetised. They do their miracles their own way, and look with an evil eye on us who use their trade in a surreptitious and uncatholic way. However, we shall see—we shall see. I suppose I can trust you from what your friend says?" and his little eyes seemed to look through me.

There was a singular expression in those sharp black eyes not altogether agreeable—something, in fact, very sinister and cunning.

Nor was the face, despite its extreme cleverness, one to inspire confidence. It was of a restless subtle character, full of sudden changes, ever mobile and varying. His look was never steady for a moment, and his mouth constantly twitched as he spoke. His forehead was low, and he wore an old faded wig, which was combed straight down over it nearly to the eyebrows. His legs were clothed in black stockings, and satinet small-clothes, which he kept covering with his dressing-gown, and as constantly exposed in consequence of his restlessness. His feet were small and delicate, and he kept shifting one leg over the other, and jerking his foot with a nervous motion. His thin slender hands were incessantly at work. He drummed on the chair—he twisted them together—he played with a little ivory paper-folder, throwing it up and catching it again unconsciously; and had a singular way of touching and holding everything which I have observed as peculiar to jugglers. As he spoke he moved them about, and often twitched up his sleeve, so as to expose a slender and flexible wrist. Altogether, a more nervous person I never saw. His sentences also were spasmodic, and uttered in a sharp, quick tone.

"Ah! yes, as you say," he continued. "You believe, then, in magnetism, and spiritualism, too, I suppose—eh!—do you really? Odd people the Americans. They believe in so many things. Did you ever see any table-turning—any manifestations—that's the word, isn't it? Oh! you believe in it, do you?"

"I don't know," I answered, "what I believe; I have seen extraordinary phenomena, for which I cannot account, and which I cannot explain by any of the so-called laws of nature, as we stupidly call the generalisations of our common experience; as for explaining them on the hypothesis that they are

juggling, *that* seems to me quite unsatisfactory.

"In the first place, the conditions on which juggling is conducted are different; and then I suppose there is no juggler's trick which is not explicable and simple to any one practised in the art. This evidently is not. It is no matter of sleight-of-hand, nor of machinery. What is it, then? If the scientific men, instead of pooh-poohing such facts, would only set themselves to examine into them, would it not be more satisfactory? I have no doubt that there is a vast deal of deceit and imposture among many so-called mediums; for supposing their power to be genuinely what they affirm, it is manifest that it is not always under their control. Then what a temptation it is to make a sham manifestation! But it is not the number of sham manifestations that constitute the great fact; it is the one real phenomenon. The people are completely satisfied by showing that one person at a given exhibition was an impostor. If they cannot explain one simple phenomenon which is beyond their 'laws of nature,' they immediately go to work to prove that another class of phenomena, under different conditions, by a different medium, were impostures. The fact is, we don't wish to believe, nor to examine; what we are accustomed to see is according to the laws of nature—and all else is imposition. This is a cheap and easy way of satisfying ourselves. But, after all, is any one thing more difficult to explain than another? How do we see? how do we move? what is life? What we are in the habit of seeing, we think we understand, because we see it constantly; but our explanations are but re-affirmations, and no explanations at all. If you ask a scientific man how we see, he will give you a lecture on the mechanism of the eye; but what seeing is, nobody ever has or ever will explain. There is no inherent reason, beyond our experience, why,

if I can move my hand, I cannot move a table on the other side of the room, without touching it. If I can see and affect you at a distance stretching out beyond myself by the eye, why not also do the same by touch? Why? To say that we cannot, that it is contrary to experience, is simply a statement of fact, it is no explanation. There is no inherent reason why we cannot—at least, none that we know. Suppose a person with sight should be thrown into a colony of blind men, which men had heard of such a faculty: the blind men could constantly give him every argument against his sight that is given by the opposers of the so-called spiritual phenomena. (I object, of course, to the word spiritual, because that is an attempted explanation to which I do not subscribe.) First, let us examine the phenomena: do they exist or not? then it is time to answer whether they are 'spiritual' or not."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Signore Curio; "you are really an enthusiast—I see we shall get on together. Why, yes; we in Europe know nothing of what we call magic—don't believe in it; we believe in miracles provided they are done in an orthodox way. In the Church we have large swallows for this kind of things, ready to swallow camels if you please, but strain terribly at gnats. Curious people, these Europeans; never have had any prophecy—cannot see into the future—don't believe in spirits, and cannot from their constitution. Europe is the understanding of the world; the Orientals have more spiritual power, and are more removed from the material; they have invented all the religions. Is the West getting nearer the East, and so catching reflections of spirituality from it?"

"True, we don't trust our senses," I replied, "and say they can cheat us, and yet we refuse to trust anything else. The word 'spirits' irritates us, and yet we are all spirits

plus a body, and can do nothing except as mere spirits. We are a curious mass of contradictions; as for myself, I know not what to believe, but I am as ready to believe in one thing as another, provided I have equal reason to do so. Why not believe in to-day's miracles, as well as in those of Moses?"

"Ah, yes," said Signore Curio, and he chuckled to himself. "Moses, the great lawgiver, was very skillful in magic, after his studies in Egypt. The rod and serpents was a very pretty trick; I sometimes amuse myself and my friends by performing it. Wait a minute."

So saying, he darted through a little door behind a heavy portico, and returned in a minute with a little ivory stick about three feet long.

"Would you like to see the trick?" he said.

I nodded assent.

He threw up the rod three times in the air, making it whirl so rapidly that it looked like a blurred wheel of misty light; and as it descended the last time he caught it in his right hand, and, holding it out to me, I saw twisted around it two brilliant serpents, that darted at me their quivering fangs. He then threw it up again, and, catching it in his left hand, showed it again as a plain ivory stick.

"Wonderful! "astounding!" I cried; "why, Robert Houdin is nothing to you. My friend the doctor told me you were very clever at legerdemain, but I had no idea that you were such an expert."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" he said. "It requires only a little sleight-of-hand. It's no miracle—not even spiritual, ha! ha!—but I should not laugh at you. Just see!" and he threw it up again, and again held out the rod with its two serpents. "Don't be afraid," he said, as I shrank back, having a horror of serpents; "they are not alive—merely spiritual serpents."

Rather timidly, I took the rod. Certainly the serpents were not

alive, though they were so perfectly imitated in coloured enamel, that I could scarcely trust my senses as I looked at them.

"How beautifully made!" I exclaimed, as I held them up. "And this rod, it is the very caduceus of Mercury!"

"Ah, so it is; odd, isn't it?" he cried, with a strange mocking tone, and an ironical sneer. "But come with me into the inner room," he added; "we are friends, I see. There's no use to keep you at arm's length, as I am forced to do with these precious Romans. One faculty I do really possess, that of reading character and knowing at a glance whether any one I meet is really related to me spiritually, and therefore trustworthy—a faculty not peculiar in any way! Everybody more or less possesses it, provided they trust themselves, have nerves, and can read their own consciousness. But we are too wise now for that;—we trust what we call our judgment, and reject our instincts. We never accept our impressions, but begin to reason upon them, and so mar and obliterate them. But the intellect is less wise than the spirit, and vastly slower. The soul is as sensitive as the eye—it sees at once. As well say I don't see physically at first, as spiritually. Spiritual perceptions are as instantaneous as sight. Instincts are superior to reason. All our religion is the product of instinct, not reason. The dog knows his friend at once; so does the man, unless he be fog and bewilder his mind with his judgments and reasonings, as he calls them. You are my friend; I can trust you; come into my sanctum."

So saying, he lifted the curtain, and we went through a corridor to a large room in the rear of the house. A peculiar aromatic odour of spice and frankincense pervaded it, and mingled with the faint scent of orange-blossoms that was wafted in through the open window. Heavy curtains obscured the light, and

swung over the doors; and a curious old Persian rug was spread upon the floor, with strange and softly-coloured patterns, unlike anything I ever saw. It was very much worn, and from its wear had become even more beautiful, taking therefrom a tone like that which is given by time to a painting. The walls of the room were covered by shelves filled with old books in vellum and faded leather. On a column in the corner sat a great white owl, looking wise and solemn. Antique draperies, with cabalistic figures embroidered over them, were here and there swung along the walls, and over them curious swords and billhooks, and several ancient casques, one of which had wings extended on either side. Two or three busts of yellow and waxy marble, representing the pagan gods, were standing here and there; and several old brown engravings were mingled among the paintings. There was no order in the room—a great divan with frayed cushions, shabby but luxurious, occupied the centre, and there were several large arm-chairs of stamped leather, with dull gold figures. The ceiling was divided into panels, on which were old frescoes, partially obliterated by time and obscured by smoke; and from the centre hung a Venetian coloured-glass chandelier.

It was a mysterious kind of room—all the more mysterious from the sunshine which struggled in, and made it seem still more quiet and lonely. Spiders had woven their cobwebs in the corners of the ceiling and across the panels, and it was evident that the housemaid's broom came seldom there to disturb the dust and the silence.

"I do not ordinarily admit new friends here," said my host—"never, unless I trust them; and, as I said, I trust you. You are looking at the owl—a fine bird. It is not mine: it was left by my sister when she went to America. Monstrously wise, isn't it? I have a little laboratory opening out of that door.

where I amuse myself at times, for there are moments when I need distraction. Some of these books are monuments of human folly, and yet interesting. You will find among them all the old works on magic and the cabalistic arts. But I have lettered them 'Lives of the Saints,' lest some one should pry in here and make trouble for me. I live very much alone, though there are several of my old friends till here who visit me at times. I confess that it is rather dull, but I cannot make up my mind to leave Rome, where I have so many very old associations, going back to a period when I was not so badly off as now. Most of my old companions of better days have departed; but the old gentleman in whose house I was brought up will remain, and there are always two or three of us who stay to keep him company. Rome, too, is pleasant, though somewhat sad to me; but I keep up my spirits in more senses than one, and— No matter, here I am, and here I shall probably stay. And now, let me take off this old wig, which I wear chiefly for disguise, for it annoys me."

When his wig was off, the change was very great. His hair was closely cut, but curled thickly about his temples and on the back of his neck; and he looked some fifteen years younger at least, but, if anything, more nervous and excitable.

"As to magnetism," he now commenced, as he seated himself in one of the old leathern arm-chairs, "what can I do for you? Shall I try if I have any power?"

"Thank you, you would do me a great service."

He drew the curtains across the windows, placed himself before me, and, lifting his slender hands, waved them before my eyes, and then placed them on my forehead. His touch was like electricity. A cold shudder ran down my back, and this in a moment was succeeded by a vague dreamy languor. The air began to thicken, the pictures

and furniture swam together, and gently died away into a soft misty background. Then I saw two streams of lambent fire issue from his finger-tips, and the whole scene vanished. My eyes closed, a soft flood of light poured all around me, and I was gently lifted from the earth and borne away into space. The earth disappeared. Delicious odours and exquisite music assailed my senses, and a strange sweet delirium bathed my brain. Figures floated around me, vague at first and indistinct, then clearer and clearer, until at last I seemed to be at a banquet of the ancient gods. Hebe presented me with a cup of nectar. Venus, radiant and flushed as a rosy morning-cloud, smiled upon me. The calm majestic Minerva, Juno grand and dignified, the athletic fiery-eyed shape of Mars, and the agile lithe figure of Mercury, were moving around me. Their voices fell upon my ears like music. Jove's refulgent face shone under his snowy locks and beard; and his voice was like an organ tone rising and falling, and filling the air with its intonations. The visionary Psyche moved there among them pale as the morning moon; and Cupid, with childish mischief in his face, shook his auburn curls and threatened me. How long this lasted I cannot tell, but at last a black cloud enveloped me. I felt a rush of air in my ears as if I were falling, and, suddenly opening my eyes, I saw Signore Curio standing opposite me, and smiling an ironical smile.

"Ah, well!" said he, "you are more susceptible than I thought. Do you feel better?"

I drew a long breath, sighed, and could not speak. He arose, went to a little closet, poured out a pale liquor in a glass (I saw him do it as in a dream), and then put it to my lips. I drank it at a draught, half mechanically; but as soon as I had tasted it, I cried—

"By Zeus the Glorious, that was like the nectar I quaffed in Olym-

pus, for there I was when you woke me."

"My dear sir," said Signore Curio, "your oath was most improper. I know not what St. Peter and the Pope would say to it; and as for nectar, what I gave you was a glass of old cordial."

"Was it? Well, it was uncommonly like the Olympian nectar."

"Ah! ha!" laughed he, "there is nothing, after all, like imagination. But, after all, there is one thing that you will not imagine, I fancy," and he laughed jeeringly, "and that is, that I am like one of your Olympian gods."

"Not exactly," said I, and we laughed together. "But you have really done me much good, and I beg you will allow me to return another day, for now I have trespassed too long on your patience and kindness."

"Come when you will," said he, "my good spiritualist."

Thus ended my first visit to Signore Curio; but his magnetism was so beneficial to me that I was anxious to renew it as soon as possible. This strange man had certainly obtained a wonderful power over me; and though the personal impression he had made on me was a strange mixture of attraction and repulsion, yet I longed to see him again, and as soon as I could do so with decency I made him another visit, the result of which was, as far as my health was concerned, equally favourable. In consequence of this I made an arrangement to go to him regularly twice a-week and be magnetised, and thus we became intimate. During these interviews he would often surprise and amuse me by wonderful feats of legerdemain, and would generally introduce them by some jeering and sarcastic speech about the Holy Catholic Church, or St. Peter, or some one of the saints and their miracles. I was curiously struck, also, by observing that he always spoke tenderly of the ancient Greeks and of the Grecian mytho-

logy, and often, in his sarcastic way, apologised for it, pretended to believe in it, and to defend it as a system of religion.

I forbear from reporting the cynical arguments with which he was wont to support his extraordinary views on this subject. It suffices to say that they were extremely innocent, though often quaint, and amusingly sarcastic. Sometimes he would compare the notions of a Deity in the writings of Jeremiah and Isaiah with those of Plato, contrasting them to the disadvantage of the Jewish prophets, and quoting text upon text with a mocking sneer; sometimes he begged, with an air of mock humility, to know whether the punishment of Uzza accorded with my notions of a just and forgiving God; sometimes he jeered at the worship of the Madonna under her various titles and attributes, and at her intercession for sinners, and insisted that she merely represented, in a new and not improved dress, Minerva, Diana, Flora, and others of the female divinities of the pagans. When he was in this vein opposition was worse than useless, and I generally found silence to be the best policy. There were occasions, however, when he went so far that I was forced to rebuke him.

"Ah! my dear sir," I said to him once, when he was in one of his wildest moods, "we had better not talk about this subject; our views are utterly different; your language offends me—it sounds blasphemous to my ears; you believe in nothing—I am a Christian!"

"Well, well," he answered, "I don't wish to offend you. I think the Greeks, in personifying nature by their gods, acted upon a natural human impulse, and the Christians do the same—I don't see much to choose between them. It is the sentiment of a superior power which is the great thing in all religions. The old gods had their

aults, and they had their virtues too, and I don't admit that the world gets on any better without them. The people will have superstitions, and that, perhaps, was as good as any. At all events, the Greek divinities were good-looking, which is more than you can say for your dried-up cadaverous saints, and stood erect on their feet instead of crawling and cringing and beseeching with such an infinite deal of mock humility and hypocrisy. Look at the Greek gods in the Vatican, and compare them in attitude and bearing with the mean-spirited figures of saints that con-tort themselves in strained and affected attitudes in the Catholic churches, as if they were ashamed of being men, and were in a chronic state of terror. One thing has certainly been lost, rather a valuable quality too—that of simple manliness and heroism of action. The heroism of your religion is endurance, and all your actions are inspired by fear. But why insist that this world is an abomination, its beauty a snare? Instead of thinking about another life, would it not be better to do your duty in this, and thank the gods (I beg your pardon; but I am a heathen, you know) for their wonderful gifts?

"As for Zeus and the Greek dynasty of gods, if you really want to know what they represented to the highest minds of Greece, read Plato, and compare his notions with those of Jeremiah, but do not confuse the loftiest spiritual notions with the vulgar superstitions of the crowd, whose ideas are always of the earth, earthy. The fables of the poet are simply veiled allegories or parables, having an interior meaning, and not to be taken literally; and as for legends, what is more legendary than Genesis, or than the lives and the acts of your saints? Their miracles are really amusing. Such feeble efforts, of which any really skilful adept in legerdemain, not to say magic, which is a higher art, should be ashamed. Why, there is not

one of them which I could not teach you to do in a couple of hours, or to imitate. Yet these miracles must be a monopoly to the saints. Such sinners as you and I cannot turn tables and be wafted in the air, because that would be the devil's work. Only let a priest be able to do it, and lo, a miracle!"

"But as for this flying in the air?" asked I. "Have you ever been lifted up by the so-called spirits?"

"Perhaps," he replied, and laughed.

"Some day, then, perhaps," I said, "you will let me be present and see you upborne in the air."

"Oh, certainly—any time—provided you let no priest know of it."

And so he did one day. We had been looking at some beautiful pairs of dove's wings on the wall, and after praising them, we passed on to talk of flying, when I suddenly said (for as I held the wings in my hand the idea came into my head), "If, now, one could only have a pair of talaria like those of Hermes, and fly away simply by tying them on to the ankles!"

"True," he cried, "that was a capital way—and why not? Suppose I should tie these wings on my feet, and put my hands on the table, perhaps, who knows what might take place? Stop, let us take one of these old Saxon casques with wings on the sides, that will represent the petasus of Mercury well enough. Shouldn't I make a capital Mercury?"

Half-jesting he did so. He put the casque on his head and tied the wings on his feet, jesting all the while at the ridiculous figure he was making of himself, and then sitting down opposite me at the table and fixing his eyes keenly upon me, he stretched out his hands as he was accustomed to do when he magnetised me. Suddenly a ridiculous fancy took possession of me—I suppose it was in conse-

quence of his mesmeric powers by which he had obtained so complete a control over me, that but a minute was required to throw me into a mesmeric state—but I certainly seemed to see him rise from his chair; and slowly float upward into the air. Then the ceiling as he reached it dissolved, the dress vanished from his body—the caduceus was in his hand, and he waved it to and fro over me. It was the god Hermes, he who conducted souls to the Elysian fields, the slender, agile, elegant figure, beautiful in its sinuous motion, with the petasus on his head and the winged talaria on his ankles, that I beheld floating over me. And yet he seemed to have the face and features of my companion—the same cynical smile, the same black sharp eyes, and the same movement of the hand that I had so often noticed. I was so confused by this that I placed my hands to my eyes and pressed them closely on the balls for a moment to clear my vision. When I opened them again, I saw my host sitting before me in the same attitude that he had before I seemed to see him rise, and as if he had never moved.

"How do you feel, now?" he asked. "You seem to have fallen into a sudden trance—an ecstatic one, to judge from your expression and movements; but I hope it was not disagreeable, and that you are quite recovered."

"Yes, certainly," I answered, "I must for the moment have been beside myself, and yet the transition was so sudden and natural, that I could not distinguish its boundaries,—and what I had seen in my natural state, so mixed itself up with what I beheld in my trance state, that even now I am confused. It was the oddest thing—and now that I look at you there, I am a little ashamed to tell you what fancy suddenly took possession of me, it seems so ridiculous. But I really thought I saw you rise in the air, and that those dove's

wings became the talaria, and that casque the petasus, and that—in a word, that you were Hermes himself."

"Singular indeed," said he, "yet so natural. You were, at the moment, when unintentionally I threw you into the trance state, jesting about Hermes and the petasus and talaria, and saying it would be a capital thing to fly, when suddenly your trance state supervened, and what was in your mind at once assumed an exterior form. It is a very common case with persons who are such natural mediums as you."

"I daresay," replied I, "but it is astonishing how vivid an impression I received. It will not leave me." And I added, laughing, "I never hereafter shall be able to distinguish you clearly and absolutely from Hermes."

"I am quite willing, provided you do not make the police and the priests parties to your biologic fancies. They are quite capable of believing anything which will afford ground for a persecution."

At this moment a lovely girl whom I had never seen before, put her head into the door, and said, "Thé Padrone wants you, if you can come as soon as you are disengaged."

"The Padrone!" I said. "Then I will leave you at once. But pray, is that the Padrone's daughter? I never saw her here before."

"Gad, I don't know; he has such a lot of them that it's not easy to say. She may be. Curious old fellow the Padrone. I must present you to him some day. Is rather imperious in his notions, and somewhat irascible at times; and as I wish to keep on his right side, I think, with your permission, we will finish the seance for to-day. I will go and see what he wants. He might turn me out of the house, you know."

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! married. Yes; a regular dragon of a wife, who is as

jealous as—as—Juno.” And then, with his singular smile, he added, “I call the old fellow Jupiter, and he don’t look unlike him, with his great white beard and thick snowy locks. Some evening I will invite him up here, and you shall meet him. And now, addio—I know you’ll excuse me.”

This last interview I could not get out of my head. There was something so odd about my new friend, that I determined to make some inquiries about his history and family of Febo, if I should chance to see him. So the next day I went to the studio, hoping to meet the music-master there.

I saw my friend the artist, and in answer to my inquiries he said, “I too have felt very anxious, and have endeavoured to get some information about him, but with not much success. Very few persons seem to know him, and nobody can give any satisfactory account of him. Febo, to whom I have spoken, pretends to know nothing, and at all events I have got nothing out of him to satisfy my curiosity. But, as far as I can learn, his family was of Greek origin, and came here heaven knows when. Febo is, I suspect, related to him in some way, though he is very shy of talking about him and his affairs. I know also that there is an old man, a respectable and inoffensive person, who lives in the same house, but he never goes out, and at times the family seem to disappear, for nobody knows where they go. After years have passed some of them return, or their children return, or persons return who look uncommonly like them, and bear the same name. This, I dare say, sounds odd, but I use this language advisedly, because some of the oldest men remember this family here, and they say that when they were children they remember to have heard their fathers speak of this old man, who was then apparently as old as he is now. So you see, the present old man must, in all probability, be

the son of the former, or some relation. Febo, too, has a sister who is a striking young woman, and who figures sometimes as a ballerina on the stage. But, after all, nobody seems to know much about any of them. Perhaps the old man is the Wandering Jew—or Paracelsus—or Hermes Trismegistus—the Lord only knows. Why don’t you ask Signore Curio himself? He will or will not tell you, as the case may be. For my part, I suppose they are one of a hundred old Italian families who have fallen from their pride of place—lost their fortunes but not their pride, and so keep out of sight, and live under disguised names perhaps. As for Febo, he is evidently a gentleman by birth and education. There is something noble in him, which shines through his shabby dress, and it is plain that he is above the profession by which he now supports himself. Poor fellow! I really pity him, he seems so dispirited and poor. He makes just about enough to live upon by playing in the orchestra at the Valle, but it goes against his grain terribly.”

“Well, this is not very satisfactory,” I replied. “I think we shall have to raise the spirits to tell us who these people are, unless Curio will enlighten us on the matter. I certainly will ask him about the family when I see him next, but whether I shall be any wiser after it who can tell? He is a strange genius, and about half the time I cannot quite determine whether he is in jest or in earnest in what he says.”

Though I made this resolution, I never was able to carry it out. Whenever I approached the question I got nothing but jeers, cynical remarks, and persiflage from Curio. It was evident that he meant to keep his secret.

One evening, however, at the end of the winter, when the buds were just beginning to burst, and the almond-trees to robe themselves

with their white blossoms, and the soft breezes called to the flowers that sprang up over all the Campagna, I found Signore Curio in a more serious and expansive mood. "I know," he said, "that you are curious about me and my family, and have endeavoured in vain to find out our history. An admirable quality is curiosity, but it leads us sometimes into scrapes. I never intended to give you any light on this subject, but I have taken a fancy to you, and after all it may be amusing to you to know our history. It can do no injury to us as we are just about to flit, I don't know where, and you will be gone too in a few days, and perhaps we shall never again meet, and so I will tell you our secret. Not now," he added, as he saw I was prepared to listen with eager curiosity; "but if you will come here to-morrow night at about twelve o'clock, we shall all of us be together—all, I mean, that are in Rome—and we are to have a sort of symposium. The Padrone is to be here, and if you will make one of us you shall hear what you shall hear, and see what you shall see—and *basta così* for the present."

I did not ask to be invited twice, but accepted with great warmth.

All the next day I wandered, my favourite haunt, in the palace of the Caesars, anxious for the night to come, and excited at the prospect of what the night might bring forth.

At half-past eleven I was at Curio's door. He received me in his inner room as usual. "You are a little early," he said, "but no matter; I believe they are all ready for us down-stairs, so come along."

I followed him down to the second story. There he rang. The door opened of itself, and in we went. After traversing several rooms, we came at last to a vast saloon, lighted by an antique Venetian chandelier hanging from the centre, beneath which was a table

spread for supper. The walls were hung with ancient silk hangings defaced and faded, but rich in texture, and woven into a strange arabesque figure, the gleaming light of which showed fragments of fruits, flowers, and birds, that came and went as one changed place. Some pictures hung here and there, and quaint old curiosities of china and bronze were scattered about on the cracked marble consols. Some ebony statues held on their heads vases of Oriental alabaster, in which were lights that shone through their veined strata, and two large mirrors in ebony frames with bevelled edges, bleared and dimmed with age, miserably reflected the candles of the chandelier. It was, in a word, a shabby old saloon, gone to seed, like many that may be seen in the old palaces of Rome belonging to fallen families.

My acquaintance Febo was there, and rose to welcome me in a serious way; and Curio at once conducted me to an old gentleman who sat in a great satin-covered crimson arm-chair at one end of the room, and presented me to him, almost seriously, as the friend of whom he had spoken, and who would join them at supper. Then turning to me, he said, "Our Padrone."

The Padrone made a stately recognition of me, without rising, and motioned me to a chair, saying—

"Our accommodations and our banquet are poor, and not what they should be, but you are welcome. Curio, shut the door."

There was something very imposing in the Padrone. His snow-white hair, still very thick, was parted in the middle, and fell on either side his temples in massive curls, that mingled with his full and flowing beard. A thick mustache was drawn away from his mouth so as to display lips still full despite his age. His forehead, between and above the eyebrows, was projecting, and in it were two

deep horizontal wrinkles; and from beneath his heavy brow looked large, hollow, and severe eyes of a dark yellowish brown, which had in them a certain still and peculiar light, as of a flame burning behind a thick porcelain shade. His complexion was of a dull bronzed tawny hue, with no colour; and his expression was dejected, though severe. He had something of the lion's look when it is caged. He wore a long loose sort of bournous, with sleeves of an ivory white; and his yellow slippers, which only covered the centre of his foot, leaving his toes free, peeped out under his dress, and were placed on a footstool. Altogether, as I looked at him, I thought I had never seen so strange and imposing an old man.

Curio bustled about in a nervous fidgety way, and talked a good deal, which somewhat relieved me of my awkwardness at first. After a few minutes the door opened, and in came a florid rosy-faced man with curling hair, accompanied by a woman, whom at first sight I did not know whether to call a lady or not. She was fantastically dressed, as if she belonged to the stage, with touches of rouge on her cheeks. But her face was good-humoured, and as soon as she entered she ran forward in a free careless way to the Padrone, and greeted him with a kiss. Curio gave a start of surprise, as did Febo; and even the Padrone looked as if the visit was unexpected.

"What! you here, Affy?" cried Curio; "and you too, old boy?" turning to her florid companion. "Where on earth did you come from, and when did you arrive? We had no idea that you were here. But you've come in the very nick of time. Did you smell the fumes of the supper from afar, and cry, like the war-horse, Ha! ha!"

"Why, the fact is," said the rosy-faced man, "Affy and I got terribly tired of Paris, and set off at a moment's warning. She wanted

to see you all once more, and she was worn out with noise and late hours and general dissipation, so we packed up suddenly, and here we are."

In the midst of the welcome that followed, in came the Signora Padrone, the wife of the old gentleman—a stately-looking hard old lady, in a turban with two white feathers in it, who somewhat grimly saluted Affy—and with her a slender dried-up old maid, in a stiff brocade, with a thin face and lean arms and neck.

The company having now arrived, supper was ordered, and we were soon seated at the table. The Padrone and his wife took the head, and sat in two great high-backed chairs; opposite were placed Febo and the old maid, who, Curio whispered to me, was his sister; while Affy and the florid-faced man took the side opposite to Curio and me. We were waited on by the pretty girl whom I had seen for a moment at the door of Curio's apartment, and a good-looking butler, who served the wine.

Where the wine came from I cannot imagine, but, to my surprise, it was excellent, and the guests soon began to feel its influence, and to warm into vivacious conversation. Affy and I became good friends at once. Despite the rather doubtful respectability of her dress and general appearance, she had a very sweet smile, and seemed thoroughly amiable and jolly. Indeed, as the supper went on I got to think her decidedly handsome. Curio was full of spirits, with his puns and toasts and satirical compliments.

"By Jove," he cried, "(excuse me, Padrone), but here's to the health of our Parisian Bacchus. You need not blush any more," turning to the rosy-faced man, "and pretend you don't believe I mean you. Your natural complexion is high enough without blushing. You're the best Bacchus I have seen for many a day, and you look uncommonly well your part. You used to be a

little lighter and smaller round the waist once, perhaps; but you don't look terribly dyspeptic even now."

"Oh, pshaw!" he cried, in answer. "Everybody here, even our new friend, knows who you are; but here's to your purse, which is not so lean, I hope, as it used to be."

"As for purses," cried the Padrone, and he caught up a knife and fork in his right hand, threateningly, "if it were not for these audacious saints, at whose head I should like to launch these thunderbolts, the purses would be full enough, and I should not be such a poor old effigy as I am now."

"Pray be quiet, and behave yourself with more dignity," here broke in the Padrone's wife; "and as for you," turning to the old gentleman, "I'm ashamed of you; put down your knife and fork, and don't make a fool of yourself by talking of thunderbolts. I am positively ashamed of you."

"You always were," muttered the Padrone, "when you were not jealous of me."

"And a good right I had to be so," she tartly answered, "for a more disreputable way than you had of going on with every silly girl you met could not be imagined; and for an old man like you it was really shameful. There was that weak fool that you gave my swan to, for instance; and that Dora you got into such a precious mess with a box you gave her; it ought to have been a box on the ears."

"Oh, dear!" cried Affy, "don't let's have any of those old rows over again; I'm fairly sick of them."

"And well you may be," cried the old lady; "but you were no better than the rest—so undignified."

"Well, thank heaven," replied Affy, "I have no dignity, never had any, and never want any—I never saw any good come of it. But do let us love one another now at all events;" and rising, she ran round

and gave a kiss to the Padrone and another to the old lady, who, a little mollified, relaxed into a smile, adjusted the feathers in her turban, and said,

"There, there, that will do. You've quite disarranged my head-dress. You are a foolish creature, and never will learn how to behave properly. I suppose we must put up with you as you are."

"The next thing you'll be doing," cried the old maid, in a sharp voice, "will be to kiss the stranger, whose name I have not the honour of knowing."

"Well! where's the harm," she retorted, "if I do?" and she instantly turned round and gave me a kiss that made me blush all over.

"Bravo!" cried the rosy man, "you're a dear good creature, Affy, whatever they say of you. Here, Gianni," he added, "fill our glasses, and we'll all empty them to the Goddess of Love. And, by the way, this is uncommonly good wine, I don't know when I've tasted better, and I consider myself a judge—rather. I haven't a better in all my cellar at Paris."

"I rather think not," said the Padrone, shaking his locks. "It's out of the old butt—of the year 8, old style. You don't find it nowadays anywhere else than at my table."

"Where's old Si?" called Febo, whose character was rapidly becoming more genial under the influence of the wine. "I should like to see his jolly face again. Why didn't you bring him with you from Paris?"

"Impossible," rejoined the other; "I was obliged to leave him there to attend to the business of the firm. I don't know what I should do without him there, though he does get so outrageously drunk sometimes that I am afraid the police will be in on us. What a row he does make when he has a regular rouse with those hairy fellows of his about him!"

"A very improper habit indeed,"

said Curio. "I don't know how enough to condemn it. A man should have very little to do with spirits, except in the way of magnetism. Eh, my friend?" turning to me.

"I wish we could have a little music," cried Febo, "such as we used to have before those nine girls went off to the chorus of the Grand Opera in Paris. They used to sing such capital songs."

"Oh, by the way," cried Affy, "who do you think I saw the other day in the Boulevards? Who, Curio, but your blessed hairy son, with his crooked legs and goatee and curved nose. He has given up tending flocks; and there he was with his goat-skins on his legs, blowing away on his pipe, and holding his hat out for *sous*. I laughed as if I should die. He was pretending to be an Abruzzi shepherd. I gave him a napoleon, and he cried out with a leer, 'The Madonna and the saints have you ever in their keeping'—the scamp!"

We were all of us now getting rather excited by the wine, which was as strong as it was good—at least I was; and the figures around the table seemed at times to swim before my eyes. But I remembered the promise of Curio, and determined to take no more wine until he had told me who they all were. However, such resolutions were of little avail, and I kept breaking them as fast as I formed them.

I can give little idea of the jollity of the circle, which, as it grew warm, grew witty. The spirit of it, however, wholly escapes from my pen. As the time went on, I began to notice a singular fact, which I attributed to the effect of the wine. The persons at the table grew gradually younger and handsomer. Whether it was mere fancy or not, the old maid seemed to be slowly changing into a young and slender woman, graceful and elegant of figure. Febo's face beamed with inspiration, and seem-

ed to radiate light. The red hue of my *vis-à-vis's* face softened into a youthful flush. The wrinkles wore out of the Padrone's forehead, and his locks looked luminous as the electric flame that follows a vessel's wake. His wife also seemed to grow grander and more attractive in her dignity; and as for Affy, I fairly lost my heart to her. "Rouge on her face, indeed!" I thought; "her cheeks are like the first blush of morning."

"Good heavens!" I whispered to Curio, who was also changing in his aspect into a graceful and lithe young man—"who are you all? Am I mad, or magnetised, or what?"

"Silence and attention," cried he aloud. "Olympians, our friend here was never at our symposium before; he says he is afraid he is either magnetised or mad, for he is beginning to fall desperately in love with Affy; and as for the Padrone, he says he is a perfect Jupiter, by Jove—he never saw such a splendid old fellow,—quite equal, he affirms, to St. Peter."

A roar of laughter shook the room; or was it laughter? I looked at the Padrone, and he shook his hoar locks; and the room trembled again, and a strange smile was on his face.

"Olympians, shall I announce your names to my friend?"

"The god of Olympus shall decide," was the cry of all; and the god of Olympus again smiled and nodded assent. And there was a sound as of thunder overhead, and the carved eagle above his chair shook out its wings and screamed.

"They are taking away my trunks up-stairs," said Curio. "My friend," he then said, turning to me, "your request is granted; you shall know who we are. We are a few of the exiled gods of Olympus, at your service. Allow me to present you to Zeus the Thunderer; at the head of the table is his august spouse, the divine Juno. Then, at the opposite side,

is Phœbus Apollo, commonly called Febo, with his sister, Diana. Our *vis-à-vis* is Bacchus. Who that disreputable person is at his side you will easily guess. She is Aphrodite, whom we call Affy, the best creature in Olympus—I beg your pardon, I mean in Rome.”

“Here, Hebe,” he cried, and the lovely girl who had served us was at his side in a moment—a loose delicate tunic dropping from her ivory shoulders, and leaving her rounded arms bare, and her bosom partially uncovered; “and you Ganyমেদে, commonly called Gianni nowadays,” and he, too, the butler, changed into the elegant cup-bearer of Olympus, approached—“give to drink of our nectar to the stranger, and heap his goblet full.”

I lifted the goblet before me—it was one pure crystal—and drained the delicious nectar with which it was brimmed. It seemed to inundate my whole being, and to slip through every vein of my body. I became at once a new person, and I felt and knew that I was among the gods.

Astonished and speechless I looked about me. The likeness which had so long haunted me in Febo was now clear. But the Belvidere statue was but a poor representation of him as he then stood before me: a splendour trembled all over him; the golden curls were like an aureole around his head, a delicate mantle fringed with a purple border hung from his left arm, and in his right he carried a lyre of tortoise-shell inlaid with silver, the chords of which he struck as I looked at him. At his side was Diana or Artemis, the huntress, in a short tunic with a pale green edge of ivy leaves, her nostrils expanded, her figure quivering with spirit and animation. Her delicate head was poised gracefully upon the long slender neck, and a golden fillet was bound closely around her hair, one or two stray locks of which, escaping from beneath it,

curled like the tendrils of a vine below her square thin temples. She was tall, of a dark olive complexion, clear as the shadow of a brown brook, slender in her limbs, and had a strong family resemblance to her brother at her side.

“Look at your love,” said Mercury, who, succinct, small-headed, with jet-black curls, a compact spare figure, quivering with nerves, touched me on the shoulder, and pointed across the table with his caduceus to Aphrodite.

How shall I describe her? She looked at me with one of those smiles which seem to draw the soul out of one. Her hair rippled in sunny waves off her forehead, and, gathered behind by an amber ring studded with pearls, thence crept loosened down in a sinuous mass over her dimpled shoulders. Her eyes, which were of a dark violet rimmed with black, were full-lidded below, and slightly lifted with an amorous languidness. Her lips were full and ripe, like some perfect fruit. Her nose was straight, and chiselled with wonderful delicacy; her nostrils clear and thin like a rose-leaf. From her small shell-like ears dropped two exquisite pearls, and the slope behind them down into the shoulders, where mortal woman is so defective, was in her perfect. Was her neck slender or full? I cannot say—it was faultless, I know, and died down into the luxuriant curves of her bosom with a drooping sea-line. Her arms and hands were full and slightly dimpled at the elbow and on the knuckles—not too full at the wrists—while her nails were like roseate mother-of-pearl. But why seek to describe her who is indescribable?—her image will always remain in my memory as the absolute perfection of womanly fascination.

“Don’t look at me so,” she said: “you will make me blush more than ever Paris did.”

A sound of silvery laughter went round the table, and all involuntarily glanced at Juno, who frowned

at the recollection thus awakened. I too followed their eyes, and although my eyes and soul had gone to Aphrodite, I could not but be struck by so extraordinary a beauty, though of so opposite a type. Tall, stately, square-breasted, with dark-ruled eyebrows, under which were severe but glorious eyes, a diadem of gold upon her compact and harmonious head, full robes gathered high on her chest, and girdled above mid-waist with a broad and flashing zone, whence the ample folds flowed to her feet,—she was the most queen-like and imposing figure I ever saw, but one to reverence rather than to love.

"Paris!" she said, with a curl of her short lip, and a look of infinite disdain,—*"Paris was a poor weak fool, like all mere men, who preferred a courtesan to a woman. To him mere flesh and blood counted more than anything else."*

"So he was, dear Juno," said Aphrodite. "Had he not been a mere mortal fool, he would never have preferred me to you. It was no fault of mine, you know, and I am sure I have never known what to do with his apple."

"We all know that you are the most beautiful, Aphrodite," said Juno, appeased; "but Paris was a poor weak creature, as we also know. Let us talk of him no more."

"It's lucky Minerva is not here," muttered Bacchus, and shook his curls. "She too is a splendid creature, if she were not so confoundedly wise. She bores me to death with her wisdom and her virtue."

An owl, which I had not before observed, here hooted and screamed from the top of the bookcase on which he was perched.

"Great Olympus," cried Bacchus, "is she here?" and he looked around him. "The *Parcæ* take that owl—how it startled me!"

As he said this, I turned to gaze at him, and if he was less brilliant and inspired than Apollo in his look, he was more charming. All that man can own of attraction was

his—broad, square-shouldered, slim-loined, light and powerful in his build, and with one of those faces that you love, that haunt you, that draw women after them with invisible cords not to be broken. As Venus was the perfection of woman, so was Bacchus of man. He seemed harmoniously moulded, and like a simple utterance of nature, not strained to any direction, but evenly organised and sympathetic.

"Here! Bacchus," said Aphrodite, "don't talk any more, but drink—that's your vocation—or dream—but don't argue. And pray let Minerva alone, or you will rue it."

"Arguing! May I ever be saved from that," cried Bacchus, "either for or against any one or anything. I was only afraid Minerva might be here, and then we should have had arguing enough."

Again the owl hooted.

"Oh!" said Mercury, "that is one of those wise birds of hers that she left with me when she went to America."

"Poor Minerva!" said Juno, "times have changed with her sadly, but she bears herself bravely up. Yet I pity her—in exile, and with such work to do."

"Well, really I don't see that she is worse off than the rest of us," cried Apollo. "Who would ever have dreamed in our glorious days, when we were worshipped as divinities, that we should ever come to this? When we were all scattered on that fatal night, and robbed of our divine prerogatives, and forced to flee and hide and disguise ourselves, and become like common mortals, and compelled to earn our living, what could we expect but unhappiness? More or less we all suffer, for we cannot die; and we are in this worse off than any mortal can be. For my part, do you believe that I, who once was worshipped as the God of Light and Poesy, take pleasure in earning a scant livelihood by now playing in the orchestra a

second fiddle—now giving a few ill-paid lessons in music—now teaching children to dance; or that Diana, with all her memories of the past, and her peculiar and shy temperament, can endure with anything less than disgust her rôle as ballerina at a second-rate theatre."

"Oh, dear me!" said Bacchus, "it's bad enough for all of us, but we must make the best of it. It rather amuses Affy and me sometimes, our life in Paris; and as for old Silenus, whom I have taken in as partner in the wine and spirit trade, and who attends to the retail business, he does not seem to suffer very much, at least when he is drunk, and that is pretty often. Keeping a wine-shop is not the highest of employments, but there's no use to get into the dumps—is there, Affy?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Aphrodite; "but I really do sometimes get so tired with playing everlasting farces and foolish pieces on the stage, and being the pretty sourette, and getting kissed by everybody, and being generally disreputable; but I declare I think I do prefer it to keeping a 'Young Ladies' Seminary at Olympus Lodge, Parnassus, Alabama, as poor Minny does now. And yet she seems to be immensely fond of it, proud of it too—teaching, as she says, the young idea how to shoot. Her wisdom all comes out. She can lecture and argue all day long. The scholars and the committees all look up to her, and make her addresses on public occasions, and pass resolutions in honour of her and her seminary. And really there are some such nice pretty creatures among her pupils, that if it were not for her intellect she might love them. But really her programme is enough to kill one with laughter, with its 'highest intellectual branches of education' and its 'dissemination at once of instruction and morality, thus leading youth gracefully up

the precipitous steep of science.' I am afraid I should become dreadfully improper climbing those precipitous ascents."

"I say, Bacchus, can you give us any news of Neptune and Pluto?" cried Mercury. "I have not heard of them lately."

"Oh, yes," answered Bacchus. "I got a letter from both of them the other day. Neptune is running a Mississippi steamer now. It is a high-pressure, and named the Trident; and Amphitrite is the chief-stewardess aboard. Last year he got up a diving-bell company to fish up Captain Kidd's treasure, and he had the good luck in his bell to come across an old sunken hulk of a vessel from which he picked up several bags of bullion, enough to enable him to purchase the Trident. Pluto, too, is getting on uncommonly well. He has lately been made President of a Grand Junction Coal Mining Company, and is interested in several Colorado mines. He has made his way slowly up from running an engine as driver on a railway, and now is very well off."

"But all this while, now," interrupted Diana, "nobody has asked about Vulcan. How is he now, Affy, dear?—and what is he about?"

"Why," replied Affy, "the dear old blunderer is hammering away as usual. He has just been working out a new invention for casting cannon, and is trying to get the English Admiralty to receive it; but he says they are afraid to try it, for fear it might be successful, and ruin those already in the field."

"And Proserpine and Ceres, I suppose, are with Pluto—are they not? There's nothing new occurred to them, I suppose?" said Juno.

"Oh, no! They are still at their old work, editing 'The Enna Journal,' a magazine of floriculture and horticulture for young ladies. Ceres does the heavy business—has long disquisitions on the 'History of the

Potato,' where it came from and where it is going to, and what the blight is; or investigations of the question what the ancients thought of the onion and garlic, and how they are related to the hyacinth, and why their odour is different. While Proserpine attends to the lighter parts—selects feeble poems on the 'Humming-bird and the Rose,' and makes little paragraphs headed 'Time to Plant Annuals,' 'The Dial of Flowers,' 'Shakespeare a Florist and Gardener,' and looks out for those washy little coloured prints which adorn now and then a number of the magazine. She only spends one-third of the year with Pluto still."

"And Mars, what is he doing now in these stirring times?"

"Heaven only knows," answered Mercury, "but I suppose he too is in America; when I last heard of him he had just been made a brigadier-general in the Federal army, and the papers said he had a chance to be made President if he could only win a battle. That would be a joke, I declare. Perhaps he might bring up the family in that case. I heard lately of one good thing he said to one of his officers who had been making a fearful blunder,

"When you don't know what to do, don't do you don't know what!" If he could only get to be President, he might make me the Secretary of the Treasury—I have been used to a purse—and give us a territory for our own like the Mormons. There we might plant ourselves, gather around us the old friends and believers, and renew the ancient faith. Yes, in some distant solitude of the New World we might in a pure form revive the old religion, far away from society ring back the golden days of Greece and of Hesiod. Then we could at least gather together our lost ones—the nymphs of the fountains and rivers, the Naiads and Dryads and Oreads—and all the spirits of nature. Pan and the Satyrs would haunt the woods, and play

their reedy pipes and dance on many a western sward. There would we make a happy company; and if we were not worshipped as divinities, at least we might enjoy a calm and sylvan life, and not be forced to those daily shifts for bread, and these wretched disguises. But a truce to those dreams: give us something, Apollo, from your lyre to drive away these mournful thoughts. Strike us something in the Lydian mode."

Apollo obeyed, the strings twanged, and the room resounded to the music. How glorious it seemed! what inspiration was in his face—what mystery in his playing! I was lifted up by it from my mortal senses, and drawn away into a wonderful dreamland, where all the beings of the ancient mythology swarmed around me, and Aphrodite all the while smiled upon me, and caressed me. The actual world was gone.

After this I have no definite remembrance of what occurred, until the next day towards noon, when I waked and found myself in my bed, with the sun streaming in. Bewildered I rose, and looked around me. Had all last night's sights and sounds been a dream? or where did the actual merge into the visionary? Were what I had seen phantasmagoria of a fevered brain? No! no! they were too real. But then I asked myself—Were not your old fever dreams also real? Nay, but I am well now, I answered.

As I was thus debating the matter, there came a knock at my door. It was the maid, who brought a note, which she said had been left for me a couple of hours before.

I broke its seal, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I find that you are not yet up, and I regret that I cannot wait to see you. I came merely to say good-bye; for, as you are aware, we all are to leave

Rome to day at twelve o'clock. I hope you are better this morning, for last night I was obliged to accompany you home, you having fallen into a trance at the table, so that I thought it better to take you away quietly, as I heard you had already taken more wine than was good for your health, and had evidently been in a more than usually excited state all the evening.

"Your landlady tells me that you are now sleeping very tranquilly, and I begged her not to disturb you, as I know you need repose more than anything else. I

hope you will be all right when you awake.

"My friends all salute you cordially; and in the hope that some time or other we may meet again,—I am, your obliged friend,

"Marco Cuno.

"10 1-2 o'clock."

I ran immediately to the Palazzo, but it was closed, and the neighbours all told me that the family had left in the morning with a good deal of luggage, and they knew not whither they had gone.

W. W. S.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

ITALY'S DIFFICULTY.

DEMONSTRATIONS are the order of the day, and the masses, as they are called, are the masters. It is prudent to bear these things patiently. They are great abuses—great insults, if you will; but, as a matter of policy, it is far better to endure than to resist them. If you do not accept the provocation they offer, there can scarcely be any disturbance; or if there be, you are so eminently in the right that you will be strong to deal with it.

We have our Bealeses here in Italy—where are they not? What country is so blessed as not to have some blatant creature, weak-minded, good-hearted, and foolish, fond of notoriety, and so desirous of elevation that he would rather be in the pillory than on the level of his fellows?

Some southern Beales got up a demonstration at Venice, and threatened to get up another, and so frightened the authorities that they issued a proclamation against the meeting, and suppressed it: whereupon a member of the Opposition rose in the Chamber to question the Ministry on the subject; and Baron Ricasoli, who might easily have asked for time to investigate the

incident, and possess himself fully of the facts, angrily replied that these assemblages were become intolerable nuisances—that they interrupted business, interfered with industry, and impeded good government—and that, in fact, however regarded as privileges, or respected as rights, they had become positive abuses, which nothing but weakness could tolerate.

He was not altogether wrong in much that he said, but he was totally and hopelessly indiscreet to have said it. The pretension of a howling mob, headed by a vulgar and foul-mouthed demagogue, to impose its so-called opinions on a Legislature, is a thing to try a calmer temper than Ricasoli's; but we must take the world as we find it. This same liberty has its inconveniences, but it is well worth them all. England is a pleasanter land to sojourn in than Russia; and I prefer even Beales to the knout any day.

That Ricasoli made a great—some would say, a fatal—mistake in his reply to the Chamber is clear enough. There can be no greater mistake than to treat men with the want of consideration and respect which their intrinsic natures justify. The

Chamber did not present to the "iron Baron" the form or features of a great parliamentary body. There were, doubtless, here and there—it would not be difficult to count them—some men of mark and note. There were some of unquestionable zeal for the public welfare, and of unstained integrity; but what were the great mass? How many were there because they had failed elsewhere? How many sat on those benches, as in the shop or the counting-house, to make a livelihood? How many were on watch for the moment a Cabinet might be sore pressed, or a Government endangered, to make their terms for support? How many were simply commission-agents for a locality, a town in the Abruzzi, or a seaport in Sicily, trafficking between the Constituency and the Minister, and not improbably duping both? In no sense did the Parliament represent the country, save in the spirit of intrigue, which is distinctively Italian. Of the great landed proprietors, the rich merchants and bankers, the representatives of vast industries, there were but few. Of lawyers there were scores; some doctors, some professors, some priests; and a certain number of men who, making politics a trade, well understood how to make public life a paying concern, and carry on patriotism by double entry.

That Ricasoli should treat them with scant courtesy may be deplored, but it is not to be wondered at. And now he has dissolved them, and the question is, What is to replace them, and how is the King's Government to be carried on?

That the men who ought to sit in Parliament will seek the suffrages of the nation is highly improbable. That they would be chosen, if they did so, is almost as doubtful. The great mass of people are totally devoid of any political information in Italy, and the press is a lamentable instructor here. The chances are, therefore, that the

Minister will be met by a Chamber constituted pretty much like its predecessor, if not more largely tempered with Radicalism.

The great inherent defect of the Italian Chamber is, that the Opposition imagines that its whole duty is to be fault-finding, and never for a moment conceives that the party which can turn out a Government ought to be ready and able to replace it. Armed with a certain number of abstract truths about economy, reduced expenditure, diminished taxation, disarmament, and such-like, they never condescend to propose measures by which these enviable objects could be compassed. A patriot is only to cavil; his part goes no further than condemnation. Men of the widest divergence of views—the ultra-Catholic combining with the Mazzinian, and the "Oodino" with the Red Republican—by paralysing the action of a Government, are always able to charge it with weakness, and to make their accusation a fact. And if Parliamentary Government be not disparaged in Italy, it is mainly owing to the fact that few think or interest themselves about the Chamber.

So long as Cavour lived, the Government was well and ably carried on. He treated the Chamber pretty much as the first Napoleon used to treat a Council of State: he submitted his measures, and quietly hinted that, though he would not tolerate their opposition, he would accept their approval as an act of courtesy. The system worked, because there was consummate skill and ability to guide it. The very subordination in which these men lived under Cavour spirited them on to assert an extravagant amount of independence when he died. At last they were free—free to carp and job, and traffic and criticise—to propound their little schemes and projects—to combine against this and cabal against that. Court influences, too—powerless enough against such a man as Cavour—

came now to have their effect, and the Chamber became a network of intrigue and artifice.

It was the great triumph of Cavour to obtain foreign aid for Italy without any sacrifice of national sentiment. The small kingdom of Piedmont became the debtor of France, not only without humiliation, but without contracting a single engagement which could hamper the free action or cripple the resources of the nation. Will any one pretend that "United Italy," with twenty-seven millions of inhabitants, can sustain as proud a boast? Is it not clear enough that the military forces of the nation are maintained at their present exaggerated standard at the bidding of France, and that Italy must be ever ready to "turn out the guard" when the Emperor passes?

If you ask any Italian statesman why Italy maintains her present enormous military establishment—what enemy she has to fear, and why she does not reduce both her fleet and her army—the answer invariably is, France requires Italy to be ready for the events of Central Europe, or for whatever may happen in the East. That is to say, France expects Italy to aid her in questions which can have no interest for Italians, nor the smallest imaginable advantage for Italy.

If, therefore, the Financial Minister of the Cabinet impresses the necessity of economy and reductions, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs is obliged to own that his good relations with France depend upon the state of efficiency of the army, and the readiness with which he can place at the Emperor's disposal so many battalions or iron-clads.

How long, then, can Italy serve her two masters? how long can she continue a war-expenditure with a bankrupt treasury, and a people ground down by taxation? It is in vain to talk of what France or England, or even Belgium, can pay

in the way of taxation, and declare that the imposts of Italy are light in comparison with those borne by these nations. The load is onerous or easy, as is the strength of him who bears it. Italy has few manufactures. Few of her great industrial undertakings pay. All her railroads are in a condition verging on bankruptcy. She has little capital, and even less credit.

It is an easy task for the demagogue who would rip open the sores of malversation and maladministration in this country, for of a verity there never was a people who got less for their money than these Italians. Custozza and Lissa can tell what profit was derived from an enormous army, and a fleet that cost the nation little less than thirty millions sterling; and the last Commission on Education, which declares eighty per cent. of the population illiterate, announces the number of university professors as several thousands.

Till Italy can assert her total independence of France—till she can declare that she will not be drawn into complications with which she has nothing to do, nor led into a political action which has no possible bearing upon her own welfare—till she can, in fact, renounce the ambition of figuring as a great Power, and for objects which are not hers,—she must continue to grind her people by taxation, and raise money at ruinous interest to maintain a costly expenditure. Meanwhile Louis Napoleon is Allah, and Monsieur de Mallaret is his prophet.

Since the above was written a new Chamber has assembled, and the Ministry of Baron Ricasoli has fallen. How or why the latter event has occurred would not be so easy to say. Ricasoli possessed as much of the confidence of the nation as any man at this moment is likely to possess. He stood well with the King, without being a personal favourite—a position that insured a just amount of influence

without any compromise of individual dignity. He had, besides, the attendant advantages of good station and a large fortune; and, although not an orator, could speak reasonably well, and always to the purpose. He was said to be too English in his leanings; and I would be grateful to any one who would tell me what that means. If it imply that English counsels or advice have any influence over the course of events in this country—if it would signify that the practical spirit in which England deals with daily difficulties, preferring to meet the casualty of the hour as it presents itself, and not by elaborate speculations on abstract rights or principles, found favour with the Baron,—I would reply that all these things pertain to a past, and to a time when a man of no common energy, and of ability equal to the energy, represented Great Britain at this Court. Then, indeed, Ricasoli was English, just as Cavour was English. From the first hour of the struggle for Italian independence to the completion of her unity, Sir James Hudson imbued this people with such an amount of attachment to England, of respect for her good opinion, and desire to cultivate her goodwill, that, though we neither sent a guinea nor sent a soldier to her cause, as a scoffing Frenchman was reproached us with, Italy came out of her conflict with a stronger sense of affection for England than

for France, who had poured her legions over the Alps to fight for her. Every educated man in the peninsula knows well that it was the public opinion of Europe which made and consolidated Italian unity, and that of this public opinion England was the herald.

To ascribe the credit or the fame of this recognition of Italy to the Ministry which then guided our counsels at home, would be as just as to attribute the successes of a general in the field to the Cabinet who employed him. The honour of these triumphs belongs solely to one man, Sir James Hudson. While these events were being enacted, it was easy enough to be English here; but how, I would ask, or in what sense, can an Italian be English at present? Where is the politician, where the member of Parliament, to be found who professes to know or to care for our good opinion? In what society is the question raised, Will England regard this as rash, or unjust, or inexpedient? Where the newspaper that will condescend to report what we say on Italy?

As well call Ricasoli Japanese as call him English. If it simply mean that he is not French, and the *sous-prefet* of the French Minister, this is indeed intelligible. As much cannot safely be said for M. Ratazzi; and it is to his hands the King has now confided the task of forming a new administration.

FENIANS.

When some months back I ventured to declare that I thought Fenianism a humbug, and was rated soundly by a portion of the press, and even brought to book by my friend the 'Pall Mall' for saying so, a writer in that able journal asking what special sources of knowledge Cornelius O'Dowd possessed in his Tuscan villa to enable him to treat with levity what Lord Kim-

Berley regarded with horror and affright? My answer was then as now—I had none such: I was neither in correspondence with the Castle nor the Head Centre. I only presumed to read my newspaper, and to have some current knowledge of my countrymen, and I added, Fenianism will be exactly what you like to make it. By firmness and determination it can be

crushed; but if you palter with the treason, if you show signs of doubt or hesitation, if you relax in your measures of security, and, above all, if, listening to a certain set of politicians, you *affect* to remove the causes of rebellion by the reform of abuses which Fenians have not even condescended to call grievances—you will make of this mock insurrection a very serious cause of trouble, and, not impossibly, an open rebellion. I say so still. You cannot deal with such an organisation by the ordinary powers of the law. You want for such a crisis the promptitude and the irresponsibility which a suspension of Habeas Corpus gives you, and without which you are all but powerless.

The first thing, however, to do is to separate once and for all time the whole character of Fenianism from any connection with the so-called "grievances of Ireland." Rebellion has constantly selected Ireland as its standing-ground, just as plague or cholera are always certain to establish themselves in predisposed districts. It is not amongst the well-to-do, well-fed, well-clothed, cleanly, and active inhabitants of a city that pestilence seeks and finds its sure victims. It goes to look for them in the narrow lanes and blind alleys, where poverty and wretchedness congregate, where life is a daily struggle, and where everything that can aid the work of disease is already present and in activity. In the same way has disaffection been always sure to find a certain number of Irishmen ready for its contagion. I am far from saying that this is a light evil, or that it diminishes the deep gravity of the situation. I only pretend to assert that, without the introduction of disease from abroad, we should not have seen this pestilence amongst us, and that had a rigorous quarantine been established against rebellion, we should now be in presence of nothing worse in Ireland than we have been long used to.

Not that I mean to undervalue these symptoms of chronic disaffection. The story of Irish grievance is a very complicated web, and far too intricate for me to enter upon its disentanglement. The interval between the withdrawal of the old penal laws and the introduction of equal government in Ireland was not profitably employed. Education came too late. It might had it begun earlier, have prepared the nation for freedom, instead of, as it has in many cases, sharpened the rancour of disaffection. Concessions, too, should not have been meted out in dribblets. Protestants had no valid reasons to fear a rivalry with Catholics, and ought to have been proud to declare that for the prize of place or station they were ready to enter the lists with their competitors on equal terms. Not, be it well understood, that the disabilities which attach to the wealthier classes entered into the grievances of the masses; but that they drove the men of education and rank to make common cause with the people, and to urge their complaints as an argument for the relief of their own hardships. The peasant cared very little, it is true, that a Catholic lawyer could not sit on the Bench; and the disability acted as a retaining fee to make that lawyer the persistent advocate of the people against the Government; and this was the great brief that every Catholic barrister held in Ireland for years long. These things have passed away, but the memory of them has not passed away.

Another danger was this. In dealing with Catholic disabilities it was easier for you to remove those which attached to the educated classes, than to approach the far finer and more subtle grievances of peasant life. You could, by a word, throw wide the doors to place and advancement to men of station and eminence; and you did so, forgetting the while that

though you detached these men you had so promoted from the national cause, you meanwhile left that cause without the guidance they had once given it, and you threw the peasant into the hands of the priest, or, worse again, into the snares of the professional rebel. I can illustrate my meaning at once, by pointing to Ireland in the time of O'Connell; bad enough it was, in all conscience, but still it was governable. Rebellion did not take the field in those days, and the whole disaffection of the land was limited by what might be done within the bounds of an Act of Parliament. Under the guidance of O'Connell, the old spirit of '98 was fast dying out in Ireland; and I verily believe, had he lived long enough, he would have talked the fight out of Paddy, and made him as tricky, as dodgy, and as surly as any Reform agitator of them all. *His* catechism of treason never imperilled life; and it was a curious spectacle to see how a people eminently daring and reckless conformed themselves to a code the very opposite to all their instincts and all their likings.

The roguery of rebellion was thus invented and patented by the great Liberator; and though we grumbled a good deal about it at the time, some of us have lived long enough to regret that it is not with such treason we have now to deal, and would far rather be confronted with the petty larceny rascals of '48, than with sympathisers from Ohio armed with six-shooters. O'Connell frequently said—I myself heard him say it—"Abuse me as much as you will, but you will be sorry one of these days not to have me to treat with. They who will come after me will preach very different doctrines, and their demands will be pressed in another guess fashion than mine."

Probably it was from the long struggle maintained by England against O'Connell's agitation that men grew to imagine Irish treason

must always be treated by constitutional remedies, and our rulers were led to believe for a moment that the ordinary powers of the law would be sufficient to meet the present emergency. The declaration of this hope must have been very grateful news to the professional rebels. No class of men are more conversant with the privileges which they enjoy under the unalloyed British constitution than these people. No honest men ever imbued themselves so thoroughly with all the rights and immunities of freedom, nor were more finely sensitive of what blessings pertained to those who were protected by British law.

To tell these people that for the future they would be simply confronted with the ordinary law of the land, with all its delays, its evasions, its subtleties, prevarications, and uncertainties, was to the Irish rebel mind something not far from the excitement of a pleasant game, even though life or liberty were the stake.

Any one who has seen Irish patriotism in the dock, will not fail to have recognised the insolent braggadocio, the self-assertion, and the defiance with which a ragged miscreant demeans himself, pitted, as he fancies he is, against the might and majesty of England.

He well knows, no matter what amount of criminality may attach to him, how many chances there are in his favour, and that, if he does not escape through the fissures of a statute, he may still slip through, by the mercy of the judge, or the mistaken clemency of the jury. A very large share of the press, too, who do not favour actual rebellion, are ready enough to offer excuses for the misguided patriotism, the unwise zeal, of these regenerators of their country; and this species of sympathy has done a widespread mischief.

To ascribe the insurrectionary movement in Ireland to questions of land-tenure, the grievance of

an Established Church, or the exclusion of Catholics from the office of Viceroy or Chancellor, is the dishonest game of a most unprincipled party; or to pretend, as these men do, that to redress the balance of these measures would touch the heart of rebellion, is downright absurdity, where it is not something far worse.

The present Fenian outbreak is as much a financial speculation as a mine in Kansas or a branch line in Illinois. Every detail of a bubble speculation has been carefully noted and provided for by the "promoters" of this gigantic swindle. Had they been about to dupe their followers by a promise of material wealth—gold or silver—they would probably have pitched the enterprise in Mexico; but as it was only rebellion they offered, and outrage to England, they fixed on Ireland. Their great meetings of shareholders, their issue of scrip, their boards of direction, their quarterly reports, all duly followed the prescribed routine. Nothing was wanting! nothing but to declare a dividend. To do this, however, some bold step must be undertaken. The bondholders were getting impatient; and just as an angry meeting is occasionally appeased by the sight of a fragment of copper—a genuine specimen of pure "ore"—these people must be humoured by hearing that a landing has been effected in Ireland, and the rebellion begun.

The shooting of the police orderly at Kenmare, judiciously treated, and paragraphed with appropriate type and becoming comment, was certain to send up the shares in New York. There is no doubt of it; the news must have made a sensation on 'Change, and I am certain a very brisk business was done in "Irish" on the day the news reached America.

Now, what we greatly need in Ireland is not merely to punish rebellion, but to make the profession of a rebel unprofitable. So long as this bastard patriotism pays, and

pays well, there will be always men to adopt it as a career; and from the very causes which unfit these people for honest industry, are they generally daring, quick-witted, unscrupulous fellows, the very hardest to deal with in the world.

There is in every country a very large class of people who are averse to all honest and industrious modes of earning a livelihood, and who can contrive to make chronic disaffection a very remunerative profession. Ireland has always possessed a large share of these enterprising and engaging individuals, and the national patriotism has been pretty much what Johnson called it—"the last resource of a scoundrel."

To make Fenianism a chronic affection of the constitution is to invent a very lucrative career. The poorest peasant that ever fed on potatoes will spare something out of his hard-earned gains for rebellion! I think it is Miss Edgeworth that tells of a red herring hung up in the Irish cabin at which the family at meal-times point their potatoes as they eat, thus giving an imaginary flavour to the humble esculent; and so it is politically. Disaffection has seasoned the humble food of the people for many a year, and as they have eaten their potatoes they have "pointed" at rebellion.

It was possible, however, that long expectancy might have worn out patience and exhausted hope, so that the patriots were actually obliged to give some outward and visible sign of their existence, or their votaries might have wearied of wishing and given up their project as hopeless. To this end—not to take the field as rebels and risk their lives in a fair battle, but to sustain the credit of an industrial speculation—they made their demonstration at Chester, and are at this moment swarming in the mountains of Killarney. The company in the galleries have become impatient, and ask, When is

the piece to begin? so it is necessary to draw up the curtain, even though the *dramatis personæ* are far from perfect in their parts; something had to be done to allay the discontent that was abroad about inaction, and better to risk even a blundering first act than refuse all performance.

But let me not be misunderstood. This same disaffection is neither to be lightly treated nor paltered with. There is much discontent in Ireland, some of it causeless enough, some of it not unreasonable; but it is not treason. What is really to be feared is that "backwater of rebellion" which has set in from the other side of the Atlantic, by men who are perfectly ready to take the risk of a filibustering exploit, whether in Mexico or in Ireland, and who feel that even in defeat they have been able to offer a gross insult and an outrage to England.

The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act has allowed you to deal with these men. Short of the power it conferred, you could do nothing against them. For every one step you could make by statute-law they could make ten in treason. You must always be what Shiel called "half an hour behind the coach."

Where you needed promptitude and decision you were met by legal difficulties and delay. To deal with treason in this wise was downright ridiculous. You might as well order a line regiment on the day of conflict to charge their breech-loaders with indictments instead of ball-cartridge, and send the law-officers of the Crown to do the work of the lancers.

It has been often said that Pitt fostered the rebellion of '98 to carry the Act of Union; but we have no such necessities now, even if any ministry could be capable of such a treacherous policy. The age of Wolfe Tones and Emmetts is gone! When it was the policy of France to aid the disaffection of

Ireland, the case was very serious; but now, even if America, which I am far from believing, seriously desired to overturn British rule in Ireland, her distance from our shores would render the project less feasible. I am quite sure that there are a number of restless discontented spirits in "the States" with a strong aversion to any honest industry, and very sufficient indifference to danger, perfectly ready to throw themselves into any rash enterprise here or elsewhere, and rather here than elsewhere, with the chance—the almost certain chance—of insulting England, even though they should fail to injure her.

Hitherto we have been occupied in exporting the raw material of treason, and many men, some of them—like Lord Dufferin, for instance—of the greatest ability and weight, are of opinion that too many Irishmen cannot emigrate. Now, however, to our great surprise, the manufactured article has come back to us, perfectly finished and ready for the market.

Why we never saw that this would happen, why we never anticipated that the ordinary routine of trade would be followed in this article like any other of commerce, and that what we exported in the rough would be returned to us in all the perfection which skilled labour could bestow upon it, is really not so easy to say; but there it is, and there is no denying it. To meet these men on anything like equality, you needed the extraordinary powers which a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act confers, and which, after all, only places you in the position which any Continental Government would occupy when confronted with rebellion; and no desire to conciliate a party, no pursuit of popularity anywhere, should have ever induced the Cabinet to deprive itself of such powers.

If Lord Kimberley's assertion that Ireland is permeated by re-

bellion throughout its length and breadth were true, it is needless to say that the measures adopted by the Government to meet the coming outbreak are totally and completely insufficient. But have late events borne out the noble lord's declaration? Whatever sympathy the people may have felt with the 800 scoundrels who skulked about the Gap of Dunloe, they certainly gave them no actual aid; they neither joined them nor met them; they did not even accord them the poor tribute of an interest, for, as the clever correspondent of the 'Times' writes, the whole business of life about Killarney went on just as usual; he met a wedding on the road, and the people were in their holiday garb, happy and pleasant-looking, and certainly neither impressed with the perils of a rebellion, nor the dangers that might follow its repression.

When some one appealed to Alphonse Karr on the expediency of abolishing all death punishments, he replied, "I'm quite willing to agree with you, only let the murderers set the example." Now, I am

far from counselling cruelty; I do not know that I would go to the length of even severity, save where some especial case called for it; but I would emphatically say, Do not keep all your sympathy for the law-breakers—have a little consideration for the well-conducted and the loyal; do not condescend to acknowledge as patriots men whose acts proclaim them to be reckless freebooters and brigands. The men who lead the movement scorn to base their intentions on the so-called wrongs of Ireland. They declare war against England on far higher and bolder grounds than a tenant-right or a church question. In one word, a few reckless needy adventurers, with neither taste for an honest life nor the aptitude for an honest calling, entitle themselves the Irish people, and vote Ireland to be theirs. To deal with these men, who are not in any sense our countrymen, let the law take its course without any regard to representation from without, or to the sympathies, more or less dishonest, of political opponents.

SOME SHAMS OF LEGISLATION.

I read in the 'Times' that the proprietor of the "White Horse, Islington," was charged by Inspector O. with opening his house before one o'clock in the afternoon, and serving beer and other liquors to persons not travellers, contrary to the 2 & 3 Victoria, cap. 4.

The offence was distinctly proved, and the only question raised was, "What is a traveller?" In the present action, the persons committing the heinous offence of slaking their thirst before one o'clock were drovers, and it was contended that if they were not travellers within the meaning of the Act, they ought to be treated as travellers. The magistrate, however, opined otherwise; he deemed that, having finished the business they were

engaged in, they had ceased to be travellers, and had no right to be regarded in that exceptional light: but that, in order to decide what was a traveller, he would inflict the highest penalty on the defendant, thus giving him the right to appeal, leaving it to the Court above to determine the point. Now here is another case for Mr. Timbs; here is one of those things not generally known, for though we all of us can form a shrewd guess of what is a bagman, and many of us are aware of what is a Queen's messenger, which of us can tell whether these be travellers by the 2 & 3 Victoria, or if they are qualified or not to drink beer on a Sunday?

In this Islington case the offen-

ders were drovers. I never was a drover, and I have no more than the popular idea of what a drover's life and habits may be; but it occurs to me that if a man were driving cattle on a highway for some hours of a morning, there would be not only that amount of muscular exertion, but also of vocal expenditure, which might warrant a little refreshment; and that, independent of the pedestrian feat, there would be such a call upon the bronchial tubes and the vocal chords, as might make a drink a matter of actual and immediate necessity. Nature's sweet restorer at such moments is certainly bitter beer; and were I the magistrate, I suspect I should have felt that the claim to a little half-and-half was almost as strong as that of a first-class traveller by rail who had never wasted his breath upon bullocks, nor objugated a flock of sheep during a six-mile walk over a muddy road.

According to the Act, a traveller, in all the luxury of air-cushions and rugs and hot-water bottles, with his brandy-flask and his cigar-case, his 'Times' and his 'Pall Mall,' is a proper object for indoor relief at a house of refreshment; while a famished pedestrian, if his home be only in the county, is to be sent hungry and thirsty away. If you do not set out by defining what is a traveller, the Act is nugatory. When you apply a penalty to any breach of the law, you enter into a detail, very lengthy occasionally, of the several ways the offence may have been committed, and you ultimately bring the charge down to the individual in question; here, however, you accord a privilege, and the point to decide is to whom it applies. Certain people, by the law of England, may drink beer on a Sunday. Which be they?

When I was a student of Arts at Trinity, Dublin, in days of more highheartedness than I am like to know again, I chanced to have

for my "chum" a man of considerable ability, and who, but for a disposition to indulge in drink, would have swept college of all its prizes.

After repeated acts of insubordination, originating in this unhappy fault, "calls to the Board," fines, &c., he only escaped formal rustication by a pledge solemnly given to his tutor, accompanied by a convention, that he was to have the daily privilege of one tumbler of punch, never to be exceeded, except if wet through and thoroughly soaked, when a second might be taken.

Now my poor friend, not having that confidence in the climate of his native country that he might have fairly possessed, conceived the idea of aiding nature; and might be spied towards six of an afternoon standing on the steps of his chamber, while his servant, with a watering-pot, performed the part of Pluvius from a window overhead, after which he would return to the company, and beg them to note the condition he was in, and be able to bear testimony, if called upon, that he was in the predicament specified in the Act, and eligible for another tumbler.

I do not mean by this reminiscence to suggest him as an example, but simply to show the difficulty of all legislation for such cases.

Of the class who frequent ale-houses, the large majority are people who can obtain drink nowhere else; and to tell these men, whose stomachs have been educated and trained to certain supplies at stated intervals, that by Act of Parliament they are never to be thirsty on Sunday till two of the afternoon, is not always intelligible, nor is the legislation calculated to allay that dryness and heat of the mucous membrane which dispose to liquor.

That this should not have the invidiousness of being a rich man's law, you must shut up all Pall

Mall till two p.m.—you must put an interdict on hock and seltzer, sherry and soda, and a number of other restoratives not now deemed sinful.

The efforts we make in England to become good by Act of Parliament, show us to be a people who need more guidance than any other in Europe, or—I am half ashamed to say it—about as hypocritical a nation as ever lived. Our temperament is not lively, nor are we very buoyant naturally; but the amount of animal food and strong table drink we have taught ourselves to consume, enable us to do in social, what we are so eager to attain to in mercantile life, compete with the foreigner, and appear to superficial observers reasonably contented, and what is called “jolly.”

Now, our philosophers and guides, clerical and lay, do not approve of this frame of mind. They opine that seriousness is the spirit in which the weightier questions of life should be approached; and even though we do not come to their consideration at all, they insist that we should conform to the external appearance that would denote such consideration—that is, even though the troops should refuse to fight, at least they ought to parade in full uniform.

What we aim at, therefore, is, not to rob a poor man of his beer, but to put him in that frame of melancholy which such abstinence is sure to impress, and which the law of England declares to be respectable. Gloom is, in fact, not goodness, but it is the outward sign of it, and the next thing to it. It is virtue electro-plated—warranted to look like the real article, and to stand wear so perfectly that it is pure waste to have anything better. Our people will not go to church. I don't stop to ask whose the fault; but they won't go, and they ought. Such being the case, the best thing to be done is to make them look like men who have

been there; and wise statesmen and learned lawgivers have agreed that nothing will more conform to this end than stopping their beer till two p.m., so that the shrewdest observer could not possibly distinguish between him who had been shut into the church, and him who had been shut out of the “public.”

If there were positively no other alternative in the case—if it must be either Protestantism or Port—these Acts of Victoria 3 & 4 would be possibly very laudable legislation. But is it so? Will the sulky spirit in which he will turn away from the closed door induce him to approach the place of worship? No matter, however, say our law-makers, whether it do so or not; he shall look like a man who has listened to a sermon; and even though he won't fight, he shall turn out in regimentals. What shams we are! How we go on insisting, year after year, that we should seem to be scores of things we know well we are not! and while we chorus “Rule Britannia,” we are in heart fully aware that we no more possess the sovereignty of the seas than we own St. Peter's!

Has the Church no more potent means of persuading men to attend the offices of religion than shutting the beerhouses? Is that the confession?

And if beer of a forenoon be vicious and corrupting, why should a traveller have access to it?

Last of all, are we prepared to declare, before the eyes of Europe, that we despair of being able to educate our people, and train them to habits of decency and sobriety, and that, as we cannot instil self-restraint and moderation, we are driven to proclaim exclusion from all privilege? Are we in reality to say, in fact, that the only way to prevent an Englishman from being drunk on a Sunday is to refuse him every manner of drink? This avowal does not please me, nor should I like to make it.

Above all things, let our legislation have no feature of class privileges about it. If you close the beerhouse, shut up the club. Let the lawmakers have a taste of their own quality, and know what it is to fast through a forenoon. This being virtuous vicariously seems to have a great attraction for all rulers of men. It is only a few days ago I read of an edict of the French Government "interdicting" to all Frenchmen the *entrées* of the play-table at Monaco.

Can any one imagine hypocrisy to go further than this? A Government which, by the whole opinion of Europe, is confessedly tainted with every species of stockjobbing trickery, railroad roguery, and 'change corruption; where men of nothing—the merest adventurers—stand forth, in a year or two, millionaires; where concessions to carry on great enterprises are be-

stowed as the wages of vice; and where the vast fortunes, accumulated without labour or industry, or talent or fitness of any kind, stand forth before the public eye a shame and reproach;—this is the Government which dares to proclaim that the people shall not enter a gambling-house. Let us only now hear M. Bismark declare, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods," and the thing will be perfect! After all, if the tapster at home be often puzzled to know what is a traveller, how must the croupier at Monaco be supposed to know which is a Frenchman? The like difficulty, in either case, shows how utterly absurd such attempts at legislation are. In fact it would be easier to carry out the edicts by transposition, and while refusing all drink to a *Frenchman*, shut out every *traveller* from the play-table.

THE DUTCH AUCTION.

Since the memorable era when the pigs ran about with knives and forks in them, begging to be eaten, we have seen nothing at all to be compared to the inhabitants of Luxemburg. They implore that they may be sold. With such energy, such warmth, and such sincerity do they press their entreaty "to be bought," they might actually be deputies of a certain Parliament I have just been listening to.

This extraordinary and new-born zeal to become Frenchmen would be a very puzzling problem to any one who had not witnessed the events of Nice and Savoy. Statisticians say that anything one likes can be proved by figures. I begin to fancy that Frenchmen have the same gift, and that, by a judicious agency and a liberal credit at the bank, there is scarcely a nation in Europe that could resist the attractions of union with France. The optimists who believe that uni-

versal suffrage will be the cure of bribery, have only to look at these examples of broadcast corruption to recant their faith. What are Totnes and Yarmouth compared to Nice and Savoy? How the small iniquities of the bribed householder pale before the grander corruption that debases by thousands, and degrades humanity by whole nations!

The Emperor of the French may be said to have patented this peculiar mode of annexation. Increase of territory with *him* is no ambition, no craving of another man's vineyard; it is simply the yielding to a law of nature. The principle which Darwin calls natural selection impels them to become Frenchmen. The desire is that implanted in man, to elevate himself to a higher destiny; and Paris is only, as it were, a stage on the road to paradise.

The French Emperor in all this is passive; he sits aloft like Jove

upon a cloud, and listens to the prayer of imploring humanity. He is fond of what he calls a dignified attitude, and I have no doubt this is one. So great indeed is the especial attraction that attaches to him, that if he were about to buy a cow in a fair we can imagine the animal mooing the moment he approached, and signifying in some bovine fashion the desire to be milked by him.

Of all the means employed to foster or encourage such strong sentiments of affection he knows positively nothing, no more than did the pure-minded candidates of Totnes and Yarmouth of the indiscreet zeal of certain men in their behalf. The wish to become French is in itself so natural that it requires no explanation. Luxemburg is sufficiently near France to be conversant with what goes on there. She knows the widespread liberty that men enjoy, the freedom they possess in the press and in the right of public meeting, the light taxation they live under. The general content of the land cannot fail to strike her; but above all there is a certain character of security, an air of permanence in everything French, which, whether taking its source in the temperament of the people or the personal traits of the ruler, must surely have its effect upon that peculiar organisation which gives at the same time the strength and the sluggishness to the Dutch nature. How it happened that they lived so long unaware of this natural desire, and how they became all of a sudden persuaded it was their inevitable destiny, is not so easy to explain. Some one has irreverently said that the Israelites never knew they were thirsty till Moses smote the rock; perhaps Luxemburg waited for some similar miracle, and that it was only at the sight of French profusion they remembered how parched they were.

At all events the result is before us; and, as the telegram announces,

the Luxemburgers have addressed a memorial to the King of Holland imploring that they may be permitted to be Frenchmen. The Dutch King evidently was not much enamoured of his Luxemburg subjects; and they were his to dispose of in any way he might fancy. It is clear enough that he had not many scruples about the exercise of that right, so much contested in these late years, of doing what he pleased with his own. The King of Prussia, however, had a word to say in the matter. The privilege of maintaining a Prussian garrison in the fortress of Luxemburg was reserved by a treaty; and we all know what respect and deference Prussia accords to a treaty! Here, then, was a grave difficulty; for though France might buy the Duchy, who was to guarantee that the Prussians would evacuate it? In fact, the King of Holland, like an Irish landlord, could only sell the estate with the squatters settled on it, and leave the process of ejectment to the new proprietor.

France evidently did not appreciate the advantage of such an arrangement, and she asked—naturally enough, perhaps—why Holland and Prussia couldn't settle that little difference between them, and give her a clear title to the property, without any contingent remainders. This, however, was not so easy a process as might have been imagined. Holland and Prussia could not by any means see things in the same light. The Dutch King was very eager to sell what he well knew would be forcibly wrested from him in the first great conflict in Europe. Prussia, on the other hand, had just made a great nation by the cry of "Germany for the Germans," and could not refuse to recognise that half-legitimate branch of the family who lived next door; and thus was it that these "compound householders" could not be brought to agree in their vote.

The dispute is a striking illustration of the benefit which small States have hitherto conferred on Europe, acting as buffers to avert the shock of collision between the great Powers—a benefit which, I grieve to say, the temper of our age seems thoroughly to ignore or undervalue.

France appeals to Prussia very feelingly, and says, "Can you not spare me this small acquisition? You know what a high-spirited proud people I have to deal with, now they are yet smarting under the haughty tone of your reply when I asked for Saarlouis and the coal-fields." Since that time we have had our Mexican reverses, and, in fact, a dead run of ill-luck has followed us in every undertaking for the last couple of years." To which Bismark rejoins, "I know it and I have seen it, and it is exactly for that reason I am exacting. Had you been well-to-do and prosperous—strong in the world's esteem and powerful by your alliances—I'd have thought twice before holding to you such language of defiance as I now use." "Would you kick a man when he is down?" cried an indignant bystander to a Lancashire wrestler, and the reply was, "It is precisely because he is down that I kick him;" and Count Bismark might have been a Bolton man from his policy.

Luxemburg thus presents the aspect of a very pretty quarrel. Prussia cannot retreat without a sacrifice of the very principle by which she assumes to be the head of Germany. France can only retire with humiliation. The issue, it is true, may be left to diplomacy; and diplomacy, like Chancery, generally ends by wearying out the suitors and ruining both parties by the costs.

Some of the foreign newspapers declare that England is very much gratified by the turn these events have taken, and rather ungenerously hint that we look to a great

Continental war, in which we shall take no part, as the most likely means of regaining our long lost influence in Europe. Let us do what we may, to certain appreciations we must remain "perfidious Albion" to the end of the chapter. Our withdrawal from the Ionian Islands was lately stigmatised as a piece of treachery, by which, giving up an untenable position, we were enabled to turn round with reproach upon any nation that possessed a square yard of territory taken from a neighbour.

In all our vaingloriousness we have never thought ourselves to be the most polite of nations, nor the most conciliatory; but we have certainly imagined that honesty and fair dealing occupied a reasonable place in the national character, and yet these are the very traits foreigners deny us!

For my own part I do not see what gain can accrue to us from a war between France and Prussia. The formation of a powerful State in Central Europe, able to resist French encroachment and Russian ambition, would of course be a great object with us, presenting as it would the best guarantee of peace, and this would certainly be imperilled by a Continental war. Germany has not yet had time to consolidate, and the jealousies between north and south have not yet disappeared; and though a great war might possibly be the surest way to efface these differences and band the peoples together, it is a costly experiment, and not without its dangers.

Some are disposed to think that France cannot fight on account of having the Great Exhibition this year, thus realising the old adage, that people in glass houses mustn't throw stones. Others say she is behindhand with her breech-loaders, and that the army generally has lost much of its old self-confidence; and there are others, again, who, affecting to know the Emperor's mind, declare that the ter-

rible word "coalition" is ever before him, and that it will be against a united Europe he must take the field when he next goes forth to battle.

These are all speculations that

will keep for a month, and I hope, before the time comes round, to have something to say on them.

Meanwhile Luxemburg is still "to let," and in Dutch auctions the bidding always is "downwards"

TRANSATLANTIC FENIANISM.

"FENIANISM," the latest and freshest growth of Irish idiosyncrasy, is not an indigenous plant. It is not racy and of the soil, as its hasty withering and shrivelling up in the wilds of Kerry and the cornlands of Tipperary is sufficient to prove; but an exotic, needing the warmer skies of a very different latitude and longitude, and a great deal of hothouse forcing to enable it to blossom or put forth leaves at all. "Discontent-with-the-Saxon" is a vigorous little plant that propagates easily in the Green Isle, and that can neither be cut down, or ploughed up, or burnt out, or in any way extirpated, however much that good old farmer, John Bull, may try to clear his estate of it. But Fenianism is a plant of another character, and only flowers in America. It would not flourish to any great extent even there, unless it were carefully cultivated and nursed, though it must be said, not for its beauty, but for the irritating poison to be extracted out of its roots and leaves. Before we proceed further in our account of its noxious growth in the rank soil of American politics, let us state broadly at the outset our conviction that the true American people—the people of English and Scottish origin—the descendants of the Puritans who went forth in the *Mayflower* to colonise the bleak shores of New England, and the descendants of those less austere, but none the less genuine, Englishmen who bent their way south to the "plantations," and founded the noble states of Virginia, Maryland,

Georgia, and the Carolinas, bear no ill-will to the country of their ancestors. On the contrary, they glory in their British origin, and claim our traditions, our history, and our literature, as their own. They are as proud of all the great names in our muster-roll of heroism and genius as if America had never been discovered, and they were still denizens of the dear old land whose mother-tongue they speak. Our virtues are their virtues; our faults are their faults; and the very arrogance which they sometimes display towards us is but the arrogance which, in the best periods of our history, we have but too often displayed towards other nations. Yet America, that loves England in her heart, continually speaks of, and often acts towards her, as if she hated that teeming mother of free states, from whom she herself derived everything, even the right to the soil of the New World; while her statesmen comport themselves in such a manner, when there is supposed to be peace between the two, as would be incompatible with any other relations than those of war, if France, Russia, or any other power in the world presumed half as much as America has done on our patience and forbearance.

The reason of this anomalous state of affairs is not so well known on our side of the Atlantic as on the other. To the Americans, however, it is plain as a pike-staff. The disturbing element in their politics is the Irish vote, and the continually recurring necessity under

which each of the two great parties finds itself of courting that vote, in order to secure a majority. The Irish number four or five millions out of a population of near upon thirty millions; and never, even to the third generation, become so thoroughly Americanised and incorporated with the people amongst whom their lot is cast, and whose political liberty they share, as to lose their distinctive character as Irishmen. The Germans, who are fully as numerous in the United States, assimilate themselves more rapidly and more completely with the native-born Americans, and do not form, like the Irish, a political community apart from the people around them—a little nation within a great nation—which the great nation must court for the purposes of party government. We in Great Britain, notwithstanding our long and painful experience of Ireland and the Irish, are far from comprehending the Irish people. We know that they are brave, generous, impulsive. We also know that they are quarrelsome, and that if they had not England to quarrel with, they would quarrel with one another; and we suspect, not without abundant reason, that if we could but push the Green Isle to the middle of the Atlantic (alas that the feat is impossible!), and leave the people to govern themselves, they would very speedily, in the heyday enjoyment of their liberty, enact a Donnybrook Fair in every parish from Galway to the Hill of Howth, and from Londonderry to Cape Clear, crack sculls, shoot landlords, and be so generally jolly, that a civil war between the "haves" and the "have-nots," the Catholics and the Protestants, the Macs and the O's, the Big-endians and the Little-endians, and half a hundred other divisions and subdivisions of clan, of sect, and of faction, would be the inevitable result. The British people, while not understanding either the Irish or the ill-will which so many

of them seem to entertain for the British Government, know that they on their parts do not reciprocate their hatred or their jealousy, but are sincerely desirous of the welfare and happiness of Ireland, and would unfeignedly rejoice if that country were as contented and as little heard of as Yorkshire, and as politically untroublesome as the Isle of Wight. The Americans are just as ignorant of the inner mind and real wants of the Irish in America, as the British are of the idiosyncrasies of the Irish at home. All that the Americans know is, that the Hibernians among them, whether they be new-comers or the children and grandchildren of a bygone generation of immigrants, hate England, and that nothing is so likely to tickle their fancy at election time as abuse of Great Britain and its institutions. And as there is always an election going on in some place or other, or for some office more or less important and lucrative, those who desire to win, and those who are afraid to lose the day, are never long without the opportunity of currying favour with that really foreign faction, which, under the operation of the law of universal suffrage, holds the scale between the too evenly balanced parties into which the natives are divided.

Prior to the collapse of the Repeal Agitation under Daniel O'Connell, when the emigration from Ireland to America was not very large, the Irish in the United States were not very powerful, and their sweet voices were not very eagerly courted by the native politicians. But as soon as the ignominious failure in 1848 of the silly rebellion led by Mr. Smith O'Brien and the small agitators who shared his hopes and his fortunes, had sent into exile, voluntary or involuntary, a number of rampant haters of British monarchy and aristocracy, and of British connection with Ireland, all of them zealous lovers, real or pretended, of

American Democracy, the Irish in America, formerly without leaders of any note or influence, found themselves in possession of some choice demagogues, whom Ireland was too hot to hold. In the awful years of the potato disease, when millions of people suddenly found themselves without food, and when Pestilence followed close upon the heels of Famine, and more than decimated, or twice decimated, the miserable population; and when the strongest of those who were left alive and had the terror, the courage, or the means, to fly from a land that seemed to be accursed of heaven, swarmed into New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, by every sailing-ship from Cork or Liverpool, in countless thousands, gaunt, haggard, and panic-stricken—the baffled agitators and revolutionists who had preceded them in exile found a fulcrum on which to work. These desolate and ignorant fugitives were but too ready to believe, as they were told, that British misgovernment had produced the potato disease and the plague that followed it; that the cruel Sassenach had first, by his oppression, deprived them of the lands that belonged to the people, and afterwards rendered it impossible for them to procure bread and beef like happier Englishmen; that Republicanism, if it had existed in Ireland instead of a monarchy, would have cured these and all other evils, and made the Irish people as prosperous as the Americans. These and similar appeals to the ignorant multitude found ready credence; nor were there wanting believers among the better class of Americans in the foolish doctrine, that it was not the great extent and fertility of the United States that rendered it possible for every man of ordinary industry and intelligence, not only to be well fed, well clad, and well lodged, but to put by a surplus for a rainy day; but the form of government, which, by overshadowing no one with the upas branches of a monarchy and aristocracy, allowed the free sunshine of fair play to every faculty and to every ambition. The news of the “rebellion” (it is a large word for so small a matter) of Mr. Smith O’Brien and the few dupes who supported him, was received in America with great enthusiasm. It seems somehow or other to be a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxons, or let us say of the British and Americans, of the present day, to sympathise with rebellion everywhere except at home. The Americans sympathised with the Irish, with the Poles, and with the Hungarians, just as the English have sympathised with the Southern States, with the Poles, and with the Hungarians. To certain minds rebellion is always attractive, only it must not be in their own country. However this may be, the Irish in America in the year 1848 were both excited and delighted that the standard of revolt had been raised in Ireland, and held a series of meetings in all the great cities of the Union, both North and South, to pass resolutions of sympathy with their compatriots in the old country, and to collect subscriptions for the purchase of powder and shot, and the enlistment of recruits to aid the national cause, to proclaim the Irish Republic, and hoist the green flag on the towers of Dublin Castle. American politicians, who are always thinking of the Presidency, could not, as a matter of course, allow so splendid an opportunity to pass uncultivated, and party vied with party which should most lustily denounce England, which should most extravagantly laud and encourage the Irish malcontents, and which should raise the largest sums of money in furtherance of their cause. The Whigs or Federals, represented by Mr. Seward, now Secretary of State; the extreme Radicals and Abolitionists, represented by Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the ‘New York Tribune;’ and the Democrats or

pro-slavery party, represented by Mr. Charles O'Connor, an eminent lawyer of New York, all subscribed to the Irish fund, of which the avowed purpose was to help in the "liberation of Ireland from the British yoke." Upwards of two hundred thousand dollars were raised by these means, more than one half of which had been expended in printing, advertising, holding public meetings, paying for music, for banners, for bonfires, for transparencies, and all the other addenda and paraphernalia of popular agitation, when the news arrived of the capture of Mr. Smith O'Brien in the widow's cabbage-garden, and the total and all but ridiculous break-down of the grand movement which was to have driven the first nail into the political coffin of wicked Old England. When there was no longer any room for doubt on the subject, and when the fugitives from English justice—which was not after all very severe or bloody-minded on the rebels—arrived week after week in America to tell the tale of their failure, and nurse their own wrath and that of their countrymen in the States against the too powerful Government which had foiled their purpose, it was thought desirable to examine how much of the rebellion money subscribed in the States was left, and to what use it should be applied. Doubtless the "Irish Directory" in New York would not have had great, if any, scruples against the scheme for dividing it among the members, and such of the more powerful and eloquent fugitives as had eluded the English law by timely flight across the Atlantic. But this was not to be. It was found, after an audit of the accounts, more or less honest, that the sum of seventy thousand dollars (£14,000) remained on hand, and it was resolved to set it aside to accumulate at interest for future need, under the trusteeship and management of such eminent Americans and naturalised Irishmen as

had been most conspicuous in subscribing to the fund, and aiding the movement by their names and exertions. Among the persons selected for the office were Mr. Charles O'Connor (American-born, but of Irish descent, and more than once named as a candidate for the Presidency); Mr. Horace Greeley, a thorough American, without admixture of Irish blood; Mr. Robert Emmett, of historical name and connection *quoad* Irish rebellion; and the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York; together with many other highly respectable but less known personages connected with the politics of the Union.

From the year 1848 up to the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, no very formidable, and, it is believed, no successful attempt was made by needy Irish agitators to obtain possession of any part of this fund. There was, however, one man who looked upon it with greedy and with longing eyes—a man able to wield the tongue and the pen in support of any cause which he had at heart, and who had a remarkably good opinion of himself. But somehow or other he fell into bad company; he loved whisky and "promiscuous drinking," unwisely, but exceeding well, and often found himself in such pecuniary straits that the loan or gift of a dollar was like a plank thrown to a drowning mariner. He could not dig, or drive a cart, or follow the plough, manage a flat-boat, or split rails like Mr. Lincoln, or ply the needle like Mr. Johnson. He could do nothing but write violent tirades against England, which the New York press was not always able or willing to accept; for unless an election were near at hand, such tirades, however spicy and envenomed, were apt to appear stale and unprofitable, and to be, *tant soit peu*, a bore and a nuisance. In consequence of this restricted talent, aided very largely by the generous conviviality which impecuniosity could not restrain, as long as there

was a friend or acquaintance who would invite him to the whisky bottle, or furnish a trifle to procure the drink that every day's indulgence rendered ever and ever more necessary, this Jupiter, in whose brain the Minerva of Fenianism was even then generating, and was to spring forth fully armed and panoplied in the fulness of time, was reduced to mental and physical straits that were pitiable to behold. But he struggled on as best he could, escaping the prison, though not the police cell, destined, in New York as in London, for the reception of the unhappy wights who are found in the gutter unable to take care of themselves. On two occasions, if not oftener, he had a melancholy respite from the cares and sorrows of his position in a lunatic asylum; at least the friends and acquaintances who had been in the habit of lending him a helping hand have explained in this manner his long absences from his usual haunts. But the day of his glory was drawing near. His brain was not permanently affected, and the great idea that had already taken possession of it gradually grew into form and distinctness. He applied to a friend who had often before assisted him in emergency, an Irishman from the north of Ireland, who was growing wealthy by honest industry and enterprise, and had no hatred whatever against the Sassenach. The usual relief was gradually given, with a positive intimation that it was to be the last. The intimation was taken sorrowfully, but not unkindly; and the whisky or the spirit of prophecy inspired the recipient to say, "The Irish people owe me a living. I am as great a man as Daniel O'Connell, or, if I am not, I will be. The Irish maintained him. They shall maintain me." These few words were the first labour-pangs that announced the birth of Fenianism. The idea had been formed. The world as yet knew nothing of it; but he knew

it—not, perhaps, in all its magnitude, nor in its exact shape and development, but vaguely and generally, as the poem or the statue first presents itself to the imagination of the bard or the sculptor. He would be a loafer and a vagabond no more. He would reform. He would be a patriot, and make his patriotism profitable. His genius should emerge from the dark clouds which he had suffered to obscure it, and he himself, shaking off the slough of his old nature, should shine before the Irish in America as the man of the time—the organiser of victory—the foe of perfidious Britain, the champion of the Irish race, and the pioneer of Republicanism in the Old World, to have its first abiding place in the isle of St. Patrick, and thence to shed its beneficent light over England, France, Germany, and Italy, until all Europe should become, not a congeries of hostile monarchies and populations, but a confederation of free and independent peoples. It was a glorious vision, and quite worthy of the whisky that begat it.

The years between 1848 and 1860 were not wholly propitious; but they were nevertheless favourable. Every year a greater number of Irish landed in America. Thousands and tens of thousands of them remained in the city and State of New York; hundreds of thousands dispersed themselves over the Western cities, and the illimitable prairies, where no cities as yet existed, except on the map; and carried everywhere along with them the idea that if land could not be taken or purchased as easily in Ireland as in America, it was not the fault of Ireland itself for being so small, but the fault of the British Government, which had conquered Ireland, no one knew how many hundred years ago, and distributed the lands among the Sassenach, or half Sassenach, to the dispossession of the old race. The Irish at home, as everybody knows,

or ought to know, are not as a rule very well inclined to the payment of rent; and as in America rent is for the most part only paid for houses in the great cities, and not for farms, which are cheap enough for any ordinarily frugal and industrious man to buy outright, in easy instalments of payment, the anti-rent feeling is still stronger than it is in Tipperary, or anywhere else where a bailiff or a landlord may be shot down in the highway as if he were a dog, with the sympathy and passive concurrence of the whole population. This notion of land and rent lies at the very root of Fenianism; and being pertinaciously flattered by Irish and semi-Irish agitators in the United States, and not being contradicted, but tacitly encouraged by American politicians, who disbelieved it, took root in the Irish heart, and flourished "like a green bay tree." And when at last the election of Mr. Lincoln had been consummated, and the war between North and South broke forth with a fury which the wisest and most clear-sighted statesmen, both of North and South, had predicted, but of which the Northern multitude had not the faintest conception, and the Irish of all classes, high and low, sided all but unanimously with the South, a crisis occurred in Northern politics which prepared the way for the establishment of Fenianism.

The educated classes of Great Britain, with what Mr. Disraeli might call an "unerring instinct," inclined after a few months of hesitation to the Southern cause, and desired that the Southern Confederation should be wise enough to promise, at a certain fixed period, first of all to modify, and secondly to abolish slavery, in order that by so doing it might secure the then wavering sympathy of Europe, and be to this extent strengthened in that struggle for independence which, even with the fatal incubus of slavery upon it, was so gallant and glorious as to command the respectful admiration

of free men; but which, without the burthen and the shame of slavery, would in Europe have carried everything before it, and enlisted the enthusiasm of all the populations that were in the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. The sentiment of England and France that was for Hungary against Austria, and for Poland against Russia, and that thirty years before was for Belgium against Holland, in the attempt of the former state to dissociate herself from a disagreeable, if not hateful, partner, was going strongly for the South, and the feeling of the Irish in America was going along with it. The Northern people, and such statesmen as then directed the great and growing war with the South, saw with (let us once more employ the phrase) an "unerring instinct," that it would be highly politic and wise to divert the minds of the Irish Americans from this fatal misdirection, and lead their thoughts into the old channel—never dry, or to be dried—of hatred to and rebellion against Great Britain. All the supporters of Mr. Lincoln's administration; all the contractors who were growing fat and saucy upon the profits of the war; all the zealots and enthusiasts, all the negrophilists, who loved a black man better than a white man, provided the former did not live amongst them, and were a thousand or a couple of thousand of miles away; all the newspapers that took their cue from their party; all the multifarious interests that had sprung out of the war, and were growing with its growth—joined in the cry of hatred to England. The escape of the Alabama and the Shenandoah, proclaimed everywhere to be English steamers, and manned by English seamen, with not merely the tacit acquiescence, but the public and unblushing support of the British Government, was an incident that added fuel to the flames, and well-nigh drove the Northern Americans frantic. The painful surrender of

Messrs. Mason and Slidell in 1861, while the war was yet young, though reflecting credit upon the sagacity of Mr. Lincoln, and more especially of Mr. Seward, was highly distasteful to the Americans, and was cunningly used to divert the attention of the Irish from the domestic to the foreign incidents of the Civil War, and to foment their hatred against England, in order that it might be used thereafter for purposes that, if they did not provoke war, which was not then convenient, might establish what is called a "raw" against Great Britain, and put her to trouble, expense, and annoyance in Canada and in Ireland. A prominent member of Congress, the late Mr. Owen Lovejoy, whose brother had been killed in some southern or western state, in a riot excited by his public advocacy of negro liberty, among a community where it was dangerous and contrary to law to preach such doctrine, said, in his place in Congress, after the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell:—

"I am made to renew the horrors which I suffered when the news of the surrender of Mason and Slidell reached us. I acknowledge it; I literally wept tears of vexation. I hate it, and I hate the British Government. I here now publicly avow and record that hate. . . . I mean to cherish it while I live, and to bequeath it to my children when I die I trust in God the time is not far distant when we shall have suppressed this rebellion, and be prepared to avenge and wipe out this insult that we have received. We will then stir up Ireland; we will appeal to the Chartists of England; we will go to the old French *habitans* of Canada. We will join hands with France and Russia to take away the Eastern possessions of that proud empire, and will take away the Crown from that Government before we are done. I hope in the Lord God that the time will come speedily."

Mr. Parke Godwin, the principal editor of the most influential Abolitionist evening paper of New York, said, about the same time, though in another place, because England, in

common with France and all the European Powers, as well as the Northern Government itself, had conceded belligerent rights to the South, "that England" (not a word of France) "had ever been deaf to the cause of justice and mercy," and wound up by the pithy sentence, delivered amid the deafening cheers of the assembly—"I hate England." There was at this time hardly a publication of the 'New York Herald' that did not contain, either in the shape of editorial articles, or in letters, or stated "foreign" correspondence, virulent attacks on Great Britain. It would be easy to fill columns with extracts of the style of anti-British sentiment frequent in a journal which no doubt, even though it asserts the fact, has the largest circulation in America.

However, as it has been the fashion among the official and non-official envoys of the Washington Government in England to assert that the 'Herald' does not represent the "general feeling" in the least, but has what they call "peculiar proclivities," let us omit the 'Herald' altogether, although probably it could be shown, that the paper, whatever are its merits or demerits, gives true expression to the dominant antipathies of the population amongst whom it circulates. Be this as it may, it is a matter of fact that, as a general rule, most of the other New York newspapers expressed, though with more dulness, the same sort of sentiments with regard to Great Britain. The 'New York Times' and the 'Tribune,'—the first considered the "Government organ," and the latter the oracle of the Abolitionists and Protectionists, though constantly attacking and abusing each other, combined as congenially as the 'Evening Post' with the 'New York Herald' in their hatred of England. Indeed, so far as the foreign correspondence of these journals was concerned, their tone was usually more malignant, and

their distortions more absurdly unfair, than those of "the journal with the largest circulation in the United States."

After referring to what one of its writers considered the manifest destiny that Russia would one day subjugate France and England, the *New York Times'* editorially remarked:—

"Henceforth the American people will recognise no tie to England. They will consider her as the friend to human slavery; the accomplice in the attempt to assassinate free institutions; and a nation that professes goodwill only to betray in the time of need. They will remember, on the other hand, that Russia has stood firmly by them through every trial. They will admire her for all her grand efforts to enfranchise and elevate her own people, and will take it as an earnest of a grander final commission to infuse fresh blood into Western Europe, and redeem it from the degeneracy and decrepitude which seem otherwise inevitable. Young America salutes Young Russia; let the heathen rage."

"London," said the same journal, in a letter dated August 1862, "is hot and dull. The lower classes, left without the example of their betters, grow drunken and savage. Men beat their wives; women scratch and bite each other; some swallow ears, some gnaw off fingers. The Cannibal Islands are as savage than this drunken, besotted million of London. . . . The oddest, hardest, most repulsive populace, I verily believe, to be found in any civilised country."

Such persistent malevolence as these statements exhibited had their calculated effect upon the Irish mind, and thus the ground was duly prepared for the plantation of Fenianism. The credulous Irish, as innocent as unborn babes in any knowledge of the fact that the Federal Government not only did not care a straw for them, or for the supposed wrongs of Ireland, but hated them with as much earnestness as they themselves hated England, and only used them for a purpose, to cast them off as soon as the purpose could be accomplished, waxed insolent upon America.

Irish sympathy, and began to lay their plans for the recommencement of the enterprise which had so disastrously failed under Mr. Smith O'Brien, and to dream once again that the hour had come for the establishment of the Irish Republic, and the parcelling out of the broad domains of the Irish landlords, native or Sassenach, among the peasantry. And here our old acquaintance, who thought himself as good as Daniel O'Connell, and quite as much entitled as that eminent patriot to the eleemosynary support of the Irish people, stepped more prominently on the scene, and appeared conspicuously before the public of two hemispheres as Colonel John O'Mahony, originator and head-centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, and C. O. I. R., that is to say, Chief or Central Organiser of the Irish Republic. From the commencement of the year 1861 up to the end of the year 1862, the Fenian Brotherhood, under this person's manipulation, had been a secret society. Its numbers were few, and the "brethren" met in holes and corners in obscure taverns and lager-beer saloons, bemusing themselves with rum and whisky, and amusing themselves with inventing secret oaths and passwords, and the shibboleths, countersigns, and ceremonies in which conspirators of a theatrical turn of mind so dearly love to indulge. Its name was not mentioned in the newspapers, and when at last it was unearthed, few knew whether it was to be called Finnian or Fenian, or whether its cognomen was derived from Finn M'Coul, or from the fabled Phoenix, out of whose ashes was to arise the Celtic paradise where there were to be no landlords, and no taxes, and no interference with any man's natural and hereditary right to kick up a row and break his neighbour's head with a shillelagh. For a few months after its existence was made known the fact was doubted,

even in America; and though the divulgence of its plans and objects was inconveniently premature to its leaders, and came upon America from Europe, the first intimation of its existence having been given in the London 'Times,' the leaders very speedily threw off the mask, and proceeded publicly to enrol the "brethren" in all the cities of the North. The time was propitious, and England and the English were more than usually unpopular in the States. The ulterior object of the Brotherhood was proclaimed to be active co-operation with the people of Ireland in their efforts to free themselves from the English yoke, and Fenianism was described as not only a society, but a military organisation, ready to send an armed force of a hundred thousand men, as well as munitions, arms, ships, everything, in fact, that the new Irish nationality would need in the conduct of a revolution and a war against Great Britain. It was boasted that the Brotherhood had the secret countenance, among others, of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, of Archbishop Hughes, the Roman Catholic Primate of New York, and of the Romish hierarchy in general. The goodwill of the Irish was too valuable to the Federal Government at that time to permit of the authoritative contradiction of these statements; and Mr. Seward, whose mother was an Irishwoman, and who had openly supported Mr. Smith O'Brien's attempted revolution as far as his subscription of one hundred dollars could support it, prudently declined to undeceive either the Irish or the Americans, or to deny in any way that he was friendly to the movement. Lord Palmerston was at this time Prime Minister of Great Britain; and we have only to conceive what a fury and hubbub would have been raised in America if a person in his Lordship's high position had subscribed twenty guineas in solid proof of his sympathy with the South,

and what threats of war and vengeance would have been fulminated from every pulpit, press, and platform throughout the North against England and the English Minister, to be convinced that American statesmen and politicians have a different code of political morality for England from that which they think it befitting to employ towards other nations. But though Mr. Seward, as was befitting his position, was reticent, there was no lack of outspoken encouragement in other influential quarters; and Mr. Seward himself, though he did not expressly mention Fenianism, wrote to Mr. Adams in London to state his opinion (*vide* his Despatches, 1862) that a war with Great Britain would not fail to reunite the North and South. At the same time his chosen Ambassador to St. Petersburg, Mr. or General, Cassius Marcellus Clay, wrote to his chief to say, that "union with the United States should be offered to Canada, and that men and money should be sent into Ireland, India, and all the British dominions all over the world, to stir up revolt." The Ambassador added his belief "that vengeance would sooner or later overtake that perfidious autocrat Great Britain." The great Benjamin F. Butler, lawyer and major-general, the "Beast Butler" of history, was almost as outspoken. "We are not, perhaps, in a position just now," he said to a large audience in New York, "to provoke England. But, thank God, we are getting ready to remember her, and the Trent affair too." Fortified by such declarations as these, and the tacit, but none the less valuable, support of the leading public men of Mr. Lincoln's Government, and by the open approval of the press in all parts of the country, the Head-Centre and his subordinates proceeded to "stump" the North, and gradually organised a series of meetings in all the principal cities of the Union, of which the object was to lash up the easily-

excited fury of the Irish against the British Government, and (which was of more importance) to enrol "brethren" in sufficient numbers to provide the "sinews of war." Whether such "sinews" were to be employed in maintaining the state and dignity of the Head-Centre and his clerks and secretaries, or expended in that long-threatened war against Great Britain which was to add the star of Erin to the star-pangled banner of the Union, it is needless to state. The "brethren" enrolled themselves rapidly, but not nearly so rapidly as the "sisters" (a good old English word), who, in the State of New York alone, contributed at one time, in sums of twenty-five cents (a shilling) per week, as much as £10,000 sterling per month, out of their wages as domestic servants, to the funds of the Brotherhood. The great objects of Colonel John O'Mahony seemed on the point of realisation. His name was every day in the newspapers. He had power in his hands; he had patronage at his disposal. He was courted by leading Democrats and Republicans, all eager to offer, if not to pay him, a price, if he could turn the Irish vote into such channels as they should direct. For him no more the cheap whisky and the painfully borrowed dollars and half-dollars of an earlier time; but the sparkling champagne, the choice dinners at "Delmonico's," and the control of thousands of dollars—paper dollars, it is true, that were not convertible into gold, but into every other luxury that the heart of man could desire. The flowers of Irish eloquence are choice as well as fragrant; for if there be any one thing in which the educated or semi-educated Irish excel, it is in the fervid oratory that carries captive the small reason and the large imagination of the multitude, though it may not always commend itself to statesmen, philosophers, or men of business. The Head-Centre understood the wants and the tem-

per of his countrymen, and gave them as much "blarney," mingled with truculence, as the most vehement admirers of the "gift of the gab" could stomach without nausea. One specimen of his style will suffice, culled from a speech full of similar passages, addressed to a public meeting at Chicago, whither he had gone to enrol "brethren" and "sisters" and to gather in the dollars.

"You here," said he, "of the Great North-West must continue to cheer us on and encourage us by your exertions and unanimity. We of the seaboard in turn cheer on and invigorate our friends across the ocean, thus mutually helping each other along. Let us imitate the ancient wolf-dogs of our native land, and, without barking, approach the assassins of our race and spoliators of our homes; nor let the invaders (?) hear our approach till our fangs are fastened in the throats of our persecutors. We shall bide our own time. . . Our fellow-countrymen no longer have such a holy horror of war as they once had; they have on many a hard-fought battle-field become inured to scenes of slaughter and bloodshed. . . . Stand firm, Fenians! If you do, rest assured Ireland, once the Island of the Saints, will again return to her rightful owners."

St. Patrick, all the world has heard of; but Saint O'Mahony would have been a novelty. This, however, was a *lapsus lingue*. The "Head-Centre," as a matter of course, did not neglect the Federal army, in the ranks of which so many thousands of Irishmen were to be found; and succeeded very easily in winning over to public participation in his cause the ex-rebel Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher—one of Smith O'Brien's lieutenants—the noted "Meagher of the Sword," who, having aided a rebellion in his own country, thought it quite logical and consistent with his antecedents to aid in crushing another rebellion in the new country of his adoption, and had become a Brigadier-General in the service of Mr. Lincoln. He also secured the

those expatriated Irishmen, who are planted by thousands, like so many hostile garrisons, throughout Great Britain, in the very centres of her manufacturing and commercial wealth, throughout her colonies, and even in her imperial capital, driven from their ancestral homes by the fell agencies of the tyrannical laws of England; be it

"Resolved, That we, the representatives of the Fenian Brotherhood, labour with all our energies and talents, with stern will, steadfast zeal, and ceaseless exertion, to organise, combine, and concentrate those great elements of Irish national power, which an all-wise Providence has, it would seem, for purposes of retributive justice, placed within the reach of the present generation of Irishmen; and that we direct their whole force, moral and material, from all points, toward the overthrow of British tyranny in Ireland, and the establishment of an independent government in its stead.

"Whereas, We feel confident that the number and importance of the Irish element in the United States, England and her colonies, as well as the Irish power scattered elsewhere over the earth, on land and sea, have, at this particular epoch, reached the greatest development, and that, henceforth, they must rapidly decrease by the natural decay of humanity, inasmuch as Ireland, the source of their production, with her diminished population, is no longer able to fill up their places as they die out—to supply the 'wear and tear' to which they are subjected in the hard battle of the exile's life; and,

"Whereas, This declension of the Irish people abroad must be accomplished by the almost total extinction of the Irish race at home, if it be not speedily prevented by the destruction of the power which is causing it; and,

"Whereas, also, the thousands of well-trained Irish-American soldiers and able officers, who are at present longing to strike for the freedom of their fatherland, will dwindle away in equal ratio if no opportunity be given them to serve their own country while the vigour of their manhood remains unbroken; be it

"Resolved, That we call upon and exhort every true Irishman in America, England, and the British Colonies, to

rally round the Fenian Brotherhood, and to aid us in preparing Ireland for freedom's battle, and in hastening the day of her deliverance."

It must be said of the Fenians, that when they were a secret society they were very secret, but that when they became a public association their proceedings were very public indeed. They conspired openly; they published in the newspapers all that they wished and all that they were going to do; and all the measures they had taken; and all the names of all their agents, except their agents in Ireland. These they kept prudently out of sight. The British Government was fully forewarned. The silly intriguers could not hold their tongues; and were so defiantly open and candid in all their confessions as to lead many people both in Great Britain and in America to believe that the whole scheme was a hoax, or at best but buncombe and bosh, and never intended to be developed into a practical fact. But as any show of insincerity on the part of the leaders would have speedily dried up that beautifully meandering rivulet of dollars that flowed in dribblets of twenty-five cents per week from the pockets of fifty or sixty thousand Irish cooks, housemaids, and scullery-girls in New York alone, to say nothing of the tributary flow and freshet of greenbacks that dropped off the greasy hands of the male Irish, whether they were drivers of hacks, porters, day-labourers, grog-shop-keepers, or belonged to any other pursuit and business to which the Irish in the great cities of America most commonly betake themselves, it was necessary that a show of action should be kept up. The conclusion of the Civil War, by the conquest of the rebellious South, was the time fixed upon by these loyal and logical Irishmen for the excitation of a rebellion in the land of their birth. The question was thus set forth "by authority:—

"The nature of the Brotherhood, it was known to them, is necessarily different in Ireland from what it is in America, but its organisation there is exceedingly powerful, at least so far as regards the numbers and the standing of the men who have embraced it. The reason why agitation has died out in Ireland is, because the people are aware that no agitation will secure them what they desire—the complete independence of their country. They, therefore, for the present submit to the inevitable, quietly organise, and bide their time. For they know that the proper combination of events is only needed, when the signal will be given for an effort on their part so powerful as to be almost certain of success. It is very probable that the bulk of the members of the Brotherhood in America, as well as in Ireland, are not very well posted as to the definite objects of the Society. They certainly are not as to the purposes and plans of the leaders. To insure against betrayal of their secrets, only a few of the tried leaders are aware of the splendid programme which has been marked out by the leaders in this great national movement."

Events very speedily proved that the "tried leaders" with their "splendid programme" could not command either the faith or the secrecy of the persons in Ireland to whom, if anything at all was to be done in that country, it was necessary to confide some portion of their project. The Civil War came to a sudden and unexpected end, by the daring and able generalship of Sherman, by the obstinate but not able generalship of Grant, and by the exhaustion of the South—not so much for want of men, as for want of food, of the munitions of war, and of the means of locomotion on their worn-out railways. Richmond fell; the Confederacy collapsed like a pricked balloon; and the ground was clear for the Irish soldiery of the Federal army, who had affiliated themselves to Fenianism, to invade either Canada or Ireland, or both, as the Head-Centre and his associates might direct.

During all this time nobody had ever heard—except perhaps John O'Mahony and his secret council—of that other and more notorious Head-Centre, James Stephens, who was or was supposed to be at work in Ireland, preparing the way for the generalissimo who was to plump down on the Irish coast, at the head of twenty or thirty thousand Irish soldiers, trained, bronzed, and hardened in the Civil War, to proclaim the Republic and stir up the aborigines to revolt. The very name of Stephens was a surprise. It sounded much too Saxon to be agreeable to the Milesian ear. An O'Connell or an O'Donnell, a Mooney or a Rooney, a Ryan or an O'Brien, or even a MacGillicuddy or an O'Donoghue, would have been intelligible; but a Stephens! Who and what was he? No one could tell. Nevertheless he was accepted pretty generally, though not without a suspicion on the part of some of the most ardent and impulsive of the Brotherhood that he was a British spy who had imposed (or been imposed) upon O'Mahony. All this while, however, the funds rolled merrily in like billows upon the shore, making pleasant music to the ears of the Centres and Head-Centres and Deputy-Centres of Fenianism, and of the printers whom they employed to trumpet forth, as only the American press can, the great deeds that were done and about to be done in redemption of the sublime pledges which had been given by the charlatans and men of straw who had "exploited" (there is no other word for it) the credulity of the Irish lasses, and the innate and ineradicable love of a row and a shindy that characterises the Irish "boy," whether he be young or old, a denizen of Europe or of America. The Head-Centre hired a large mansion in New York, furnished it sumptuously, became a power in the State, and daily sealed (upon paper) the doom of the British Lion, whom

he, with genuine Irish gusto, declared to be "a mangy old beast, without teeth to bite or claws to rend an enemy." So fast did the money come in, that the old fund of 1848—the buried treasure of 70,000 dollars, supposed to be quite safe, and to have doubled itself at the very least under the fostering trusteeship of Messrs. Charles O'Connor and Horace Greeley, and all the rest of the Irish sympathisers of that long bygone day—was scarcely thought of. It was pleasant to reflect upon as a nest-egg, to be available perhaps in case of need, if the trustees were of opinion that Smith O'Brien's rebellion—for aid to which the money was subscribed by Mr. Seward and others—was identical in spirit and purpose with Colonel O'Mahony's design and that of the Fenians generally. Meanwhile it was not wanted, especially as the contributions of the faithful followers kept pace with the promises of the sanguine leaders; and even O'Connell's Rent seemed for the time to be thrown into the shadow of insignificance compared with the magnitude of the Fenian tribute that gushed into Colonel O'Mahony's exchequer. The Americans looked on, partly amused and partly disgusted; but no party among them took any active or overt step to disavow approval or participation in the Fenian cause. Though the Americans hated the Irish very cordially, neither of the great parties, the Democrats and the Republicans, was at all sorry to see that the Fenians kept Canada in alarm, and put its loyal people to expense, and compelled the British Government to take precautions for the safety of Ireland. The question of the depredations of the Alabama and other Confederate vessels rankled in the American mind; and there were not wanting men of high position who would have been glad of any

temporary success of the Fenians in Ireland, such as would have led to the proclamation of an Irish Republic, and were ready to take advantage of it to fit out privateers under the Green Flag to scour the ocean in search of unarmed British vessels. But these people were in a minority. The Federal Government and the bulk of the American people were by no means so insane as to desire a war with Great Britain; though a considerable party were very glad of any occurrence that might annoy and perplex the British Government. War was not in their thoughts. They would have stopped a long way short of that catastrophe; but the irritation of the British mind to the extreme point compatible with peaceful relations, was a work which they were well content to see in Irish and Fenian hands, and with which they had no intention of interfering. It was Robespierre, or some other magnate of the French Revolution, who said that he wished every aristocrat in France would kill a priest, and be hung for it; and, parodying this idea, an American of some note declared in a similar spirit his desire that every Irishman in America would kill a "nigger," and suffer the death penalty for the crime. To this class of American, whatever tends to get the Irish into trouble is pleasant; and the threatened invasion of Canada and Ireland, so far from exciting their deprecation of such ill-judged and wicked attempts, only caused them to chuckle in secret at the chance that, if nothing else came of it, there would, if fighting occurred, be all the fewer Irishmen in America.

It is not our purpose to recapitulate the incidents of the miserable failures of the Fenians, in their absurd attempts to conquer Canada and to revolutionise Ireland. In both cases enough has been proved to show that, even with the factitious

and unreal aid given to Fenianism in the United States, it has no hold upon the native and unmigrating Irish. In Canada not one Irishman in a thousand has the slightest sympathy with the Brotherhood. In Nova Scotia a Fenian dares not show his head for fear of Judge Lynch. In New Brunswick a Fenian is a *rara avis in terra*—spoken of, but seldom or never seen in the flesh; while in Ireland it would seem, from the history of the Fenian invasion and its humiliating catastrophe (*quoad* the Fenians, be it always understood), as if there were not only one little bird, but ten thousand little birds in the air, to carry the tale of the traitorous movement to the highest places, and forewarn authority of the least as well as the greatest of their projects. In short, as we stated at the beginning, Fenianism is essentially a product of the United States. Without the approval, sometimes real and often simulated, of the American press and of American statesmen, it would have been as poor and contemptible a thing in America as it has shown itself in Ireland. It is time, however, that the American Government should cease to

pat the misshapen creature on the back. The game which many leading Americans have hitherto played is rather a dangerous one; and bloodshed on the Canadian border might lead to such exasperation of feeling, both in Canada and in Great Britain as well as in the States, as would sorely try the temper of the best friends of peace and the ablest statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic.

Let us but add in conclusion that Colonel O'Mahony has disappeared from the scene. Whether he has feathered his nest with the dollars of the Irish servant-girls and his male dupes is not known but to himself. James Stephens has disappeared also, under a cloud of doubts, which none but himself can remove. New men sit in the places of the old leaders, and Fenianism is gradually dying the death of other Irish agitations. But the spirit of Irish disaffection is immortal, and has had, and probably will have, as many Avatars as Vishnu. What is to be the form or name of its next incarnation no one can tell, and for the present no one cares to know. Sufficient for the day is the botheration thereof.

HOW TO MAKE A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

In a conversation between two learned persons, in which much was said about books and libraries, and all the machinery that makes persons of their class so much wiser than the rest of the world, it came to pass that one of them offered it as his opinion to the other that a certain great national library must be very defective in the department of French literature, since he had looked up "Voltaire" in the catalogue and had found no entry whatever under that head. His learned companion put the suggestive question, "Did you look under the head *Arouet*?" Perhaps the name was badly pronounced. Whether from this or some other cause, the answer of the learned investigator was, that indeed he had not looked for Voltaire's name among the "*Roués*," nor had it occurred to him that it was either logical or judicious to set aside such a department in a catalogue of authors, however appropriate it might be in the records of a police bureau. In fact, in catalogues where authors and their books were so classified in groups, how could one ever be sure of what he was about? How was one to suppose that there should be a department set aside for literary *Roués*? Supposing it known that such there was, why should Voltaire belong to it? Were there not others more appropriate to a library, as well as to one who, in a catalogue of the contents of such an institution, has his place rather according to the nature of his literature than the habits of his life? Would it not be more natural to seek for Voltaire under the head of Historian, or of Dramatist?—of Novelist, or Philosopher, or Sceptic, or Infidel, or Blasphemer, or Revolutionist? If there were a special department for Cynics, would not that wonderful creation 'Can-

dide' frank him into it, and entitle him to share tubs with *Diogenes*?

"*Roués* indeed! how can you make such a definition logically sufficient both for those it includes and those it excludes? Shall we say that *Petronius Arbiter* comes undoubtedly within it?—that it might claim *Peter Aretin*, *Le Sage*, *La Fontaine*, *Rochester*, *Cleland*, *Louvel*, and *Le Clos*? And yet, censurable as the literature associated with these names is, might there not be other heads under which their works might naturally be looked for? But such will ever be the result of any attempt at a class catalogue. You must give the names, sir—the proper name of each author in alphabetical order. It may not be a logical system, but it is complete and satisfactory. Everybody who wants to read a book knows the alphabet—everybody in a civilized country knows the difference between a surname and a Christian name—almost everybody has heard of Voltaire, and would turn instinctively to the letter *V* as a means of finding his way to the shelves on which the numerous works of that accomplished author are treasured."

Now, however preposterous may seem this flight from the family name of Voltaire's father to the supposed specialties of his character, or his literature, or both, we can only say that in the humbler walks of book-cataloguing there are as absurd classifications or headings every day. Let any man who is in the habit of receiving the catalogues of book auctions, or of the bulk of the dealers in old books, judge what we here say. Perhaps in more eminent quarters we may find some examples of blunders and perversity sufficiently potent to bring solace to the humbler class of operatives. In the mean time let us note that, however

wide of the mark our philosophical friend started, he was in some measure right in his conclusions. He was right in them so far as they were negative and condemnatory; wrong, or at least imperfect, so far as they professed to be positive and instructive. He was right enough in saying that an arrangement which classes any group of authors as *Roués* must be unsatisfactory, vague, and imperfect, but quite wrong in the belief that his own simple method of alphabetical arrangement would solve all the difficulties of the question. And here we have the great characteristic of catalogue-making. It is the same, no doubt, in many other pursuits. It is easier to find fault than to show how to be right. To discover what any system has failed to do as we see it worked, and is incapable of doing however well worked, is a simple and sometimes a pleasant and a genial task. To find the remedy in a perfect system is surrounded with difficulties. So it is proverbially in multitudes of human affairs; but in this particular corner the contrast between the efficiency of the destructive and constructive is so emphatic and flagrant as to make the history of catalogue-making an interesting object of inquiry in connection with the limits of the capacity of the human intellect.

There are few things in all the doings of the civilised world much commoner than the making of book-catalogues. There are few occupations deemed more simple and humble. It is not merely that it is often the function of very obscure members of the literary school: it goes below the stratum of literature and learning, and is taken up by clerks, auctioneers, and all the rest who can spell and hold the pen. They will one and all do you off a catalogue of any class of books whatever with ready alacrity and without a particle of misgiving. Yet while these humble labourers toss off their work

entirely to their own satisfaction, up in the higher schools of literature there has been long warfare on the principles and practice of catalogue-making. Projects have been started, attacked, defended, and abandoned, and repeated contests have had, like other wars, a destructive end. It is a remarkable thing that, for all the busy efforts made in such work, the world has yet no satisfactory specimen of a great catalogue. Such an effort, it must be remembered, would not merely attach to its own special library, but to all the world. It has often been said among the bookish, "Print one perfect catalogue—say of the Imperial Library at Paris—and it will supply the bulk of the items of all others." To make such a catalogue applicable to the smaller libraries, nothing is needed but to obliterate the entries of books not to be found there, and make entry of the comparatively few found to exist in the smaller establishment and not in the larger; but such a boon has not yet been conferred on literature. There is no such catalogue which an accomplished librarian will admit as superseding his own workmanship in the literary treasury of which he has charge. Hence the multitude of projects of this kind that have come to grief in some shape or other; have left a mere fragmentary trace of a great design; or have been brought to premature and puerile completeness.

We here at once recognise the features of some great blunder, coming, as most such blunders do, of fallacious analogies between two things which look like each other, but are essentially different. What, it may be said, is a catalogue, after all, but an enumeration of numbers with a distinguishing mark to each item of the number?—an affair of organisation and detail, which can be done upon any scale, if the design is properly laid out, and a sufficient number of hands are set at work? By such an organisation the census

of an empire of twenty or thirty millions is taken in one day. At once we pass from chaos into order. The wildest notions had prevailed about the actual population, and its number in millions varied as much as the efforts of the humble swain who takes to counting the stars. He now, for all practical purposes, knows the numerical strength of the empire better than he used to know that of his native village. Perhaps in some remote corner a fanatical Methodist has referred to the precedent of David, and has declined to be accessory to the sin of counting the people: the sensible enumerator has probably got the number of his family without his assistance, and declines the trouble of pressing for the penalty under the Act. Then, again, there is doubtless a suspicious tendency here and there in the numbers of the female sex above the age of twenty to dwindle. But with these and many such trifling defects, a census is a thing which we are now accustomed to deal with as a great fact comprehending a varied collection of small facts. It is an achievement which one man, which a hundred men, could not have personally accomplished. While they were counting, men would have died and infants arisen. Organisation and division of labour have done it all, and done it thus completely and effectively.

Why, then, not take example by this in a library census? Set a sufficiency of men to work; drill them; give them instructions, founded on some uniform and sound principle. Surely, if not in one day, in several—say in a year—they might bring up for consolidation the various elements that would go to make a suitable catalogue for any library, however large.

The thing has been tried vehemently and perseveringly, and it has failed. For such failure, of course, there must be a reason.

Were the books so many casks of indigo or bales of cotton, or approved packages of any kind of goods, soft or hard, to be invoiced in a bonded cellar, or the manifest of a ship, all would be done to hand by subordinates, according to a uniform received mode, which would leave no doubts about what each entry covered. The nomenclature used would be of a kind known all over the trade—known to it perhaps for centuries. If there were any dubiety, it would not merely call down censures concerning scholarship and accuracy, but might give suspicion of fraud and misrepresentation.

It would seem, however, that in all things in which we deal with books—deal with them as literature, as we do in catalogues—the intellect must come into work with all its niceties and subtleties. Division of labour cannot there be organised as a great process of human machinery. Among the things which the intellect cannot do is to organise any power to supersede itself. It would seem that, whatever it may be with bone and sinew, the brain is never to be driven out of work by machinery. From Raymond Lully's composing machine downwards, the inventions for superseding the necessity of thought and genius have only given them impulse. The logicians tell us that when a predicate, a copula, and a subject are thrown together, though it should be by a toss from a dice-box, the formal conditions of a proposition or affirmative sentence are acquired; and if it should be inaccurate or inappropriate in matter, that is but a failing to which the propositions invented by mankind are also amenable. But no logician has been able thus mechanically to supersede his own science.

It would seem that, in the most cursory dealing with books—the briefest indication of their character and their place among their neighbours—the capacity and the

special character of the individual intellect must in some measure tell; and that if several heads are working at different parts of a collection, their work will not fit together in harmony. It is a serious matter this, and deserves to be looked into. If much that has been said, and more that has to be inferred, be sound, it would seem that there is a boundary to the size of that library of which a uniform harmonious catalogue can be made. It must not exceed the controlling, overlooking, and consolidating capacity of one mind. If one man is thus fit for the control of a hundred thousand volumes, he is unfit for that of a million, and his work cannot be done by others. If this be true, it would seem that when our great libraries have reached a certain size, they must stand uncatalogued; merely disorganised, and, as the scientific people say, amorphous conglomerates of literature. With the increase of books, this is a result likely to come long before the exhaustion of our coal-fields; indeed, if we were to take a gloomy view of the symptoms already casually noticed, the calamity has already come upon us.

It often happens that it is through strife, rather than calm peaceful inquiry, that many of the most valuable truths are brought forth from darkness. It has been said that as the keenest and most remorseless of all intellectual contests are those which come off in courts of justice, so is it there that the truth is most thoroughly sought and gained. There is a body of men on either side; the litigants, with their selfish objects and hates, at the head, and behind each of them a body of mercenary champions, doing all that can be done to establish facts on their own side, to exterminate them on the other. It is said to be owing to this open, wholesome, and, at the same time, relentless, hostility that the supernatural fallacies that may pre-

vail for an hour—spectral apparitions, clairvoyance, spirit-rapping, and the like, never get their reality established in courts of justice, and especially are never ratified by the verdict of a jury. When a clairvoyant youth professed to call up the vision of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, it was suggested that Madame should bring an action for the shilling, and have it decided by the most satisfactory of all criterions—the decision of a court of law—whether or not clairvoyance was an actual power.

It so happens that, appropriate to the difficulties of catalogue-making, we have a contest as bitter and stubborn as any litigation could well be, though it never entered a court of law, and merely lay between a body of eminent persons having charge of a great public institution, and one of the officers in their employment. The conditions are not naturally such as would lead to a fair stand-up fight, but then the officer in question is Mr. Panizzi, and that makes all the difference in the world. The Trustees of the British Museum are always very worshipful, often very dignified persons. There are among them generally some of the first men of letters of their day. These derive strength from an alliance with leading men of the titled hereditary aristocracy, and the whole corporation is compacted and consolidated by a practical element, which consists, not of common busybodies or parochial politicians, but of statesmen accustomed to the leading and directing of momentous affairs. On the whole, even in this free, self-willed, and constitutional country, the Trustees of the British Museum form an overawing body, in the presence of which any humble individual, especially if he is their servant, might be apt to feel his breath come quick, and to desire to be exceedingly secure, indeed, of his ground ere he should take it on him to hint that he differed in opinion with his masters, or to show

a reluctance to comply with their desires.

The social position of the man who confronted them was of the very feeblest kind for self-action or resistance. He was a political refugee seeking his bread among us. We show kindness, consideration, sometimes liberality, to this class of persons; but they are not the men whom we submit to if they cross us in our objects, or come and beard us in our den. Foreigners coming among us, not as refugees, but with the very highest sanctions of rank and power, have found that it is unsafe to assume the attitude of contest or command. Hence come the curious characteristics of Panizzi's contest with his Trustees. Most men would have yielded, or appeared to yield, something with a good grace, that the rest might be gained. There would have been smoothness, if not compliance, in the face of the potent directing body, followed, perhaps, by bitter wailings elsewhere about the defeat of cherished projects, and the necessity of yielding up the fruit of learned skill to the brute force of rank or wealth. But Panizzi had one stand-up fight after another with his men, and seemed to take pleasure in the renewal of the struggle. He fought by no means unsupported by a wisdom which, however, to give it efficiency, required that he should have great reliance in the candour and the forbearance of his opponents. It was shown in his having thoroughly mastered the situation. He knew perfectly the nature of the work under discussion, and they knew little or nothing of it. What was most to the purpose, he knew all its difficulties, and so when any one of his assailants brought forward a project, he was enabled at once to show that it was impracticable or absurd. Thus, one after another, projects were cast back upon their projectors with an easy scorn and defiance, which made the whole scene in some measure resemble a

bull baited by small dogs, which he tosses from his horns one by one, as each assails him in turn.

The Trustees desired to have a catalogue prepared by division of labour, and printed off at once. Mr. Panizzi showed them that division of labour would not apply to such a task—it must all pass under his own revision—and consequently before its completion could be contemplated, a sufficient time must elapse to admit of his giving this personal supervision to the whole work. In short, it would be finished when he finished it, and no earlier. After combating in its several details the suggestion to get on by dividing the alphabet among several hands, we find him thus stating his comprehensive objections to the project:—

"It implies that, in the formation of a large catalogue, you may divide the alphabet into several distinct parts, and intrust each part to the care of a separate person, who may proceed to complete his distinct portion without correction or revision by any general superintendent of the whole. For the reasons which appear in these observations, and in the documents hereto annexed in the appendix, I have no hesitation in repeating, that a good catalogue cannot be made in that way, and that the plan, if adopted, would not only ruin the new catalogue, but throw the whole department of printed books, and the conduct of the business, into confusion."—Appendix to Report of Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Management of the British Museum, 1847, p. 306.

In June 1844, when the Trustees thought they should have had their catalogue in their hands, they put three solemn questions to Mr. Panizzi. The first was "as to the progress made in preparing the new alphabetical catalogue to the printed books?" The answer to these goes into a detail which cannot be easily understood, about the meagre portion of the work accomplished. Its author, far from boasting of his achievements, is ever showing how little he has done, and can do, in

omparison with the wishes of those who want to get on by division of labour. The second question is, "as to the portion of the work that remains to be accomplished?" And here the answer is comprehensive and rather alarming:—

"Besides having to be revised to the end of the alphabet, the titles require to be prepared for press before going into the printer's hands. This operation alone, in so vast a mass of titles, in more than twenty different languages, requires much time as well as attention to various minutiae, some of them to be perceived only by men of competent information and various knowledge, and which, when overlooked, appear in a catalogue as gross errors. . . . Finally, there is the correction of the press to be attended to. The Trustees having already decided that the catalogue is to be printed, Mr. Panizzi will not intrude upon them the reasons which, in his opinion, would render it desirable for them to reconsider this determination. He begs, however, to say, that merely to correct the press of a work which is likely to extend to forty thick folio volumes, consisting of dry facts (that is, names, dates, places, sizes of books, correct titles of works in all languages and on all subjects), and the whole having to pass at least once under the eyes of the person who answers for the execution of the compilation, is an operation which requires years of unremitting and heavy labour."

The next question is, "as to the means which Mr. Panizzi would recommend for expediting the completion of the catalogue?" The answer to this is conclusive and thoroughly characteristic:—

"Mr. Panizzi begs to say that, in his opinion, there are none. Mr. Panizzi has already adopted all the means he could think of for carrying into effect the orders of the Trustees. Mr. Panizzi is particularly anxious for inquiry on this point, and he begs of the Trustees to challenge it on their behalf whenever they are taunted with delay. Mr. Panizzi feels confident that those who now complain could be easily convinced that they have no ground for so doing, and that their complaints are only owing to their not having paid due attention to this subject. Mr. Panizzi begs to call the special atten-

tion of the Trustees to the report he had the honour to address to them on the 26th of January, 1842, from which he thinks it will appear that no efforts have been spared to proceed with all advisable speed, and that no more can be done. Any attempt at departing from the present system on the plea of despatch would prove a new source of delay, and cause an incalculable loss of time and money. Mr. Panizzi uses the word 'incalculable' advisedly. Any alteration could not but involve the immediate annihilation of all that has been done, yet this would only be the smallest part of the evil."—(P. 225.)

But perhaps the most powerful of all his artillery against the Trustees lay in the success with which he produced a failure by giving effect to their admonitions. It was supposed that it would greatly accelerate the preparation of the new catalogue to compile it from the old catalogues, and then correct it at press, instead of preparing it from the books themselves. We have something like a general order in which the commander reminds his subordinates of the instructions given to them when he had what he is pleased to call "the pleasure" of transmitting to them "a copy of the rules which the Trustees directed to be followed in the compilation of the new catalogue," and notifying "their determination that the work should be delivered to them complete in print, on or before the 31st December 1844." He then proceeds to say, not without a perceptible tone of exaltation:—

"The most important direction which I gave you in my letter of the 8th August was, that you should limit yourself to correct such errors as were obvious in the old titles, and compare those titles with the books only when you had some special reason to apprehend that any important mistake had occurred which rendered such comparison indispensable. You acted accordingly, and some titles so revised were sent to press. On the *proofs* coming from the printer the errors of all descriptions were so numerous, so glaring, and so vital, that we all agreed we could not correct them, even tolerably, without comparing the titles with the books. This being done, the mass of

errors was discovered to be tenfold, and the time which it took in correcting these errors even hastily, greater than it would have taken to write them new originally from the books. In the course of this comparison it was moreover discovered, that if the titles continued to be sent to press without being collated one by one in slips with the entries in the old catalogues, the new one would contain titles of books not existing in the library, having been either disposed of or entered more than once under several heads as distinct works, as well as be deficient in titles of books really existing in the library and entered, but of which no corresponding title on slips was discovered."

But it is after all only making the best of a bad business. The conclusion of the organisation of precautions is—

"Time has been saved, and the catalogue will be improved by it, although if more time were given many of the errors which will disfigure it would be avoided. But in every step that I have taken, I never forgot that I was not to attempt to compile the best possible catalogue, but to endeavour to complete the best I could within the term fixed by the Trustees, and I therefore never took any step that could improve the catalogue if that tended to prolong its completion; nor did I, as far as I could, omit to take any steps which seemed to me calculated to despatch the work."—(P. 265.)

"Get on—get on," is the keynote of a continued series of instructions and directions set forth in the blue-book whence these extracts are taken. On the 8th August 1839, there is a circular general order to the assistants:—

"In obedience to the Trustees' order, I earnestly request you to contribute as much as possible to the compilation of the best catalogue that can possibly be printed within the time above mentioned. It is impossible for me to give you more than general directions as to the various means by which this may be accomplished in each individual case. Generally speaking, I have to request you to limit yourself to correct such errors as are obvious in the old titles, and compare these titles with the books only when you have some special reason to apprehend that any important mis-

take has occurred. But if, when the book is before you, it should appear that the title requires far more alterations than was at first supposed, it will then be your duty to make them, provided they do not lead to other important alterations in other entries, or to such inconsistencies as would mislead those who consult the catalogue; in which case you will content yourself with making merely those alterations which are absolutely necessary; such, for instance, as relate to the correct name of the author, the size of the book, the date and place of printing, &c."—(P. 331, 332.)

The injunction that punctuality is everything, is rendered still more emphatic when the leader has to put right one of his followers who does not fully see this predominance:—

"The following paragraph in your letter of to-day is the only one to which I deem it necessary to call your attention:—'It has been sought hitherto to combine expedition with accuracy, and whenever the two have come into collision accuracy has had the preference.' Admitting the correctness of the first part of this sentence, I beg to state most distinctly that the second part of it, which I have underscored, is at direct variance with my special instructions to every one of the gentlemen in the department, and to you among the rest. How far accuracy should, in every individual case, be sacrificed to expedition, I cannot take upon myself to say; but I have repeatedly wished you all not to aim at perfection, which had I been at liberty to please myself, I should certainly have endeavoured to attain, but only at tolerable accuracy; and this in order to comply, if possible, with the strict order of the Trustees as to expedition."—(P. 334.)

The end of this affair is chiefly known through the emphatic smallness of its result. In 1847 was published the Catalogue of the Library of the British Museum down to the end of letter A, in one folio volume. No more has since appeared, or is among the promises of things to come. The controversy from which we have made these extracts fills a considerable blue-book. A few hundreds of documents, containing periodical re-

ports of progress, instructions how best to copy titles and collate proofs, and discussions with directors on the one hand, and journeymen copyists on the other, about the completion of details, will not be expected to furnish very lively or exciting reading. On the other hand, the blue-books are not the quarter in which the devotees of the attractive and sensational in literature make a rush in the hope of discovering fresh fountains of intellectual stimulants.

Yet it would seem as if there had been a feeling somewhere that these documents had better be kept out of public view — better be put a little deeper down, even, than burial in the blue-books. Our extracts are taken from the 'Appendix to the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Management of the British Museum.' This is printed as if for Parliament in the ordinary manner, and yet it is not to be found in the ordinary collections of the Parliamentary Papers bound up in their order for the year in which his report was rendered. The Report itself is in the papers for 1850, and makes a very considerable body of printed paper, but the Appendix seems somehow to have dropped astern. Of the literature put on record at the public expense in the great body of the Parliamentary papers, a large portion is not worth preserving. We may easily believe that of the rejected matter there was little worth keeping. Were much of it like this Appendix, however, we would not say so. Easy, pleasant, light reading we have already noted that it is not; but it essentially consists of matter that ought not to be lost. There is a moral grandeur in Mr. Panizzi's position, that holds out through all the dull and all the faintly ludicrous details of the contest. He stood by his testimony under conditions in which the example of many distinguished men would have given him an excuse for desert-

ing it. Apart from all questions about satisfying his patrons and masters, it would have been his best policy for reaping a harvest of ordinary vulgar applause, to get that catalogue through at the time fixed, drawing as much as he could upon his assistants' work and skill for its fulfilment — sucking other men's brains, as it is usually termed.

While he did not take this, which could be termed the "sensible" course, yet, with all the acerbity of his remonstrances, he did not adopt the petulant alternative of doing as he was bid, and doing it so as to make a flagrant failure of it. The fragment of a catalogue which he allowed to go forth might have been received as earnest of a great work if he had not himself told that it was naught — that it was produced under conditions inimical to success. Perhaps his method was deficient in the diplomatic subtlety which we Britons believe to be a special attribute of the Italian race, in which we are ourselves especially deficient. Men who are not finessers according to our insular notions might yet say that there was an unnecessary amount of outspeaking bluntness in the Italian's dealings with the Trustees of the British Museum. It may be so in the eye of good taste, and yet there was a great service done on the occasion. The world was told for once of services which authority cannot exact and money cannot buy. Had it been Panizzi's fate to discuss the matter with that great countryman of his who put France under rule, his tongue and pen would have been restrained, and he would have been told to go and do as he was ordered. There are perhaps few persons in authority in any part of the world whom he would have been permitted to favour with "a bit of his mind" as he gave it to the Trustees. It was well, too, that these were men of eminence and position, so that the affair was no parochial squabble between un-

educated, unenlightened, corporate dignitaries on the one side, and a crotchety impracticable man of letters on the other. The great scholar had all the practice on his side, as well as the learning and the philosophy. His position was that such a catalogue as he (Antonio Panizzi) could give them, with due assistance to do such work as assistants could do, they should have in due time; but no outlay and no mechanism for division and organization could facilitate or expedite the process—it must virtually be the doing of one man, and the extent of the success of the undertaking must depend on that one man's resources and capacity.

He had precedents all over the world for this position. It must be said with regret that too generally they were precedents in blunder and failure. The one catalogue which he signalled above all others as making the nearest approach to perfection was comparatively but a small one, yet it drew from him high admiration as a brilliant achievement. It was Audiffredi's catalogue of the library founded at Rome by Casanate. This collection has increased in bulk, but in Audiffredi's time it was probably equivalent to about an eighth part of the library of the British Museum. Yet this perfect work is but a melancholy monument of the incompleteness of human perfection, since its author only lived to carry it as far as letter L. On the other hand, had we room for them, we could give instances of utter and disastrous failure even in distinguished hands.

Perhaps, after all, the secret at the root of the difficulty is that the world expects too much from catalogues. We have seen how it has been vainly supposed that the manufacture of such an article can be carried on, like that of pins, steel pens, and buttons, by a judicious division of labour. Then when the job is completed it is to supersede brain-work in the shape

of research, or what is the use of it? The man who is ambitious of acquiring sudden distinction in some department of letters has nothing to do but set his hand on a good catalogue or bibliographical dictionary to get at the heart of his material. It is for the accomplishment of this kind of object that what the French call a *Catalogue Raisonné* has been devised. The French have both a propensity and a genius towards classification and analysis, and in special departments they have produced fine specimens of this sort of catalogue. The several editions of the '*Catalogue Raisonné*' of the books on French history contained in the Imperial Library in Paris is a grand monument of such work; and so is *Le Long's 'Bibliothèque Historique de la France.'* Mr. Duffus Hardy—perhaps the most accomplished British archæologist of his day—has been for some years at work on a '*Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland to the end of the reign of Henry VII.*' Three volumes have come forth, bringing the work down to the end of the twelfth century; and if it shall ever be completed as it has been begun, the work will be a miracle of learning. But observe how narrow a portion the labour of a life occupies in the vast field of all human knowledge, and judge what mighty things the manufacturer of your '*Catalogue Raisonné*' promises to endow you with.

He is to make you at home alike in the special treatises which in the various parts of the world deal with the oolites and liases and old red sandstones, with their special classes of fossils. He is to be equally expert about the authorities on Chinese history, Chinese grammar, and Chinese music. He has to examine and judge with unflinching accuracy everything that has been done in the higher mathematics. He must be better ac-

quainted than a Hamilton or a Ferrier with everything written upon metaphysics, from Aristotle downwards. He knows more of biblical literature than Whately. He can tell the first practising physician of the day where he is to find the best information for his practical guidance in a case that puzzles him by its novelty and peculiarity; and the leader of the bar will find him a sure guide to the solution of a practical difficulty in the application of the common law.

One of the informers of the Commissioners on the British Museum gave them a characteristic instance of the purposes which such a catalogue is expected to serve when "Mr. Hanes was desirous of consulting all the books in the library on the subject of imprisonment for debt." His purpose was, no doubt, a laudable one, and it was desirable that he should accomplish it. He found that

"The anonymous works presented under the word *debt* in the library catalogue were easily referred to, but a knowledge of the numerous publications that had appeared on this subject, and to which the names of the respective authors are affixed, could only be obtained by a laborious search through the various law catalogues and other sources; and when by these means the name of the author had been ascertained, his work was found to be, with few exceptions, in the library catalogue. The whole of this time would certainly have been saved by all the required information appearing under one head, had a catalogue been formed on the plan now proposed."—(P. 135.)

This associates itself very aptly with an incident within our recollection. A political economist wanted some information about the law in England for the enforcement of book debts, and complained that he consulted the indexes of the likeliest law books he could think of, but could not find anything either about "book" or "debt." This coming to the ear

of a practical man, his remark was, "The blockhead!—the simplest thing in the world; nothing but to take Buller's *Nisi Prius* and consult the index under the head of *Assumpsit*." Now there are many men in the world, and learned men too, who do not know the difference between an action of *assumpsit* and an action on the case, and who, perhaps, never heard of Buller or his *Nisi Prius*. But there is no machinery by which we can place those who don't know such specialties in the same position towards them with those who do know them. He who expects that some book-catalogue will supply him with the learning in which he is deficient will infallibly be disappointed.

Perhaps, indeed, he may find that the more skilfully the catalogue is constructed the more necessary is a competent learning towards its profitable use. The staple use of the catalogues of great libraries is to bring the man to the place where the book he is well acquainted with may be found. In the instances next, perhaps, to this in abundance, it completes an already begun and partially-adjusted acquaintance. If one is in search of a partially-known book catalogued in the usual manner according to the author's name, learning will greatly facilitate him in his way through the niceties of spelling and inflection which will prove provoking stumblingblocks to the unlearned. In hunting after the large mass of books by unknown authors, there seems no better guide than the community of instincts, which will teach alike the intelligent maker of the catalogue and the intelligent searcher in it what is the natural head under which it should appear. This is a point on which it is easy to make absolute rules, but the more closely they are followed the more distinct becomes their nothingness. One such rule is to take the first substantive, whatever it be; another is to take the objective substantive—that

to which the title of the book professes that it concerns. Mr. Robertson's curious little book of anti-quarian ana concerning Aberdeen, to which he gave the title of 'The Book of Bon Accord,' would by the former be entered under "Book," and by the latter under "Accord." But what shall we say to such a title as this?—"The muzzled ox treading out the corn and bellowing out his just complaint against his merciless masters; or, a loud cry from heaven against the crying sin of the nation—viz., the withholding competent countenance and maintenance from gospel ministers, to the high dishonour of God and the grief of all truly godly. Wherein is laid down—*First*, the several causes; *secondly*, the sad consequences of this grand and gospel grievance; *thirdly*, solutions to all contrary cavils and scruples; *fourthly*, several motives to ministerial encouragement. By a Friend to the threshing-floor of Ornañ aut *Ecclēsia Dei*. London: printed for W. Hope, at the Unicorn in Cornhill, 1650.'

The ox's bellowings are disinterested and pious to the utmost, founding not upon his own needs or desires of provender, but upon the injunctions of the Word, which denounce a terrible day of wrath for those who disregard them; yet must his book be ranged, not among the many treatises on the divine origin of tithes, but among the literary efforts of those whose discourse is of bullocks.

It was Johnson who said that there was something in the jocularity of clergymen exceedingly offensive, yet it seems to have been in all ages an irresistible propensity in the cloth. One of the most curious, and it must also be said revolting books in existence, is a collection, made by M. Feignot under the pseudonym of Philomneste, of all the tomfooleries and picturesque absurdities to be found in sermons. He called it 'Predica-

toria ou Révélations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs, entre-mêlées d'extraits piquants des sermons bizarres, burlesques, et facétieux.' It is among the books of this, the gravest class of authors, that the most motley and preposterous titles crop out, to the perplexity of the bibliographer. The propensity to the ludicrous and grotesque seems so inherent in the order that it will come forth spontaneously, and even under pressure of gravity. The author of the following no doubt thought that he was giving a very distinct and sincere name to his work: 'A deliberat answere made to a rash offer, which a Popish anti-Christian Catholique made to a learned Protestant (as he saeth), and caused to be published in private, Anno Do. 1575. Wherein the Protestant hath plainly and substantially proved that the Papists that doo nowe call themselves Catholiques are indied anti-Christian schismatiks, and that the religious Protestants are indeed the right Catholiques.' Or take another instance: The 'Beehive of the Romish Church, a worke, of all good Catholicks to be read and most necessary to be understood, wherein the Catholick religion is substantially confirmed, and the hereticks finely fetched over the coals.'

No doubt there is often much earnestness of heart represented in the words in which the scoffer finds a fountain of the ridiculous. But in polemical and theological controversy it is not only that those who do not think in common with the writers—those whom they would call profane—can extract the ludicrous from what to them is earnestness. Throughout a large mass of this kind of literature avowed and ingenious buffoonery abounds, and that too in connection with discussions in which one would expect the writer to be serious and solemn, if he had such qualities at his command. The distinguished "Marpelate" controversy is full of this sort of matter, and on the side of

the Church it is more successful than on that of her Puritanical assailants—that is to say, the hits at Mar-prelate in the title-pages of his antagonists have to us of the present day more of the ring of real hard banter and nickname than those of the Puritan pamphleteer, as thus: 'An almond for a parrat; or, Cuthbert Curry-knaves almes; fit for the knave Martin and the rest of those impudent beggars that cannot be content to stay their stomakes with a benefice, but they will needs break their fastes with our bishops—Rimarum sum plenus—therefore beware, gentle reader, you catch not the hicket with laughing. Imprinted at a place, not far from a place, by the assignees of Signor Somebody, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Trouble Knave, that at the sign of the Standish.'

The next that comes to hand is animated by a still more intolerable spirit of uncouth and detestable hilarity. 'Pappe with an Hatchet, alias a Figge for my godsonne—or crack me this nut—or a councrie cufte—that is, a sound box of the eare for the idiot Martin to hold his peace, seeing the Patch will take no warning. Written by one that dares call a dog a dog, and made to prevent Martin's dog daies. Imprinted by John A. Noke and John A. Stile, for the baylive of Wethernam—*cum privilegio perennitatis*—and are to be sold at the signe of the Crab-tree Cudgell in Thwack-coat Lane.'

Even when he is not flouting some adversary in a polemical contest, but has a grave matter of his own to discourse about, your clerical author is apt to start off into fanciful analogies and tropes which would sorely puzzle any such rule as first substantive, or any other, for the selection of a distinctive word which shall naturally lead the inquirer to the object of his search. An elaborate, and for a one-sided book a valuable, history of the severities inflicted on the Scots Covenanters is announced as 'Sam-

son's Riddle, or a bunch of bitter wormwood bringing forth a bundle of sweet-smelling myrrh. The first is made up of the sharp sufferings of the Lord's Church in Scotland by the hands of barbarous and bloody persecutors,' &c. Another history of these affairs starts as 'A hind let loose, or an historical representation of the testimonies of the Church of Scotland for the interest of Christ, with the true state thereof in all its periods, together with a vindication of the present testimonie against the Popish, prelati-cal, and malignant enemies of that Church, as it is now stated for the prerogatives of Christ, privileges of the Church, and liberties of mankind, and sealed by the sufferings of a reproached remnant of Presbyterians there, witnessing against the corruptions of the time, wherein several controversies of great consequence are inquired into," &c., and so on. It is one of those titles that is a treatise in itself. Another author of the same class announces his testimony with a tantalising brevity—'The Red Shanke's sermon, preached at St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh, the last Sunday in April, by a Highland minister, London: Printed for T. Bates, 1642.' We have nothing here pointing at the Covenant and Civil War, so that the production would be lost as an item in the countless roll of anonymous sermons. But its first substantive is Shanke's, whence it would be saved from the fate of being catalogued under "Sermon," whatever advancement it might obtain by its appearance according to rule.

Still there is a deal of authority on the side of the first substantive rule. It has a charm for men of a particular education and turn of mind, in that it is certain, and partakes of the character of exact science. If an author's name is on the title-page, then you are sure of the head under which the book will appear. If there be no author's name, you are equally sure that it is

to be found under the first substantive. The same security may be found in the first word, the effect of which is to arrange a formidable proportion of a catalogue under two letters, the one, A, for A or An, as in 'A History of the World, from the Creation to the present time,' or 'An Illustrated Handbook of Ancient Art.' The other absorbing letter in this rule is T, the initial of The, as in 'The British Constitution, considered with reference to its provisions for the liberty of the subject.'

It must be in any way the result of taking the characteristic or initial word under some arbitrary rule like this, that some headings become chaotically overcrowded—such as "Essay," "History," "Sermon," and the like. The great remedy against the obduracy of all fixed rules is an affluent system of cross references, made without rule and in defiance of it. These, indeed, can seldom be too numerous in any work of reference. They are a sort of obliging auxiliaries, scattered about at random to pick up vagrant investigators in their erring paths, and bring them to the place where the object of their desire is to be found. But if there is nothing but an item in a vast crowd—heterogeneous in nature, but having the outward mark of uniformity—the accommodating guide will have done his spiriting but imperfectly.

There is evidently in the great Panizzi himself, however, a leaning to some principle of this kind, on account of its stability and certainty. In one passage, indeed, in the Report already referred to, it would seem as if he gave in his adherence to the principle. Mr. Edwards having given some exhaustive examples to prove the futility of other systems—and indeed it is the specialty of the discussion that every "system" that can be applied is fruitful in futilities and absurdities—says,

"Without attempting further to multiply examples of this kind, I earnestly

but most respectfully submit, that it will be found impossible to set down any systematic rule to govern entries of this kind, unless it be determined to adopt the purely alphabetical order, by taking the first word (not being an article or preposition) as that of the principal entry."

On this a note is put thus—

"Mr. Panizzi has always been of this opinion, in support of which there is the high authority of Audiffredi, who adopted this principle in the best alphabetical catalogue in existence—that of the Casanata. . . . In Germany the first substantive in the title is always taken as the leading word in anonymous publications; sometimes, however, a title consists only of a pronoun and a verb. But if to take the first substantive be considered preferable to taking the first word, as suggested by Mr. Edwards it will be better than not having a fixed principle."—(Appx., 179.)

In his celebrated ninety-one rules, however, in which he laid down the principles of arrangement for the printed catalogue—in which he was destined to go through letter A, and no further—he modified any system of the kind very largely and very significantly. After having exhausted his directions for taking the author's name when there is an author, the next refuge is where the book is about somebody, and then that body's name becomes a peg to hang the title on next in convenience to that of an author. Then,

"When no such name of a person appears, then that of an assembly, corporate body, society, board, party, sect, or denomination, appearing on the title, to be preferred, subject to the arrangement of rule, &c.; and if no such name appear, then that of any country, province, city, town, or place, so appearing, to be adopted as the heading.

"If no name of any assembly or country—to be preferred as above—appear on the title, the name of the editor; or if no editor's name appear, that of the translator, if there be one. Reporters to be considered as editors."

These are, no doubt, very sagacious arrangements, and we have

qually little doubt that occasions would continually occur in which any one mechanically obeying them as word of command, without use of his own discretion—or, possibly, having no discretion of his own to use—would make ludicrous and nextlicable jumble by giving effect to them.

After these, and a few less distinct exceptions, we have at length the broad principle already referred to. "In the case of anonymous works to which none of the foregoing rules can be applied, the first substantive in the title (or, if there be no substantive, the first word) to be selected as the heading." The exceptions, as we have seen, to this great principle, are meagre. Doubtless their author felt that in each of them he was giving invitation and opportunity for pedantic blockheads to go astray, and that it was better to keep them all together in one common enclosure, where they could be found if wanted. "The first substantive, and, where no substantive, the first word," is, as we have seen, something nearly as absolute as an exact science. It would be rather hard work to find out how far strict obedience has been given to the rule by its author. Had he gone over the whole alphabet, he would have been forced to decide on alternatives—whether to enter under this letter or that. To test his fragment of letter A we would require to exhaust the question whether there are certain books that should have come under it but have not. There is, by the way, our favourite among the Marprelate titles, 'An Almond for a Parrat.' We do not find it under Almond, though it does not come within the scope of the exceptions; and it would be a sort of profanity to suppose that the book is not in the British Museum. These are difficulties and dubieties with which we by no means profess to grapple. In fact, we do not profess even to take serious count of them. We can

but lightly contemplate them from a distance with a faint sympathy, somewhat akin to that which, in our school days, we felt with Hercules, or with Sisyphus, the Danaides, and the rest of that set. Catalogue-makers and lexicographers there are, as there have been anchorites and stylitites. That they should exist may excite our surprise, and it is well to let this be tempered with sympathy, and sometimes even with admiration. For, indeed, in these light notices we have touched, and that but casually, only on a sprinkling of the difficulties and dangers that beset the path of the maker of a catalogue. It might be supposed, for instance, that all this lies in the anonymous works, and where there is an author's name to rest on all is plain sailing. By no means so. Any one bringing some eloquence and ingenuity to a pleading of the case could easily make out this to be the harder of the two. Nothing seems more obvious than taking surnames in alphabetical order; but what are surnames? All the sons of those respectable citizens—Thompson the attorney and Smith the hatter—are, beyond a doubt, Thompsons and Smiths respectively; but the same order does not take all over the world, or indeed pervade the whole of society at home. Some knowledge of peerage arrangements, and of a very few social specialties—such as the titles of the English bishops and the Scotch judges—will keep one right in the home market; but, then, what of surnames and Christian names in other countries, and especially in those where there is no baptism and no giving of Christian names? Even that country with the literature of which we are most familiar—France—gives a world of trouble about these things. Titles multiply and scatter and shift without relation to any rule which it is possible to master. We may find half-a-dozen brothers, each with a name of his own, which is not the

paternal name, and at the same time is not that of any hereditary title which the heraldic and genealogical authorities might help us to. The name with which we started is illustrious among these perplexities. The son of old Francis Aronet—himself christened Francis Marie—had no more ostensible or discoverable title to the name of Voltaire than a popular writer on ecclesiastical history and controversy whose name is Merle has to call himself D'Aubigné. Perhaps Voltaire was the more justifiable of the two, in that what he took belonged to no one else, whereas the Geneva divine is enabled to associate himself with an illustrious person, by figuring as D'Aubigné the younger. In fact, Voltaire's name was thoroughly his own, as being of his own making, after a peculiar fashion. It is among the strangest of things that the secret of its composition should have lain hidden upwards of a century, to be discovered by, of all men in the world, Thomas Carlyle—surely a man not given to the telling of riddles and the resolution of anagrams! He it is, however, who shows that, allowing for the use of J to express I, and U to express V, you will find in Aronet le Jeune all the letters of the famous and terrible name Voltaire. Perhaps the long obscurity of the solution is more curious than its discovery. A man of far less mark among us, playing so fantastic an escapade with his name, would create no end of inquiry and conjecture, but with our neighbours it does not seem to have been thought a knot worth untying, and with us it was generally supposed that the name was an aristocratic title, like Sully's or Montesquieu's.

Others have taken similar liberties. Molière's name was Poquelin. Some day, perhaps, the principle on which he changed it may be discovered, and may found a reputation for ingenuity. Anagrams are among the troubles of the biographer and catalogueur. One of these

used by Peter Aretin was unknown to the compiler of the octavo catalogue of the British Museum, who gets due castigation in consequence in the criticism on that work, printed in the blue-book mentioned so often. In that catalogue there is an entry under letter E to this effect:—

“Etiro (Partenio) Vita di S. Catarina Vergine,” on which there follows the commentary—“This Santa Catarina is not the Swedish widow, but an Alexandrian lady, and the writer was Pietro Aretino, of whose name Partenio Etiro is the anagram. The cross reference from Catharina Suecæ makes one of these two distinct saints.” The deliverer of a popular lecture who had ventured too boldly on classical ground, was represented as falling into gross anachronism, when he spoke of Solon, Demosthenes, Cicero, and Justinian, as contemporaries. He “asked in reply,” as we say in Scotland, how the deuce he was to know that they were not contemporaries. There are, surely, some things in the world of which one may be ignorant with a good grace, and to you or me this favourite anagram of the celebrated scoundrel might be one; but there is no such refuge in obscurity for the man who commits himself to the conspicuous and indefinite martyrdom involved in the undertaking to make a catalogue of a great library.

Yet besides the trifles lying in his way, and likely to trip him up, there are heavy burdens of special knowledge which he has to bear all through his work. One of these is the transmutation of names, or the shifting of them as they pass from one language to another. We know what this is to some extent by the way in which our own language deals with classical Italian and Spanish names—the Horace, Virgil, Livy, Pliny, Machiavel, Raphael, &c. It is a very vile practice, to which so respectable a language as ours ought not to have

meaned itself. Our own excuse is the bad example of the French, who are worse sinners than ourselves, but who have the quality of consistency in their offence. We say Horace the poet, and the three Horatii who fought at Alba; but the French call them, as the celebrated tragedy tells all the world, Les Horaces. The extent of shifting in the transfer of Oriental names is a phenomenon almost beyond comprehension or imagination. There is giving and taking in the practice too, as your cataloguer is too sure to find. We remember once in a modern Greek list finding the name Δουαλίδης—Doualides—what was this but our old friend M'Doual? In Russian he would perhaps be called Doualievich. In the old Celtic histories, the Ericsons, Olavesons, and their brethren of the Teutonic races, become Macs.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries people were sadly ashamed of their own vernacular names, and would have them transferred into either Latin or Greek. A certain German whose family inherited the name of Schwarzerd or Black earth, was so ashamed of its barbarism that he had its meaning translated into Greek, and so gave distinction to the name of Melanchthon.

There is a degree of mystery suggested even in the solution proposed by the Oriental Translation Company for a uniform rendering in our Alphabet of Oriental names. 'The sound of the consonants is expressed by English consonants as closely as the alphabet will permit, but the vowels should be taken in their Italian value.' This, we are told, "would decide the question whether we should write Zacut, or Socuto, or Zacuto; Moses, Mose, Mosche, or Mosce; Quimchi or Kimchi; Mishnah or Meshne." Such is the assurance of Mr. Bialoblotzky, who had charge of the Hebrew and Rabbinical books in the British Museum; and that a

rule of uniformity, whether obtainable or not, was very desirable, he showed from some lamentable examples. "For instance, Don Isaac Abarbanel is, in the King's Library, inserted under Isaac, and in the Museum Library under Abarbanel; while Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon is, in the Museum Library as well as in the King's Library, inserted under Moses. We find, however, in juxtaposition with Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon, a Rabbi Moses Bar Maimon Sitzel. It seems to have been entirely overlooked that the Chaldee *Bar* has the same meaning as the Hebrew *Ben*, and that the supposed name Sitzel is not a name, but that the letters here rendered Sitzel contain a common Rabbinical abbreviation, importing, *Memoria justi sit benedicta*, an abbreviation of frequent occurrence in Rabbinical title-pages. In addition to these we find, in the printed catalogue, 'Moses (R. *Ægyptus*), *vid.* Maimonides,' as if he were a third and different person; so that one of the most celebrated Rabbis is referred to as three different persons: 1st, Moses Ben Maimon; 2d, Moses Bar Maimon Sitzel; 3d, Maimonides."—(Appendix, p. 150.)

With so many temptations and facilities for tripping, catalogues have heretofore afforded terrible opportunities for the minute and rigid critic. For the benefit of the curious in such minute intellectual anatomy, it happened, in the discussion already referred to, that Sir Henry Ellis had said something disparaging about Mr. Panizzi's projects, and referred to the common octavo catalogue of the British Museum, which he had himself superintended. Here was a temptation which could not be resisted, and an affluent treasury of blunders was extracted from that book. These are, to say the truth, dryish reading. It takes a little thought to follow up the nice distinction which marks off the inaccuracy; and when it is seen and comprehended, there is not often enough

of the grotesque in it to cause merriment and astonishment in ordinary readers, however much it may excite a brother brush. Some of the instances are, indeed, bad enough—so bad that one must exempt a man like Sir Henry Ellis from all cognisance of them, and attribute them to ignorant subordinates, whose work has been imperfectly revised. Near the beginning—in letter A, the seat of Mr. Panizzi's own triumph—there occurs a book by a certain Felix Ago. His existence is created out of a title-page, which runs thus: "Brevis Relatio Felicis Agonis, quem pro Religione Catholica gloriose subierunt aliquot à Societate Jeeu Sacerdotes in ultima Angliæ persecutione sub anno 1678." Then there is "Du Pain," a French-enough-looking name, which appears thus in one of the tracts arising out of the starvation period of the great Revolution. "Du Pain, ou Coup-d'œil sur les moyens les plus surs et les plus prompts d'approvisionner Paris de grain." Then we have Fabianus with Baro, and Fagel with Greffier for their Christian names, although these are titles, the one of dignity, the other of office.

But, to be short, what Mr. Panizzi really relied on, amidst all his plans and rules, was his own capacity to make his catalogue, and the necessity of leaving him to himself and his own way of doing it. The rule, then, that by a sort of exhaustive distillation we find for having a good catalogue of any great library, is to put the job into the hands of a man with learning and capacity for the task. What he undertakes is to put the treasures of the library on record in the shape most apt for helping people who want to use them, and the proper aptitude and instinct for the work will lead him to the best means of doing this in a thousand little ways for which principles and rules cannot make provision.

In the first place, the person who

prepares a catalogue will naturally be he who has charge of the books. Their mere arrangement as goods will do something to facilitate the cataloguing. In hardly any library, it may now be presumed, are books stowed away as they come in, without reference to classification.

Now this is, after all, the only way of being absolutely accurate in a catalogue. If the successive title-pages be accurately printed literature, you must be correct, and nobody can say "black's the white of your eye," as the Irish put it. There is no possibility of confusing author with subject, or selecting a false alphabetical arrangement, or doubting about the letters properly initial.

At the opposite end of the scale of arrangement comes the library in which each book has its proper logical place in an indefinite subdivision of human knowledge. It is the practical realisation of the Catalogue Raisonné. It has to struggle, however, with a difficulty from which the catalogue is exempt. There are tall books and short books in close logical proximity. To go to a fundamental feature in a British library—of the Statutes at Large, one edition is five inches high, another is two feet. Some of the volumes of Denon's great work on Egypt are about the height of a shortish man, and there is an abridgment of it in octodecimo, which of course must stand by its side, as the closest to it of all books. This stern logic encounters a weakness or prejudice—call it what you may—of bookish people, for ranging their volumes with some degree of order and symmetry. It is an innate and vehement propensity—somewhat like a woman's for fashion in dress—and logic is not readily permitted to thwart it. We are not aware of an instance where it has been carried out to the rigour in this country. The Germans affect it, however, and it may be seen to perfection in the great library at Berlin. The

fect is odd, and certainly not pleasing. It reminds one of the mistresses of a martinet commander who could not get his band to dress." The requisites of the martial music to be performed would make trombones, drums, bagpipes, and the like, deviate from the straight line. Such uneasiness could we suppose that a man who likes to see his books to "range on the shelves" would experience on witnessing this effort at logical arrangement.

What we have had to say is not, in one sense, encouraging; but it may be in another. If it is a story of unsuccessful endeavour and baffled effort, it shows at the same time that there is a field open for fresh ambition. The creation of a thorough catalogue of any great library is an intellectual prize still open to competition. There are at present two catalogues in process—one of the Advocates' Library, the other of the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. With all goodwill towards the project of our neighbours, and the accomplished antiquary who pre-empted over it, Dr. Henthorn Todd, our sympathies naturally lie with the effort nearer home. The Advocates' Library is the larger of the two, and its effective cataloguing will be the greater achievement. It is in the thoroughly safe hands of the keeper of the library, Mr. Samuel Halkett. His office was held by Ruddiman, the great Latin scholar, and by David Hume. Its last occupant, Dr. David Irving, the historian of Scottish (or Scottish, as it is called) Poetry, was a solid scholar, and in many respects a man to mark.

Mr. Halkett has many qualities for his task, and he possesses especially that one without which all others are helpless and hopeless. He is a mighty linguist, and has a high development the instinct of the etymologist. The importance of this latter peculiarity courts attention. A man may be a great

linguist from high pressure of teaching and training. It is the speciality of linguists so created, that if they are high they are narrow. The Grecian and the Latinist are trained in the purest literature of their respective accomplishments, and are taught to have a horror of exposing their taste to corruption from contact with barbarisms. So in modern languages the youth is taught to aspire to pure Parisian French and Saxon German. The etymological instinct, however, goes through all trains of connection in languages, as a naturalist goes through trains of connection in nature. It finds for itself where it has not been taught, and can read books utterly out of the capacity of the ordinary trained linguist. If we look at our own British literature, we shall find abundant departure from pure modern English. There is the poem of 'The King's Quair,' 'Ajax's Speech to the Grecian Knabs,' 'The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy,' 'The Three Deid Pows,' and the like. A collection of dramatic literature is not complete without the comedy of 'The Hubbleshoe.' The German or Frenchman may be very accomplished as a master of classical English, without the ability to find his way to a knowledge of such things; there is no key to it, indeed, in strange languages, save the etymological instinct.

Two parts of Mr. Halkett's catalogue have been published; another is expected to appear soon. When it is said that this will only bring us to the end of letter B, more is realised than might appear. We have the practical assurance of Sir Henry Ellis that the three first letters, A, B, and C, contain the fourth part of an average catalogue. From the method of the work, too, which has a minute reticulation of cross references, one can see that the whole must have been virtually completed before the printing began.

So far as it is completed, this

catalogue has features which, while they make it useful to the consultant, lay the author bare to adverse criticism, and court and help exposure wherever there may be inaccuracy and incompleteness. When the cataloguer gives the right name of an author in its right place, he may be generally relieved of further responsibility for his individuality, and especially for the separation from each other of authors with the same name. Mr. Halkett gives the date of birth and death, however, when he can find them, and thus separates from each other the authors having a common name, as well as their works. Altogether there is great promise in the specimen of this catalogue now before the world.

The great thing to be hoped for is that its author may have strength and enthusiasm to pursue it on to the end. Both qualities are needed, and to those who run their recollection over the literary history of this kind of work, the instances are so many where there has been a breakdown before completion, that a nervous anxiety mixed with strong sympathy is apt to be felt, as for one maintaining a long long struggle with difficulties of a kind which have already borne down strong men. From the body of accomplished gentlemen to whom the library on which he is at work belongs, we cannot doubt that Mr. Halkett will receive all the support and encouragement which the magnitude of his undertaking merits.

AN EARLY PEEP AT THE SHOW.

If monster cities ought to exist at all, which is a very large question, they ought certainly to be arranged in the symmetrical style of the Paris of M. Haussman; though there is no doubt that if poor Henri Quatre could be brought to life again, and be placed in the middle of the city which he thought "well worth a mass," he would be as much puzzled as to his whereabouts as if he were to wake up in the middle of the Catacombs. To those who lament the unavoidable sacrifice of antiquity in the merciless pullings-down and buildings-up of the Prefect of the Seine, it may be answered that as Paris, unlike London, is intended to live in, such alterations were necessary to make it habitable; and although the destruction of rookeries has doubtless caused much suffering to their poor evicted inmates, it must be regarded in the light of a surgical operation necessary to the health of the community and the safety of the Government, and even in the end advantageous to a class who are thus taught to look for markets for their labour out-

side the plethoric metropolis. In London the same hardship has been inflicted with less excuse in constructing railway-stations, and driving lines into the central parts, and there it has been done to enable the wealthier classes, not to live in it, but to get out of it as fast as they can; and this fact has made the case of our metropolis more hopeless than ever, and made improvement in the Parisian sense both impossible and superfluous. So we must be content to leave the French the glory of possessing a city which is something more than a vast wilderness of bricks, and fall back on the superiority of our parks to the Champs Elysées, and of our country residences to theirs, where they do not pretend to live, but only go for change of air. There is all the difference between a great city brought into shape by an enterprising edile and one left to take care of itself, that there is between a diamond and a block of coal. The material in both cases is the same, but in the one case there is lucid arrangement, and in the other chaos.

And Paris is certainly very beautiful, with the beauty of crystallisation as opposed to that of amorphous form in nature. Though a painter might prefer a bit out of the old streets of Rouen (it was a sin and shame, by the way, to improve Rouen), there is a certain pictorial grandeur in the interminable perfection of avenues; and Martin might rejoice in the realisation through Imperial power of his ideal Babylons and Ninevehs. More than any other city in the world, Paris is a unit, and is easily personified as a shapely female wearing a mural crown. Its unity fitly expresses the wonderful centralisation so loved by the French, and so hated by us, which radiates from it into the most remote corners of the most mountainous departments, and annexes France to Paris by the iron arms of the railroads. The same idea prevails in the arrangement of the Universal Exhibition, the park into which the Champ de Mars has been turned representing the most cosmopolite country in the world, which offers hospitality for a consideration to all comers; and the oval building, profanely called the gasometer, with its boulevards, streets, and shops, and central garden, and even its iron girdling of machinery, completing the parallel with the fortifications, representing Paris itself. The great gasometer itself is of the shape of an egg, saving that both its ends are alike. And it is like an egg in this, that its hardest part, the machinery department, is outside, while the middle garden and fine-arts circle may be compared to the yolk, which is protected from the rude neighbourhood of the machinery by less valuable matter placed between. It must be at once allowed that, in this arrangement, beauty has been entirely sacrificed to convenience.

The gasometer has been called extremely ugly; but it is in fact not so, because it does not make the slightest pretension to beauty,

and is simply a negation in that respect. It would certainly be an eyesore if it were intended to remain; but as it is not, there is nothing to be said against it on the score of taste; while, on the other hand, it seems most perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it was put up—i.e., containing things on view, and enabling persons to view them. No doubt a great many visitors will be disappointed to find that there is nowhere presented, even in the main avenue, a grand *coup d'œil*, such as was the case in the two London Exhibitions, and especially in that of 1851, when the crowd in the main aisle was the most entertaining part of the sight, buzzing like bees about every object that was said to cost a great deal of money. No building that has been made for subsequent Exhibitions has ever approached in effect Sir Joseph Paxton's glass-case, as no exhibition has ever equalled or ever will equal in interest our Prince Consort's creation, although it seems as if all of it might have stood on the ground assigned to Great Britain in the Champ de Mars. There were many reasons for this, the chief being the vast amount of unbelief that the first scheme had to overcome. Some prophesied that it would bring about the end of the world; others compared it to the presumption of the builders of Babel, and prophesied a confusion of tongues, a prophecy which was certainly fulfilled; while others said, that it would infallibly breed a pestilence through the introduction of so many unwashed foreigners, but nevertheless went to see it before it closed. And it possessed one attraction that must never be forgotten, and which was once a source of danger both to the curious crowd and the venerable object of their curiosity—the occasional presence of our Great Duke.

In the 'Journal Amusant' appeared lately a print representing a

lady in skirt and bodice with a very low neck, who says to her maid, "I am certainly not dressed yet to receive company, but I think you may admit those gentlemen." This was supposed to represent the unprepared state of the Exhibition at its opening on the 1st of April, and numberless are the jokes that have been perpetrated at its expense, not a few consisting in changes rung on the "poisson d'avril." And, as is natural, the different national dining-rooms have furnished inexhaustible matter for merriment. Of course puppets and birds'-nests would be forthcoming in the Chinese restaurant, and "petit enfant aux petits pois" in the New Zealand saloon, where the garçon might be sometimes heard muttering down the tube to the kitchen, "Un-homme-pommes!" But it is greatly to be feared that in the actual arrangements of the Committee the anthropophagi have been forgotten. As yet, in the middle of April, there have been few symptoms of that enormous crowding of Paris which has been the subject of so many jests that many strangers may be afraid to come in consequence: and it seems to be the general opinion that hotel-keepers and others will be disappointed of the enormous harvest they expected. After all, many of the objects "exposed" may be seen in detail elsewhere; and the shop-windows of Paris at any time are so unendingly amusing, that it is difficult to surpass them by any collection of their products. The people will certainly be throughout the most interesting part of the show. There are already to be seen a goodly number of live Arabs, Turks, and Tunisians, though French scepticism will not believe them all to be genuine, and a story is told that when a gentleman complimented a distinguished Oriental on his excellent French, he naively replied, "Mais, monsieur, je suis de Batignolles."

Though the Exhibition was not in a fit state to receive its visitors on the opening day, nor will be yet for a long time to come, there is something peculiarly amusing in seeing fresh progress made each day as new objects are brought in and unveiled, and the busiest labour is going on, uninterrupted by the idle crowd. A few of the most conspicuous things already in the outer park (which is more properly a sort of Cremorne Garden) are the enormous red iron lighthouse in the little pond, and near it a church for the display of ecclesiastical ornaments, which is a really beautiful model; and it will be a thousand pities if it is not suffered to remain as a memorial of the Exhibition, and perhaps consecrated as a military chapel; the Turkish mosque, which may be entered by a Christian without a firman from the Porte, and even with dirty boots; the Mexican temple for human sacrifices; the palace of the Egyptian Viceroy, and that of the Bey of Tunis, which is really an exquisite model of fine arabesque work having under it a sort of open cellar where Turkish coffee is served in Turkish cups by mute Orientals while a band of Tunisian musicians regales the ears of the guests; and, in the Prussian domain, the brand-new bronze equestrian statue of the King of Prussia, sitting defiant of European opinion, with the Hohenzollern scowl on his not prepossessing countenance. And please your Majesty, a good many fists will be shaken at that effigy, and teeth ground, and poltroon curses muttered, before the Exhibition closes. On entering the outer circle of the gasometer, where there is a vast whirl of machinery in motion, utterly incomprehensible to the uninitiated, one is instantly reminded by the gusts of wind that prevail, of that outer circle in Dante's Hell where those who loved "not wisely but too well" are swept round, with a dash on a jagged rock at intervals, to all

eternity; but on penetrating further in the parallel becomes less applicable, for the circles, instead of getting worse, get better, and the pleasantest part of all is what would answer to that focus of affliction where Lucifer himself dwells, and traitors in general, and Brutus and Cassius in particular, freeze in everlasting ice. Quitting the hurly-burly of the machinery after a glance at it from the galleries, which really seem very purposeless erections, as they command at each point a very small arc of a huge circle, we enter France, and skipping the raw materials of manufactures, give a hasty look at the rich Algerian department, and then run through the dress circle, in which France, of course, is pre-eminent, as becomes the queen of the fashions. Be it known that ladies' evening dresses are now made with beautiful landscapes printed on the skirts. But we are led to make this reflection. All artists seem to agree that the human form in its utmost simplicity, and especially the female form, which is seen in this very Exhibition in every possible pose and of every possible material, on canvass, in bronze, in marble, in terra cotta, in biscuit china, &c. &c., is the very acme of all beauty. Of what use are all those decorations which do not tend to set it off, but only to attract attention from it to the ornaments themselves? A landscape hung on a wall is in its place, but hung on a woman it is simply an impertinence, and degrades human dignity in the same way as the tarpaulin coat with white letters of the walking London advertisements. The great enemy of costume is fashion; and while nothing deserves greater respect than the lay figures attired in perennial peasant dresses, we pass with little heed the inventions of Parisian milliners for diving into the pockets that pay for the ephemeral decorations of the monde and demi-monde. Above all, the present fashion of

trains and slight skirts is an insult to all ladies who are not "carriage people," and far more objectionable than the much-abused crinolines, which did enable a woman to walk. The next step in the same direction, if a step it can be called in any sense, would be the adoption of the little club feet of Chinese belles, by means of some operation undergone under the influence of chloroform. The next circle is much pleasanter, though it gives an insight into a world of luxury which would almost seem to provoke the Nemesis of some terrible democratic explosion. The furniture is magnificent, and often exquisitely tasteful; and the principal room, where articles of crystal and glass are exposed, surpasses, perhaps, in brilliancy any other part of the Exhibition. The coloured combined with the white glasses in those splendid lustres, which are doubtless priced at thousands of francs, must produce, with plenty of wax-lights, a most fairy-like illumination; and as for the wine-glasses, it can only be said of them that they are worthy of the country that produces the finest wines in the world, and which it would be worth while to keep the peace with if only for being able to continue to drink them. The Grand Vestibule serves as the Channel, and on passing it to the British department, not the least attraction of which to foreigners are the red jackets of the Engineers, attention is at once arrested by the Wedgwood and Minton trophies, and the incomparable wares of the Potteries, and no less by the exquisite workmanship of our gold and silver smiths. But the products of all the civilised nations are wonderfully like each other, which shows that we are fast merging all national characteristics in those of the normal European, of which the varnished Russian is the most perfect type, because the youngest born of the moderns. It is almost refreshing to come across a little

true John Bull ugliness in the collection of the placards of beer firms and others, such as are so abundantly seen in houses in the metropolitan districts. When we get to the semi-barbarous nations, the products become more special, and on that account more attractive; but many of these most interesting collections are still in a state of unreadiness. The products of colonies in different parts of the earth are interesting from the same special character; and any painting, however daubed, which represents life and scenery in places not accessible to tourists, at once commands respect. Amongst the British dependencies the Indian collection easily bears the palm; and some furniture of elaborately carved black wood could not be surpassed either as to workmanship or design; while even the Bahama Islands are easily remembered by some flower-baskets formed of pearls of singular beauty. Amongst the European nations none seem to have made greater efforts to shine, especially in originality of conception, than the Scandinavians. In the Danish collection are seen some most remarkable easy-chairs, representing the blossoms and leaves of peonies in velvet; and there is a whole series of groups of Norwegian and Swedish peasants made of wood and costumed so lifelike that they at once deceive the eye at a certain distance, and it is much to be regretted that all the peasant costumes of all the other European states are not displayed in the same way. But we hasten to the kernel of the collection, the painting and sculpture departments, which are enclosed within the circle of the subsidiary liberal arts. In sculpture, fair Italy holds her own against the world, and now, at last, in her own name, thanks to the Emperor Napoleon, Cavour, and Garibaldi. In our Exhibition of 1851, the Milanese statues came under the head of Austria. It is difficult to imagine

originality in sculpture after the lapse of so many centuries working on so confined a class of subjects, and yet in this Exhibition great freshness of design is seen, even without the attempted novelty of partial or prevailing colour. "*Eva appena creata*," by Pandiani, strikes at first sight as symbolic of the scarcely created state of the Exhibition itself, but, joking apart, is a lovely figure, of bold and novel conception. It seems as if the artist had imagined creation to be a kind of process in which the growth of years was crowded into minutes, and as if the subject had been arrested precisely at the period of budding womanhood, opening astonished eyes with delight at its own existence and its paradisiacal surroundings. A great favourite with the baby-loving sex is the little recumbent figure of Moses in the bulrushes, by Cambi of Florence. The little fellow has all the attributes of a "proper child," and looks altogether so jolly in his peril and abandonment, that it is not surprising, if the reality was like him, that Pharaoh's daughter found him irresistible. "*Vanity*" and "*The Slave*" by Tantardini of Milan, are very successful attempts at expressing, by the play of feature in marble, character and circumstances; the face of the latter is perhaps truer to its type than Power's famous Greek Slave, who has little of slavery about her but the chain. The Italian statues are perhaps distinguished from the French by greater chastity, and a more classical tone with less boldness of design generally. The sculptors of the latter nation, though grown much soberer of late, have still something of the inspiration of the Writhing Laocoon of the Louvre. A very favourable example of this is the "*Hypatia bound to be stoned by the Christians of Alexandria*," by Gaston Guitton, remarkable for the luxuriance of the limbs. It might, however, be taken for an Andromeda. The immense number

of figures in marble and bronze scattered throughout the Exhibition show how liberal a patronage is extended by the public to this branch of Art, and how great must be the diffusion of wealth which tempts to the purchase of works so costly, so superfluous, and so difficult of execution. It is impossible to give a detailed notice of the paintings without all the catalogues in order.

Many of the pictures are well known already, and most of those which are not deserve to be. The French collection is decidedly the most brilliant, but it does not follow that it is the best. We miss the great name of Ingres, recently dead, but many of the principal works of that master are to be seen in a collection which is now open at the Institut des Beaux Arts on the Quai d'Orsay. In contrast to his quiet and somewhat fatigued-looking flesh-colours, reminding us of Sir C. Eastlake, we have the glowing pictures of Alexandre Cabanel. His "*Venus Anadyomene*" is original in conception, as the goddess is born from the foam of the sea in a recumbent position, and is seen just floating above it with a lovely smile; but the incidents of the aspiring subject of "*Le Paradis Perdu*," which is one of the most attention-arresting paintings in the whole gallery, are of a more commonplace order. The posture of Eve is good, and the flesh-tint is unexceptionable; but Adam, conventionally brown-skinned as a contrast, has not only a lowering but a low expression, and the Almighty, who is come to chide him, has condescended to desire one of the cherubim, between whom He sits, to push aside the boughs that He may get a better view of the guilty pair. This very human action at once degrades the subject. Every one is glad to see again Gérôme's most tragic "*Gladiators saluting the Emperor*," and his "*Phryne before the Areopagus*" could never fail to attract from the luminous brilliancy of the even too pure figure as contrasted

with the surrounding shades, and the red circles of robed judges. As for the great battle-pieces, it would have been better if they had been left at Versailles. It is all very well that such should be painted to keep up patriotic feeling, but what artist ever brought out his easel to sketch in the thick of a desperate mêlée, though doubtless many have been under fire to catch the incidents of campaigns? Even setting aside the unpleasantness of delineations of actual butchery, how much more true to life are those incidents of battle which the painter has leisure to observe, and which, in all conscience, possess enough of the stern dignity, the pity and terror of war, such as the wounded prisoners of the Italian campaign in the cart, screened by boughs from the sun, by Adolphe Yvon; or, in the American list, "*The Confederate Prisoners from the Front*," by Mr. Homer of New York, who shows in his treatment a noble sympathy with the gallant enemy. It is a family group of one old and two young human lions, who look very dilapidated, and have evidently got the worst of it, but from the proud and defiant air and erect walk, do not appear to think any the worse of themselves on that account. As for "*Cambronne at Waterloo*," by Dumaresq, it is difficult to see why he should command sympathy. On Victor Hugo's authority, he gave a very rude answer to the smart aide-de-camp who is offering him quarter; and though he had a perfect right to devote himself, he simply acted the part of an angry fool in not caring to save the gallant remains of the Guard from useless destruction. But it is a pity to spend time in looking at merely theatrical pictures, however well done, when nature and truth are represented by such artists as Rosa Bonheur, Frère, and Meissonnier. It was of Frère that Mr. Ruskin confessed himself unable to speak in adequate terms, for fear of being charged with hyperbole. It is not so unpleasant to see America

chumming with England in the picture-gallery, and only separated by an imaginary line, like that of the Canadian frontier. No one can fail to be struck with the great originality and immense labour, all of a telling kind, of Mr. Church's pictures, and certainly no one ever yet painted such luminous and brilliant rainbows as those in his "Falls of Niagara," and "Rainy Season in the Tropics." In the latter picture the rainbow appears to form almost too perfect and well-defined an arc, but this may possibly be true for the tropics. The portrait of Sherman, the conqueror of the South, may well stand in a conspicuous place, but it would have been equally agreeable to have seen some of the heroes on the other side; if the Americans would once for all disabuse themselves of the absurd and ungenerous notion that the Southerners were rebels, they would add greatly to their list of national worthies, without any additional expense. Among the English pictures, Holman Hunt's "After-glow in Egypt" was taken by an ignorant foreigner for a painting on glass, perhaps from its peculiar setting and position on a screen; it would, however, not be right to criticise it without having been in Egypt, and perhaps water there resembles melted turquoise, and fowls have more wooden feathers than is usual with our poultry. Millais's "Enemy sowing Tares" had the misfortune to be pointed out by an intelligent German cicerone as "The Wandering Jew," which character it certainly suits almost as well. He had survived, you see, said our friend, all the rest of mankind, and he is sowing for his future maintenance, but there is a famished wolf waiting in the background to eat him. The yellow break in the clouds overhead was particularly admired, but what is really the best part of the picture, the Satanic leer on the face, excited no attention. This artist can paint so exquisitely when

he pleases, as well as his fellow-Preraphaelite Hunt, that it is a pity they should occasionally try what monstrosities they can make the public swallow. Perhaps the "Light of the World," which, if memory serves us, was at Paris in 1855, and is not there now, is the finest religious picture which our time has produced. Most of the English pictures are so well known in England that it would be superfluous to notice them, but they are no less novel and interesting on that account to foreigners, and we are always glad to meet again with old friends, for instance with dear old David Cox, whose heart was so thoroughly steeped in the rough and shaggy nature of North Wales. Very much in his style, combined with perhaps even more conscientious and painstaking observation of nature, never relaxed and never rested upon, are Alfred William Hunt's sober studies. It is difficult to see how water-colours can come closer to the actual fact than in his "Snowdon after an April Hail-shower." Those torn rags of clouds on the right of the drawing one has seen a hundred times in the open air, but never before so truthfully painted; and how exquisite are the gradations of greys and russets, and how endless in their combinations! It is this class of out-of-door landscape painters who trail and shiver by turns, who will do most good to our foreign friends by showing them what Spartan discipline we submit to to arrive at excellence, and what kind of excellence alone will satisfy our taste.

It is satisfactory to see, as we walk into the other galleries, that the needle gun, though it can knock out men's brains, cannot knock brains into them; and the nations defeated in the late war are stronger than their conquerors in the realm of art. On a cursory glance, Austria certainly seems to bear off the palm from Prussia. There is a charming little study of grey rock, and the end of a

glacier with its blue-green cavities, and an Alpine lake in Carinthia, by Brunner of Vienna, which at once produces a longing to be fingering an alpenstock; and then there is a picture which, from its brilliant colours and elaborate draperies, makes every passer-by stand and deliver his notes of admiration. "The Diet at Warsaw in 1773," by Matejko of Cracow, probably an Austrian Pole; and many are detained quite as long by the elegant little "Schmollwinkel," or "boudoir," taken literally, of Ender of Vienna. Another Austrian has painted the Battle of Oversee not badly, in which the Danes, after performing prodigies of valour, were beaten by an enemy about thrice their numbers. How little the gallant Jägers of that attack thought about the Nemesis hanging over their heads in the shape of Sadowa! Perhaps some such Nemesis may await the victors of Düppel as well as Sadowa. The Prussian painters have not forgotten the Danish laurels of their gallant countrymen, though one would have thought, after the really hard work in Bohemia, the less they said about that preliminary business the better. Another beaten nation which paints well, though her right arm is broken, is poor little dismembered Denmark. She has her victory too to celebrate, nevertheless—the smart sea-action off Heligoland, the news of which elicited cheers in our House of Commons. It does not cost much to cry "hear, hear." But it is best to say no more on a subject which refers but indirectly to the Paris Exhibition, and on which it cannot be edifying to dwell now. The first picture on the Danish list is a gem—"Two Omnibus Horses in the Stable," by Bach. Landseer or Rosa Bonheur might either of them have been proud of those omnibus horses, so beautifully contrasted in colour; nor is the lounging peasant who is feeding them less exquisite. And Bloch's "Samson," No. 2 on the

list, is very grand indeed. The Israelite Hercules is grinding at the Philistine mill, with a grandly dogged countenance, and is poked and bullied by a miserable weakling sitting above, whose weazened countenance fully expresses that worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of the weak over the strong. The leering bystanders at the door are equally good. Gertner paints "The Two Friends," and charmingly contrasts the fresh face of a lovely child above with the rough and honest countenance of a mastiff under him. But *place aux dames!* Here is Madame Jerichau with "A Wounded Soldier." The bed, the room, the furniture are all as commonplace as possible; but the figure of the charming girl reading to entertain her warrior, now we may hope convalescent and happy, is tenderness itself. "The Boon Companions" is a scene of innocent pleasant jollity, full of youth and bloom and joy. The seven pictures by this lady are all charming. "The Sunrise at Skagen, a storm," by Scerensen, will be at once pronounced eminently true by all who have looked on northern skies in certain conditions, especially in the red fury of the stormy sunset. It was once thought a great matter that a king should have imbibed such a reverence for art that the Emperor Charles V. deigned to stoop to pick up Titian's brush. King Charles XV. of Sweden handles the brush himself, and with no inconsiderable ability, as two fine forest scenes in Sweden testify, one of them the property of the Emperor of the French. No doubt he has made careful studies in the neighbourhood of his beautiful retirement on an island in the Mälär Lake, and he is able to appreciate the works of others all the better by working himself, as he has managed to possess himself of that sweetly imaginative picture by Malmström, of "Elves frolicking by Moonlight," the moonlight itself

being the unsubstantial substance out of which the elves are embodied. In the Norwegian section an artist of the eccentric name of Bøe exhibits seven pictures of an equally quaint character, but very beautiful in their quaintness. He has taken full advantage of the iridescent light on shells and pearl ornaments, combined with jewels and a lighted taper, to produce a new kind of Rembrandt study, and all his subjects—sea-birds, flowers, fruits, and fish—are distinguished by the same weird illumination and loving richness of colour. That magnificent tragedy, Tidemand's "Ancient Norwegian Duel with Axes," is the property of a gentleman in London, and is doubtless well known in England. If these northern painters would all content themselves with illustrating their own picturesque people and country, instead of going to the south to seek for subjects, it would be a great gain for Art; for the spirit of a spot must be imbibed by a painter in long observation, as a general rule, before he can render it faithfully or fully. It does strike one as rather strange that Swiss painters should ever paint anything but Switzerland. It can only be from a sense of the utter unapproachableness of the magnificent nature in which they live, and a desire for mental repose in quieter subjects. Even tourists who have been long among the peaks, passes, and glaciers feel a certain relief in descending among the chestnuts of the Italian slopes. Several countries never heard of before in connection with the higher arts, are more or less represented in the Paris Exhibition. Even the Ottoman Empire sends paintings, but they are probably the production of its Christian subjects, as the making of an image, graven or otherwise, of natural objects, is a pleasure with which a Mussulman must not meddle. The show which Russia makes is quite respectable; there is especially one winter scene,

of which she must indeed have enough and to spare, well worthy of notice, by Mestchersky; his name, however, sounds Polish. It is in vain we look for excellence in the country of Murillo and Velasquez. The Spanish painters appear to have done most of their pictures in a state of siesta on a hot day. They all look sleepy. It would be very pleasant to suppose this decadence entirely owing to the influence of Popery and a despotic Government, but it is to be feared that the cause of it must be looked for elsewhere, since Popery and despotism were just as rampant as now in the golden ages of Spain. It would seem as if nothing was more fatal to a nation than to remain stationary, and as if, from time to time, some change for better or worse was wanted of a more or less revolutionary character to stir its blood into life. This thought may somewhat console us under our periodical inflections of Parliamentary Reform. Three days in the Paris Exhibition are inexpressibly fatiguing; and yet, with hard work, only disclose a small part of its wonders. Those who live within a reasonable distance of it would do well to pay it several visits, digesting the impressions derived from the last, before they attempt the next. Unless it is walked through systematically with the map, it becomes a puzzling labyrinth where the same ground is gone over many times to little purpose. One fancy, from the similarity of several of the parts, that all have been seen, when suddenly a white elephant, or some object equally obvious and obtrusive, turns up and shows that wide regions are still undiscovered. Of course, our fugitive impressions can render no adequate idea of the whole Exhibition; but we saw enough to be sure of one thing, that, while it lasts, in spite of English Dundrearyism and French cynicism, it is most indisputably another wonder of the world.

PERGRINUS.

THE REFORM BILL.

WHATEVER fate may ultimately attend the Government measure of Electoral Reform — however the final issues of the present debate may affect the Government itself — there cannot, we imagine, be two opinions in regard to the difficulties with which Lord Derby's Administration has been forced to contend, or the extraordinary temper, ability, and perseverance which at every stage in the great struggle it has exhibited in dealing with them. Neither Sir Robert Peel in 1835, nor Mr. Pitt in 1784, stood in anything like so delicate and trying a situation as that into which, since their first entrance upon office, her Majesty's present advisers have been driven. Peel had, indeed, when suddenly called upon to form an administration, popular prejudice, to a large extent, against him, which the memory of recent triumphs over himself and exasperation at the King's conduct, tended not a little to aggravate. He went to his work, likewise, painfully convinced that they who paved the way for his approach to it had laid the first stone in a blunder. Instead of giving him a chance with the old Parliament, as they ought to have done, and thus leaving him free to dissolve at his own time, and upon his own terms, the Duke unfortunately arranged for appealing to the country before an opportunity was afforded of making known what the new Minister's policy was to be. The issues were therefore taken upon the comparative popularity of rival sets of statesmen, and the constituencies being as yet enamoured of the rump of Lord Grey's Cabinet, returned a House of Commons which declined to accept Peel as its leader. We thought at the time, and we still think, that if Peel had dissolved again, the electors of England and Scotland would have reversed that de-

cision. For the question upon which the Whigs defeated him was so palpably one of mere faction, that the victors never ventured to appeal to it again, far less to act upon it. Still a second dissolution, just after a general election, would have been a strong measure, and the precedent established by it very dangerous. Perhaps, therefore, Peel did right in declining to try his fortune farther. Having fought one stern battle and lost it, he preferred resignation to what might have been a disastrous, and must have been a critical, manoeuvre. Pitt, on the contrary, took his seat on the Treasury bench in a Parliament where he knew himself to be powerless. There confronted him a coalition the most formidable that ever came together, and which was led by the most experienced statesmen and ablest debaters of the day. Yet with all this Pitt was alive to the fact that coalitions always carry within themselves the seeds of weakness; and he fully understood that the points on which he stood apart from the Opposition were not such as made any strong appeal to popular prejudice one way or another. Finally, Pitt was assured of the unhesitating support of the Sovereign, whose battle he had undertaken to fight, and the brave young Minister was not slow in discovering that his Sovereign was as resolute as himself. Besides this, both Peel and Pitt could entirely depend upon their own party and their own colleagues. Whatever proposition Peel had brought forward in 1835, the rest of the Cabinet would have endorsed it; and Pitt's brother-ministers in 1784 were equally prepared to follow wherever he should lead. Accordingly Pitt, biding his time, allowed the opposition to commit themselves and then dissolved. He triumphed, because his

party were true to him, and he had the choice of his own field of operations; whereas Peel failed, not because his friends were false, but only because the choice of a field of operations was not afforded to him. How stand at this moment in these respects Lord Derby and his colleagues in office?—how have they stood from the beginning?

We live so fast in these times, that the circumstances under which Lord Derby acceded to office, though not yet removed from us by a single year, have passed into history. He was invited to form a Ministry, because Lord Russell thought proper to resign; and he set about the task with undisguised reluctance. His situation was one of extraordinary difficulty. Lord Russell had been defeated in the House of Commons by the defection from his own ranks of a considerable section of the Liberal Party; and Lord Derby's first and most natural impulse was to ascertain how far the secessionists were disposed to make common cause with the Minister whom they had largely contributed to make. He was anxious, likewise, to see what the principle of action was by which they desired to be guided. And here his perplexities began. The recalcitrant Liberals proved not to be at one among themselves. Some, though very few, pronounced against all change in the electoral system; others did not appear to have quite made up their minds how far they could go in the way of change. The one link of union between these two sections had been common hostility to a measure proposed by Mr. Gladstone and supported by Mr. Bright; but beyond this their roads lay apart. Now, neither Lord Derby nor Mr. Disraeli were pledged to an anti-Reform policy. They had, on the contrary, proposed a measure of their own, which a trick defeated, and over the defeat of which not a few of those who had helped to bring it about now mourned. Their advances to Mr.

Lowe, therefore, if they made any, were repulsed, not because Mr. Lowe had always declared against change—for in 1859 he voted for reducing the borough franchise, to which Lord Derby's Government was opposed,—but because in the late discussion he had taken a line which admitted, as he alleged, of no compromise. Mr. Lowe is the best judge of what, in his own opinion, goes to establish consistency in political action; but certainly neither his previous course of procedure, nor the line which he chose to take in the division of the 11th of last month, chime in with the decided opinions which he expressed on the subject under discussion in June 1866. He declined, however, to commit himself in any way with the Tories, and the Tories, finding that the same feeling prevailed among the other leaders of the band which had separated itself from the Liberal party, were driven by the force of circumstances to reconsider their position, and to look elsewhere for support.

Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli knew that the party which followed their lead was in a minority in the House of Commons. They knew, also, that on the other side there were noblemen and gentlemen of standing and experience who, though they had voted, and even spoken, in favour of Mr. Bright's measure, never in their hearts approved it. They therefore not unnaturally arrived at the conclusion that if to these noblemen and gentlemen a better scheme of Parliamentary Reform could be proposed, they might be induced to accept it, especially if the proposal were accompanied by an offer to share with them the honours and responsibilities of office. We violate no confidence in making this statement, which we believe to be substantially correct; nor is any, the slightest, censure on the score of bad faith involved in it so far as Ministers are concerned; for the offers, if made, were made with

the full cognisance and sanction of those against whose interests they might be supposed to have more directly militated. Indeed, among the many startling incidents which have marked the progress of events up to the crisis which they have at length reached, there is not one more remarkable, nor, let us add, more creditable to all concerned, than the perfect readiness with which ex-Ministers waived what might be considered their just claims to office, in order to facilitate the construction of such an Administration as might insure to the country the prospect of good government. We have understood that Mr. Disraeli himself was ready in 1866, as he had been in 1859, to make way for whatever statesman Lord Derby might find able and willing from among the old Whigs to take his place. And there can be no doubt at all that a similar disposition was evinced by every other member of the old Cabinet.

The negotiations with the extreme Whigs failed, as those with Lord Grosvenor's party had done, and Lord Derby at once fell back—personally, we may be sure, nothing loath—upon his friends of other days. Some of these, however, preferred seeking repose for themselves, in order that room might be made for younger men; and the Government lost, in consequence, the moral strength which would have appertained to it, had Lord Lytton, for example, been persuaded to return to the Colonial Office. Still the Cabinet, when the list of names came out, was pronounced on all sides to be made up of first-rate materials. Lord Carnarvon's merits were no secret in well-informed circles. His principles were sound; his knowledge extensive; his business habits praiseworthy. He would give great strength in the House of Lords to the Government; he was acceptable to the Colonies; and the Church entirely trusted him. Lord Cranborne, also, had shown him-

self an excellent debater in the House of Commons; and they who knew him most intimately declared, that his administrative abilities were quite equal, if not superior, to his abilities as a speaker. He had not been many weeks at the India Office before he fully justified the opinion which had been formed of him. He did great things in a short space of time; and had the time been more prolonged, he would have doubtless done greater. In like manner, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, though as yet untried in official life, carried with him to the new Administration a prestige of great practical ability; indeed, there was no difference of opinion among either friends or foes in regard to the excellency of the materials of which the new Government was composed. For it was not in Cabinet offices only that the Tory Administration excelled. Cairns as Attorney-General, and Bovill as Solicitor-General, constituted of themselves no mean element of strength. They were a worthy supplement to Disraeli at the Exchequer, Stanley at the Foreign Office, Carnarvon at the Colonial Office, Cranborne at the India Office, Peel at the War Office, and good Mr. Walpole, perhaps personally the most popular of all, at the Home Office.

Able as the several members of the Administration were known to be, those who lived with them individually on terms of confidence, felt, from the outset, considerable misgivings as to the chances of permanent concord among them. In politics, even more decidedly than in war, it is not always an advantage to have too many men of first-rate ability employed together at the head of affairs. Large minds are usually strong minds, and strong minds are not easily moved to get rid of impressions which may have once been made upon them. This has been shown over and over again in the political history of England, and never more remarkably so than

in our own day. The Government which came into power after the death of Fox consisted of individuals all of them remarkable for their talent, yet it fell to pieces within a few months of its formation, owing to the obstinacy of one or two members, and the results of that obstinacy. In like manner, Lord Aberdeen's Administration was confessedly made up of statesmen, every one of whom, so far as talent was concerned, might have been himself at the head of a government of his own, and according to his own lights would have managed it well. Yet the collective wisdom of Lord Aberdeen's Administration proved as disastrous in its effects as if the Cabinet had been a Cabinet of fools, and it broke up at last, just as its many blunders had brought the country to the verge of dishonour. We do not think that we are going too far when we say that this spirit of latent weakness appertained more or less to Lord Derby's Administration from the first. The Cabinet consisted too much of men every one of whom took his own separate view of important matters, and being persuaded that his view was the right view, could not bring himself to deviate from, or even to modify, an opinion once expressed. Gentlemen of this stamp neither understand the nature nor appreciate the importance of give and take. In their opinion compromise, where principle is believed to be involved, becomes a crime. Perhaps, too, though we write the words reluctantly, personal feeling might have been here and there a little out of tune. The wisest among us are more biassed than we ought to be in the judgment at which we arrive on most points, by what may be called *caste* prejudice; and to talent thus hampered, the forecastings of genius are apt to be regarded as at once visionary and fruitless. But surely this is a grave mistake; for though genius may be more vivacious than mere

talent, and sometimes perhaps sees contingencies in a brighter light, the conclusions which it draws from its own premises are not on that account the less likely to be correct conclusions. Be this, however, as it may, there was some reason to suspect that even in the matter of personal feeling, all was not exactly what it might have been in Lord Derby's Cabinet; and subsequent events have too clearly shown that the suspicion, however gendered and wherever entertained, was a just one. Two courses were open to Lord Derby, and only two, when he consented to form an Administration. He could either avoid the Reform question altogether, and go in for good departmental administration, or he must deal with the Reform question boldly, and settle it at once and for ever. He had not been a week in office, before the broadest possible indications were given, that whatever his own disposition might be, the people were determined to have a change in the electoral system of the country. The formation of the Reform League, and the countenance given to it by the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer; the meetings, the processions, the window-breaking, and the Hyde Park riot, all showed in what direction the wind was setting. Then came the recess, and with it Mr. Bright's progresses, Mr. Forster's announcements, Mr. Beales's proclamations, and the coalition, under Mr. Potter's guidance, of Trades-unions with the Reform League. It was impossible to believe, with this evidence before them, that the country was not in earnest in demanding a settlement of the Reform question; and it was equally impossible, under the circumstances, to adopt and adhere to a policy of obstruction. The necessity of change thus forced itself upon the convictions of even the staunchest Tory in the Cabinet, and henceforth the single point demanding attention was, How far shall we go?

Things were in this state when the first heavy blow fell upon the Government from within itself. High legal offices, both in England and Ireland, became vacant, and three of the best speakers on the Ministerial side naturally looked to fill them. They could not be passed over, and they ceased to be members of the House of Commons. Sir Hugh Cairns, Mr. Bovill, and the honourable member for the University of Dublin, were thus lost to the debating power of their party just when debating power was most required, and at the very crisis in affairs when it was most valuable. Do we grudge to these gentlemen the honours and the comparative repose which they had well earned? Far from it. All had done good service to the country—some through a longer, others through a shorter term of years; and they are now in possession of the recompense which they have justly earned; yet the cause to which they, equally with ourselves, are bound, suffers from their advancement. The party loses, while the nation and the able lawyers promoted to the Bench equally gain. Lord Cairns has indeed consented to take his place among the Peers of England. This is something, because the House of Lords still exists, and still exercises, in its deliberations, no slight influence over public opinion. But the House of Commons is, after all, the arena where eloquence, combined with wisdom, finds its most appropriate sphere of action; and now, more than ever, shall we miss there the brilliant yet logical and argumentative speeches of the late member for Belfast. Still this is a misfortune which could not be avoided, so it may not be deplored. The successors of Sir Hugh Cairns and Mr. Bovill are men of no mean mark, and every session, supposing the Government to keep its ground, will more and more improve both their skill in debate and their prestige

as members of the Administration. But other and more disastrous incidents threatened; and to these we must draw the attention of our readers, though we do so with unspeakable regret.

The long vacation came, and with it agitation in the provinces and noise in London. Ministers went to their respective homes, and for a while perfect unanimity of sentiment was supposed to prevail among them. As the summer wore away, however, and autumn and the early winter drew on, rumours got afloat which perplexed the friends and excited the enemies of Conservatism. It was whispered that grounds of difference had shown themselves in the Government, and frequent meetings of the Cabinet, with some separate journeys of particular ministers to Windsor, created a strong suspicion that all was not as it ought to be. First the opinion prevailed that the obstructives, as they were called, had carried their point, and that, in the Queen's Speech, no notice whatever would be taken of the great question of the day. By-and-by a belief got abroad that the obstinacy of the recusants had been in part overcome, and that, by some process or another, nobody could quite say what, Reform would certainly find its way into the Ministerial programme when Parliament met. Then came speculation as to the manner of bringing the question forward. Lord Cranborne and General Peel were both committed, as far as their speeches in the heat of debate can commit men to anything, against all lowering or otherwise tampering with the franchise, on the responsibility of any Government. But if a Conservative Government could not undertake to bring in a Reform Bill of its own, and if it was made manifest to the convictions of all reasonable men that a Reform Bill had become a necessity, what was a Conservative Administration to do? Would they meet

Parliament only to confess that they lacked the wisdom necessary to guide its counsels? Were they to resign, leaving Mr. Gladstone free to play the game which they had refused to approach, and to play it in his own favour? It was a sore dilemma, out of which a way was found, by a proposal to proceed by a series of Resolutions. We believe that we are partially responsible for suggesting this course. And, abortive as the issue of the attempt proved to be, we by no means repent having made the suggestion. For assuming that there were differences in the Cabinet, the expedient had this advantage to recommend it, that by acceding to the scheme neither party sacrificed a principle. The process was, in fact, a tentative process, and nothing more, for resolutions bind no one till they are adopted; and when the House took the matter into its own hand, the chances were just as strong, looking to the temper displayed in the bygone session, that for the present the question would be shelved as that it should be worked out to an issue. At all events, here was a mode of keeping those together, a breach *d'outrance* among whom could hardly fail of leading to a dissolution of the Conservative party; and rather than witness that, the advocates of change in the Cabinet were prepared to risk everything short of throwing power once more into hands which would not now scruple to use it to the uttermost.

The determination to feel their way by the process just adverted to was an honest compromise on both sides within the Cabinet. No doubt the advocates of a policy of direct action yielded most on that occasion. It may even be assumed—there are those who do assume—that they yielded too much, and that Lord Derby ought to have done at first what circumstances constrained him to do far less efficaciously in the long run. Events have

shown that possibly this course would have been the right one. But we must bear in mind that it is at all times painful to break upon a particular point with those whose views in other respects coincide entirely with our own; and that the peculiar position of the Tory Cabinet was such as to increase that difficulty fourfold in the case which we are now considering. As yet nobody could tell what the views and wishes of the Conservative party outside the Cabinet were. It might turn out that a large section of them thought as Lord Cranborne and Lord Carnarvon did, in which case the retirement of these statesmen and of General Peel, who had connected himself with them, would be fatal both to the policy and to the existence of the Government. Better, therefore, run the risk of damaging themselves for a season with the general public than break up their party before an opportunity was afforded of showing what it desired to bring about. Hence the arrangement to approach the subject of Reform by Resolutions; and hence, doubtless, also, the singularly vague and unintelligible language in which the Resolutions themselves were drawn up. But statesmen whose views are clear, and who are satisfied of the necessity as well as the wisdom of acting on their own views, do not give in to a compromise like this without mortification and a sense of self-abasement. That Mr. Disraeli laboured under these depressing influences when he laid his meaningless Resolutions on the table of the House, all who listened to the speech with which they were introduced saw plainly enough. He had no heart for the work to which he had been set. He knew, while doing it, that it would lead to nothing. He was perfectly right. The reception accorded to the Government proposal was such as satisfied even the minority in the Cabinet that the thing would not do, and an-

other, though scarcely a more satisfactory arrangement, was arrived at. How Mr. Disraeli could bring himself to be the exponent to the House of the second scheme to which the Cabinet lent itself is more than we can conjecture. It was an extent of forbearance, an index of self-negation, to which there is no parallel in the history of party. For a rental franchise went against every principle which he had previously enunciated; and not all the safeguards with which it was sought to render the declension from ten to six pounds safe, could for a moment deceive any one who listened to the proposal, and least of all the astute and experienced statesman whom his adverse destiny constrained to take the initiative in the matter.

While all this was going on in the Cabinet and throughout the Conservative party, Mr. Gladstone had been drawing day by day more close the connection which subsisted between himself and the Reform League and the Trades-unions. Heretofore he had been content to receive the cheers of these bodies, and to address to them complimentary words from his balcony, or through his amiable consort. Now he made appointments with their leaders, and consented to receive deputations from their various bodies, and take counsel and bandy compliments with them in his drawing-room. Most edifying conferences were those which ensued. Nothing could exceed the urbanity—we had almost said the obsequiousness—of the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire, unless it were the frank, bold, manly, somewhat dictatorial tone assumed towards him by his friends and advisers. He endeavours quietly to insinuate that a line must be drawn somewhere, and that if it were again brought forward, the bill which failed last year would be the best of all possible bills. His friends and advisers beg leave to differ, and tell him that

they have arrived at a conviction which nothing can now shake, that the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty is to be found in registered manhood suffrage, protected by the ballot. Does Mr. Gladstone object to this? Not at all. He merely parries the thrust, and slides off, or tries to slide off, upon a lodger franchise and the franchise which is to be dependent on the ownership of money in the funds or in the savings-bank. How ignorant he is of human nature, and especially of Parliamentary Reform League human nature! A lodger franchise! Certainly they do not object to that. It is a step towards that registered manhood suffrage to which they are pledged; indeed it may be said to form an essential ingredient in it. But let there be no mistake. If any consideration of money value or term of residence be attached, they will have none of it. It becomes, so clogged and hampered, a delusion, and worse than a delusion—an insult. As to the other fancy franchises to which Mr. Disraeli's second proposal referred, they were vicious in the extreme. They could not be accepted, even if Mr. Gladstone were to propose them. "The last man in the world who ought to possess the franchise is your savings-bank depositor. He is always a mean and selfish fellow. He thinks of his family when he ought to be thinking of his country. He is seldom a member of a Trades-union, and is specially unfitted to take any part in public affairs." Mr. Gladstone is convinced, or pretends to be convinced, that Mr. Beales and Mr. Potter know a great deal better than himself what the people of England require and deserve. He is very much flattered by the confidence which the League reposes in him, and begs to assure them that, come what will, he will consent to nothing which falls short of securing to the working man the political rights to which he is entitled.

We approach another stage in the drama which is still in progress, and find Lord Derby's Government more and more beset by dangers and difficulties. The reception awarded to their second proposition had been even more discouraging than that which induced them to recede from the first, and it was necessary to decide whether, adhering to the plan of a six-pound rating, with duality of votes and all the other fences which had been gathered round it, they were to enter upon a battle of which the issues were certain defeat. Between this course, at once disastrous and discreditable, and falling back upon the plan which had been originally proposed, and to which three parts of the Cabinet had all along been consenting parties, there was no alternative. We are not in a position to say whether or not the possibility of being driven to this choice had been previously contemplated. It seems all but impossible to imagine that such a contingency should not have occurred, because both Lord Cranborne and General Peel were too conversant with the sentiments of the House to anticipate any other issue to their second proposal than actually befell. And counting upon its rejection they must have considered at the same time what course it behoved them as the real authors of the difficulty to take. The Cabinet met on Saturday. In the lump Mr. Disraeli's plan appears to have been unanimously accepted; but Sunday was devoted by Lord Cranborne to a pretty severe question in arithmetic. The answer did not come out exactly to his liking, and he lost no time in communicating to Lord Carnarvon and General Peel the results of his labours. The figures struck his two allies as at once correct and unsatisfactory, and they decided on withdrawing the assent which they had given the day before to the policy of their chief. It is a pity that they did

not make this determination known to Lord Derby the same day. Perhaps, indeed, we go too far in speaking of the results of their consultations on the Sunday as decisive. They may have concurred in opinion and expressed to one another their disapproval. That may have been all. But be that as it may, the Cabinet came together on the Monday an hour before the House of Commons was to meet, and then only that step was taken which the whole Conservative party deplores. Lord Carnarvon, Lord Cranborne, and General Peel announced that they could not, consistently with their private honour, go forward with schemes of which they had all along disapproved, and that their places were at the disposal of the head of the Administration.

Far be it from us to put on record a single word which might seem to detract from the characters of three most honourable men. We do not doubt that they were actuated by an overwhelming sense of duty. But the question which naturally arises is, Why, then, did not this sense of duty prevail with them a little sooner? why did they even tacitly assent on Saturday to a course which on Monday appeared to be so objectionable? And if the reasons against going so far occurred to them only on the afternoon of Sunday, why did they defer to the last moment an explicit declaration of their sentiments? It seems difficult to conceive that they could have ever regarded the famous "ten minutes" bill as at all likely to go down with the House of Commons. Their own friends, by the manner in which they listened to the proposal, pretty plainly indicated that they received it with regret. Yet three members of the Cabinet adhered to it pertinaciously after the meeting at the Carlton had proved to all the world besides that fifty voices would not be raised in its favour when the second reading came on. Why did they not resign then,

since so decisive a step appears to have been thus early contemplated? Why did they hold on till the fact of their resignation was calculated to do the greatest conceivable amount of damage to the Government from which they had seceded?

The difficulties, then, against which her Majesty's present Government have had to contend far surpass, both in quantity and weight, all of which the record has been preserved as standing in the way of any other Administration in this country. They took office knowing perfectly well that they could not, of their own volition, command a majority in the House of Commons. The advances which they made to statesmen, one section of them their allies up to a certain point, the other well known or believed to entertain on questions of general policy views in perfect accordance with their own, were repulsed. They took into their counsels gentlemen who had fought the battle with them through many a long day, and prepared to meet Parliament with what confidence they might. We speak, of course, in so expressing ourselves, of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, on whom, by common consent of all parties and shades of parties, the hopes of Conservatism depend. They scarcely met in Cabinet before symptoms appeared of the absence of that entire union and confidence without which no Government can go on; and no argument that could be used, no assurance that could be given, sufficed to establish it. More than this;—a majority of their own people out of doors demanded that a particular course should be adopted; and the obstacles to its adoption came from a minority represented by three of their colleagues within. Had they thrown up their cards, and retired from a contest apparently hopeless, who could have blamed them? Happily they did not, and we see what the results

are—such a success as never was witnessed before in any legislative assembly—such an entire change of position in regard to parties as gives to the author of the move a moral assurance of success on which it may be doubted whether he ever ventured to calculate three months ago.

We have spoken hitherto of the difficulties thrown in the way of a Tory Administration, first by incidents not unusual on the occurrence of a crisis in politics, and next by the impracticability of certain members of their own body. They were, undeniably, of the most formidable kind, with which only genius of the highest order, extraordinary cleverness in dealing with men, and a command of temper which passes all praise, could venture to cope. And genius, admirable management, temper, and tact, all have been exhibited to an extent such as has been rarely witnessed in the House of Commons or out of it. For let us not forget that the battle has been waged while the commander of the forces lay upon a sick-bed, incapable of taking part in it. Now this, to almost any other statesman than Mr. Disraeli, would have been ruin. He became at once personally responsible for every step taken. Lord Derby was too ill to be consulted; and so in another man's Cabinet the Chancellor of the Exchequer was forced to assume an amount of authority which did not of right belong to him; otherwise confusion would have followed, and with confusion defeat must have come. Mr. Disraeli did not hesitate as to the course which it behoved him to follow. He assumed the responsibility. He found his colleagues stanch. He arranged his movements with such consummate skill, that without sacrificing a single principle he was always ready to meet the enemy wherever they showed themselves, and to overthrow them.

There was an attempt made, a few weeks ago, to denounce him as

shift—feeble—effete. The speakers and writers who indulged in these flights of rhetoric will scarcely, we suspect, trim their feathers again in the same direction. Mr. Disraeli has proved himself able, and therefore worthy, to lead the House of Commons under circumstances the most trying that ever beset a statesman.

Mr. Disraeli has had no common difficulties to contend against. Let us, however, do justice to others. He has been not a little favoured by the blunders of his enemies, and especially by the terrible mistakes which Mr. Gladstone has committed. Mr. Gladstone began the parliamentary campaign last year with a majority of seventy at his back. He managed, within four months of the meeting of the House, to knock that majority to pieces. He had deviated entirely from Lord Palmerston's policy. Instead of making use of the Radicals while leaning on the Whigs, he chose to make use of the Whigs while he leaned on the Radicals; and the reed, as was to be expected, broke in his hands. He committed the grievous mistake of believing either that there might be union of sentiment between such men as the Duke of Devonshire, for example, and Mr. Bright; or that Mr. Bright's following is stronger in the country than that of the Duke of Devonshire, and the great Revolution houses which act with him. He further erred in supposing that, with the support of the Radicals, he could dictate to the Whigs. He found out his mistake when Lord Grosvenor and his allies broke away from him. Mr. Gladstone deceived himself if he supposes that the utterances which he made last year in Liverpool are forgotten or forgiven, or ever will be forgiven or forgotten, by the proud party whom he assailed through their representative.

The change of government came, and Mr. Gladstone accepted at once the worship of Mr. Beales and the motley crew that attended him.

The exhibition at Charing Cross and Carlton House Gardens, which preceded and led up to the smashing of Lord Elcho's windows, did him no good with the more reasonable even of extreme Liberals. He appeared to feel this; for immediately on the rising of the House he went abroad, and so kept out of the way of a repetition of the blunder. It is not, however, by seeking a change of scene that men usually change their natures. Mr. Gladstone came back from Italy in time to take his seat on the Opposition benches when Parliament met again; and the old spirit of rancorous antagonism to his rival in the House of Commons at once revived. His speech was bland; his acts were hostile in the extreme. He professed the utmost anxiety to co-operate with the Government, and took every opportunity, legitimate and illegitimate, of thwarting them. The reception which he gave to the Resolutions was not generous, and the "Ten Minutes Bill" he affected to laugh out of court. The game appeared to be going in his favour thus far, and he rejoiced, and kept his temper. At last came the Bill which is now in committee, and with it an end on his part to the pretence of moderation. He would not allow it to go even to a second reading. It cut the ground from beneath his feet. If it passed, indeed, if it got into committee, there was no chance of his return to office, he could not tell for what length of time, and life out of office has become to him a boon of doubtful value. He had bullied the Whigs in 1866, he would bully the Radicals in 1867, and his friend, Mr. Bright, would co-operate with him. He quite mistook the manner of men with whom he had to deal. The extreme section of the Liberal party comprises many men on whom it is by no means safe to try the effect of dictation. They may be mistaken in their views—we believe that they are—but not being, like Mr. Glad-

stone and Mr. Bright, candidates for office in a Radical Administration, they prefer what they hold to be the interests of the country to those of party. They may listen to reason, but it is on the condition that they shall be allowed to meet argument with argument. They have no relish whatever for that system of dragooning to which Mr. Gladstone seems anxious to accustom them.

The leader of the Liberals became acquainted with the fact, very much to his own surprise, at a meeting of his supporters which he called on the 21st of March last, for the purpose of explaining to them the course which he intended to pursue in dealing with the Bill before Parliament. He pronounced absolutely against allowing it to go to a second reading. He held that, being bad in principle, it could not be so amended in committee as to render it endurable in practice; and that if this were even possible, the Liberal party were bound to prevent the Tories from carrying a Reform Bill at all. Mr. Bright heartily supported this view of the subject, yet the trick failed. A large section of Liberals, knowing how important it was that the present session should not, like the last, be wasted, declined to act upon Mr. Gladstone's suggestion, and the second reading took place with scarcely any discussion at all. Was Mr. Gladstone satisfied? No! Office was still as alluring to him as ever, and again he summoned the Liberals to concert with them, if he might, a scheme by which to overturn the Government. On this occasion he flattered himself that he had carried his point. The meeting, though slightly less numerous, appeared to be more of one mind than the last, and the resolutions which he had prepared were submitted to it, Mr. Coleridge being engaged to move them at the proper time. Alas, poor Yorick! Attached to the House of Commons there is a tea-room, and in that tea-room forty or fifty Liberal members

came together an hour or two before the appointed time for Mr. Coleridge's onslaught on the Reform Bill. It was a cruel thing to do; but these forty or fifty gentlemen agreed among themselves that they would not be hurried beyond their convictions by any one, nor go into the lobby, if the unfortunate Instructions were acted upon, either with Mr. Coleridge or Mr. Gladstone. It is pleasant to read how the whole matter is dealt with by a journal which has systematically opposed Mr. Disraeli in all his proceedings, and professing to be Liberal, yet receives no slight measure of its inspiration from Tory influences hostile to the present leader of the party in the House of Commons. Thus speaks the 'Saturday Review' of the 13th of April:—

"The history of the Instruction which was forced on the Liberal party by Mr. Gladstone, and was suddenly snuffed out in the Tea-room of the House of Commons, is one of the most strange of the many strange incidents of this Session. Another blunder is added to the long list of Mr. Gladstone's blunders. There can be no doubt that he thoroughly mistook the feelings of his party; and if it is the business of a leader to guide his party, it is also his business to understand it. The meetings which it is one of the novelties of the Session to hold at the houses of party leaders, seem to be a very bad institution so long as they are managed as Mr. Gladstone's was managed. Nominally, they are receptions at a private residence, so that the leader may confer with his supporters. They come to see him at his own house, that they may talk over the position of the party, and decide how to act. Practically, members are asked to go to Mr. Gladstone's house, and they go, not in the least knowing what is to happen there. Mr. Gladstone tells them what he has decided to do, and they are expected to listen and to assent. There is no conference, no sociable discussion, no kindly interchange of opinion. Mr. Gladstone lays down the law, and will hear no one who attempts to dissent. Mr. Clay, who is at once a firm Liberal and a man who never says what he has to say in an arrogant or offensive man-

ner, ventured to suggest that it might be better to do exactly what Mr. Gladstone consented to do on the following Monday—namely, to retain the first part of the Instruction and omit the last. Mr. Gladstone fired up as if a sacred ox-fly had stung him. He would not endure such an insult to him for a moment. As leader of the party he would have the Instruction, the whole Instruction, and nothing but the Instruction. Mr. Clay was silenced, and no one else dared to speak; but many Liberals walked away with a keen sense of wrong and bitterness. Next day all was in the newspapers at full length. It was published to all the world that Mr. Gladstone, when he called his friends to council, had not the remotest notion of letting them give their opinions. He looked upon himself solely as a blessed Glendoveer; it was his to speak and theirs to hear. The consultation was no more than a means of doing that which a Minister does when he gives a communication to a favoured journal. They had the privilege of knowing about ten minutes earlier than other persons what Mr. Gladstone meant to do about Reform. But he could not hold the position he had assumed."

This is well and fairly put, yet we doubt if our readers will see the entire absurdity of the position, if we omit to place before them a more accurate account of the operation as it occurred. The following we borrow from the 'Times' of the 6th of April. After telling how 260 members gathered at Mr. Gladstone's call on the 5th, and how they crowded the staircase and landing-places as well as the drawing-room, the 'Times' reporter gives us first the text of the Instruction itself, and then the address in full wherewith it was recommended to the favour of the meeting. The Instruction ran thus: "That it be an instruction to the committee that they have the power to alter the law of rating, and to provide that in every parliamentary borough the occupiers of tenements below a given rateable value be relieved from liability to personal rating, with a view to fix a line for the borough franchise at and above

which all occupiers shall be entered in the rate-book, and shall have equal facilities for the enjoyment of such franchise as a residential occupation franchise." Nobody who heard and was capable of analysing these ambiguously worded sentences could entertain a moment's doubt as to their real object. They were intended to stop the measure before it could get into committee, and, in doing so, to overthrow the Government. Now, observe the wily manner in which the leader of the Opposition labours to hide the end of his policy from his followers, while he presses them to support it:—

"I think it is not too much to say that, looking to the substance of that instruction, which goes merely to confer the power necessary to draw a line that reduces the matter to the simplest issue, perhaps we may be inclined to ask each other what is likely to be the effect of proposing this instruction! Well, we are in a position of great responsibility. I feel, even more strongly than at the commencement of the Session, that it is not the party that sits on the Government benches which will be held responsible for the failure or success of this bill. Your responsibility is great. Your power is perfect; but your power depends on your union. My belief is, that if you make a reasonable demand on the Government, it must succeed; but I own that I do not think you could obtain concessions from the Government—concessions which you manifest your power—I will not say to extort, but to obtain for yourselves. Whatever concessions you show your power to obtain for yourselves, you will obtain from the Government."

This was very flattering to the party, or it was meant to be so, and the conclusion to which it led the eloquent speaker ran thus—

"If I am favoured with the hope of being able to assist in maintaining that union in our ranks which we have thus far maintained, I shall go forward cheerfully to discharge my part of the duty; and I shall endeavour to discharge it in the spirit in which you wish it to be discharged, and with every hope of success."

Mr. Gladstone is the blandest and smoothest of tempters, when nothing occurs to disturb his equanimity. His countenance beamed with satisfaction while the cheers which greeted his address rang through the House; but when silence was restored, and Mr. Locke ventured to propose that the Instruction to the Committee should go no further than to claim power to alter the law of rating, a cloud passed over his brow. Mr. Ayrton saw the threatening storm, and, like a true henchman, interfered to prevent further mischief. He counselled implicit obedience to the will of the leader, but he counselled in vain. Others besides Mr. Locke were dissatisfied with what they heard, and Mr. Clay spoke for them: "The best way is to go into committee, armed with such powers as may be necessary to turn a bad Bill into a good one." "If the Instruction had been simply to confer powers on the Committee of dealing with a subject with which it could not deal without that power, I for one, and I believe every gentleman here, would have done nothing but accept it with pleasure." "I give my opinion with the deepest sincerity that that Instruction is fatal to the Bill, whereas we might make a good Bill if we contented ourselves with the first line only."

In a moment the restraint which Mr. Gladstone had thus far put upon himself gave way. His eye flashed and his voice faltered as he exclaimed: "Allow me to say, that it is totally impossible for me, under any circumstances and conditions whatever, to accept the suggestions of Mr. Clay. He says that we ought to content ourselves with asking for power to alter the law of rating. But so long as I am your leader, and I have the responsibility of that position, I must consider the ground on which I move. If I ask you to vote for an Instruction to alter the law of rating, what is that but placing you before the

Government as men in favour of limiting the suffrage in one direction, without showing your readiness to enlarge it in another, and, therefore, without vindicating the grounds on which you act? I do not doubt the good intentions with which Mr. Clay's suggestions were made, but I cannot accede to them."

We all know to what this impassioned show of firmness led. Mr. Locke and Mr. Clay declined to be bullied. They kept to their determination not to obstruct the progress of a measure which they might desire to alter, but were not willing to defeat; and Mr. Gladstone did—with no good grace, we allow—the very thing which he had assured his party that "it was totally impossible for him under any circumstances and conditions whatever" to do. The Instructions were withdrawn.

Sulky and sore, this irritable man had, after this, no resource left except to give notice of an amendment, the very end and burden of which was to effect in committee what he had failed to bring about through the instrumentality of Mr. Coleridge and his resolutions. How the amendment was received, how debated, how settled, it is not necessary that we should describe; but a word or two on the condition to which parties are reduced by it, as well as on the tone which characterised a few of the most noteworthy speeches on either side, will not be out of place.

Three speakers sitting on the Ministerial side made themselves conspicuous by the vigour with which they assailed the policy of their late chief. Lord Cranborne, rushing too soon into opposition, denounced the Ministerial measure as radically mischievous, and declared his preference for Mr. Gladstone's amendment. He had even the doubtful taste to go so far as to express regret for having co-operated in throwing out the Whig measure of last year.

"I sometimes hear the Bill of last year mentioned with a feeling of regret, and perhaps of something like penitence (a laugh), for I feel that if we had accepted that offer perhaps I might not have been standing on this side of the House, but that the prospects of the British Constitution would have been a great deal brighter than they are now. (Hear.) I have no doubt, however, that those who then urged us to resist that Bill had calculated in their own minds the course they intended to adopt. I have no doubt that a Bill such as that which has now been brought before the House was in the minds of the Heads of the Conservative party, but that owing to our misapprehension we have been bitterly disappointed, and the result is that we now find ourselves committed to a Bill which is in every sense more democratic than that which was introduced last year by the right hon. gentleman opposite."

There is something so ungenerous in these insinuations, so unlike what might have been expected from a gentleman who had hardly laid down the responsibilities of office a fortnight, that they create a feeling which it is not easy to describe, and from the expression of which we therefore turn away. They are utterly without justification; and the reasoning, if such it deserves to be called, by which the speaker endeavoured to sustain them, broke down at every stage. How can corruption prevail to any extent among a constituency, the first requisite towards creating which is, that every man claiming to vote shall have been two years resident in the same place? Will any candidate play the fool so egregiously as to take steps two years before an anticipated opening, for paying the rates of some hundreds or thousands of householders, most of whom occupy on a weekly tenure;—few indeed on a tenure of greater extent than a month? Can any human being guess two years before the time when a vacancy shall occur anywhere, or how it is to be brought about? Lord Cranborne damaged himself far more than he damaged the Government,

as well by the line of argument which he took up, as by the tone which pervaded it; and his peroration was every way worthy of the reasoning which preceded it.

"I cannot conceive any course more calculated to bring on us the dangers of democracy, a result which gentlemen on both sides of the House are equally anxious to avoid. It is for these reasons that it appears to me that I am bound to prefer the course recommended by the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire to that of Her Majesty's Government. (Cheers.) I don't say the proposals of the right hon. gentlemen are such as, if made last year, I should have liked. (Minuterial cheers.) I don't say that they are proposals which in all respects I approve, but it is because they are pitted against others which seem to me to involve all the evils of democratic measures with none of their advantages, which seem pregnant with future irritation, and to give a cover for corruption—it is on that account, and without concealing my regret that we have arrived at such a stage, that I am compelled to make that choice—that I feel bound to vote for the amendments for I take them as a whole, which the right hon. gentleman has placed in your hands. (Cheers)."

Lord Cranborne was spiteful and illogical. His brother-in-law, Mr. Beresford Hope, was simply ridiculous. He scarcely deserved the notice which Mr. Disraeli condescended to take of him. And Sir W. Heathcote, neither spiteful nor ridiculous, took up a position which is, however, as little tenable as that assumed by either Lord Cranborne or Mr. Hope. He dealt in sweeping assertions for which there is no ground, and joined the ranks of the enemy. Among the Liberals, on the other hand, there were several who dealt with the question before them in a manly and straightforward manner. Mr. Roebuck was eminently one of these. Mr. Hibbert, the member for Oldham, was another. To Mr. Roebuck's clear and analytical statement no reply was offered, for none could be given; and Mr. Hibbert

showed, on the authority of figures, that of the two proposals that of the Government was in spirit far more liberal than that advanced by the Opposition. Thus from side to side of the House a cross fire of argument was kept up, amid the smoke and din of which it was impossible for the most skilled in such matters to guess how the debate would probably end. It was one of the most stormy as well as masterly forensic struggles that have occurred in a British Parliament for many years.

And now what has been its effect upon the state of parties? So far as the Conservatives are concerned, they have taken little hurt from it. Ten of their own men, and no more, went into the gallery against them; among whom, we rejoice to say, General Peel was not included. On the other hand, the defections from the Liberal side were both numerous and important, including many gentlemen whom it is as satisfactory for one party to receive into their body as it must be painful for the other to lose. Mr. Gladstone is, indeed, able to include again among his supporters Mr. Horsman, Mr. Bernal Osborne, and Mr. Lowe. We wish him joy of the acquisition, and venture to express the hope that it may prove more enduring in time to come than it has been in times past. Mr. Lowe especially, after what occurred last year, cannot but feel grateful for the asylum which has been opened to him beside his old leader. If he did Mr. Gladstone some damage in 1866, he had served him well in 1859; and now throwing overboard all those scruples about reducing the franchise which operated to make him what he was twelve months ago, he goes in boldly for a five-pound rental. As to Mr. Horsman and Mr. Bernal Osborne, these are what they have ever been. Hold out to them some prospect of place such as they think adequate to their merits, and they are yours to-day. Shut out the bright

vision and they go off from you to-morrow. Nothing could be more happy than Mr. Gathorne Hardy's allusion to the state and prospects of the honourable member for Stroud:—"I congratulate the right hon. member for South Lancashire and the right hon. gentleman the member for Stroud that the one has found an additional follower, and that the other has at last found a leader. (Laughter.) The right hon. gentleman the member for Stroud has at last discovered that the amendment exactly resembles the Bill of last year, and he has for once acknowledged that he was mistaken in the course he adopted in 1866 in repudiating the leadership of the right hon. gentleman opposite. He has now found that submission was the better policy. (Cheers and laughter.)" Nor is Mr. Osborne less open to congratulation on the score of his ability to find or to invent mares' nests when they are most needed. The little interlude with which he thought fit to preface the adjourned debate on the Reform Bill—his version of what passed between Colonel Taylor and Mr. Dillwyn in private conversation, and the authority on which he rested it—these things are in every way worthy of the place which he fills in the estimation of a discerning public. Probably neither he nor Mr. Stanley have as yet heard the last of it, notwithstanding their letters of explanation to the newspapers.

The figures cut by Lord Cranborne, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Bernal Osborne are sad enough; but what shall we say of Mr. Gladstone? That he has fallen below what it was possible to imagine that any man so gifted could descend to; that he has made manifest to his party, and to the entire people of England, how unfit he is to take that place in the government of the country which public opinion scarcely a year ago had allotted to him. You cannot watch him while

a debate is going on without seeing that with him passion overpowers reason. He starts up and sits down again, flings his arms about, and gives every indication, as often as an adversary hits hard, of feeling the wound deep in the very vitals. How insolent he was—for no other word will express the true state of the case—in his first assertion of unmitigated hostility to a measure not yet declared! How arrogant in his threats to destroy or compel its withdrawal after the Bill had been submitted to the House, and the House had agreed to consider it! Where is he now? In the very depths of despondency, eating his own heart because the Liberals in Parliament refuse to submit to his dictation, and writing to provincial agitators, particular members of Parliament, as men are prone to write in whom personal mortification overshadows all sense of public duty. Mr. Gladstone will not, perhaps, after all that has passed, give us credit for speaking the truth when we say that we are exceedingly sorry for him. The dawn of his public career was one of the brightest that for many a long day had broken upon the land. Year by year he seemed, for a while, more and more to command the respect and admiration of the country. And even after that declension from old principles began which has landed him at last in the mire where Mr. Bright and Mr. Beales wallow, there were not wanting those among the admirers of his youth who clung to the persuasion that all would yet come right with him in the end. How entirely they who thus judged him erred in their judgment! For him there is no return to right reason. He is as completely under the dominion of conviction at this moment as he was when he sat beside Peel in 1842, and denounced

the faction of which he is now the chosen leader. For him we entertain sincere compassion. But it is not so in regard to his quondam colleagues in office, the Granvilles, the Cavendishes, the Woods, the De Grays, and other Whig magnates. They deserve no pity, and none is wasted upon them. Into the pit which they dug for others they have themselves fallen; and there, unless we be much deceived, they will probably lie till the end of their generation. Indeed, their plight is so grotesquely ludicrous, that to think of it without laughter is no easy matter. After monopolising office for more than thirty years they are indignant that the Tories should supplant them in Downing Street even for a while. After trading thus long on the credulity of the people, they are furious because the hollowness of their professions is found out. A dozen or two of Liberals support Mr. Disraeli on the Bill, and every Whig-Radical newspaper opens full cry upon them. Why are the 'Star' and the 'Telegraph' and the 'Daily News' so tender of noticing the terms in which the chiefs of their party speak of *the people* now? Even Mr. Bright has changed his tone when persons inhabiting what he calls *hovels* come to be considered. They are a mere residuum—the scum of the earth—of whom it is unworthy of the Legislature to take any account. Be it so. The Whigs have had their day. The country understands them better than it once did. The hollowness of their professions on the subject of Reform is seen and appreciated, and power to go on deluding is taken from them.

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BROWNLOWS.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XVII.—A CATASTROPHE.

AFTER that day of curious abandonment and imprudence, Mr. Brownlow returned to his natural use and wont. He could not account to himself next day even for his want of control, for his injudiciousness. What end could it serve to lay open his plans to Sara? He had supposed she would take it seriously, as he had done, and, lo! she had taken it very lightly, as something at the first glance rather amusing than otherwise. Nothing could have so entirely disconcerted her father. His position, his good name, his very life, seemed to hang upon it, and Sara had taken it as a singularly piquant novelty, and nothing more. Then it was that it had occurred to him about that softening of the brain, and the thought had braced him up, had reawakened all his energies, and sealed his lips, and made him himself again. He went to the office next day, and all the following days, and took no more notice of young Powys than if he had never

tried to win his confidence, and never introduced him to his daughter. No doubt it was a disappointment to the young man. No doubt a good deal of the intoxication of the moment had remained in Powys's brain. He had remembered and dwelt upon the effect of that passing sunbeam on Miss Brownlow's hair and her dress, much more than he need have done. And though he did not look at it much, the young Canadian had hung up the Claude in his memory—the Claude with a certain setting round it more important than its actual frame. This he had done naturally, as a kind of inevitable consequence. And it was not to be denied that he watched for Mr. Brownlow's coming the next morning, and waited for some little sign of special friendship, something that should show, on his employer's part as well, a consciousness of special favour extended. But no such sign came. He might have been a cabbage for all the notice

Mr. Brownlow took of him as he passed to his own office. Not a glance, not a word, betrayed anything different from the ordinary not unkind but quite indifferent demeanour of the lawyer to his clerks. Then, as was to be expected, a certain surprise and painful enlightenment—such as everybody has to encounter, more or less, who are noticed by their social superiors—came upon the young man. It was all a caprice, then, only momentary and entirely without consequences, which had introduced him to Mr. Brownlow's table and his daughter. He belonged to a different world, and it was vain to think that the other world would ever open to him. He was too unimportant even to be kept at a distance. He was her father's clerk. In Canada that would not have mattered so much, but in this old hard long-established England—Poor young fellow! he knew so little. The thought brought with it a gush of indignation. He set his teeth, and it seemed to him that he was able to face that horrible conventional system, and break a lance upon it, and make good his entrance. He forgot his work even, and laid down his pen and stared at Mr. John, who was younger than himself. How was he better than himself? that was the question. Then an incipient sneer awoke in the soul of the young backwoodsman. If there was such a difference between the son of a country solicitor and his clerk, what must there be between the son and the clients, all the county people who came to have their difficulties solved? But then Mr. Brownlow was something more than a solicitor. If these two men—the one old and full of experience, the other young and ignorant, with only a screen of glass and a curtain between them—could have seen into each other's thoughts, how strange would have been the revelation. But happily that is one refuge secured for humanity. They

were each safe, beyond even their own powers of self-interpretation, in the recesses of their hearts.

Mr. Brownlow, by a superhuman effort, not only took no notice of young Powys, but, so far as that was possible, dismissed all thought of him from his mind. It was a difficult thing to do, but yet he all but did it, plunging into the Wardell case, and other cases, and feeling with a certain relief that, after all, he had not any particular symptoms of softening of the brain. The only thing he could not do was to banish from his own mind the consciousness of the young man's presence. Busy as he was, occupied to the full extent of his powers, considering intently and with devotion fine points of law and difficult social problems, he never for one minute actually forgot that young Powys was sitting on the other side of the screen. He could forget anything else without much difficulty. Neither Sara nor Brownlows were in his mind as he laboured at his work. He thought no more of Jack's presence in the office, though he knew very well he was there, than of the furniture; but he could have made a picture of the habitual attitude in which his clerk sat, of the way he bent over his work, and the quick upward glance of his eyes. He could not forget him. He could put out of his mind all his own uncomfortable speculations, and even the sense that he had conducted matters unwisely, which is a painful thought to such a man. All this he could do, but he could not get rid of Powys's presence. He was there a standing menace, a standing reminder. He did not even always recall to himself, in the midst of his labours, why it was that this young man's presence disturbed him, but he never could for a moment get free of the consciousness that he was there.

At the same time he regarded him with no unfriendly feelings. It was not hatred any more than

it was love that moved him. He carried the thought with him, as we carry about with us, as soon as they are gone, that endless continual thought of the dead which makes our friends in the unseen world so much closer to us than anybody still living to be loved and cherished. Mr. Brownlow carried his young enemy, who at the same time was not his enemy, about with him, as he would have carried the thought of a son who had died. It came to his mind when he got up in the morning. It went side by side with him wherever he went—not a ghost, but yet something ghostly in its perseverance and steady persistency. When he laid down his pen, or paused to collect his thoughts for a moment the spectre of this youth would cross him whatever he might be doing. While Mr. Wrinkell was talking to him, there would suddenly glide across Mr. Wrinkell's substantial person the apparition of a desk and a stool and the junior clerk. All this was very trying; but still Mr. Brownlow wisely confined himself to this one manifestation of Powys's presence, and sternly silenced in his own mind all thought on the subject. On that one unlucky day of leisure he had gone too far; in the rebound he determined to do nothing, to say nothing—to wait.

This was perhaps as little satisfactory to Sara as it was to young Powys. She had, there cannot be a doubt, been much amused and a little excited by her father's extraordinary proposal. She had not taken it solemnly indeed, but it had interested her all the same. It was true he was only her father's clerk, but he was young, well-looking, and he had amused her. She felt in her soul that she could (or at least so she thought) make an utter slave of him. All the absurdities that ever were perpetrated by a young man in love would be possible to that young man, or else

Sara's penetration failed her, whereas the ordinary young men of society were incapable of absurdities. They were too much absorbed in themselves, too conscious of the possibility of ridicule, to throw themselves at a girl's feet heart and soul; and the girl who was still in the first fantastic freshness of youth despised a sensible and self-respecting lover. She would have been pleased to have had the mysterious Canadian produced again and again to be operated upon. He was not *blat* and instructed in everything like Jack. And as for having to marry him, if he was the man, that was still a distant evil, and something quite unexpected no doubt would come of it; he would turn out a young prince in disguise, or some perfectly good reason which her father was now concealing from her, would make everything suitable. For Sara knew too well the important place she held in her father's opinion to imagine for a moment that he meant to mate her unworthily. This was how the tenor of her thoughts were turned, and Mr. Brownlow was not insensible to the tacit assaults that were made upon him about his *protégé*. She gave up her judgment to him as she never had done before, with a filial self-abandonment that would have been beautiful had there been no *arrière pensée* in it. "I will do as papa thinks proper. You know best, papa," she said, in her new-born meekness, and Mr. Brownlow understood perfectly what she meant.

"You have turned dreadfully good all of a sudden," said Jack. "I never knew you so dutiful before."

"The longer one lives one understands one's duties the better," said Sara, sententiously; and she looked at her father with a mingled submission and malice which called forth a smile about the corners of his mouth.

"I hope so," said Mr. Brownlow; "though you have not made the

experiment long enough to know much about it yet."

"There are moments which give one experience as much as years," said Sara, in the same lofty way, which was a speech that tempted the profane Jack to laughter, and made Mr. Brownlow smile once more. But though he smiled, the suggestion did not please him much. He laid his hand caressingly on her head, and smoothed back her pretty hair as he passed her; but he said nothing, and showed no sign of consciousness in respect to those moments which give experience. And the smile died off his lip almost before his hand was withdrawn from her hair. His thought as he went away was that he had been very weak; he had betrayed himself to the child who was still but a child, and knew no better than to play with such rude edge-tools. And the only remedy now was to close his lips and his heart, to tell nobody anything, never to betray himself, whatever might happen. It was this thought that made him look so stern as he left Brownlows that morning—at least that made Pamela think he looked stern, as the dogcart came out at the gate. Pamela had come to be very learned in their looks as they flashed past in that rapid moment in the early sunshine. She knew, or she thought she knew, whether Mr. John and his father were quite "friends," or if there had been a little inevitable family difference between them, as sometimes happened; and it came into her little head that day that Mr. Brownlow was angry with his son, perhaps because— She would not put the reason into words, but it filled her mind with many reflections. Was it wrong for Mr. John to come home early so often?—to stay at home so often the whole day?—to time his expeditions so fortunately that they should end in stray meetings, quite accidental, almost every day? Perhaps he ought to be in the office

helping his father instead of loitering about the avenue and elsewhere, and finding himself continually in Pamela's way. This she breathed to herself inarticulately with that anxious aim at his improvement which is generally the first sign of awakening tenderness in a girl's heart. It occurred to her that she would speak to him about it when she saw him next; and then it occurred to her with a flush of half-guilty joy that he had not been in the dogcart as it dashed past, and that, accordingly, some chance meeting was very sure to take place that day. She meant to remonstrate with him, and put it boldly before him whether it was his duty to stay from the office; but still she could not but feel rather glad that he had stayed from the office that day.

As for Mr. John, he had, or supposed he had—or at least attempted to make himself suppose that he had—something to do at home on that particular day. His fishing-tackle had got out of order, and he had to see to that, or there was something else of equal importance which called his attention, and he had been in Masterton for two days in succession. Thus his conscience was very clear. It is true that he dawdled the morning away looking for Pamela, who was not to be found, and was late in consequence—so late that young Keppel, whom he had meant to join, had gone off with his rod on his shoulder to the Rectory to lunch, and was on his way back again before Jack found his way to the water-side. There are certain states of mind in which even dinner is an indifferent matter to a young man; and as for luncheon, it was not likely he would take the trouble to think of that.

"You are a nice fellow," said Keppel, "to keep a man lounging here by himself all the time that's any good; and here you are now when the sun is at its height. I don't understand that sort of work.

What have you been about all day?"

"I have not been lunching at the Rectory," said Jack. "Have a cigar, old fellow? Now we are here, let's make the best of it. I've been waiting about, kicking my heels, while you've been having lunch with Fanny Hardcastle. But I'll tell you what, Keppel; I'd drop that if I were you?"

"Drop what?" cried Mr. Keppel, guiltily.

"Dancing about after every girl who comes in your way," said Jack. "Why you were making an ass of yourself only the other day at Brownlows."

"Ah, that was out of my reach," said Keppel, shaking his head solemnly, and he sighed. The sigh was such that Jack (who, as is well known, was totally impervious to sentimental weaknesses) burst into a fit of laughter.

"I suppose you think little Fanny is not out of your reach," he said; "but Fanny is very wide awake, I can tell you. You haven't got any money; you're neglecting your profession."

"It is my profession that is neglecting me," said Keppel, meekly. "Don't be hard upon a fellow, Jack. They say here that it is you who are making an ass of yourself. They say you are to be seen about all the lanes——"

"Who says?" said Jack; and he could not prevent a certain guilty flush from rising to his face. "Let every man mind his own business, and woman too. As for you, Keppel, you would be inexcusable if you were to do anything ridiculous in that way. A young fellow with a good profession that may carry him as high as he likes—as high as he cares to work for, I mean; of course nothing was ever done without work—and you waste your time going after every girl in the place—Fanny Hardcastle one day, somebody else the next. You'll come to a bad end, if you don't mind."

"What is a fellow to do?" said Keppel. "When I see a nice girl—I am not a block of wood, like you—I can't help seeing it. When a man has got eyes in his head, what is the use of his being reasoned with by a man who has none?"

"As good as yours any day," said Jack, with natural indignation. "What use do you make of your eyes? I have always said marrying early was a mistake; but, by Jove, marrying early is better than following every girl about like a dog. Fanny Hardcastle would no more have you than Lady Godiva——"

"How do you know that?" said Keppel, quickly. "Besides—I don't—want her to have me," he added, with deliberation; and thereupon he occupied himself for a long time very elaborately in lighting his cigar.

"It is all very well to tell me that," said Jack. "You want every one of them, till you have seen the next. But look here, Keppel, take my advice; never look at a woman again for ten years, and then get married offhand, and you'll bless me and my good counsel for all the rest of your life."

"Thank you," said Keppel. "You don't say what I'm to do with myself during the ten years; but, Jack, good advice is admirable, only one would like to know that one's physician healed himself."

"Physicians never heal themselves; it is an impossibility upon the face of it," said Jack, calmly. "A doctor is never such an idiot as to treat his own case. Don't you know that? When I want ghostly counsel, I'll go to—Mr. Hardcastle. I never attempt to advise myself——"

"You think he'd give Fanny to you," said Keppel, ruefully, "all for the sake of a little money. I hate moneyed people,—give us another cigar;—but she wouldn't have you, Jack. I hope I know a little better than that."

"So much the better," said Jack; "nor you either, my boy, unless you come into a fortune. Mr. Hardcastle knows better than that. Are we going to stay here all day? I've got something to do up at the house."

"What have you got to do? I'll walk up that way with you," said Keppel, lifting his basket from the grass.

"Well, it is not exactly at the house," said Jack. "The fact is, I am in no particular hurry; I have somebody to see in the village—that is, on the road to Ridley; let's walk that way, if you like."

"Inhospitable, by Jove!" said Keppel. "I believe, after all, what they say must be true."

"What do they say?" said Jack, coldly. "You may be sure, to start with, that it is not true; what they say never is. Come along, there is some shade to be had along the river-side."

And thus the two young men terminated the day's fishing for which Jack had abandoned the office. They strayed along by the river-side until he suddenly bethought himself of business which led him in quite an opposite direction. When this recollection occurred to his mind, Jack took leave of his friend with the air of a man very full of occupation, and marched away as seriously and slowly as if he had really been going to work. He was not treating his own case. He had not even as yet begun to take his own case into consideration. He was simply intent upon his own way for the moment, and not disposed to brook any contradiction, or even inquiry. No particular intention, either prudent or imprudent, made his thoughts definite as he went on; no aims were in his mind. A certain soft intoxication only possessed him. Somehow to Jack, as to everybody else, his own case was entirely exceptional, and not to be judged by ordinary rules. And he neither criticised nor even inquired into his

personal symptoms. With Keppel the disease was plain, and the remedy quite apparent; but as for himself, was he ill at all, that he should want any physician's care?

This question, which Jack did not consider for himself, was resolved for him in the most unexpected way. Mr. Brownlow had gone thoughtful and almost stern to the office, reflecting upon his unfortunate self-betrayal—vexed and almost irritated by the way in which Sara essayed to keep up the private understanding between them. He came back, no doubt relieved of the cloud on his face; but still very grave, and considering within himself whether he could not tell his daughter that the events of that unlucky day were to count for nothing, and that the project he had proposed to her was given over for ever. His thoughts were still so far incomplete, that he got down at the gate in order to walk up the avenue and carry them on, at leisure. As he did so he looked across, as he too had got a habit of doing, at Mrs. Swayne's window—the bright little face was not there. It was not there; but, in place of it, the mother was standing at the door, shading her eyes from the rare gleam of evening sun which reached the house, and looking out. Mr. Brownlow did not know anything about this mother, and she was not so pleasant to look at as Pamela; yet, unawares, there passed through his mind a speculation, what she was looking for? Was she too, perhaps, in anxiety about her child? He felt half-disposed to turn back and ask her, but did not do it; and by the time he had found old Betty's cottage the incident had passed entirely from his mind. Once more the sunshine was slanting through the avenue, throwing the long tree-shadows and the long softly-moving figure of the wayfarer before him as he went on. He was not thinking of Jack, or anything connected with him, when that startling appar-

tion met his eyes, and brought him to a standstill. The sight which made him suddenly stop short was a pretty one, had it been regarded with indifferent eyes; and, indeed, it was the merest chance, some passing movement of a bird or flicker of a branch, that roused Mr. Brownlow from his own thoughts and revealed that pretty picture to him. When the little flutter, whatever it was, roused him and he raised his eyes, he saw among the trees, at no great distance from him, a pair such as was wont to wander over soft sod, under blue sky, and amid all the sweet inter-lacements of sunshine and shade—two creatures—young, hopeful, and happy—the little one half-timid, half-trustful, looking up into her companion's face; he so much taller, so much stronger, so much bolder, looking down upon her—taking the shy hand which she still withdrew, and yet still left to be retaken;—two creatures, unaware as yet why they were so happy—glad to be together, to look at each other, to touch each other—thinking no evil. Mr. Brownlow stood on the path and looked, and his senses seemed to fail him. It was a bit out of Arcadia, out of fairyland, out of Paradise; and he himself once in his life had been in Arcadia too. But in the midst of this exquisite little poem one shrill discord of fact was what most struck the father's ear—was it Jack? Jack!—he who was prudence itself—too prudent, even so far as words went, for Mr. Brownlow's simple education and habits. And, good heavens! the little neighbour, the little bright face at the window which had won upon them all with its sweet friendly looks! Mr. Brownlow was a man and not sentimental, but yet the sight after the first surprise gave him a pang at his heart. What did it mean? or could it mean anything but harm and evil? He waited, standing on the path, clearly visible while they came softly

forward absorbed in each other. He was fixed, as it were, in a kind of silent trance of pain and amazement. She was Sara's little humble friend—she was the little neighbour, whose smiles had won even his own interest—she was the child of the worn woman at the cottage door, who stood shading her eyes and looking out for her with that anxious look in her face. All these thoughts filled Mr. Brownlow's eyes with pity and even incipient indignation. And Jack! was this the result of his premature prudence, his character as a man of the world? His father's heart ached as they came on so unconsciously. At last there came a moment when that curious perception of another eye regarding them, which awakens even sleepers, came over the young pair. Poor little Pamela gave a start and cry, and fell back from her companion's side. Jack, for perhaps the first time in his life thoroughly confounded and overwhelmed, stood stock still, gazing in consternation at the unthought-of spectator. Mr. Brownlow's conduct at this difficult conjuncture was such as some people might blame. When he saw their consternation he did not at that very moment step in to improve the occasion. He paused that they might recognise him; and then he took off his hat very gravely, with a certain compassionate respect for the woman—the little weak foolhardy creature who was thus playing with fate; and then he turned slowly and went on. It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the foolish young pair. Hitherto, no doubt, these meetings had been clandestine, though they did not know it; but now all at once illumination flashed upon both. They were ashamed to be found together, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, both of them became conscious of the shame. They gave one glance at each other, and then looked no more. What had they been doing

all those stolen hours?—all those foolish words, all those soft touches of the warm rosy young fingers—what did they all mean? The shock was so great that they scarcely moved or spoke for a minute, which felt like an age. Perhaps it was greatest to Jack, who saw evidently before him a paternal remonstrance, against which his spirit rose, and a gulf of wild possibilities which made him giddy. But still Pamela was the one whom it overwhelmed the most. She grew very pale, poor child! the tears came to her eyes. "Oh, what will he think of me?" she said, wringing her

poor little hands. "Never mind what he thinks," said Jack; but he could not keep out of his voice a certain tone which told the effect which this scene had had upon him also. He walked with her to the gate, but it was in a dutiful sort of way. And then their shame flashed upon them doubly when Pamela saw her mother in the distance watching for her at the door. "Don't come any farther," she said under her breath, not daring to look at him; and thus they parted ashamed. They had not only been seen by others; they had found themselves out.

CHAPTER XVIII.—TREATING HIS OWN CASE.

It may be imagined after this with what sort of feelings the unhappy Jack turned up the avenue in cold blood, and walked home to dinner. He thought he knew what awaited him, and yet he did not know, for up to this moment he had never come seriously in collision with his father. He did not know what was going to be said to him, what line of reproach Mr. Brownlow would take, what he could reply; for in reality he himself had made as great or a greater discovery than his father had done. He was as totally unaware what he meant as Mr. Brownlow was. What did he mean? Nothing—to be happy—to see the other fair little creature happy, to praise her, to admire her, to watch her pretty ways—to see her look up with her dewy eyes, tender and sweet, into his face. That was all he had meant; but now that would answer no longer. If he had been a little less brave and straightforward, Jack would have quailed at the prospect before him. He would have turned his back upon the awful dinner-table, the awful hour after dinner, which he felt awaited him. But at the same time his spirit was up, and he could not run away. He went on doggedly, seeing before him

in the distance his father still walking slowly, very slowly he thought, up to the house. Jack had a great respect for his father, but he had been so differently educated, his habits and ways of thinking were so different, that perhaps in ordinary cases the young man was a little impatient of paternal direction; and he did not know now how he could bear it, if Mr. Brownlow took matters with a high hand. Besides, even that was not the most urgent question. How could he answer any one? what could he say for himself? He did not know what he meant. He could not acknowledge himself a fool, and admit that he meant nothing. His thoughts were not pleasant as he went slowly after his father up the avenue. Perhaps it would convey but an uncomfortable impression of Jack were I to say that he had been quite sincere, and was quite sincere even now in what he had said about marriage. He had no particular desire to change his own condition in any way. The idea of taking new responsibilities upon him had not yet entered into his mind. He had simply yielded to a very pleasurable impulse, meaning no harm; and all at once, without any warn-

ing, his pleasure had turned into something terrible, and stood staring at him with his father's eyes—with eyes still more severe and awful than his father's. In an hour or two, perhaps even in a minute or two, he would be called to account; and he could not tell what to answer. He was utterly confounded and stupified by the suddenness of the event, and by the startling revelation thus made to him; and now he was to be called up to the bar, and examined as to what he meant. These thoughts were but necessary companions as he went home where all this awaited him; and he did not know whether to be relieved or to feel more disconcerted still, when he met a messenger at the door, who had just been sent in hot haste to the Rectory to ask Mr. Hardcastle to join the Brownlows party—a kind of thing which the Rector, in a general way, had no great objection to do. Was Mr. Hardcastle to be called in to help to lecture him? This was the thought that crossed Jack's mind as he went—it must be acknowledged very softly and quietly—upstairs to his own room. He met nobody on the way, and he was glad. He let the bell ring out, and made sure that everybody was ready, before he went downstairs. And he could not but feel that he looked like a culprit when finally he stole into the drawing-room, where Mr. Hardcastle was waiting along with his father and sister. Mr. Brownlow said, "You are late, Jack," and Jack's guilty imagination read volumes in the words; but nothing else was said to him. The dinner passed on as all dinners do; the conversation was just as usual. Jack himself was very silent, though generally he had his own opinion to give on most subjects. As he sat and listened, and allowed the talk to float over his head, as it were, a strong conviction of the nothingness of general conversation came over him. He was full to brimming

with his own subject, and his father at least might be also supposed to be thinking more of that than of anything else. Yet here they were talking of the most trifling matters, feeling bound to talk of anything but the one thing. He had known this before, no doubt, in theory, but for the first time it now appeared to him in reality. When Sara left the room, it is not to be denied that his heart gave a jump, thinking now perhaps they would both open upon him. But still not a word was said. Mr. Hardcastle talked in his usual easy way, and with an evident unconsciousness of any particular crisis. Mr. Brownlow was perhaps more silent than usual, and left the conversation more in the hands of his guest. But he did not speak *at* his son, or show him any displeasure. He was grave, but otherwise there was no difference in him. Thus the evening passed on, and not a word was said. When Mr. Hardcastle went away Jack went out with him to walk part of the way across the park, and then only a certain consciousness showed itself in his father's face. Mr. Brownlow gave his son a quick warning look—one glance, and no more. And when Jack returned from his walk, which was a long and not a comfortable one, his father had gone to his room, and all chances of collision were over for that evening at least. He had escaped, but he had not escaped from himself. On the contrary, he sat half the night through thinking over the matter. What was he to do?—to go away would be the easiest, perhaps in every way the best. But yet, as he sat in the silence of the night, a little fairy figure came and stood beside him. Could he leave her, give her up, let her remain to wake out of the dream, and learn bitterly by herself that it was all over? He had never seen any one like her. Keppel might rave about his beauties, but not one of them was fit to be named beside Pamela. So sweet

too, and fresh and innocent, with her dear little face like a spring morning. Thinking of that, Jack somehow glided away from his perplexities. He made a leap back in his mind to that frosty, icy day on which he had seen her in the carrier's cart—to the moment when she sprained her ankle—to all the trifling pleasant events by which they had come to this present point. And then all at once, with a start, he came back to their last meeting, which had been the sweetest of all, and upon which hard fate, in the shape of Mr. Brownlow, had so solemnly looked in. Poor Jack! it was the first time anything of the kind had ever happened to him. He had gone through a little flirtation now and then before, no doubt, as is the common fate of man; but as for any serious crisis, any terrible complication like this, such a thing had never occurred in his life; and the fact was, after all, that the experienced-man-of-the-world character he was in the habit of putting on did him no service in the emergency. It enabled him to clear his brow, and dismiss his uncomfortable feelings from his face during the evening, but it did him no good now that he was by himself; and it threw no light upon his future path. He could talk a little polite cynicism now and then, but in his heart he was young, and fresh, and honest, and not cynical. And then Pamela. It was not her fault. She had suffered him to lead her along those primrose paths, but it was always he who had led the way, and now was he to leave her alone to bear the disappointment and solitude, and possibly the reproach? She had gone home confused, and near crying, and probably she had been scolded when she got home, and had been suffering for him. No doubt he too was suffering for her; but still the sternest of fathers cannot afflict a young man as a well-meaning mother can afflict a girl. Poor

little Pamela! perhaps at this moment her pretty eyes were dim with tears. And then Jack melted altogether and broke down. There was not one of them all that was fit to hold a candle to her—Sara! Sara was handsome, to be sure, but no more to be compared to that sweet little soul— So he went on, the foolish young fellow. And if he did not know what he meant at night, he knew still less in the morning, after troublous hours of thought, and a great deal of discomfort and pain.

In the morning, however, what he had been dreading came. As bad luck would have it he met his father on the stairs going down to breakfast; and Mr. Brownlow beckoned his son to follow him into the library, which Jack did with the feelings of a victim. "I want to speak to you, Jack," Mr. Brownlow said; and then it came.

"When I met you yesterday you were walking with the—with Mrs. Swayne's young lodger," said Mr. Brownlow, "and it was evidently not for the first time. You must know, Jack, that—that—this sort of thing will not do. It puts me out as much—perhaps more than it can put you out—to have to speak to you on such a subject. I believe the girl is an innocent girl—"

"There can be no doubt about that, sir," cried Jack, firing up suddenly and growing very red.

"I hope not," said Mr. Brownlow; "and I hope—and I may say I believe—that you don't mean any harm. But it's dangerous playing with edge-tools; harm might come of it before you knew what you were doing. Now look here, Jack; I know the time for sermons is past, and that you are rather disposed to think you know the world better than I do, but I can't leave you without warning. I believe the girl is an innocent girl, as I have said; but there are different kinds of innocence—there is that which is utterly beyond temptation,

and there is that which has simply never been tempted."

"It is not a question I can discuss, sir," cried Jack. "I beg your pardon. I know you don't mean to be hard upon me, but as for calling in question—her—innocence, I can't have it. She is as innocent as the angels; she doesn't understand what evil means."

"I am glad you think so," said Mr. Brownlow; "but let me have out my say. I don't believe in seduction in the ordinary sense of the word—"

"Sir!" cried Jack, starting to his feet with a countenance flaming like that of an angry angel. Mr. Brownlow only waved his hand and went on.

"Let me have out my say. I tell you I don't believe in seduction; but there are people in the world—and the most part of the people in the world—who are neither good nor bad, and to such a sudden impulse one way or other may be everything. I would not call down upon a young man's foolish head all the responsibility of such a woman's misery," said Mr. Brownlow, thoughtfully, "but still it would be an awful thought that somebody else might have turned the unsteady balance the right way, and that your folly had turned it the wrong. See, I am not going into it, as a question of personal vice. That your own heart would tell you of; but I don't believe, my boy—I don't believe you mean any harm. I say this to you once for all. You could not, if you were a hundred times the man you are, turn one true, good, pure-hearted girl wrong. I don't believe any man could; but you might develop evil that but for you would only have smouldered and never come to positive harm. Who can tell whether this poor child is of the one character or the other? Don't interrupt me. You think you know, but you can't know. Mind what you are about.

This is all I am going to say to you, Jack."

"It is too much," cried Jack, bursting with impatience, "or it is not half, not a hundredth part enough. I, sir—do you think I would harm her? Not for anything that could be offered me—not for all the world!"

"I have just said as much," said Mr. Brownlow, calmly. "If I had thought you capable of a base intention I should have spoken very differently; but intention is one thing, and result another. Take care. You can't but harm her. To a girl in her position every word, every look of that kind from a young man like you is a kind of injury. You must know that. Think if it had been Keppel—ah, you start—and how is it different being you?"

"It may not be different, sir," exclaimed Jack, "but this I know, I can't carry on this conversation. Keppel! any man in short—that is what you mean. Good heavens, how little you know the creature you are talking of! She talk to Keppel or to any one! If it was not you who said it—"

Mr. Brownlow's grave face relaxed for one half moment. It did not come the length of a smile, but it had unawares the same effect upon his son which a momentary lightening of the clouds has, even though no break is visible. The atmosphere, as it were, grew lighter. The young man stopped almost without knowing it, and his indignation subsided. His father understood better than he thought.

"If all you say is true," said Mr. Brownlow, "and I am glad to see that you believe it at least, how can you reconcile yourself to doing such a girl such an injury? You and she belong to different spheres. You can do her nothing but harm, she can do you no good. What result can you look for? What do you mean? You must see the truth of what I say."

Upon which Jaek fell silent, chilled in the midst of his heat, struck dumb. For he knew very well that he had not meant anything; he had no result to propose. He had not gone so far as to contemplate actual practical consequences, and he was ashamed and had nothing to say.

"This is the real state of the case," said Mr. Brownlow, seeing his advantage. "You have both been fools, both you and she, but you the worst, as being a man and knowing better; and now you see how matters stand. It may give you a little pang, and I fear it will give her a pang too; but when I say you ought to make an immediate end of it, I know I advise what is best for both. I am not speaking to you as your judge, Jack. I am speaking to you as your friend."

"Thanks," said Jack, briefly; his heart was full, poor fellow, and to tell the truth he said even that much reluctantly, but honesty drew it out of him. He felt that his father was his friend, and had not been dealing hardly with him. And then he got up and went to the window, and looked out upon the unsuspecting shrubberies full of better thoughts. Make an end of it! make an end of the best part of his life—make an end of her probably. Yes, it was a very easy thing to say.

"I will not ask any answer or any promise," said Mr. Brownlow. "I leave it to your own good sense and good feeling, Jack. There, that is enough; and if I were you I would go to the office to-day."

This was all he said. He went out of the library leaving his son there, leaving him at liberty to follow out his own reflections. And poor Jack's thoughts were not pleasant. When his father was gone he came from the window, and threw himself into the nearest chair. Make an end of it! Yes, that was it. Easy to say, very easy to advise, but how to do it? Was

he simply to skulk away like a villain, and leave her to pine and wonder—for she would wonder and pine, bless her! She believed in him, whatever other people might do. Keppel, indeed! as if she would look at Keppel, much less talk to him, walk with him, lift her sweet eyes to him as she had begun to do. And good heavens! this was to end! Would it not be better that life itself should end? That, perhaps, would please everybody just as well. Poor Jack! this was the wild way he got on thinking, until the solemn butler opened the door and begged his pardon, and told him breakfast was ready. He could have pitched something at poor Willis's head with pleasure, but he did not do it. He even got up, and thrust back his thoughts into the recesses of his brain as it were, and after a while settled his resolution and went to breakfast. That was one good of his higher breeding. It did not give him much enlightenment as to what he should do, but it taught him to look as if nothing was the matter with him, and to put his trouble in his pocket, and face the ordinary events of life without making a show of himself or his emotions, which is always a triumph for any man. He could not manage to eat much, but he managed to bear himself much as usual, though not entirely to conceal from Sara that something had happened; but then she was a woman, and knew every change of his face. As for Mr. Brownlow, he was pleased by his son's steadiness. He was pleased to see that he bore it like a man, and bore no malice; and he was still more pleased when Jack jumped into the dogcart, and took the reins without saying anything about his intention. It is true the mare had her way that morning, and carried them into Masterton at the speed of an express train, scattering everybody on her route as if by magic. Their course was as good as a charge

f cavalry through the streets of he suburb they had to go through. but notwithstanding his recklessness Jack drove well, and nobody came to any harm. When he threw he reins to the groom the mare was straining and quivering in every muscle, half to the admiration, half to the alarm of her faithful attendant, whose life was devoted to her. "But, bless you, she likes it," he said in confidence to his friends, when he took the palpitating animal to her stable at the Green Man. "Nothing she likes better, though he's took it out of her this morning, he have. I reckon the governor have been a taking it out of 'im."

The governor, however, was a man of honour, and did not once again recur to the subject-matter on the way, which would have been difficult, nor during the long day which Jack spent in the office within his father's reach. In the afternoon some one came in and asked him suddenly to dinner, somewhere on the other side of Masterton, and the poor young fellow consented in a half despair which he tried to think was prudence. He had been turning it over and over in his mind all day. Make an end of it! These words seemed to be written all over the office walls, as if it was so easy to make an end of it! And poor Jack jumped at the invitation in despairing recklessness, glad to escape from himself anyhow for the moment. Mr. Brownlow thus went home alone. He was earlier than usual, and he found Sara at Mrs. Swayne's door, praying, coaxing, and teasing Pamela to go up the avenue with her. "Oh, please, I would rather not," Mr. Brownlow heard her say, and then he caught the quiet upward glance, full of a certain wistful disappointment, as she looked up and saw that Jack was not there. Poor Pamela did not know what to say or what to think, or how to look him in the face for confusion and shame, when

he alighted at the gate and came towards the two girls. And then for the first time he began to talk to her, though her mind was in such a strange confusion that she could not tell what he said. He talked and Sara talked, drawing her along with them, she scarcely could tell how, to the other side of the road, to the great open gates. Then Mr. Brownlow gave his daughter suddenly some orders for old Betty; and Pamela, in utter consternation and alarm, found herself standing alone by his side, with nobody to protect her. But he did not look unkind. He looked down upon her, on the contrary, pitifully, almost tenderly, with a kind of fatherly kindness. "My poor child," he said, "you live with your mother, don't you? I daresay you must think it dull sometimes. But life is dull to a great many of us. You must not think of pleasure or amusement that is bought at the expense of better things."

"I?" said Pamela in surprise; "indeed I never have any amusement;" and the colour came up hotly in her cheeks, for she saw that something was in the words more than met the ear.

"There are different kinds of amusement," said Mr. Brownlow. "Does not your mother come out with you when you come to walk? You are too young to be left by yourself. Don't be vexed with me for saying so. You are but a child;—and I once knew some one who was like you," he said, looking at her again with friendly compassionate eyes. He was thinking as he looked at her that Jack had been right. He was even sorry in an inexorable way for her disappointment, her inevitable heartbreak, which he hoped, at her age, would be got over lightly. Yes; no doubt she was innocent, foolish, poor little thing, and it was she who would have to pay for that—but spotless and guileless all through, down to the very depths of her dewy eyes.

Pamela stood before her mentor

with her cheeks blazing and burning and her eyes cast down. Then she saw but too well what he had meant. He had seen her yesterday with his son, and he had sent Mr. John away, and it was all ended for ever. This was what it meant, as Pamela thought. And it was natural that she should feel her heart rise against him. He was very kind, but he was inexorable. She stood by him with her heart swelling so against her bosom that she thought it would burst, but too proud to make any sign. This was why he had addressed her, brought her away from her mother's door, contrived to speak to her alone. Pamela's heart swelled, and a wild anger took possession of her; but she stood silent before him, and answered not a single word. He had no claim upon her that she should take his advice or obey him. To him at least she had nothing to say.

"It is true, my poor child," he said again, "there are some pleasures that are very costly, and are not worth the cost. You are angry, but I cannot help it. Tell your mother, and she will say the same thing as I do—and go with her when you go out. You are very young, and you will find this always the best."

"I don't know why you should speak to me so," said Pamela, with her heart beating as it were in her very ears. "Miss Brownlow goes out by herself—I—I—am a poor girl—I cannot be watched always—and, oh, why should I, why should I?" cried the girl, with a little burst of passion. Her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes were full, but she would not have dropped the tears that were brimming over her eyelids, or let him see her crying—not for the world.

"Poor child!" said Mr. Brownlow. It was all he said; and it gave the last touch to her suppressed rage and passion—how did he dare call her poor child? But Sara came out just then from old Betty's,

and stood stock-still, confounded by her friend's looks. Sara could see that something had happened, but she could not tell what it was. She looked from Pamela to her father, and from her father to Pamela, and could make nothing of it. "What is the matter?" she asked in surprise; and then it was Pamela's turn to bethink herself, and defend her own cause.

"There is nothing the matter," she said, "except that you have left me standing here, Miss Brownlow, and I must go home. I have my own business to think of, but I can't expect you to think of that. There is nothing wrong."

"You are angry because I left you," said Sara, in dismay. "Don't be so foolish, Pamela. I had something to say to old Betty—and then papa was here."

"And mamma is waiting for me," said Pamela in her passion. "Good-bye. She wants me, and you don't. And I daresay she will not be very long here. Good-night, good-night." Thus she left them, running, so that she could not hear any call, though indeed her heart was beating too loud to let anything else be audible, jarring against her ears like an instrument out of tune. "She has got her father—she doesn't want me. Nobody wants me but mamma. We will go away—we will go away!" Pamela said to herself: and she ran passionately across the road, and disappeared before anything could be done to detain her. The father and daughter looked after her from the gate with different thoughts: Sara amazed and a little indignant—Mr. Brownlow very grave and compassionate, knowing how it was.

"What ails her?" said Sara—"papa, what is the matter? Is she frightened for you? or what have I done? I never saw her like this before."

"You should not have left her so long by herself," said Mr. Brownlow, seizing upon Pamela's own pretext.

"You told me to go," cried Sara, injured. "I never thought little Pamela was so quick-tempered. Let me go and tell her I did not mean it. I will not stay a moment—wait for me, papa."

"Not now," said Mr. Brownlow, and he took his daughter's arm and drew it within his own with quiet decision. "Perhaps you have taken too much notice of little Pamela. It is not always kind, though you mean it to be kind. Leave her to herself now. I have something to say to you," and he led her away up the avenue. It was nothing but the promise of this something to say which induced Sara, much against her will, to leave her little friend unconsoled; but she yielded, and she was not rewarded for yielding. Mr. Brownlow had nothing to say that either explained Pamela's sudden passion or threw any light upon other matters which might have been still more interesting. However, she had been taken home, and dinner was impending before Sara was quite aware of this, and Pamela, poor child, remained unconsoled.

She was not just then thinking of consolation. On the contrary, she would have refused any consolation Sara could have offered her with a kind of youthful fury. She rushed home, poor child, thinking of nothing but of taking refuge in her mother's bosom, and communicating her griefs and injuries. She was still but a child, and the child's impulse was strong upon her; notwithstanding that all the former innocent mystery of Mr. John's attentions had been locked in her own bosom, not so much for secrecy's sake as by reason of that "sweet shamefacedness" which made her reluctant, even to herself, to say his name, or connect it anyhow with her own. Now, as was natural, the lesser pressure yielded to the greater. She had been insulted, as she thought, her feelings outraged in cold blood, reproach cast upon her which she did not deserve, and

all by the secret inexorable spectator whose look had destroyed her young happiness, and dispelled all her pleasant dreams. She rushed in just in time to hide from the world—which was represented by old Betty at her lodge window, and Mrs. Swayne at her kitchen door—the great hot scalding tears, big and sudden, and violent as a thunderstorm, which were coming in a flood. She threw the door of the little parlour open, and rushed in and flung herself down at her mother's feet. And then the passion of sobs that had been coming burst forth. Poor Mrs. Preston in great alarm gathered up the little figure that lay at her feet into her arms, and asked, "What was it?—what was the matter?" making a hundred confused inquiries; until at last, seeing all reply was impossible, the mother only soothed her child on her bosom, and held her close, and called her all the tender names that ever a mother's fancy could invent. "My love, my darling, my own child," the poor woman said, holding her closer and closer, trembling with Pamela's sobs, beginning to feel her own heart beat loud in her bosom, and imagining a thousand calamities. Then by degrees the short broken story came. Mr. John had been very kind. He used to pass sometimes, and say a word or two, and Mr. Brownlow had seen them together. No, Mr. John had never said anything—never, oh, never anything that he should not have said—always had been like—like—Rude! Mamma! No, never, never, never! And Mr. Brownlow had come and spoken to her. He had said—but Pamela did not know what he had said. He had been very cruel, and she knew that for her sake he had sent Mr. John away. The dogcart had come up without him. The cruel, cruel father had come alone, and Mr. John was banished—"And it is all for my sake!" This was Pamela's story. She thought in her heart that the

last was the worst of all, but in fact it was the thing which gave zest and piquancy to all. If she had known that Mr. John was merely out at dinner, the chances are that she would never have found courage to tell her pitiful tale to her mother. But when the circumstances are so tragical the poor little heroine-victim becomes strong. Pamela's disappointment, her anger, and the budding sentiment with which she regarded Mr. John, all found expression in this outburst. She was not to see him to-night, nor perhaps ever again. And she had been seeing him most days and most evenings, always by chance, with a sweet unexpectedness which made the expectation always the dearer. When that was taken out of her life, how grey it became all in a moment. And then Mr. Brownlow had presumed to scold her, to blame her for what she had been doing, she whom nobody ever blamed, and to talk as if she sought amusement at the cost of better things. And Pamela was virtuously confident of never seeking amusement. "He spoke as if I were one to go to balls and things," she said through her tears, not remembering at the moment that she did sometimes think longingly of the youthful indulgences common enough to other young people from which she was shut out. All this confused and incoherent story Mrs. Preston picked up in snatches, and had to piece them together as best she could. And as she was not a wise woman, likely to take the highest ground, she took up what was perhaps the best in the point of view of consolation at least. She took her child's part with all the unhesitating devotion of a partisan. True, she might be uneasy about it in the bottom of her heart, and startled to see how much farther than she thought things had gone; but still in the first place and above all, she was Pamela's partisan, which was of all devices that could

have been contrived the one most comforting. As soon as she had got over her first surprise, it came to her naturally to pity her child, and pet and caress her, and agree with her that the father was very cruel and unsympathetic, and that poor Mr. John had been carried off to some unspeakable banishment. Had she heard the story in a different way, no doubt she would have taken up Mr. Brownlow's rôle, and prescribed prudence to the unwary little girl; but as soon as she understood that Pamela had been blamed, Mrs. Preston naturally took up arms in her child's defence. She laid her daughter down to rest upon the horsehair sofa, and got her a cup of tea, and tended her as if she had been ill; and as she did so all her faculties woke up, and she called all her reason together to find some way of mending matters. Mr. John! Might he perhaps be the protector—the best of all protectors—with whom she could leave her child in full security? Why should it not be so? When this wonderful new idea occurred to her, it made a great commotion in her mind, and called to life a project which she had put aside some time before. It moved her so much, and took such decided and immediate form, that Mrs. Preston even let fall hints incomprehensible to Pamela, and to which, indeed, absorbed as she was, she gave but little attention. "Wait a little," Mrs. Preston said, "wait a little; we may do better than you think for. Your poor mother can do but little for you, my pet, but yet we may find friends——" "I don't know who can do anything for us," Pamela answered, disconsolately. And then her mother nodded her head as if to herself, and went with the gleam of a superior constantly in her eye. The plan was one that could not be revealed to the child, and about which, indeed, the child, wrapped up in her own thoughts, was not curious. It was not a new

intention. It was a plan she had been hoarding up to be made use of should she be ill—should there be any danger of leaving her young daughter alone in the world. Now, thank heaven, the catastrophe was not so appalling as that, and yet it was appalling, for Pamela's happiness was concerned. She watched over her child through all that evening, soothed, took her part, adopted her point of view with a readiness that even startled Pamela; and all the time she was nursing her project in her own heart. Under other circumstances, no doubt, Mrs. Preston would have been grieved, if not angry, to hear of the sudden rapid development of interest in Mr. John, and all their talks and accidental meetings of which she now heard for the first time. But Pamela's outburst of grief and rage had taken her mother by storm; and then, if some one else had assailed the child, whom had she but her mother to take her part? This was Mrs. Preston's reasoning. And it was quite as satisfactory to her as if it had been a great deal more convincing. She laid all her plans as she soothed her little daughter, shaking as it were little gleams of comfort from the lappets of her cap, as she nodded reasoningly at her child. "We may find friends yet, Pamela," she would say; "we are not so badly off as to be without friends." Thus she concealed her weakness with a mild hopefulness, knowing no more what results they were to bring about, what unknown wonders would come out of them, than did the little creature by her side, whose thoughts were bounded by the narrow circle which centred in Mr. John. Pamela was thinking, where was he now? was he thinking of her? was he angry because it was through her he

was suffering? and then with bitter youthful disdain of the cruel father who had banished him and reproved her, and who had no right—no right! Then the little girl, when her passion was spent, took up another kind of thought—the light of anger and resistance began to fade out of her eyes. After all, she was a poor girl—they were all poor, everybody belonging to her. And Mr. John was a rich man's son. Would it, perhaps, be right for the two poor women to steal away, softly, sadly, as they came; and go out into the world again, and leave the man who was rich and strong and had a right to be happy to come back and enjoy his good things? Pamela's tears and her looks both changed with her thoughts—her wavering pretty colour, the flush of agitation and emotion went off her cheeks, and left her pale as the sky is when the last sunset tinge has disappeared out of it. Her tears became cold tears, wrung out as from a rock, instead of the hot, passionate, abundant rain. She did not say anything, but shivered and cried piteously on her mother's shoulders, and complained of cold. Mrs. Preston took her to bed, as if she had been still a child, and covered her up, and dried her eyes, and sat by the pale little creature till sleep stepped in to her help. But the mother had not changed this time in sympathy with her child. She was supported by something Pamela heard not of. "We may find friends—we are not so helpless as that," she said to herself; and even Pamela's sad looks did not change her. She knew what she was going to do. And it seemed to her, as to most inexperienced plotters, that her plan was elaborate and wise in the extreme, and that it must be crowned with success.

CHAPTER XIX.—PHOEBE THOMSON.

It was only two days after this when Mr. Brownlow received that message from old Mrs. Fennell which disturbed him so much. The message was brought by Nancy, who was in the office waiting for him when he made his appearance in the morning. Nancy, who had been old Mrs. Thompson's maid, was not a favourite with Mr. Brownlow, and both she and her present mistress were aware of that; but Mrs. Fennell's message was urgent, and no other messenger was to be had. "You was to come directly, that was what she said." Such was Nancy's commission. She was a very tall gaunt old woman, and she stood very upright and defiant, as in an enemy's country, and no questions could draw any more from her. "She did'n tell me what she was a-wanting of. I'm not one as can be trusted," said Nancy. "You was to go directly, that was what she said."

"Is she ill?" said Mr. Brownlow.

"No, she ain't ill. She's crooked; but she's always crooked since ever I knew her. You was to come directly; that's all as I know."

"Is it about something she wants?" said Mr. Brownlow again; for he was keeping himself down, and trying not to allow his anxiety to be reawakened. "I am very busy. My son shall go over. Or if she will let me know what it is she-wants."

"She wants you," said Nancy, "that's what she wants. I can't say no more, for, I scorn to deny it, I don't know no more; but it ain't Mr. John she wants, it's you."

"Then tell her I will come about one o'clock," said Mr. Brownlow; and he returned to his papers. But this was only a pretence. He would not let even such a despicable adversary as old Nancy see that the news disturbed him. He went on with his papers, pretend-

ing to read them, but he did not know what he was reading. Till one o'clock! It was but ten o'clock then. No doubt it might be some of her foolish complaints, some of the grievances she was constantly accumulating; or, on the other hand, it might be—— Mr. Brownlow drew his curtain aside for a minute, and he saw that young Powys was sitting at his usual desk. The young man had fallen back again into the cloud from which he had seemed to be delivered at the time of his visit to Brownlowa. He was not working at that moment; he was leaning his head on his hand, and gazing with a very downcast look at some minute characters on a bit of paper before him—calculations of some kind it seemed. Looking at him, Mr. Brownlow saw that he began to look shabby—white at the elbows, as well as clouded and heavy over the eyes. He drew back the curtain again and returned to his place, but with his mind too much agitated even for a pretence at work. Had the old woman's message anything to do with this youth? Had his calculations which he was attending to when he ought to have been doing his work any connection with Mrs. Fennell's sudden summons? Mr. Brownlow was like a man surrounded by ghosts, and he did not know from what quarter or in what shape they might next assail him. But he had so far lost his self-command that he could not wait and fight with his assailants till the hour he mentioned. He took up his hat at last, hurriedly, and called to Mr. Wrinkell to say that he was going out. "I shall be back in half an hour," Mr. Brownlow said. The head-clerk stood by and watched his employer go out, and shook his head. "He'll retire before long," Mr. Wrinkell said to himself. "You'll see he will; and I would not give a sixpence for the business

after he is gone." But Mr. Brownlow was not aware of this thought. He was thinking nothing about the business. He was asking himself whether it was the compound interest that young Powys was calculating, and what Mrs. Fennell knew about it. All his spectres, after a moment of ineffectual repression, were bursting forth again.

Mrs. Fennell had put on her best cap. She had put it on in the morning before even she had sent Nancy with her message. It was a token to herself of a great emergency, even if her son-in-law did not recognise it as such. And she sat in state in her little drawing-room, which was not adorned by any flowers from Brownlows at that moment, for Sara had once more forgotten her duties, and had not for a long time gone to see her grandmother. But there was more than the best cap to signalise the emergency. The fact was, that its wearer was in a very real and genuine state of excitement. It was not pretence but reality which freshened her forehead under her grim bands of false hair, and made her eyes shine from amid their wrinkles. She had seated herself in state on a high arm-chair, with a high footstool; but it was because, really and without pretence, she had something to say which warranted all her preparations. A gleam of pleasure flashed across her face when she heard Mr. Brownlow knock at the door. "I thought he'd come sooner than one," she said, with irrepressible satisfaction, even though Nancy was present. She would not betray the secret to the maid whom she did not trust, but she could not but make a little display to her of the power she still retained. "I knew he'd come," she went on, with exultation; to which Nancy, on her part, could not but give a provoking reply.

"Them as plots against the innocent always comes early," said Nancy. "I've took notice of that afore now."

"And who is it in this house that plots against the innocent?" said Mrs. Fennell, with trembling rage. "Take you care what you say to them that's your mistress, and more than your mistress. You're old, and you'd find it harder than you think to get another home like this. Go and bring me the things I told you of. You've got the money. If it wasn't for curiosity and the keyhole, you'd been gone before now."

"And if it wasn't as there's something to be cur'us about it you wouldn't have sent me, not you," said Nancy, which was so near the truth that Mrs. Fennell trembled in her chair. But Nancy did not feel disposed to go to extremities, and as Mr. Brownlow entered she disappeared. He had grown pale on his way up the stairs. The moment had come when, perhaps, he must hear his own secret discovery proclaimed as it were on the housetop, and it cannot be denied that he had grown pale.

"Well?" he said, sitting down opposite to his mother-in-law on the nearest chair. His breath and his courage were both gone, and he could not find another word to say.

"Well, John Brownlow," she said, not without a certain triumph mingled with her agitation. "But before I say a word let us make sure that Nancy and her long ears is out of the way."

Mr. Brownlow rose with a certain reluctance, opened the door, and looked up and down the stair. When he came in again a flush had taken the place of his paleness, and he came and drew his chair close to Mrs. Fennell, bending forward towards her. "What is the matter?" he said; "is it anything you want, or anything I can do for you? Tell me what it is!"

"If it was anything as I wanted it might pass," said Mrs. Fennell, with a little bitterness; "you know well it was'n't that you were thinking of. But I don't want to lose time. There's no time to be lost

John Brownlow. What I've got to say to you is that *she's* been to see me. I've seen her with my own eyes."

"Who?" said Mr. Brownlow.

Then the two looked at each other. She, keen, eager, and old, with the cunning of age in her face, a heartless creature, beyond all impressions of honesty or pity—he, a man very open to such influences, with a heart both true and tender, and yet as eager, more anxious than she. They faced each other, he with eyes which, notwithstanding their present purpose, "shone clear with honour," looking into her beamed and twinkling orbs. What horrible impulse was it that, for the first time, united two such different beings thus?

"I've seen her," said Mrs. Fennell. "There's no good in naming names. She's turned up at last. I might have played you false, John Brownlow, and made better friends for myself, but I thought of my Bessie's bairns, and I played you true. She came to see me yesterday. My heart's beating yet, and I can't get it stopped. I've seen her—seen her with my own eyes."

"That woman? Phœbe——?"

Mr. Brownlow's voice died away in his throat; he could not pronounce the last word. Cold drops of perspiration rose to his forehead. He sank back in his chair, never taking his eyes from the weird old woman who kept nodding her head at him, and gave no other reply. Thus it had come upon him at last without any disguise. His face was as white as if he had fainted; his strong limbs shook; his eyes were glassy and without expression. Had he been anything but a strong man, healthy in brain and in frame, he would have had a fit. But he was healthy and strong; so strong that the horrible crisis passed over him, and he came to himself by degrees, and was not harmed.

"But you did not know her," he said, with a gasp. "You never saw

her; you told me so. How could you tell it was she?"

"Tell, indeed!" said Mrs. Fennell, with scorn; "me that knew her mother so well, and Fennell that was her blood relation! But she did not make any difficulty about it. She told me her name, and asked all about her old mother, and if she ever forgave her, and would have cried about it, the fool, though she's near as old as me."

"Then she did not know?" said Mr. Brownlow, with a great jump of his labouring breast.

"Know! I never gave her time to say what she knew or what she did not know," cried Mrs. Fennell; "do you think I was going to have her there, hanging on, a - asking questions, and maybe Nancy coming in that knew her once? I hope I know better than that, for my Bessie's children's sake. I packed her off, that was what I did. I asked her how she could dare to come nigh me as was an honest woman, and had nothing to do with fools that run away. I told her she broke her mother's heart, and so she would, if she had had a heart to break. I sent her off quicker than she came. You have no call to be dissatisfied with me."

Here John Brownlow's heart, which was in his breast all this time, gave a great throbb of indignation and protest. But he stifled it, and said nothing. He had to bring himself down to the level of his fellow conspirator. He had no leisure to be pitiful: a little more courtesy or a little less, what did it matter? He gave a sigh, which was almost like a groan, to relieve himself a little, but he could not speak.

"Oh, yes, she came to me to be her friend," said the old woman, with triumph: "talking of her mother, indeed! If her mother had had the heart of a Christian she would have provided for my poor Fennell and me. And to ask me to wrong my Bessie's children for a woman I never saw——"

"What did she ask you?" said Mr. Brownlow, sternly; "better not to talk about hearts. What did she know? what did she say?"

"John Brownlow," said Mrs. Fennell, "you've not to speak like that to me, when I've just been doing you a service against myself, as it were. But it was not for you. Don't you think it was for you. It was for my Bessie's bairns. What do you think she would know? She's been away for years and years. She's been a-soldiering at the other side of the world. But I could have made her my friend for ever, and got a good provision, and no need to ask for anything I want. Don't you think I can't see that. It was for their sake."

Mr. Brownlow waived his hand impatiently; but still it was true that he had brought himself to her level, and was in her power. After this there was a silence, broken only by the old woman's exclamations of triumph. "Oh yes; I sent her away. I am not one that thinks of myself, though I might have made a kind friend," said Mrs. Fennell; and her son intently sat and listened to her, gradually growing insensible to the honour, thinking of the emergency alone.

"Did she say anything about her son?" he asked at last; he glanced round the room as he did so with a little alarm. He would scarcely have been surprised had he seen young Powys standing behind him with that calculation of compound interest in his hand.

"I don't know about no son," said Mrs. Fennell. "Do you think I gave her time to talk? I tell you I packed her off, faster, a deal faster than she came. The impudence to come to me! But she knows you, John Brownlow, and if she goes to you, you had best mind what you say. Folk think you're a good awyer, but I never had any opinion of your law. You're a man that would blurt a thing out, and never think if it was prudent or

not. If she goes to you, she'll get it all out of you, unless you send her to me—ay, send her to me. To come and cry about her mother, the old fool, and not far short of my age!"

"What was she like?" said Mr. Brownlow again. He did not notice the superfluous remarks she made. He took her answer into his mind, and that was all; and as for her opinion of himself, what did that matter to him? At any other time he would have smiled.

"Like? I don't know what she was like," said Mrs. Fennell; "always a plain thing all her life, though she would have made me think that Fennell once—stuff and nonsense, and a pack of lies—like? She was like—Nancy, that kind of tall creature. Nancy was a kind of a relation, too. But as for what she was like in particular, I didn't pay no attention. She was dressed in things I wouldn't have given sixpence for, and she was in a way——"

"What sort of a way? what brought her here? How did she find you out?" said Mr. Brownlow. "Afterwards I will listen to your own opinions. I beg of you to be a little more exact. Tell me simply the facts now. Remember of how much importance it is."

"If I had not known it was of importance I should not have sent for you," said Mrs. Fennell; "and as for my opinions, I'll give them when I think proper. You are not the man to dictate to me. She was in a way, and she came to me to stand her friend. She thought I had influence, like. I didn't tell her, John Brownlow, as she was all wrong, and I hadn't no influence. It's what I ought to have, me that brought the mother of these children into the world; but folks forget that, and also that it was of us the money came. I told her nothing, not a word. It's least said that's soonest mended. I sent her away, that's all that you want to know."

Mr. Brownlow shook his head. It

was not all he wanted to know. He knew it was not over, and ended with this one appearance, though his dreadful auxiliary thought so in her ignorance. For him it was but the beginning, the first step in her work. There were still five months in which she could make good her claims, and find them out first if she did not know them, prove anything, everything, as people did in such cases. But he did not enter into vain explanations.

"It is not all over," he said. "Do not think so. She will find something out, and she will turn up again. I want to know where she lives, and how she found you out. We are not done with her yet," said Mr. Brownlow, again wiping the heavy moisture from his brow.

"You are done with her if you are not a fool to go and seek her," said Mrs. Fennell. "I can't tell you what she is, nor where she is. She's Phoebe Thompson. Oh, yes, you're frightened when I say her name—frightened that Nancy should hear; but I sent Nancy out on purpose. I am not one to forget. Do you think I got talking with her to find out everything? I sent her away. That's what I did for the children, not asking and asking, and making a talk, and putting things into her head as if she was of consequence. I turned her to the door, that's what I did; and if you're not a fool, John Brownlow, or if you have any natural love for your children, you'll do the same."

Again Mr. Brownlow groaned within himself, but he could not free himself from this associate. It was one of the consequences of evil doing, the first obvious one which had come in his way. He had to bear her insults, to put himself on her level, even to be, as she was, without compunction. Their positions were changed, and it was he now who was in the old woman's power; she had a hundred supposed injuries hoarded up in her mind to avenge upon him, even while she did him substantial ser-

vice. And she was cruel with the remorseless cold-blooded cruelty of a creature whose powers of thought and sympathy were worn out. He wondered at her as he sat and saw her old eyes glisten with pleasure at the thought of having sent this poor injured robbed woman away. And he was her accomplice, her instigator, and it was for Bessie's children. The thought made him sick and giddy. It was only with an effort that he recovered himself.

"When a woman comes back after twenty-five years, she does not disappear again," he said. "I am not blaming you. You did as was natural to you. But tell me everything. It might have been an impostor—you never saw her. How can you be sure it was Phoebe Thompson? If Nancy even had been here——"

"I tell you it *was* Phoebe Thompson," said Mrs. Fennell, raising her voice. And then all of a sudden she became silent. Nancy had come quietly up-stairs, and had opened the door, and was looking in upon her mistress. She might have heard more, she might not even have heard that. She came in and put down some small purchases on the table. She was quite self-possessed and observant, looking as she always did, showing no signs of excitement. And Mr. Brownlow looked at her steadily. Like Nancy! but Mrs. Powys was not like Nancy. He concluded as this passed through his mind that Mrs. Fennell had named Nancy only as the first person that occurred to her. There was no likeness—not the slightest. It went for nothing, and yet it was a kind of relief to him all the same.

"Why do you come in like that, without knocking, when I've got some one with me?" said Mrs. Fennell, with tremulous wrath. "It's like a common maid-of-all-work, that knows no better. I have told you that before."

"It's seldom as one of the family is here," said Nancy, "or I'd think

on't. When things happen so rare folks forgets. Often and often I say as you're left too much alone; but what with the lady yesterday and Mr. Brownlow to-day——"

"What lady yesterday?" cried Mrs. Fennell. "What do you know about a lady yesterday? Who ever said there was a lady yesterday? If you speak up to me bold like that, I'll send you away."

"Oh, it's nothing to me," said Nancy. "You know as I was out. They most always comes when I'm out. Fine folks is not partial to me; but if you're agoing to be better looked to, and your own flesh and blood to come and see you, at your age, it will be good news to me."

"My own flesh and blood don't think a great deal about an old woman," said Mrs. Fennell, swallowing the bait. "I'm little good to anybody now. I've seen the day when it was different. And I can still be of use to them that's kind to me," she said, with significance. Mr. Brownlow sat and listened to all this, and it smote him with disgust. He got up, and though it cost him an effort to do so, held out his hand to the old woman in her chair.

"Tell me, or tell Jack, if you want anything," he said. "I can't stay now; and if anything occurs let me know," he added. He took no notice of the vehement shaking of her hand as she turned towards Nancy. He looked at Nancy again, though he did not like her. She at least was not to be in the conspiracy, and he had a satisfaction in showing that at least he was not afraid of her. "If there is anything that can make your mistress more comfortable," he said, sternly, "I have already desired you to let me know; and you understand that she is not to be bullied either by you or any one else—good-day."

"Bullied!" said Nancy, in consternation; but he did not condescend to look at her again. He went away silently, like a man in a

dream. Up to this moment he had been able to doubt. It was poor comfort, yet there was some comfort in it. When the evidence looked the most clear and overwhelming, he had still been able to say to himself that he had no direct proof, that it was not his business, that still it might all be a mistake. Now that last standing-ground was taken from under his feet. Mrs. Thomson's heir had made herself known. She had told her name and her parentage, and claimed kindred with his mother-in-law, who, if she had been an impostor, could have convicted her; and the old woman, on the contrary, had been convinced. It was a warm summer day, but Mr. Brownlow shivered with cold as he walked along the familiar streets. If she had but come twenty years, five-and-twenty years ago! If he had but followed his own instincts of right and wrong, and left this odious money untouched! It was for Bessie's sake he had used it, to make his marriage practicable, and now the whirligig of time had brought about its revenges. Bessie's daughter would have to pay for her mother's good fortune. He felt himself swing from side to side as he went along, so confused was he with the multitude of his thoughts, and recovered himself only with a violent effort. The decisive moment had come. It had come too soon—before the time was out at which Phœbe Thomson would be harmless. He could not put himself off any longer with the pretext that he was not sure. And young Powys in the office, whom he had taken in partly in kindness and partly with evil intent, sat under his eyes calculating the amount of that frightful interest which would ruin him. Mr. Brownlow passed several of his acquaintances in the street without noticing them, but not without attracting notice. He was so pale that the strangers who passed turned round to look at him. No further delay—no put-

ting off—no foolish excuses to himself. Whatever had to be done must be done quickly. Unconsciously he quickened his pace, and went on at a speed which few men could have kept up with. He was strong, and his excitement gave him new strength. It must be done, one thing or another; there was no way of escaping the alternative now.

There are natures which are driven wild and frantic by a great excitement, and there are others which are calmed and steadied in face of an emergency. Mr Brownlow entered his private office with the feeling of a man who was about to die there, and might never come out alive. He did not notice any one—even waved Wrinkell away, who was coming to him with a bag of papers. "I have some urgent private business," he said; "take everything to my son, and don't let me be disturbed." He said this in the office, so that every one heard him; and though he looked at nobody, he could see Powys look up from his calculations, and Jack come in some surprise to the open door of his room. They both heard him, both the young men and wondered. Jack, too, was dark and self-absorbed, engaged in a struggle with himself. And they looked at the master, the father, and said to themselves, in their youthful folly, that it was easy for him to talk of not being disturbed. What could he have to trouble him—he who could do as he liked, and whom nobody interfered with? Mr Brownlow, for his part, saw them both without looking at them, and a certain bitter smile at his son's reserve and silence came to him inwardly. Jack thought it a great matter to be checked in his boyish love-making; while, good heavens! how different were the burdens, how much harder the struggles of which the boy was ignorant! Mr Brownlow went in and shut the door. He was alone then—shut out from everybody. No one could tell, or

even guess, the conflict in his mind—not even his young adversary outside, who was reckoning up the compound interest. He paused a little, and sat down, and bent his head on his hands. Was he praying? He could not have told what it was. It was not prayer in words. If it had been, it would have been a prayer for strength to do wrong. That was what he was struggling after—strength to shut out all compunctions—to be steadily cruel, steadily false. Could God have granted him that? but his habits were those of a good man all the same. He paused when he was in perplexity, and was silent, and collected his thoughts, not without a kind of mute customary appeal; and then flung his hands away from his face, and started to his feet with a thrill of horror, "Help me to sin!" was that what it had been in his heart to say?

He spent the whole day in the office, busy with very hard and heavy work. He went minutely into all those calculations which he supposed young Powys to be making. And when he had put down the last cipher, he opened all his secret places, took out all his memorandums, every security he possessed, all his notes of investments, the numberless items which composed his fortune. He worked at his task like a clerk making up ordinary accounts, yet there was something in his silent speed, his wrapt attention, the intense exactness of every note, which was very different from the steady indifference of daily work. When he had put everything down, and made his last calculation, he laid the two papers together on his desk. A little glimmering of hope had, perhaps, awakened in him, from the very fact of doing something. He laid them down side by side, and the little colour that had come into his face vanished out of it in an instant. If there had been but a little over! if he could have felt that he had something left, he might still, at the

eleventh hour, have had strength to make the sacrifice; but the figures which stared him in the face meant ruin. Restitution would cost him everything—more than everything. It would leave him in debt; it would mortgage even that business which the Brownlows of Masterton had maintained so long. It would plunge his children down, down in an instant out of the place they had been educated to fill. It would take from himself the means of being as he was—one of the benefactors of the country, foremost in all good works. Good works! when it was with the inheritance of the widow and the orphans that he did them. All this came before him as clearly as if it had been written in lines of light—an uneducated, imprudent woman—a creature who had run away from her friends,

abandoned her mother—a boy who was going to the bad—a family unaccustomed to wealth, who would squander and who would not enjoy it. And, on the other hand, himself, who had increased it, used it well, served both God and man with it. The struggle was long, and it was hard, but in the end the natural result came. His half-conscious appeal was answered somehow, though not from on high. The strength came to him which he had asked for—strength to do wrong. But all the clerks started, and Mr. Wrinkell himself took off his spectacles, and seriously considered whether he should send for a doctor, when in the evening, just before the hour for leaving the office, Mr. Brownlow suddenly opened the door and called young Powys into his private room.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

THE main object of this able and very interesting treatise is to show that the Reign of Law—meaning thereby that invariable order, or those persistent forces, which science delights to contemplate—is by no means incompatible with the belief in an overruling and creative Intelligence. In this its main purpose it is what, a few years ago, would have been called a *Bridge-water Treatise*, and it would have deserved to take its place amongst the instructive series which bore that title. But whereas the *Bridge-water Treatise* in general abounded with illustrations of the great argument of design, the present volume is chiefly occupied with discussions that bear upon the nature of the argument itself. It is not, however, without due share of illustration; and the description given of the contrivance, or adaptation of the laws

or forces of nature, displayed in the mechanism of a bird's wing—or say in the general purpose of enabling a vertebrate animal to fly through the air—is amongst the happiest of the kind we have ever met with. We shall henceforth watch the flight of the sea-gull, a bird which the author especially selects for his illustration, with additional interest. The Duke of Argyll has evidently looked on birds with far other than the sportsman's eye—with something of the poet's eye, as well as that of the man of science. Not that the sportsman is altogether destitute of admiration for the bird he kills; we have known him discourse eloquently on the beauty of the creature soaring above him, in an element he cannot inhabit, and the next moment glory in *bringing it down*.* 'The Reign of Law' is in all respects a remarkable book.

'The Reign of Law.' By the Duke of Argyll. Alexander Strahan, publisher 56 Ludgate Hill.

* We suspect that our momentary digression to the sportsman is owing to the

Where it does not command assent, it stimulates inquiry. Nor is it any ill compliment to a work of this description to say of it that it sometimes provokes, in a very mild degree, the spirit of controversy; seeing that it leads us back, with a certain freshness of mind, into old questions of a still unsettled nature.

We need hardly say that we cordially agree in the main conclusions to which the author would conduct us. No proposition appears to carry a stronger conviction with it than this—that mind, not matter, or the forces called unaterial, should be considered as the primal power in the universe. In the order of science, we commence with the simple, and lead onwards to the complex; but when, at any epoch, science presents to us such *whole*, such Cosmos, as it has been able to conceive, the conviction immediately follows that this whole existed as Thought or Idea before it was developed as a reality of space and time. The great conclusion, therefore, which the Duke of Argyll, in common with all our theologians, would enforce, is one which we, too, would maintain with whatever energy we possess. We are not in the least disposed to relinquish what is familiarly known as the argument from design in favour of any “high *a priori* road” to the first great truth in theology. But, there may be methods of stating this argument

from which we should dissent. There may also be a tendency to implicate the argument with philosophical opinions which, whether correct or not, are still under discussion, and which, in fact, are the opinions only of one section of the speculative world. Such a tendency (we do not say that it is manifested in an unusual manner in the present writer) we should venture to protest against.

The press has lately teemed with productions which must have manifested to most readers how utterly unsatisfactory are those metaphysical or ontological reasonings which are supposed to conduct us more directly to the knowledge of the absolute and infinite Being. Rejecting, as anthropomorphic, the persuasion felt by reflective men in every generation that the world is full of purpose,—or rather say of intermingled and inseparable purposes, and may therefore be called one great purpose,—many profound reasoners have preferred to found their theology on certain abstractions of the intellect, such as pure Being, Substance, Cause, and by so doing they have been led into results either of a self-contradictory nature, or of so vague and shadowy a description that we are left in doubt whether it is an idea or a mere word that we are at last put in possession of. God has become the Absolute or the Infinite, or the One Substance, or the Unknowable

following circumstance.—Our eye has just fallen on a letter in the ‘Times,’ protesting against the cruel and purposeless slaughter of the beautiful sea-birds that frequent our cliffs. Hundreds of these exquisite creatures, whom every one with a spark of tenderness or intelligence in his nature has delighted to watch as they hover over the sea, are killed every summer for no object except the pleasure of killing, and such poor skill as may be displayed in shooting amongst a crowd of birds. The cliffs between Scarborough and Burlington—one of the great breeding places of our sea-fowl—are mentioned as the scene of this *bathue*. Parties go in boats, and station themselves under the flock of birds flying to and fro, feeding their young. Boats have been seen “literally laden with birds, the boatmen sitting on them.” But many that are shot “fall at a distance on the water, or the land, and die wretchedly of their wounds or hunger.” If the young men who indulge in this sport had read the Duke of Argyll’s book, had followed him in his admiring explanation of the flight of the sea-gull, we think, perhaps, they would hardly have consented to this wanton slaughter—to this extermination of a creature probably happier than themselves, and certainly more beautiful.

First Cause, everywhere present, and under no form of human thought conceivable.

This One Substance, or the One Being, if you travel to it by this road, is a mere hypothesis, and explains nothing. The impression conveyed by the senses is of a multitude of individual things or substances. Science, by its generalisations, may reduce these to a few elementary substances. But the last generalisation of science is only of a *similarity* of a multitude of things. Suppose it reduced all material things to one elementary substance—that is, to a multitude of atoms all similar in their nature—these atoms would still be numerically or individually different, moving with different velocities and in different combinations. We are as far as ever from this metaphysical entity of the One Substance; and if we could reach to it, what would it explain? The *unity* of the world which calls for explanation is a unity of plan, that harmony of parts which constitutes it a whole. Now, what connection is there between this and the barren conception of unity of Substance? If the one substance acts diversely—as it must necessarily be supposed to do in order to produce anything—why should this diversity of action of one unintelligential substance more necessarily lead to a unity of plan than the simultaneous action of a multitude of diverse substances? If the one substance had but one mode of action, no world could be produced; if it have many modes of action, what is to prevent these from being at variance with each other? Or how are we brought nearer to any comprehension of the real unity of the universe? If this does not suggest to us the precedence or immanence of mind or thought, we know not what it can legitimately suggest at all; we should think it wiser simply to rest in this harmonious state of things—to rest in it in the sense of the positivist, as the last truth

we are capable of reaching, and leave alone all further speculations about the one universal substance, or a supernatural cause.

The old familiar argument gives us a creative intelligence, in other words, an intelligential being, and a universe which is the manifestation of this power; we need not say that it has its difficulties, and that the idea of creation comes to us embarrassed with perplexing speculations; but this other ontological method lands us in mere abstractions, and is, at best, no entrance into theology at all, but merely into some metaphysical theory of the universe.

And not only do we cling to this great argument, but we are adverse to their supposition that diversities of opinion, on such well-known topics of controversy as the nature of the human Will, or of our idea of Causation, should incapacitate either party in such controversies from availing himself of it. We are unwilling that it should be monopolised by any one school of psychology. We sometimes hear it said, for instance, that the doctrine of Causation taught by Dr. Thomas Brown nullifies the argument by abstracting from the conception of God the idea of power; since, if we have no such idea of power till we enter the domain of theology, we cannot then suddenly form the idea in order to invest God with power. Brown did not reason thus. As he states the argument, we see one great antecedent to the existing world—namely, a pre-existing mind. If invariable antecedence is all that we understand by power, we have still the conviction that there was *this antecedent*, and this is sufficient for the argument. It is still more frequently asserted that he who denies the freedom of the human will, or its self-determining character, destroys the only *type* we have of the power of God. It may be so. But to this it may be replied, that we cannot expect to have a type of that which is altogether

superhuman and unique. The argument consists in this, that we cannot conceive the world or the universe as a *whole* without immediately conceiving it as the manifestation of thought. *How* such a thought manifested itself in creation, is just as impossible to understand as how such a thought came itself into existence. We are not here attempting to decide, be it understood, on the nature of the human will, or of our idea of power; we simply express a conviction that our great argument holds its ground whatever philosophical tenet is embraced on these subjects.

Having thus stated as briefly as we could (without glancing at objections which it would require pages to discuss) the position we occupy with regard to this popular argument from design, we can proceed with the greater freedom to examine what may seem to us peculiar in the treatment of it by our author. The Duke of Argyll opens his treatise with some very just remarks on the vague use of the term supernatural. By a "belief in the supernatural," is sometimes meant a belief in a supernatural Being—or in God; and it is sometimes restricted to a belief in a supernatural or abnormal action of that Being. French writers not unfrequently use the expression in the first sense, and understand by a denial of the supernatural a denial of any to us intelligible existence out of the pale of nature and humanity. Amongst English writers a denial of the supernatural is generally limited to a denial of any events confessedly out of the established order of creation—a denial that God acts in any but the one systematic method which it is the aim of science to explore. In this last sense the supernatural is synonymous with the miraculous.

There is, however, one other application of the term "supernatural" it is necessary to allude to. This is an application of the term to the human *will*, by those who think

that it is not involved in that linked series of cause and effect which we call the course of nature. This use of the term is by no means common, even amongst the staunchest advocates of liberty, but it is plainly admissible. That the human will should effect changes in the material world is, as the Duke of Argyll observes, amongst the most *natural* of events—meaning thereby amongst the most ordinary and familiar—but if it be true that the will acts from *above* or from *without* that order which binds the rest of nature, then, in this sense, it may be entitled to be called *supernatural*. The ambiguity in the word "natural" must be guarded against. It may either mean what is ordinary, or what is embraced in the strict order of nature. We may find it difficult to speak of anything so familiar, and in that respect so natural, as the moving of a man's hand, as a supernatural event; yet, in a scientific point of view, it may doubtless be so described, presuming that the man acts from without that connected series we call nature. The Duke of Argyll quotes with approbation a passage from Dr. Bushnell in which the word is thus applied:—

"Dr. Bushnell says: 'That is supernatural, whatever it be, that is either not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or which acts on the chain of cause and effect in nature, from without the chain.' And again, 'If the processes, combinations, and results of our system of nature are interrupted or varied by the action whether of God, or angels, or men, so as to bring to pass what would not come to pass in it by its own internal action, under the laws of mere cause and effect, such variations are in like manner supernatural.'"

Our author, however, does not himself apply the word supernatural to the human will; he would perhaps prefer the word spontaneous. Speaking of a lecture of Mr. Tyndall he says:—

"One of our most distinguished living

teachers of physical science began, not long ago, a course of lectures on the phenomena of heat by a rapid statement of the modern doctrine of the correlation of forces—how the one was convertible into the other—how one rose out of the other—how none could be evolved except from some other as a pre-existing source. 'Thus,' said the lecturer, 'we see there is no such thing as spontaneousness in Nature.' What! not in the lecturer himself? Was there no 'spontaneousness' in his choice of words—in his selection of materials—in his orderly arrangement of experiments, with a view to the exhibition of particular results? It is not probable that the lecturer was intending to deny this; it simply was that he did not think of it, as within his field of view. His own mind and will were then dealing with the 'laws of nature,' but it did not occur to him as forming part of these laws, or, in the same sense, as subject to them."

Whether Professor Tyndall quite meant all he said, or had weighed the full significance of his words, we do not undertake to decide. Perhaps he spoke advisedly. But what concerns us more nearly is, that we shall find some difficulty as we proceed, in quite understanding what our author means by that "spontaneousness" he is here vindicating. We are led to ask ourselves, whether the Duke of Argyll has finally determined what position to assume in this great metaphysical controversy of the freedom of the will.

But at present we shall pursue the course of our exposition. The Supernatural, we have said, has in our ordinary philosophical controversies two meanings. Either it means that Being who has created, and who therefore is above, Nature. Or, presuming such a Being to exist, and that he acts by general laws, then the Supernatural means a departure in that Being from his systematic mode of action: it is synonymous with the miraculous. We shall follow our author in his observations on these two subjects—a creative Intelligence and the

Miraculous. And as the latter of these happens to take precedence in the essay we commence with it.

The Miracle.—No more striking illustration could be given of the general tendency to believe in the reign of law than the effort made by some speculative divines to reconcile the miracle to the natural order of events—to believe in the miracle as a fact, and yet deny that it implies any arbitrary interposition in the laws of nature. The attempt, in our opinion, is as unnecessary as it is unsuccessful. What we call a miracle does not exist for him who does not believe in a Creator, and he who believes in a Creator can surely find no difficulty in believing in an interposition of the Creative Power, always presuming there is a purpose of that paramount description which renders such interposition intelligible. For law itself, or the establishment of uniformity, is but a purpose (on the theory of Creation); and if we can conceive of another purpose, such as the revelation of religious truth, to which an especial departure from that uniformity is subservient, there can be no difficulty (on sufficient evidence) in accepting such departure. But we have lately had a few reasoners amongst us who have held that the evidence *was* sufficient to prove what we call the miraculous fact, but who have denied that the fact was really in its nature miraculous, or a direct interposition of the power of God overruling the uniformity He had established. They suggest that the startling event which to us seems abnormal, would be recognised as in strict obedience to the laws of nature, if our science were equal to the task. They are fond of drawing an analogy from Mr Babbage's calculating machine, which, after exhibiting for some time a succession of numbers in a certain sequence or ratio, suddenly departs from what we have begun to think is the law of the machine, and exhibits a number quite differ-

ent from what our experience had led us to expect. Here, say they, we should at first exclaim that the machine had departed from its law, whereas a thorough knowledge of its mechanism would have assured us that it was most faithful to its law. In like manner if there are records of the dead being called back to life, an event even so extraordinary as this may be the result of laws whose operation we have yet to become thoroughly acquainted with. If the Apostle Peter raised the widow Dorcas from death to life, it was because just at this juncture the apparently exceptional *number* was about to be exhibited by the great machine of the universe.

We allude to this strange explanation of the miracle merely as an illustration of a tendency of modern thought; it hardly deserves a serious examination. Did St. Peter *know* that this resurrection from the dead was about to be produced in the cycle of events? Then the miracle is but transferred to this supernatural knowledge. Or shall we say that this apparently supernatural knowledge in St. Peter was, like the resurrection itself from the dead, produced at that moment by the faithful operation of psychological laws? If we rather conclude that St. Peter honestly believed, as did all the bystanders, that God heard his prayer, and put forth, in a direct manner, His omnipotent power—then this curious result follows, that God authenticates His revelation of truth by a series of elaborate deceptions. Men cluster round the messenger of God, and see and believe the miracle, and believe the messenger on account of the miracle, but all the while no miracle is really performed—only the *appearance* of one is produced.

The Duke of Argyll is solicitous also, in his way, to reconcile the miracle with the reign of law. But, if we understand him aright, he does not seek to get rid of the Di-

vine interposition, but to show that the *method* of the Divine interposition may be such as to involve no interference with the laws of nature. God works a miracle by taking advantage of His infinitely superior *knowledge* of the laws of nature, and also, it must be added, by his infinitely superior *power* of applying that knowledge. We must state the idea in the words of the author:—

"No man can have any difficulty in believing that there are natural laws of which he is ignorant, nor in conceiving that there may be beings who do know them, and can use them, even as he himself now uses the few laws with which he is acquainted. The real difficulty lies in the idea of will exercised without the use of means—not in the exercise of will through means which are beyond our knowledge.

"Now have we any right to say that belief in *this* is essential to all religion? If we have not, then it is only putting as so many other hasty sayings do put, additional difficulties in the way of religion. The relation in which God stands to those rules of His government which are called 'laws,' is of course an inscrutable mystery to us. But those who believe that His will does govern the world, must believe that ordinarily, at least, he does govern it by the choice and use of means. Nor have we any certain reason to believe that He ever acts otherwise. Extraordinary manifestations of His will—signs and wonders—may be wrought, for ought we know, by similar instrumentality—only by the selection and use of laws of which man knows and can know nothing, and which, if he did know, he could not employ.

"Here, then, we come upon the question of miracles—how we understand them; what we would define them to be. The common idea of a miracle is, a suspension or violation of the laws of nature. This is a definition which places the essence of a miracle in a particular method of operation. But there is another definition which passes this by altogether, and dwells only on the agency by which, and the purpose for which, a miracle is wrought. It is important to observe that this definition does not necessarily involve the idea of 'a violation of the laws of

ture.' It does not involve the idea of the exercise of will apart from the use of means. It does not involve, therefore, that idea which appears to any so difficult of conception. It simply supposes, without any attempt to fathom the relation in which God stands to his own 'laws,' that out of His infinite knowledge of these laws, or His infinite power of making them instruments of His will. He may use them for extraordinary indications of his presence."—P. 14.

Thus the miracle is admitted to be an interposition of the Divine power for a specific purpose, but the method of the interposition is such as to save it from the character of a violation or contradiction of the laws of nature. That method is presented to be as little a violation of those laws as when a chemist, by his superior knowledge of the laws of affinity, astonishes us by some new production.

We imagine that the most scrupulous divine need raise no objection to this description of a miracle; but we doubt if, when examined, it will be found to answer the purpose for which the author has put it forth, that of obviating the objections which the man of science is supposed to make to all miracles whatever. The new *arrangements* of matter by which new developments of the laws or forces of matter are occasioned, are, in the ordinary course of things, themselves the result of the operation of the laws of nature. If mountains are upheaved, if streams flow down their sides, if a new soil is carried into the valley, and therefore new chemical combinations are formed, and an increased fertility ensues, we see change and new arrangements introduced by the operations of the laws themselves. But if we are to picture to ourselves that matter is subjected to new arrangements or juxtapositions by the direct interposition of God, we have here as much a violation of the laws of nature as if a new law of affinity were sud-

denly bestowed upon certain particles of matter.

This *employment* of the laws of nature—does it imply some novel and direct manipulation, so to speak, of material substances? If it does, then the laws of nature, which, left to themselves, would have produced quite other arrangements, *have* been interfered with. Does it imply no such interference—are the new arrangements identical with these which the operation of the laws themselves would bring about?—then we are remitted to the explanation of the miracle already examined, namely, that it is nothing more or less than an event which *seems* abnormal to us by reason of our ignorance of the laws of nature.

For ourselves we would much rather leave the *modus operandi* of a miracle entirely alone. Suppose we test the present theory by its application to some well-known instance of the miraculous, we shall not find that it leads us out of any difficulty. The multiplication of a few loaves and fishes, so that they fed a large multitude of people, lends itself as readily as any instance that occurs to us to our author's explanation. The first impression upon the mind of an ordinary reader would probably be that so much *new matter* in this peculiar form had been, then and there, created. This the Duke of Argyll would call a *working without means*—a rather curious objection, by the way, to bring prominently forward, and which is certainly not the difficulty that occurs to one who believes in a *creative* power. No, he would say, the miracle does not oblige us to believe that God wrought with other than the means before Him. The hydrogen, the carbon, the nitrogen, and all the elements that enter into the formation of vegetable and animal food—are they not at hand? the laws of their elimination and fresh combination are they not known to Him as they never will be known to us? What

need to suppose any another effort of power than what may be called a chemistry vastly superior to any we can know or practise? Well, if we accept this somewhat anthropomorphic statement, we have only given to the imagination hints of a method by which the miracle might be wrought. The miracle remains as mysterious as before, and it is still the same departure from the laws of nature; for all the usual processes by which wheat is grown, and bread is made of it, and by which fish are born and nourished, are superseded by a chemical combination which the laws of nature, if left to themselves, would not, then and there, have produced. A strange compulsion was thrown upon the elements, and the hydrogen, and the carbon, and the like, must have been *brought together* as they would not have been brought together in the normal course of nature. There must have been somewhere, at some stage, an interposition of the direct power of God, and it is this interposition which the man of science, rightly or wrongly, is supposed to contest.

The Duke of Argyll would here, perhaps, remind us of an observation he has frequently and forcibly made, that the presence of a *will*, an intelligent will, acting for a purpose, is *normal* in the universe, is bound up with our conception of the universe. So be it. But it is not only *normal* that there should be an action in nature of the divine mind or will; what the man of science assumes is, that the *action* of that divine power is always normal. In short the miracle must remain just what it is popularly believed to be, a direct interposition of God, departing from His usual agency. The only safe position to assume is, not that in the miracle there is no interference with what, in a strictly scientific point of view, are called the laws of nature, but that such interference may, when the purpose is adequate, be fairly expected.

The strength of the theologian's position is precisely this, that the universe is not a mere machine, but rather an organisation determined and modified by an intelligent power—that it exists for the purposes of God, is nothing but the realisation of those purposes, and can, in fact, have for its ultimate law no other than the purposes of God. Uniformity itself is but a purpose; it answers most important ends. Say that a solitary departure from that uniformity answered a great end, why should not this purpose also be accomplished?

The answer to prayer is sometimes spoken of as a species of miracle, and as a kind of miracle more perplexing to the understanding than those wrought for the great conspicuous purpose of authenticating religious teaching. On this subject the Duke of Argyll takes a very bold position, and one which cannot but be gratifying to orthodox divines. We have no wish if it were in our power, to dislodge him from such a position; we content ourselves with admiring the boldness with which it is taken up.

"We find," he says, "many men now facing the consequences to which they have given their intellectual assent and taking their stand upon the ground that prayer to God has no other value or effect than so far as it may be a good way of preaching to ourselves. It is a useful and helpful exercise for our own spirits, but it is nothing more. But how can they pray who have come to this? Can it ever be useful or helpful to believe a lie? . . . If there is any helpfulness in prayer even to the mind itself, that helpfulness can only be preserved by showing that the belief on which this virtue depends is a rational belief. The very essence of that belief is this, that the Divine mind is accessible to supplication, and that the Divine will is capable of being moved thereby."

Nor will he hear of a distinction which some have made between physical and mental phenomena—limiting the interposition of God to the *minds* of men. Our prayer for

health or wealth may not be answered, but our prayers for spiritual health, or moral renovation, may be granted.

"Will this reasoning," he says, "bear analysis? Can the distinction it assumes be maintained? Whatever difficulties there may be in reconciling the ideas of law and volition, are difficulties which apply equally to the worlds of matter and of mind. The mind is as much subject to law as the body is. The reign of law is over all; and if its dominion be really incompatible with the agency of volition, human or divine, then the mind is as inaccessible to that agency as material things."

Creation.—The mode of operation by which our author reconciles to himself the miracle, he carries into his conception of creation. He imagines, in the first place, certain immutable forces, established, of course, by the Creator, and then sees in incessant play of that mental operation we call contrivance, in adjusting or combining those forces for given purposes. The analogy between human contrivance and the process which *seems* to have been that of creation, lies at the basis of most of our works on natural theology. What is peculiar in the present work is the boldness and distinctness with which the analogy is brought out. Chapter III. is headed thus, *Contrivance a necessity arising out of the Reign of Law*, and it opens in the following manner:—

"The necessity of contrivance for the accomplishment of purpose, arises out of the immutability of natural forces. They must be conformed to and obeyed. Therefore when they do not serve our purpose directly, they can only be made to serve it by ingenuity and contrivance. This necessity, then, may be said to be the index and the measure of the power of law. And so, on the other hand, the certainty with which purpose can be accomplished by contrivance, is the index and measure of mental knowledge and resource. It is by wisdom and knowledge that the forces of nature—even those which may seem

most adverse—are yoked to service. This idea of the relation in which law stands to will, and in which will stands to law, is familiar to us in the works of man: but it is less familiar to us as equally holding good in the works of nature. We feel sometimes as if it were an unworthy notion of the will which works in nature, to suppose that it should never act *except through the use of means*. But our notions of unworthiness are themselves often the unworthiest of all. . . . It seems as if all that is done in nature as well as all that is done in art were done *by knowing how to do it*."

Now we are well aware that something which we may call anthropomorphic must adhere to every conception of an intelligent Creator, for we have no conception of intelligence but such as we can draw from the human mind. But this intelligence, or, in other words, the idea of the universe as a whole, which is faintly shadowed in the human mind, is all that we need borrow from man. The passage from this idea into what we call reality, or the act of creation, can have no counterpart in human experience. We are somewhat averse to the analogy of human contrivance and of human will, as if in the first we had detected the process of the Divine mind, and in the second, the nature of the Divine power. We readily acknowledge that it is all but impossible to escape from such analogies when we endeavour to form to ourselves the conception of a personal God. But in a philosophical statement of the argument we would rather avoid them than labour, as the Duke of Argyll does, still more sharply to define them.

Our author's statement draws a line of separation between the laws or forces of nature and that application of them by which a world is supposed to be organised. Now, what are called the forces of matter cannot be developed at all without some organisation of matter. This organisation and the development of forces proceed together. The solitary atom has no forces. Gra-

vity, impulse, cohesion, elasticity (whatever accounts we give of them), all require *some* organisation, or juxtaposition of matter, for their existence; and certain forces, and those called vital, develop themselves probably only in more complex organisations.

Again, these forces as seen operating in nature are constantly bringing about changes in that organisation on which their further development depends. Thus we must, in our speculative career, commence with *some* organisation; and not only so, but we find the forces so developed are themselves modifying that organisation, and thus occasioning still other displays of force. How then are we to deal with special acts of contrivance analogous to those of the human being? Is not such contrivance as we can attribute to the Deity thrown back into the very idea of the creation itself? The Duke of Argyll's statement would oblige us to conceive of two epochs in creation, one in which a certain organisation of matter and certain forces are established, and a second epoch in which every possible ingenuity is put forth to deal with these forces, as means to further purposes. But how draw a line between these two epochs, when it is manifest that the organisation and forces of the first are not of a nature to rest stationary, but are bringing about the second—have in them, so to speak, the germs of future development? There is in nature, as our author takes frequent occasion to observe, a persistence of certain forces or activities, with ever-varying combinations of them. They act with, or in opposition to, each other, in every conceivable manner and degree. This immutability combined with constant mutability, is inherent in the scheme.

"No one law," says our author, very justly—"that is to say, no one Force, determines anything that we see happening or done around us. It is always the result of different and opposing Forces nicely balanced against each

other. The least disturbance of the proportion in which any of them is allowed to tell, produces a total change in the effect. The more we know of nature the more intricate do such combinations appear to be. They can be traced very near to the fountains of Life itself, even close up to the confines of the last secret of all—how the Will acts upon its organs in the Body."

All these wondrous variations and adjustments we, with the Duke of Argyll, ascribe to a creative Intelligence. We simply differ from him in this, that we should not seek to draw a precise analogy between the operations of that Intelligence and the operations of a human being in the contrivance of a machine. We see how everywhere and in all things the past prepares the present, the present the future; how a unity of plan unrolls itself in time; if this must be called *Centrivance*, we are content—we do not quarrel about a word; but a *Contrivance* where *means and end* are both projected into being, is something very different from the contrivance of man, who, by means of certain muscular contractions, which to this day he does not understand, moves one thing to another thing and waits the result.

Let us add, by way of parenthesis, that we have no intention, by anything we have said here, to represent the Creative Power as limited to one first act—one first arrangement, so to speak, of matter and force, from which, by reason of the activities with which it is endowed, all that follows is evolved. For while we are able to observe a change of condition, a novelty of form or relations, brought about by such activities, we are also compelled to imagine new acts of creation—using the term creation in its most specific sense. There must have been a time, for instance, when *sight*, when vision came into the world—when an optic nerve, which, as a mere portion of matter, contains nothing but the ordinary chemical elements, was to be endowed with a

quite new property. This new property, this marvellous susceptibility, this sensation of light and colour, comes before us as a pure creation—what the Duke of Argyll would call a creation *without means*.

If we insist upon a strict analogy between the operations of the human and the Divine will, we are in danger of resting our argument on the opinion which we hold on the nature of the human will. We have seen that the Duke of Argyll, in some brief extracts we have made, claims for it a certain *supernatural* character. Operating *on* nature, it is still not itself a part of that linked series of events which we call nature. And this view of the human will is necessary in order to make it a type of the creative will. But this position is encumbered with many difficulties. The greater number of men, we suspect, hardly know whether they hold this position or not; and a large section of philosophical thinkers have, in all ages, pronounced it untenable. The Duke of Argyll himself holds to the position, as it seems to us, very insecurely, if he really holds it at all.

Whatever may be thought of human *will*, it is indisputable that man's action upon the world depends upon his knowledge of nature, and this knowledge appears to grow up according to established laws. In its initiation it is some operation of external objects on an internal susceptibility, and it grows with experience and memory, or what psychologists have always called

the *lance of association*. Neither can the *desires* of man be supposed to share this *supernatural* character which is given to the will, unless we are prepared to assert that the hunger of a man, or of any animal whatever, is something supernatural. Thus, knowledge and desire, the *motives* of the will, are presumed to be under the reign of law, or within what we may call the *scientific* cycle of events. On *the other side* of the will, so to speak, we have in the muscles a mechanism which it clearly belongs to *physics* to explain, however imperfect that explanation may still be.* There is therefore left for us nothing but the one momentary state or mental energy between the motive and the act of the muscle—a state called technically *volition* (a state which many think unnecessarily introduced, because they trace the series directly only from desire to action)—there is this point, this instant of mental activity, to abstract from, and to set over, the current of events.

Let us see how the Duke of Argyll has dealt with his problem. We have looked through his volume for a passage which should contain the most explicit statement of what he holds upon the freedom of the will, and we select the following:

"Is man's voluntary agency a delusion, or is it, on the contrary, just what we feel it to be, and is it only from misconception of its nature that we puzzle over its relation to law? We speak, and speak truly, of our wills being free; but free from what? *It seems to be forgotten that freedom is not*

*The author quotes from Dr. Radcliffe's Lectures a theory of muscular action which may interest some of our readers, if they have not met with it before: "Recent investigations in physiology seem to favor the hypothesis that our muscles are the seat of two opposing Forces, each so adjusted as to counteract the other, and that this antagonism is itself so arranged as to enable us, by acting on one of these forces, to regulate the action of the other. One force—an elastic or contractile force—is supposed to be inherent in the muscular fibre; another force—that of animal electricity in statical condition—holds the contractile force in check; and the relaxed, or rather the restful condition of the muscle when not in use, is due to the balance so maintained. When, through the motor nerves, the will orders the muscles into action, that order is enforced by a discharge of the electrical force, and upon this discharge the contractile force is set free to act, and does accordingly produce the contraction which is desired."

an absolute but a relative term. There is no such thing existing as absolute freedom—that is to say, there is nothing existing in the world, or possible even in thought, which is absolutely alone, entirely free from inseparable relationship to some other thing or things. Freedom, therefore, is only intelligible as meaning the being free from some particular kind of restraint or of inducement to which other beings are subject. From what, then, is it that our wills are free? Are they free from the influence of motives? Certainly not. And what are motives? A motive is that which moves, or tends to move, the mind in a particular direction.

“But here we come upon the great difficulty which besets every attempt to reduce to system the laws or forces which operate on the mind of man. It is the immense, the almost boundless, variety and number of them. This variety corresponds with the variety of powers with which his mind is gifted. For pre-established relations are necessary to the effect of every force, whether in the material or the moral world. Special forces operate upon special forms of matter, and except upon these they exert no action whatever. The polar force of magnetism acts on different metals in different degrees, and there is a large class of substances which are almost insensible to its power. In like manner there are a thousand things that exercise an attractive power on the mind of a civilised man, which would exercise no power whatever on the mind of a savage. And in this lies the only difference between the subjection to law under which the lower animals are placed, and the subjection to law which is equally the condition of mankind. Free will, in the only sense in which this expression is intelligible, has been erroneously represented as the peculiar prerogative of man. *But the will of the lower animals is as free as ours.* A man is not more free to go to the right hand or to the left than the eagle, or the wren, or the mole, or the bat. The only difference is that the will of the lower animals is acted upon by fewer and simpler motives. Hence it is that the conduct and choice of animals—that is, the decision of their will under given conditions—can be predicted with almost perfect certainty.”

—P. 328.

Then follows an eloquent description of the loftier as well as more numerous motives to which man is subject, or rather we should say, of which he is capable. But what we have quoted stands complete in itself. It is only, it seems, from the greater subtlety and variety of his motives that the conduct of man is less easily predicted than the conduct of the mole or the mollusc. We need not enter into a close examination of this passage. The few italics we have inserted will be sufficient to guide the attention of one practised in these controversies. To speak of freedom as matter of degree is at once to desert the lofty position of the *uncaused* will. The reader will perceive at a glance that the account here given of the *freedom* of the will is very much like that which he has often read under the title of *philosophical necessity*. If the knowledge or desires of man are not out of the reign of law, and if they are paramount over the will, what is left for us, in man, to place *beside* or *above* nature? What becomes of that *supernatural* power which was approved of in Dr. Bushnell! or that *spontaneity* which Professor Tyndall was rebuked for overlooking?

We have no desire at present to enter into a more elaborate discussion of this interminable question, still less have we any wish to criticise our author with the least severity because he manifests some indecision on a question whereon many of our best thinkers have honestly confessed themselves at fault. Some men have been held in equipoise between what seemed two opposite truths till they brought themselves to the desperate conclusion that it was the duty of the philosopher to *believe them both!* There were, they concluded, certain cases in which the only right or possible belief was a belief in contradictory propositions! If we notice the obscurity or vacillation of our author on this difficult theme, it is merely to point out the dan-

ger of resting our great theological argument on one view of the human will—namely, that which supposes it to be an agency out of the order which the rest of creation observes.

"There is no art but nature makes that art." On this we are all agreed. Then some one adds, "And the artist too." Here disputes arise. Well, let us even grant that the human artist himself is but part of the great mechanism of the universe; this artist has been made to *think*. He can embrace the past, the present, the future, in his thought, and he says to himself, This whole of things of which I am a part, must have *in* it, or *over* it, a Power, a Being who has a faculty like this with which I feel myself endowed, but of an indescribably higher character. He sees that the remote in space, and the remote in time, form *one plan*—that is, *one thought*.

One of the earliest chapters in this essay is occupied with a variety of definitions of the term Law. We did not engage ourselves in an examination of these Definitions, for we felt persuaded that if we did we should never get beyond that early chapter, so intricate were the discussions in which they involved us. But there is one of these Definitions—the fourth—which we cannot conclude without referring to, because it is calculated to lead to some confusion of thought. This Fourth Definition runs thus:

"And so we come upon another sense—the Fourth sense—in which Law is habitually used in science, and this perhaps the commonest and most habitual of all. It is used to designate not merely an observed order of facts, not merely the bare abstract idea of Force, not merely individual Forces according to ascertained measures of operation, but a number of Forces in the condition of mutual adjustment—that is to say, as combined with each other, and fitted to each other for the attainment of special ends. The whole science of

mechanics, for example, deals with Law in this sense, with natural Forces as related to Purpose and subservient to the discharge of Function. And this is the highest sense of all—Law in this sense being more perfectly intelligible to us than in any other, because, although we know nothing of the real nature of Force, even of that Force which is resident in ourselves, we do know for what ends we exert it, and the principle that governs our devices for its use. That principle is, *Combination for the accomplishment of Purpose.*"

Now, throughout his essay the Duke of Argyll habitually speaks of the Divine Mind or Power employing the Laws, balancing, opposing, combining them, for given purposes. Here the very purpose itself is included in the significance of the term Law. In this sense there could be no dealing with laws as means for a purpose—the law and the purpose are one.

Of course the Duke of Argyll is not responsible for the varieties of meaning he finds attached to any popular word. But is the term Law "habitually used in science" in the sense of this Fourth Definition? "Combination for the accomplishment of Purpose" may be everywhere apparent in the universe, and in *that* sense be the law of the universe. But what is scientifically understood by laws, and what the present writer generally understands by them, are those fixed relations or invariable sequences which are found alike in every combination, which are never departed from, whatever be the purpose. We make abstraction from every individual purpose in order to form the conception of them. It is the same law of gravity whether a stone falls to the earth or a planet is retained in its orbit. It is the same law of affinity whether the carbon and oxygen unite in the lungs for the purposes of respiration, or in the candle before us for the purpose of illumination. It is in the sense of these wide generalisations that the term

Law is "habitually used in science."

From our stand-point of philosophy—or of theology, if you will—we are very solicitous to keep in view that the laws of science are just these generalisations and nothing more. Law—on the theory of creation, or with relation to a Creator—is nothing more than *repetition*; a certain uniformity in the acts of God; sustained uniformities, with ever new varieties of combination.

In his treatment of the great theme of creation, our author naturally comes in contact with the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection. Of this he gives a fair and enlightened estimate. As he justly observes, they were the opponents of the theory who vaguely extended its application, giving it a scope which the author of it never dreamt of.

"It has not," says the Duke of Argyll, "been sufficiently observed that the theory of Mr. Darwin does not even profess to trace the origin of new Forms to any definite law. His theory gives an explanation not of the processes by which new Forms first appear, but only of the processes by which, when they have appeared, they acquire a preference over others, and thus become established in the world. A new species is, indeed, according to his theory, as well as with the older theories of development, simply an unusual birth. The bond of connection between allied specific and generic Forms is, in his view, simply the bond of Inheritance. But Mr. Darwin does not pretend to have discovered any law or rule according to which new Forms have been born from old Forms. He does not hold that outward conditions, however changed, are sufficient to account for them. . . . His theory seems to be far better than a mere theory—to be an established scientific truth—in so far as it accounts, in part at least, for the success, and establishment, and spread of new Forms *when they have arisen*. But it does not even suggest the law under which, or by which, or according to which, such new Forms

are introduced. Natural Selection can do nothing except with the materials presented to its hands. Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Darwin's theory is not a theory on the Origin of Species at all, but only a theory on the causes which lead to the relative success or failure of such new forms as may be born into the world."

The criticism is not *quite* correct. So far as the doctrine, or *fact*, is concerned, of Natural Selection, Mr. Darwin's book affords, it is true, no theory of the origin of species. But we find this in his great and favourite speculation that the higher or later species have been born from their predecessors by some law of growth applicable to life in general. Coupled with the law of Inheritance, there is some law of Accession and Modification. Their conjoint operation leads to that development of related and yet diversified forms of life which the naturalist has to study. He finds species fixed by the law of inheritance; he also finds them advancing one beyond the other, as if, at certain stages, the law of inheritance were supplemented by some law of *further growth*. Such law of progressive development, it will be said, we know nothing of. But in the same sense that this is true, it is equally true that we know nothing of the law of Inheritance. That the seed of a plant reproduces in exactest lineaments the parent plant which dropped it to the ground, is not less a mystery because it is incessantly repeated. When we reflect upon it, this exactness of reproduction, to the precise curve or indentation of every leaf, to the most delicate pencilling of every petal, stands just as much in need of explanation as this other fact—if observation warrant it to be a fact—that, from time to time, that cell we call a seed receives some modification in the parent plant, owing to which it *more* than reproduces its progenitor.

As to the phrase *Natural Selection*, we are not surprised that it

has called forth some objection. It *seems* to imply that the struggle for existence really selects which kind of animal is to continue and which is to disappear. Whereas the struggle for existence only carries into execution a Selection that was made when the stronger, or the more favourably endowed animal, was called into existence. Setting aside the claims of theology for a moment, and overlooking the inappropriateness of applying the term Selection to the operations of nature, it is the progressive law of development that has really decided which kind of animal shall survive. For it cannot surely be the method of nature to give out blindly, as it were, from time to time, all possible varieties, without any law of successive or progressive development (a law in harmony with the rest of creation), and leave it simply to the actual state of things to decide which of her new forms shall hold its ground. The expression Natural Selection becomes still more irrelevant when we refer this law of progressive development to the Creative Intelligence, which alone can really have *selected*. But the expression as used by Mr. Darwin does not necessarily imply any more than this, that the struggle for existence carries out a selection already made: the stronger, or the more ingenious, or the better adapted animal, *came prepared to win*.

There is a race of Red Indians living upon game. On the same soil is introduced a race of men more prospective in their thoughts, more observant and ingenious, who cultivate the earth. These cut down the forests and grow wheat. The Red man disappears. Is it the struggle for existence that has selected which of these two shall possess the soil? The selection was made when the more intelligent race was introduced. Yet, in common parlance, and without any disparagement to this the real selection, we may still speak of the struggle for subsistence between them deciding which shall remain and which shall depart.

There are other interesting topics canvassed in the Duke of Argyll's book; but we will not break new ground. We have adhered to the leading idea of the work, and by so doing secured some kind of unity to our own notice of it. We ought, perhaps, to add that the essay appeared originally in that very spirited periodical 'Good Words.' It is highly creditable to that magazine that it should give its readers a composition of this sterling character. This mode of publication may also probably in part explain that want of complete consistency, or of perfect decision, which we have alluded to, and which slightly, and only slightly, detracts from the merits of the performance.

MY HUNT OF THE SILVER FOX.

SABLE and ermine are associated in our minds with rank and wealth, and at the mention of them, images of duchesses and princesses, of judges and kings, clothed in the robes of dignity or royalty, at once rise up before us. But the use of furs as an article of dress is not confined to the noble and rich of civilised countries. The Indian wears his sables as well as the delicate lady; and buffalo-skins form the robes of the savage as well as the rugs of English carriages or Canadian sleighs. The soft rich velvet skin of the sea-otter adorns the person of the native of the North Pacific as well as the cloak of the Chinese mandarin; and the delicate white ermine, with black-tipped tail, is the choicest ornament of the Black-foot warrior of the American prairies as well as the symbol of royalty and dignity in this country. The wearing of skins seems, indeed, to be a mark of each extreme of the human race—the most primitive and the most civilised. Nature has supplied the animals of northern climates with coats of unequalled quality for keeping out the cold and enduring wear; and these admirable properties, and the fact of the material being ready made, no doubt induced our savage forefathers, and their contemporaries, in the first instance, to transfer such useful coverings from the bodies of the inferior creation to their own. But this is not the only cause of the almost universal love for furs. There is a handsome appearance about soft glossy fur of the finest kind, which is very striking, and which has caused it to be valued as an article of ornament alone. It may be questioned whether the ladies who roll along in their carriages wrapped in seal-skin and sables do not regard the beauty of their clothing quite as much as its property of warmth; and it is the

combination of usefulness with a handsome appearance which makes them prize it so highly. The mandarin, however, wears the fur of the sea-otter—nearly the whole supply of which he monopolises—purely for the sake of ornament. The Blackfoot chief prizes the tiny ermine-skin as a garniture for his head, or a trimming for his fire-bag or his medicine-belt. The same fur is esteemed by Christian princes as an emblem of dignity and regal power. It was borne alone on the coats-of-arms of the ancient earls of Brittany; and in England, in the time of Edward II., none but members of the royal family were permitted to wear it. I also, in my humble way, have a great fancy for furs. I have felt their value in the bitter cold of the far north, and admire them too for their rich and beautiful appearance.

A year or two ago, another Englishman and myself spent a winter in the wilds of the Hudson Bay Territories, the Rupert's Land of the missionaries and old geographers, and there I learnt a great deal about furs and fur-hunting. For these Territories, together with Russian America and Siberia, supply the whole world with furs of nearly every kind, the chinchilla of South America being the only important exception. Hence come sable (the fur of the marten) and a little ermine, although neither of these are quite equal in quality to the Russian varieties, and also the beaver, the mink, the lynx, the fisher, the otter, the black bear, the sea-otter, and the cross and silver foxes. The sea-otter and silver fox, although less known than sable and ermine, are the most valuable of all furs, a single skin of each being sometimes worth £40. The sea-otter is only found on the North Pacific coast, and has now become exceedingly scarce. The few which

are taken are bought by the Russian merchants for the Chinese market. The fur is very close, and beautifully soft and velvety, like that of a mole, but longer, and in colour a rich brown slightly tinged with grey. For the softness, smoothness, and closeness of its pile it is perhaps unequalled. The silver fox is found all through the forests of the northern part of the Hudson Bay Territories. The greatest number of their skins go to Russia, where they are esteemed the choicest of all furs, it wear for grand-duchesses and princesses. The coat of the silver fox is not of a glistening white, like that of the Arctic fox, as might be imagined from the name, but is more nearly black. The fur is more valuable in proportion to the larkness of its colour, although it is never quite black even in the finest specimens, but a beautiful grey. The white hairs, which predominate, are tipped with black, and mixed with others of pure black. This admixture of pure white and black gives a peculiarly silvery or frosted appearance to the coat of this king of the furry tribe, which is more delicate in proportion to the amount of black it contains, and with the softness and fineness of the hair would cause its rich quality to be recognised at once by the most superficial observer.

I have described the true silver fox only, which seems very distinct from the common red fox, and yet foxes of every variety of colour between these extremes are found. These are called cross foxes, from their being marked along the back by a band of silver grey, with another over the shoulders, at right angles, in the shape of a cross, like the stripe of a donkey. The stripes may be slight, and the fox closely resemble the red one, or broad and distinct, so as to occupy the principal part of the skin, when it more nearly approaches the silver fox both in appearance and value. There are two other distinctions between the red, the cross, and the

silver fox—that of size, and the localities which they inhabit. The red fox is much larger than his English representative, which, however, he closely resembles in other respects. He frequents the prairies and the park-like country which lies between the great plains to the south of Rupert's Land and the vast forests of the north. The silver fox is much smaller than the red one, and is found only in the thick woods or their immediate neighbourhood. The cross foxes vary in size as in colour, and frequent the country between the two extremes, being found on the edge of the woods and the borders of the plains also—those nearest the habitat of the red fox of the prairies being larger and lighter-coloured, those of the woods where dwells the silver fox darker and smaller. At the close of autumn, when the animals have donned their winter coats, and fur is in full season, every Indian and half-breed in this wooded country turns trapper; for it is their time of harvest, and on their success in obtaining skins with which to trade depend their supplies of ammunition and all comforts and luxuries, such as tea, tobacco, and blankets. I determined to follow the fashion of the country, and invade the home of the sable and the silver fox, gathering what spoils I could for my fair relations and friends at home; and if I caught a silver fox—if, I said to myself, I *should* have such luck, for a fox is not easily circumvented—well, vulpicide is a sin in Leicestershire, but a virtue in Rupert's Land; and there was one, I thought, who deserved the prize, and would, I half believed, be proud to wear a gift of mine, which, if all went well, might perhaps recall how long days of weary absence had been succeeded by a happier time.

Established, then, in a little log-hut, with my friend and two half-breeds, on the southern border of the great forests of the north of

Rupert's Land, I commenced my journeys into the woods. As my companion and instructor in the art of trapping, I took one of the men we had engaged, a French-Canadian half-breed, by name Louis la Ronde, or *De la Ronde*, as he delighted to sign his name—a noted hunter of the fur animals. By this time it was the beginning of November. The ground was covered with a slight coating of snow, and the cold very considerable, although not to be compared in severity with that which we afterwards experienced in mid-winter. The only provisions we took with us on our expeditions consisted of a little dried meat or pemmican, which we rolled up in a couple of blankets, together with a few steel traps, and along the pack thus made upon our backs. A small axe and a gun apiece completed our equipment, and we started into the woods for an excursion of six or eight days, marching straight towards the north for thirty or forty miles. We set traps at intervals along the route wherever we observed the tracks of the animals we sought, returning home again when our provisions were exhausted. At night we slept in the open air, clearing away the snow, and strewing a few pine-branches on the bare ground for a bed, on which we lay wrapped in our blankets, with a huge fire of great dry trunks blazing at our feet. Our stock of food was frequently finished long before we regained the hut, and we were compelled to eat the bodies of the animals which we killed for their skins. The marten, fisher, and mink, which were our principal objects of pursuit at first, are all of the polecat tribe, and as the taste of their flesh exactly corresponds with the odour of their bodies—and this is very similar to the disgusting smell of the ferret—it may be imagined that sharp-set appetites were needed to enable us to face such nauseous fare. These we never lacked, however, for hard work and severe

cold begot the most savage hunger; and we grumbled not at our condition, for we were in robust health, and I enjoyed keenly the excitement of the novel pursuit, which *La Ronde* followed with the utmost ardour. At first we contented ourselves with the capture of the less important animals I have mentioned, although the marten, or sable, and the fisher, whose skins are worth about a guinea apiece, can hardly be deemed very humble game. They were tolerably plentiful, and entered readily into the traps—simple wooden contrivances on the plan of a figure-of-4 trap called a "deadfall." This is a small enclosure of short palisades covered in at the top, an opening being left at one end. Above the entrance a heavy log is propped up, so arranged that when an animal seizes the bait the log falls upon it and crushes it to death. Occasionally we shot a frozen-out otter travelling along the banks of a stream, or caught musk-rats by placing steel traps in their winter huts on the ice-bound lakes, or snared a lynx with a noose of deer-skin, which that simple animal never attempted to gnaw through, but remained half-strangled and helpless until we arrived to despatch him. Our success with the wooden traps was seriously interfered with by the depredations of the wolverine and the ermine. The latter merely devoured the baits, and sprang the traps without injury to himself—since his small size permitted him to enter the enclosure with his entire body safe from the fall of the fatal tree at the door. The former, however, gave us far more trouble, and inflicted far greater loss. He sometimes destroyed the whole of a long line of traps, often one hundred to one hundred and fifty in number, as often as they were rebuilt and rebaited. His ravages inflict such loss upon the Indian hunters, that they have named him the Evil One. But in spite of these enemies we managed to amass a goodly store

of furs, and I daily attained greater skill in my new calling. I had, however, made up my mind to have a silver fox if possible, and was eager to find an opportunity of securing the greatest prize of the fur-trader. We met with several tracks, which were pronounced by La Ronde to be those of fine cross foxes. The only way in which the presence of animals can be ascertained in these wilds is by their footprints in the snow, which lies a field of virgin white, whereon these tell-tale marks are printed. The animals which make them are rarely seen, for they are so constantly hunted by the Indians, and associate the approach of man only with danger and pursuit, that they take alarm at the slightest sound, and immediately hide themselves from view. The so-called wild animals of civilised countries are accustomed to meet with men who are not intent on their destruction, and thus we see rabbits playing about in the fields, and even foxes forget in their six months' holiday the constant dangers of the hunting season. But it is far different in the trapping-grounds of North America, where game must be tracked up before it can be found. The eye of the practised hunter reads without difficulty the signs left in the snow. He detects at once, with the most astonishing accuracy, the species of animal which has passed, whether it had been frightened by his approach, the pace at which it was going, and how long before or how recently it had visited the place. At first sight it appears extremely difficult to the uninitiated to distinguish between the footprints of a fox and those of a small wolf, or a dog of similar size. But to the Indian or half-breed this is simple enough. The dog blunders along through the snow with low action of his legs, and scrapes the surface with his paws as he lifts them forward in his stride, thus leaving a broad groove in front of the footprint,

and perhaps the mark of his tail carelessly dragging behind him. The little wolf, also, generally catches the point of the toe, but less roughly than the dog, leaving merely a slight scratch on the surface. But the dainty fox, stepping with airy tread and high clean action, clears the snow perfectly in his stride, however deep it may be, and leaves no mark whatever, except the seal of his foot sharply lined and clearly impressed upon the white carpet. To distinguish the footprint of a silver fox from that of a cross fox or a red one is more difficult. The only difference between them is in size, and this is so slight that it requires much experience to attain any certainty in detecting it.

Now although, as I have said, I was exceedingly anxious to attempt the capture of the prize I coveted so much immediately, my eagerness was repressed by La Ronde, who argued that it was useless to set any trap for a fox until the frost became more severe, whereby the hunger of our destined prey would become more keen, and the scent of the human fingers which had touched the bait would be destroyed by the intense cold. The fox is the most sagacious and wary of all the fur animals except the wolverine, and is never taken in a deadfall. A steel trap or poisoned bait are the only devices which have any chance of success with such a knowing fellow. And in setting these it is necessary to obliterate all traces of man's presence by smoothing the snow evenly around for some distance; and then in course of time the action of the wind, or a fresh fall of snow, destroys every footprint, and the bait lies buried as if it had fallen from the skies. The position of the bait is marked by a twig or long stalk of grass planted in the snow above it, which is displaced by the fox if he digs out the seductive morsel. When the trapper visits his baits, he is careful not to approach

them, but contents himself with observing from a distance whether the significant stem stands undisturbed or not. When a steel trap is set, moreover, it requires to be watched daily; for if a fox be caught, it is by the fore-leg as he cautiously scrapes away the snow to get at the bait beneath, and since the trap is merely attached by a chain to a heavy log, he marches off, dragging them away with him, until he is brought up by its becoming entangled amongst the fallen trees and underwood which cover the ground in the primeval forests. When the animal discovers that he is unable to proceed any farther, he commences without any hesitation to amputate the imprisoned limb, and, thus freed from the clog, escapes on three legs far out of the reach of the hunter unless he be quickly followed up.

Soon after the commencement of winter the numerous lakes which occur in the forest were firmly frozen over, so that we were able to traverse them as if they had been dry land. These we frequently sought on our excursions, since we were able to march more easily over the smooth ice than if we kept to the woods, where our progress was impeded by the prostrate trunks which lie undisturbed where they have fallen for ages—timber of every size, in every stage of growth and decay, entangled in every possible combination. On one of the largest of these lakes, prettily situated in the centre of a cluster of low hills covered with birches and aspens and tall slender firs, whose branches, white with hoarfrost and snow-wreaths, sparkled in the bright sunlight as if set in diamonds and silver, I stopped an instant to admire the strange beauty of the scene; I forgot all about furs and traps for the moment, but my attention was speedily recalled to the subject by La Ronde, who marched ahead of me.

Pointing to a neat little footprint impressed distinct and clear, without blur or fault, he remarked, with some excitement, "Un beau renard, Monsieur; un beau—un noir—noir." There was no doubt about it. The delicate impress of the dainty foot told us as plainly as if we had seen the owner of it himself, that we had found on this wild lake of the woods the haunt of a true silver fox of the finest kind. I was highly delighted at the discovery of the object I had so constantly sought, and I resolved to exert all my ingenuity to circumvent this rare animal, whose caution and sagacity were on a par with his extreme beauty and value. "Mais tout à l'heure, Monsieur," said La Ronde; for the weather was not yet severe enough to afford us a fair prospect of succeeding, and we decided to await a more favourable opportunity. Before we were able to carry out our plans, however, the stock of provisions at headquarters fell short, and in order to escape absolute starvation it was imperatively necessary to secure a fresh supply as soon as possible. The only place where the things we required could be obtained was the Red River Settlement, above six hundred miles distant, the intervening country a trackless wild, and the snow already two feet deep on the ground. But there was no choice, and La Ronde and the other half-breed cheerfully tied on their snow-shoes and set out on their long and harassing journey. I and my fellow-adventurer were thus left entirely alone, a few Indians being our only society. I secured the services of a little Indian boy, who accompanied me on my trapping excursions, which I forthwith resumed. My new juvenile companion, Misquapamayoo, or "The thing one catches a glimpse of"—for this was his name and its meaning in the Cree language—proved one of the jolliest, merriest little fellows possible, and as active and clever as he was agreeable. His

large black eyes, set in a full round face, twinkled with fun, and he would lie down and hold his sides with laughter at my very poorest jokes with most gratifying appreciation. He possessed a strong sense of the ridiculous, and a very slight mistake or failure was quite sufficient to rouse his mirth. As I knew but little of the Cree language, and the boy nothing of English, puzzles and blunders were frequent. I displayed, moreover, on some points, an ignorance of woodcraft which to an Indian seemed very absurd, and Misquapamayoo spent a very merry time on our first excursion together. But although he was thus lively and laughter-loving when the occasion permitted it, such as in camp or in the hut, the moment he slung on his pack and placed his gun on his shoulder to pilot us through the woods his manner changed completely. He seemed to pass from a child of thirteen to a man on the instant. The Indian hunter never lightens the tedium of the way by song or whistle, but walks stealthily along without word or sound, lest he should disturb the game for which he is unceasingly on the watch. So the little Misquapamayoo marched on in front of me, dignified, grave, and silent, as became an Indian hunter, his keen restless eyes scanning every mark in the snow and noting every broken twig or displaced leaf with as clear an understanding of their significance as *La Ronde* himself.

The frost had continued to increase in severity for several weeks after the departure of the men; the thermometer went down from 20° to 30° below zero, the lakes were frozen over to the thickness of several feet, and the snow accumulated on the ground until it was nearly a yard in depth. In order to obtain water we were compelled to melt ice or snow, which caused team-making to be a very slow process, and a washing-day a vast deal more serious and tedious business than in this country. As we walked

along the moisture of our breath froze in passing through our beards, and formed great masses of ice, often the size of a man's fist, on our lips and chins. The oil froze in our pipes, which required to be thawed before we could smoke them. The bare hand laid upon iron stuck to it as if glued, from the instantaneous freezing of its moisture. Although I wore four flannel shirts, with leather shirt and buffalo-skin coat over all, had my feet swathed in bands of thick blanketing, and my hands in enormous leather gloves lined with the same warm material, my cheeks, ears, and neck being protected by a curtain of fur, we could only keep warm, in open ground, unsheltered from the wind, by the most violent exercise. When resting under cover of the woods, we kept ourselves thawed by the aid of a long fire, piled up until we had a great hot wall of blazing trees in front of us. The snow was light and powdery, and did not melt beneath the warmth of the foot, so that we walked dry-shod in our pervious moccasins; and although we often tumbled in our unwieldy snow-shoes over the fallen timber treacherously hidden under the deep snow, into which we soused head-first, we did not get wet, for the dry hard-frozen powder could be shaken off as if it were so much sawdust.

Surely, I thought, the time must have come for me to try for my prize. The nose of a fox even cannot scent danger in such cold, nor his habitual caution control the fierce hunger which it creates. We therefore turned our steps towards the haunt of the silver fox, and in two days reached the margin of the lake. I walked quickly on to the wide-stretching plain of ice, and looked eagerly round for the little footmarks I had by this time learned to know so well. There they were sure enough, freshly printed the night before, and my satisfaction was very great at the discovery that this rare fox still

frequented the lonely lake. I had noticed, whenever I had seen the track before, that it always traversed the lake in the same direction, diverging from time to time as the animal turned aside to look at one or other of the numerous houses of the musk-rats which dotted the frozen surface, the only objects which relieved the uniform pure whiteness of the bare expanse. These he visited in order to see whether the inmates were still unassailable in their ice-bound domes; but he invariably returned to the old course again. The fox was evidently in the habit of regularly visiting some point at the farther side of the lake, and I now carefully followed up the trail. As I neared the opposite shore, I observed a great variety of tracks of different animals converging towards the one I followed. There was the huge print of the lion-like foot and claws of the ubiquitous wolverine, placed two and two together, as he had passed in the hurry of his invariable gallop; the careless step of the little wolf, with its scratch of the toe in the light powdery snow; the soft cat-like tread of the lynx; the regular firmly sealed mark of the great marten or fisher; and the clear, sharply cut impress of the less hairy foot of the active, cantering mink,—all tended to the same quarter, and it was plain that there was some great attraction which these smaller beasts of prey were seeking with one accord. The tracks became more and more numerous, until they were so blended together in one broad path that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other, as if a whole army of animals had trooped along in a body. The trees on the verge of the woods which surrounded the lake were here tenanted by a flock of carrion crows, which at times flew lazily about, and then settled again on the branches, hoarsely croaking, while the little blue and white magpies were fluttering and hopping about in a state

of great excitement. Within a few yards of the shore the snow was beaten down for a considerable space into a broad road by the multitude of feet, and through the trees we saw other well frequented paths coming in from the opposite direction. Where the ice and land met, I observed, to my surprise, a little pool of open water, in which numberless small white objects seemed in constant motion, glistening in the sunshine. On a nearer view, I saw that this was owing to the presence of myriads of small fish, varying in size from that of a minnow to a gudgeon. They were so closely packed together that they could with difficulty move one on the other, and, constantly struggling to get to the surface, appearing like one moving mass of bodies. I bared my arm and plunged it in up to the shoulder, as into a mess of thick stirabout, and found the same dense collection of fish, as far as I could reach with my hand, in every part of the pool. A clear spring bubbled up at one corner; and after much puzzling over this curious circumstance, I came to the conclusion that the only reasonable explanation of it was, that the lake being shallow, had frozen to the bottom except in this single place, whither the fish had been gradually driven as the ice gained ground; and the constantly flowing fountain and the moving bodies preventing the formation of ice, fish had thus collected in such countless shoals. This was the secret of the concourse of animals which flocked nightly to the spot, to feast, in the season of scarcity, on the Lenten fare. I now turned back, and in the middle of the lake, near the nocturnal walk of the silver fox, away from the tracks of the rest of the four-footed supper-party, set a steel trap, temptingly baited with a piece of raw buffalo-meat, and covered over carefully with snow, its position being marked in the approved manner by a reed-stalk planted upright

above it. Time after time I visited my trap, and found that the fox had not failed to discover that something to eat was hidden there, but he resolutely abstained from any attempt to appropriate it. From the footmarks which circled round and round it at a respectful distance, I interpreted his great desire to enter in and partake, and the extreme caution which prevented him from yielding to his inclination. At length the weather became still more severe—the north wind blew strongly, with scathing blast, and the thermometer went down to 86° below zero. Again I visited the lake, hoping that the extreme cold might have sharpened the fox's hunger and destroyed all human taint which might have defiled the bait; but the tell-tale straw still stood erect, and I found that the wary silver fox had still wandered longingly round and round it without yielding to the fatal temptation. I was now almost in despair of ever outwitting so cautious a quarry. I had a last resource, however, which I resolved to adopt. I had heard from La Ronde that a fox could detect the presence of a steel trap by his keen sense of smell, or some inexplicable instinct, and I thereupon removed the one that had rested uselessly hidden for so long, and substituted for it a most appetising piece of meat, in the centre of which a small quantity of strychnine was enclosed. The bait being frozen as hard as a piece of stone, and strychnine too being completely inodorous, it seemed impossible that my discriminating acquaintance—for I may call him an acquaintance, since I knew his form and habits so well, although I had never seen him—should detect anything wrong in the savoury morsel offered for his acceptance. I buried it in the snow, and smoothed the surface as carefully as before, planting a significant straw above it, which was visible for a considerable distance in the pure white expanse.

The snow fell fast as we finished our task, and with the aid of the north wind, which was now blowing fiercely, must soon have obliterated all traces of our visit. The blast seemed to grow colder and colder as we recrossed the lake, so that before we gained the shelter of the forest my fur-protected ears tingled with pain, my bare cheeks and ice-covered lips and chin ached again, and my benumbed fingers could with difficulty retain their grasp of my gun. The tall fir-trees groaned and creaked as they bent and recoiled under the pressure of the increasing wind, and these mournful sounds, together with the explosions of the trunks cracking and splintering from the intense frost, resounded through the desolate woods. Not a sign of life greeted us; for the rabbit was cowering in his haunt under the fallen timber; the bear hugged himself more closely in his wintry cave as he heard the roaring of the storm without; the willow-grouse sheltered with ruffled feathers, hidden in the thick underwood; and even the lively squirrel, who seldom found it too cold to come out, resolutely remained in his warm hole, and refused to cheer us with his pleasant chatter. The only animal which still went abroad was a rare marten or fisher, roaming about to appease his sharpened hunger; but they passed within a yard of the traps, regardless of attractions usually irresistible, not because they had any new fear of treachery, but because scent was destroyed, and they could not perceive the proximity of the bait. The masses of snow collected on the broad flat branches of the fir-trees, dislodged by the wind, showered down upon our heads; dead twigs and branches, snapped off by the violent air, felled us; and every now and then some huge dead and withered tree, which, though dry and half-rotten, had long withstood the assaults of time and wild weather, overcome at last by the tempest, came thundering

down with a mighty crash close by, and threatened to crush us in its fall. The snowfall from the skies, made denser by the masses which tumbled from the trees, and increased yet more by the clouds whirled up from the ground by the circling currents, blinded us so that we stumbled and fell continually over the fallen timber which beset the way, and wearied us with frequent shocks. The path which we had made on our outward journey, broadly and deeply ploughed though it was with snow-shoes, became confused and uncertain, and at length completely drifted over and undistinguishable from the rest of the snow-covered ground, whose uniformity was only varied by the slight difference in the patches of shrubs or the arrangement of trees. To retrace our steps was our only means of finding the way back, since the sun was hidden, and we had no other compass by which to steer. Pelted by branches, buffeted by the wind, blinded by the driving clouds of snow, benumbed by the cold, and bewildered by the disturbance of our senses, the obliteration of the track, and the absence of the guiding sun, even the brave little Misquapamayoo, who led the way, was compelled to exclaim at last, "Osharm aimen,"—"It is too hard,"—and suggest that we should camp for the night, trusting to have clearer weather to-morrow. I was only too glad to agree to a course which I had been too proud to propose to the boy, and we thankfully threw off our packs in a sheltered hollow, protected from the hostile north by thickly-growing trees and underwood, and with a good supply of dry trunks hard by. It was with great difficulty that we lighted a fire, for flint and steel fell repeatedly from our palsied fingers, incapable of feeling them, and almost powerless to grasp them; but in spite of many fruitless attempts we persevered, knowing well that failure meant death. The welcome sparks struck

by our shaking hands at last caught the ready tinder, and a wisp of dry grass and birch-bark was fanned into flame by spasmodic puffs from our cold-stricken lips, as we knelt side by side, eager and intent over the hopeful glow. Chips of resinous pine fed the tiny fire, on which we proceeded cautiously to place a few dry branches, and then, as the blaze grew stronger, added larger and larger boughs, until with great dead trunks of trees we made a huge bonfire, from which we drew warmth and life. When we had somewhat recovered, we diligently melted snow in our kettle, and before long one of the most grateful cups, or rather mugs, of tea which I ever drank, restored me to a contented frame of mind; then to lie down on a bed of springy pine-boughs seemed to complete my happiness for the moment. Peace and rest lasted but for a short time, however. We had but three blankets between us, and one of them we spread on our evergreen couch to lie upon; and though the boy and I clung together, full clothed as we were, covered by the other two, with our feet close to the roaring fire, the relentless wind found us out, and pierced through the pervious coverlets as if they had been gauze. The tired boy slept on, but I, less hardy, soon trembled and shook with cold, and finding sleep impossible, crept away from my companion and cowered over the fire, nodding as I sat in the fast-falling snow. From time to time I awoke from my doze, with aching limbs, as the fire waxed low, and jumped up to heap on fresh logs, and then resumed my weary watch. The dark and stormy night seemed prolonged to twice the usual number of hours, for I could but guess the time as I had no watch, and the stars were not visible in the clouded heavens. Day-break—"keekseep," as it is poetically named by the Indians, or "the time when the birds begin to chirp"—appeared at last, the wind

went down, and before long the sun rose in a clear sky. I woke Misquapamayoo, and after a hasty breakfast we commenced to search for the lost track, which we eventually succeeded in discovering, and reached the hut the following evening. But my return to seek the silver fox was delayed by more urgent and important business. The Indians around us were starving, and our scanty reserve of pemmican was soon exhausted in their relief.

The men we had sent for provisions could not possibly accomplish their hard journey of twelve hundred miles through the snow, with heavily-laden sledges, in less than three months, and not one had yet elapsed since their departure. It was imperatively necessary to obtain meat at once, and we were obliged to give up trapping for furs for the time, and take to hunting for our subsistence. Although noose were to be found in the neighbouring woods, our need was so urgent and immediate we dared not trust to the chance of killing them; for of all animals the moose is the most wary, and can only be approached by the most skilful hunter, except at certain seasons, under peculiarly favourable circumstances. We turned our faces, therefore, towards the great plains, about a hundred miles away, on the skirts of which, where prairies and woodland meet and form a beautiful park-like country, we hoped to find bands of buffalo. These animals, contrary to the usual practice, migrate northward in the winter, leaving the open prairie of the south for the protecting woods and sheltered valleys of the mixed country, and even at times penetrating far into the great forest itself. It is not necessary to relate how we sought, with much toil and suffering, the game which could save us from starvation. Buffalo were exceedingly scarce, having been driven southwards by the Indians; but we man-

aged to secure a few of the stragglers left behind by the main body. Famished Indians, less fortunate than us, with their patient squaws and gaunt and hungry children, crowded to us, looking with longing eyes at the meat which they were too proud to ask for, although they had eaten but little for weeks, and fasted totally for several days. Thin skeleton dogs, so wonderfully thin that it seemed hardly possible for life to remain in the framework of skin and bone, or motion be consistent with such an absence of muscle, came to feast on the offal; and packs of hungry wolves hovered round us, waiting to pick the abandoned carcasses, serenading us with a morning and evening chorus of dismal howls.

When we returned to the hut, the supply of food we brought with us was speedily consumed by the help of voracious Indian friends, and again we had to renew our hunt for provisions. After a time we stored up sufficient to allow of our devoting a week to our traps again. The weather had become even colder than before—the thermometer went down to -88° ; and it was hardly possible to induce the Indians to leave their lodges and face the bitter, benumbing, untempting air of the open ground. My faithful little ally, Misquapamayoo, however, cheerfully responded to my invitation to visit the poisoned bait, and we started on our way to the forest lake. The frost abated slightly, the sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly during the short day, although its rays yielded no perceptible warmth, and we travelled along cheerily. The animals were abroad again, and the woods less silent and deserted than in the terrible storm which battered us so unmercifully on our return from the former expedition. That arch-burglar, the wolverine, had broken into all the marten traps, and either devoured the baits, or, where an animal had been caught, had

abstracted it, torn it to pieces, and half eaten it, and hid the scanty remains in the bushes. We found little but the tails of the victims, and a few scattered tufts of the fur which I had destined for enduring service. Yet as the severity of the cold had been sufficient to drive the wolverine to eat martens, which he devours only under dire extremity—for the more savoury baits are what he generally contents himself with, although he wantonly destroys in his malice the animals which he finds in the traps—I had good hopes that the same urgent hunger might overcome the scrupulous caution of the fox, and betray him into the indiscretion of tasting the deadly morsel I had prepared for him. Three days brought us to the margin of the lake, and I eagerly scanned the broad expanse for the dark object I fondly believed I might see lying there, conspicuous in its contrast to the pure white plain of ice. As we began to draw near the centre of the lake, I detected a black spot about the very point where I had placed the snare. It was, however, more undefined and irregular than it would have appeared if merely the body of the fox, and I hastened on, troubled with grievous doubts whether I had succeeded after all. As I drew near, my misgivings increased; the one black spot which I had seen at first appeared less and less like the form of an animal, an indistinct conglomeration of dark patches, some of which seemed to be moving. I ran quickly to the place, eager to solve the mystery, half hoping I might have killed a whole family of black foxes, forgetting

in my excitement that I had set but a single bait. I could see that the single straw was down, and the snow scratched up where it had been planted; a pair of carrion crows flapped up from the dead body with an angry croak, and I found that it was indeed a matchless silver fox—"un beau Reynard, noir, noir," as La Ronde had prophesied—not whole and perfect, but a half-eaten and mangled carcass. The eyes were picked out, the beautiful coat torn to pieces, and fragments of the rich gray fur lying scattered around. The ill-omened birds, which had gathered together to feast on the shoals of fish hemmed in by the ice in the little pool at the end of the lake, had served me an evil turn. My return had been too long delayed; the pool had become frozen by the extreme cold, and the ruthless fish-eaters had appeased their hunger by the costly meal which the body of my victim had supplied them. My disappointment and chagrin were unbounded at the provoking result of all the ingenuity and toil with which I had laboured to secure the great prize—nay, my devices had better have failed altogether to deceive the ill-fated animal, and I felt unfeigned regret at the useless destruction of the dainty fox. The sympathising Misquapamayoo, who had entered into my plans with all the ardour of an Indian hunter, joined heartily with me in anathematising the vile birds to whose unscrupulous appetites we owed our loss. My only chance of obtaining the skin of a silver fox was gone for the season, and we plodded our way home to the hut disgusted and disconsolate.

W. B. CHREBLE.

WAS GEORGE III. A CONSTITUTIONAL KING?

It is not our intention to go very much in detail into the contents of the two works of which the titles are appended to the present paper. Both have long ere this found their just level in public estimation. Mr. Jesse's book is a light, pleasant, gossiping, easily read performance, stuffed full of anecdotes, some authentic, some doubtful, some positively spurious, demanding no great exercise of thought in those who take it up for perusal, and leaving on their minds, when they lay it aside again, an impression which is decidedly favourable to the author. Nobody who, having arrived at middle life, has made acquaintance with the literature of the last fifty years, will profess, indeed, that he has learned from Mr. Jesse much that he did not know already; for it has been the fate of George III. to have had his life and times more elaborately discussed in books, pamphlets, and generally through the press, than almost any other monarch that ever sat upon the English throne. Still, he who takes the trouble to collect, as it were, within a single focus all the rays of light which had previously been broken and scattered through many channels, is well deserving of the thanks even of those whom he least instructs. We are therefore very much obliged to Mr. Jesse for what he has done; and if such be our own feeling while we consign his three goodly volumes to their proper place on our shelves, it cannot be doubted that with younger and more vivacious members of the reading public the sense of gratitude ought to be infinitely more acute. At the same time we must warn the ardent spirits to

whom reference has been made, not, in forming an estimate of the King's conduct and principles, to be in all respects guided by Mr. Jesse's statements. Mr. Jesse is naturally a gossip. He retails stories for some of which there is no foundation at all, while of others it is certain that the facts are by no means such as his authorities represent them to have been. Take, for example, the nonsense about Hannah Fleetwood, of which no human being ever heard a word till, for obvious purposes, the scandal was trumped up in Lady Anne Hamilton's book, and passed on through magazines of more or less weight, beginning about the time of Queen Caroline's last outburst—or rather a few years after it—with George IV. That Mr. Jesse should have gravely repeated a bit of gossip which, if it were true, would make George III. a husband or a seducer at the age of fourteen, it passes our powers of comprehension to take in. Nor is he much more reasonable in giving to the King's passing fancy for Lady Sarah Lennox the importance which he evidently attaches to it. Lady Sarah Lennox was very beautiful, very engaging, and, the wicked world said, not very strait-laced; and the young King, though "bigoted, young, and chaste," might easily be taken by her, and probably was. But that he seriously thought of sharing the throne with her, only the Napiers, and perhaps the Foxes, ever supposed. Again, it is most unfair to the memories of both the King and of Lady Pembroke to retail the utterances of the former in connection with the latter, when the light of reason had departed

'Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III.' By J. Heneage Jesse.

'Correspondence of King George III. with Lord North, from 1768 to 1783. Edited by W. Bodham Donne.

from him. And this is only one out of many deviations from good taste into which our author permits himself to be hurried. Not that we include among these the censure which he casts on the misbehaviour of the King's sons. The sons of kings are the better for having the fear of historical justice before their eyes. Few among their associates are honest enough to tell them the truth while they live. It is well, therefore, that they should understand that what their contemporaries shrink from doing will certainly be done, perhaps with an exaggeration of severity, by those who come after them. Therefore, while discrediting at least a good deal that Mr. Jesse tells respecting the brutality of George IV. and the Duke of York to their afflicted father and his broken-hearted Queen, we by no means disapprove of his expressing what he thinks of the connivance of these princes at the ribald indecencies which went on during the King's first illness at Brooks's and elsewhere. What we do censure, and we cannot censure it too severely, is his anxiety to make us acquainted with every incident which occurred in the sick-chambers and beside the dying beds of all the great people whom he traces from their cradles to their graves. There is bad taste in this, neither is it always true. The poor King probably suffered no such personal violence, as Mr. Jesse affirms that he did, from his German page, or from anybody else. Persons labouring under the malady with which he was afflicted did not, indeed, always receive the judicious treatment sixty or eighty years ago which is now awarded to them. The disease is better understood now than it was then, and kindness has long taken the place of restraint. But be this as it may, Mr. Jesse would have done well had he cut short details which, as they have no historical interest in them, so they only pander to a curiosity which, to say the

least of it, is prurient and unbecoming. With all these defects, however, and others less worth noticing, Mr. Jesse's book is a pleasant addition to the literature of the age. It will certainly command—we believe that it has already attained to—a large circulation.

Mr. Jesse is in spirit better than a gossip—he is a thorough-going and hearty biographer. His political views are not quite sound, for he considers that the King was a great deal too kingly, and from time to time takes occasion to say so. Yet he manifestly loves the man all the while; and in the strength of that strong personal affection, adverse partisanship is softened down. It is scarcely so with Mr. Donne. His office is that of an editor only, and in dressing up the materials committed to his care, he scarcely acknowledges the restraining influence of personal kindness. He believes, or wishes to believe, that the writer of the letters which he has been permitted to annotate, though in private life a well-meaning man, was a most unconstitutional and pig-headed monarch. Not that in his introduction he pointedly says so, or otherwise expresses himself harshly towards the King. It is rather the general tone which pervades both that essay and the explanatory notes that we object to, as disparaging rather than severe, and negatively ungenerous more than positively unjust. Yet we must not be ourselves unjust to Mr. Donne. "His [the King's] proper character," he observes, speaking of him as the writer of these letters, "had by this time displayed itself. He was indefatigable in business, small or great; he was no longer under the dominion of a parent or a favourite; neither is there, so far as I can discover, any trace or record of the sullen fits of his boyhood. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that his understanding, although active, was morbid, his prejudices

numerous, and his obstinacy great. His theory of royal duties was unsound, however specious it may have seemed to himself: he interfered too much with the machinery of Parliament and the responsibility of his Ministers; nor was he averse to cabals or intrigues when he had points to gain." "His theory of royal duties was unsound"—that is to say, it was a good deal at variance with the views entertained on that subject by the descendants and successors of the great Revolution houses. But the questions which naturally arise are, first, Were the views of the great Revolution houses the right views on this point? and if they were, did the professors of that particular political creed all speak the same thing, and all stand heartily shoulder to shoulder in defence of it? We think not; and we shall give our reasons for so thinking.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Revolution of 1688 had for its object either the putting an end to "the divine right of kings," or the substitution in the government of the country, of privilege for prerogative. That there were many persons then in England who would have been glad to get rid of the monarchy altogether, is no more to be doubted than that there are many such persons in England at this moment. The rump of the Republican faction still existed, and still possessed some power; but by the members of that rump the Revolution was neither matured nor carried into effect. Neither is it true that only the heads of what are now called the Whig houses took part in that movement. Men, loyal to the backbone, nobles, prelates, and squires, were forced into it by the bitter reflection that no other course lay open for maintaining the constitutional rights of the Church and the liberties of the people. They all, without exception, assented to the Revolution as to the lesser of two great evils. Not one among them, however, in de-

siring to get rid of the King, desired to get rid of the dynasty. Somers himself would have shrunk from converting the hereditary monarchy of England into an elective monarchy; though, like Godolphin and Marlborough and Rochester, he had arrived at the conclusion that it was absolutely necessary to dethrone James, and to transfer to his nearest legitimate heir the throne which, through misgovernment, he had forfeited. On this head the Tories were quite as distinct in their opinions as the Whigs; and Bolingbroke, not unsuspected of going beyond Toryism, has well expressed them:—

"A king of Great Britain," he says, "is a member, but the supreme member of a political body; part of one individual specific whole in every respect; distinct from it or independent of it in none: he cannot move in another orbit from his people, and, like some superior planet, attract, repel, influence, and direct their motions by his own. He and they are part of the same system; intimately joined and co-operating together; acted and acting upon, limiting and limited, controlling and controlled by one another; and when he ceases to stand in this relation to them, he ceases to stand in any."

When the idea of getting rid of James first matured itself, he had only two daughters, both of them married to foreign and Protestant princes. Mary, the elder, was the wife of William of Orange; Anne, the younger, of Prince George of Denmark. Upon Mary, as a matter of course, the crown would devolve in the event of their father's death; and to Mary it was considered that the crown might, without any interference with divine right, be offered, assuming her father to be politically dead. But Mary's husband was her master in every sense of the term; and being himself, though somewhat remotely, in the line of

succession, he easily persuaded both his wife and her facile sister to transfer their rights *pro hac vice* to himself. It is scarcely necessary to observe that this was not done either suddenly or incautiously. Of all the statesmen that ever lived, William was the very last who would risk the loss of a game by rash play at the outset. He allowed the negotiations to go on till the parties engaged in it had committed themselves, and then stepped in with his own proposals. "Certainly you shall be aided in getting rid of the sovereign who is so obnoxious to you, but it shall be on these conditions: the crown must be transferred to me, the Princesses Mary and Anne assenting. The succession shall afterwards go, first, to Mary's children, after my death; next, failing these, to Anne and her children; and lastly, in the event of Anne dying childless, to my children, if I should have any by a second wife. Should no second family be born to me, then the Electress of Hanover and her descendants must be taken, though for the present, that is a point on which I shall not insist." But was there an alternative in the event of these proposals being objected to? There was. In this case, William would consider it his duty to make his father-in-law acquainted with all that had been done; and the chiefs of the conspiracy, for such it would then become, must take the consequence.

There was no standing out against an argument thus enforced, and William's terms were agreed to. But just as all was ripe for action an untoward event befell. The Queen of England, to the great surprise of the world, was said to be *enceinte*, and in due time she gave birth to a son. Here was a dilemma. Whigs and Tories were alike committed to the Revolution; yet Whigs and Tories equally felt that the circumstances which had reconciled them to that strong measure were entirely

changed. What were they to do? The more consistent of the Tories proposed that William's generosity should be appealed to, and steps taken, before inviting him over, to save at once the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people. The whole of the Whigs, with no inconsiderable portion of the Tories, insisted on going on with the affair first, and taking into account the best mode of dealing with it afterwards.

The opinions of the latter prevailed. William would not listen—nobody seriously imagined that he would listen—to the proposal of placing him, as regent, at the head of affairs, and rearing the prince in sound views, both political and religious. He would come, if the English people desired it, and be their deliverer; but it must be on his own terms. He did come on his own terms, and the consequences of his coming are told in history.

It was not difficult to reconcile the heads of the conspiracy to an arrangement, which had become to them a necessity. Their lives and fortunes were pledged to William's success. But other reasons than this must be assigned for the performance of an act with which, if, in its simplicity, it were avowed, neither Parliament nor the people would be satisfied. A bright idea presented itself. James, it was given out, had put the finishing stroke to his many outrages on truth and justice, by palming off, or trying to palm off, a supposititious child upon an abused nation. The Queen had never been *enceinte* at all; but in order to advance the cause of his religion, the King had consented to rob his own daughters of their inheritance; and a little beggar's brat conveyed into the Queen's chamber in a warming-pan was to succeed him on the throne.

The story was started and circulated with great zeal. Few believed it; yet it served its purpose for the

moment. It served its purpose, however, somewhat imperfectly; for when the Convention Parliament met,—and the Revolutionists took good care that only those members of the late House of Commons should be summoned on whom they knew they could rely,—though they carried their scheme triumphantly through one of the Chambers, they had all but failed in the other. The House of Lords declared, by no larger a majority than three, that the throne was vacant, and that William and Mary should be invited to fill it.

We come now to consider rapidly the more important of the political events that followed. First, William, it will be recollected, failed at the outset to fix the succession as he desired in the house of Hanover. Neither the Declaration of Rights, nor the Bill of Rights, which arose out of it, provided for that contingency; which, indeed, though proposed and urged on by all the weight of Government, was defeated in the House of Commons. Neither can it be said that the Declaration and Bill of Rights, important as they are, go farther than to define clearly what had been the law and constitution of England time out of mind. They prohibited the Crown from suspending laws, and the execution of laws by royal authority; from erecting courts of conscience, and levying money without grant of Parliament; from maintaining a standing army in time of peace, except with consent of Parliament; and required that “for redress of all grievances, and for amending, strengthening, and preserving of the laws, parliaments ought to be held frequently.” But what change did all this effect in the Constitution? Had not these things been from time immemorial, at the very core, so to speak, of the English governmental system; and was it not for trying to destroy that core that James II. was expelled? One change, indeed, and only one, the

Bill of Rights affected, but it was a vitally important one. “All persons who shall hold communion with the Church of Rome, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded, and rendered for ever incapable to possess, inherit, or enjoy the crown and government of this realm.”

The stoutest Tory in England made no objection to these enactments. They were in the spirit of the Constitution, to which the Tories were at least as much attached as the Whigs. The Act of Settlement, which was passed twelve years later, hardly recommended itself with equal force to the sentiments of that party, yet it was a Tory Cabinet which brought it forward and carried it through under peculiar circumstances. In 1700 the young Duke of Gloucester died. James II. died the year after; and Louis of France committed the egregious political mistake of at once recognising the son of James II. as James III. of England. This was an outrage which justly offended the people of England; and in order to secure the immediate rights of Anne, now childless, contingent rights were assigned by Act of Parliament to a family which, twelve years previously, it had been considered inexpedient to place upon the line of succession at all. Observe, however, that the Act of Settlement was not forced upon a reluctant sovereign by a dominant Parliament. Quite otherwise. Tory members, chosen by the King, proposed and carried that Bill, not without great reluctance; and having thus executed his behests, they were sent about their business. He had a still stronger measure to propose, and he carried that also. The Bill attainting the so-called Prince of Wales, and the law which imposed upon members of Parliament and other officials the oaths of abjuration, were William's personal handiwork. He selected Ministers to carry both, and he carried them against the inclination of Parliament and of the great bulk of the

people. There is surely nothing here to show that the "divine right of kings" to make laws for their subjects was one whit less potent under William III. than under Charles II. The only difference was, that the former constrained Parliament to do for him what the latter preferred doing for himself.

From this time forth, down to the accession of George III., the political history of Great Britain presents us with a succession of incidents, instructive in their own way, but by no means such as bear out the conclusions at which Mr. Donne has arrived. Kings and queens played a far more active part in the governance of this country than he represents them to have done. They acted through their Ministers, doubtless, but they appointed to be their Ministers whomsoever they pleased. Thus William, having used his Tories, threw them over, put Whigs at the head of affairs, and dissolved. He got back a House of Commons sufficiently pliant to do as he desired; and breathed his last just after giving the royal assent to the Acts of Impeachment and Abjuration. Queen Anne succeeding, brought back to place and power the Ministers whom William had dismissed, and did pretty much as she pleased. By-and-by the personal prejudices of the Duchess of Marlborough prevailed with her to dismiss Harley and St. John, and to take to her councils, side by side with Godolphin and Rochester, the Dukes of Devonshire and Somerset, and the Earl of Pembroke. And so the scales vibrated; not, as Mr. Donne asserts, according to the will of the House of Commons, but rising to Toryism, or falling to Whiggery, in proportion as the Queen took to her heart Mrs. Masham or Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.

There began to play a part in politics about this time one who was destined, more than all others, to fix for many years the ascendancy of the Whigs, through the

force of his own talents, and to fix it in a particular direction. Robert Walpole took his seat in the House of Commons for the borough of King's Rising, just as William III. was pressing his last two measures on the consideration of Parliament. He joined the ranks of which the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Sunderland, and Lord Somers were the chiefs, and lived on terms of personal intimacy with James Earl Stanhope, Spencer Compton, the Marquess of Hartington, and Viscount Townsend. His style of oratory and habits of business attracted the notice of Godolphin, who endeavoured to win him over; but, till Godolphin himself began to fall into Whiggery, Walpole resisted his blandishments. We need not remind the readers of history under what circumstances Godolphin's defection took place. Neither he nor Marlborough were violent Tories; the latter especially, on whom political obligations sat as light as political obligations can well sit on any one. But both were committed to King William's foreign policy; and in order to insure the maintenance of that, they gave up old friendships, and threw old principles overboard. They agreed, in 1708, to a coalition with their rivals, and Mr. Walpole became Treasurer of the Navy. The coalition got to loggerheads, as coalitions usually do, with itself. The Queen, weary of the Duchess, took Mrs. Masham for her friend. The Whigs were again expelled, Godolphin and Marlborough going with them; and Harley and St. John reigned in their stead.

That followed again which had occurred before. Harley dissolved, and got a House of Commons devoted to his opinions. He did his best to keep Walpole in office; but finding the young Whig obstinate, declared war against him. Walpole was charged with fraud, as Godolphin had been; was expelled the House, and committed to the Tower.

We have nothing to do with the plot, or supposed plot, for bringing back the house of Stuart in the egitimate line. We doubt whether any such plot was ever seriously concocted, at all events by Queen Anne or Harley. Both, doubtless, regretted—as what constitutionalist did not regret?—that the prince now claiming to be James III. had not been trained from his infancy to the high office which was his by birthright. But Queen Anne was honestly attached to the Church of England, and Harley had the Act of Settlement before his eyes—two excellent reasons why neither, at that time of day, should seriously contemplate engaging in a counter-revolution. Besides, Harley could not be ignorant that his own party, however little they might relish the prospects of getting another foreigner to reign over them, preferred that to the certainty of being exposed to a repetition of such scenes as occurred during the latter years of James II.'s administration. For the terms Tory and Jacobite were no more convertible in 1713-14 than they are convertible in the year of grace 1867. The Jacobites consisted in England of certain great Roman Catholic and a few Protestant houses. They had no influence except among their personal retainers, of whom the numbers were inconsiderable; and in Scotland, only a section of the highland clans, with a few noblemen and gentlemen, to whom the tyranny of the Presbyterians had become insufferable, adhered to the cause of the exiled family. These could do little or nothing towards effecting a peaceable repeal of the Act of Settlement; and of attempting to do by violence what could not be done by due course of law, probably no human beings accustomed to public affairs dreamed—except, perhaps, Bolingbroke (and that is doubtful), and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. Good care was taken, however, by the chiefs of the Whig faction, to represent

matters in a different light at the Court of Hanover. Long before the Electress Sophia expired, she and her son were equally pledged to a particular policy in England; the propriety of which Queen Anne's unfortunate objection to receive at her Court the Duke of Cambridge (for to the Dukedom of Cambridge the Prince of Hanover had been raised), seemed entirely to confirm.

The death of Anne, though long anticipated, was sudden at the last. The most extravagant stories were told at the time, and are still repeated, of the wicked designs of Bolingbroke, and of the decisive interference of the Dukes of Shrewsbury and Argyle to prevent their accomplishment. All that is really authentic amounts to this—that scarcely was the breath out of the poor lady's body ere George I. was proclaimed, and that the proclamation was listened to, in London and elsewhere, with the most perfect apparent indifference. The King himself, likewise, whether from prudence or because he apprehended no difficulties, delayed many days in coming over—indeed a fortnight elapsed ere he showed himself in the capital of his new kingdom, where everything had been got ready to give him a judicious reception. The Whigs opened their arms to him, the Tories were pushed aside. Both parties, however, took the oaths, the Jacobites alone holding aloof; and to Lord Townsend and Mr. Walpole was committed the agreeable task of forming an Administration. Into that Administration only one Tory was admitted. Lord Nottingham retained his office for a while as President of the Council. All the other offices were filled by the Whigs.

Though frequent changes occurred afterwards in the individuals favoured by the King's countenance, the Whigs, as a party, governed England for wellnigh thirty years.

It will be seen that this arrangement was effected, not, as Mr.

Donne avers, because Parliament, expressing the opinions of the people, virtually dictated its rulers to the nation, but because a clique of able and unscrupulous men persuaded George I. that the support of the Protestant religion, and the maintenance of the Act of Settlement, depended upon their retaining a monopoly of office. The rising in 1715, though provoked by their severity, went a good way to confirm that belief on the King's part. It enabled the Government likewise, having got a subservient House of Commons, to keep their friends together by passing that Septennial Act, against which the Tories protested, but in vain. Then came a crusade to put both Toryism and recalcitrant Whiggery down. Lord Nottingham was dismissed. By-and-by Halifax, proving restive on a point or two, received a sharp rebuke, and Somerset, who favoured him, lost his place. And now began a series of intrigues and cabals, which, if they prove anything, prove this—that for lack of a head to the State capable of controlling his ostensible Ministers, there was no stability whatever in the Government. Sunderland, Townsend, Walpole, all professed to take the same view of great affairs. They mutually betrayed each other. Townsend brought in Walpole's friend, Lord Stanhope, as Secretary of State. Walpole sold both his chief and his friend to Lord Sunderland; and ended, when he himself went to the wall, in forming a temporary alliance with the Tories. He opposed the Mutiny Bill, and carried many Whigs with him. Farther, however, they would not go; and hence, when Sunderland brought into the House of Lords his Bill limiting the prerogative in the creation of peers, the Whig magnates gave it their undivided support. It passed through that House. In the Commons Walpole was strong. It was his own House, elected under his auspices, and continued in existence beyond the

ancient term of three years by his concurrence. It threw out the Ministerial Bill by 269 to 171 votes.

If Mr. Donne's view of the Constitution as by revolution established had been correct, such a defeat as this must have compelled the Sunderland Administration to resign; but it did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, Walpole was invited to take office with the very men whom he had thwarted. He closed with the proposal; and a season of great financial pressure setting in—the result of the South Sea scheme and of other impostures—he very soon made his way to the front. He did more; he made himself virtually head of a Government which was filled by his own people—Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville, among others, taking office and becoming his Secretary of State. Was he therefore secure? Not at all. Carteret was jealous of Walpole's authority and influence. He began almost immediately to intrigue against him, and found a warm supporter in the King's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal. How curious all this is! How completely it contradicts Mr. Donne's assumptions! for certainly the Parliament had quite as little to say to these changes as the Corporation of London. But two points are certainly established by it: first, that the King had delivered himself over, body and soul, to the Whigs; and next, that the Whigs, though at variance as to which section of them should give the law to the rest, were determined that on no account whatever should the King escape from their grasp. And the means which they employed to keep the sovereign dependent upon them were as characteristic as they were unconstitutional. Carteret and his allies leaned on the King's mistresses. Walpole and Townsend took their stand on a general policy of peace, and the management of the finances of the country.

e latter having the control of the ret-service money, did not spare yet the scales long hung evenly. last Carteret made a false move. e marriage of the Prince of ales was determined on; and Carteret proposed that he should e to wife a daughter of the King France. Now George I. hated the ench king and the French people; d Walpole and Townsend took od care that the feeling should t on this occasion grow cold. Carret's suggestion was treated as a rsonal insult, and he himself smitted from the King's service. oughout the remainder of that igh Townsend and Walpole had all their own way.

With the accession of George II. me to Walpole a brief interval of ouble. The new King had a rsonal liking for Compton, no nger Walpole's friend, and scarcely is supporter; and for three days Walpole laboured under the aprehension that Compton would e invited to form a governent. This, however, was imposile for Compton, unless he ddressed himself to the Tories; nd the Tories, as a party, nd the King had been persuaded to distrust. George II., be it rememered, though the reverse of a ithful husband, entertained the reatest respect for Queen Caroline; and Queen Caroline espoused he Whig side in politics with all er heart. The choice between Compton and Walpole was accordingly represented to him as a question between Whigs and Tories, nd the King, preferring Whigs to Tories, set Compton aside. But Walpole was determined that no uch crisis should occur again, and e took his measures with equal skill and firmness. He gratified the King at the same time that he conciliated Compton, by raising the latter to the peerage. He quietly and gradually put Townsend, who had heretofore taken the foremost place in the Administration, into the background. The word went

forth to discountenance in every possible manner Tories, and all persons suspected of entertaining Tory principles. They ceased to be lieutenants of counties; they were removed from the commission of the peace; the army was shut against them; and at Court, when they presented themselves there, they were coldly received. Meanwhile, enormous sums of money were disbursed from the Treasury, not alone to secure seats in the House of Commons for Government candidates, but to purchase support in the House itself for Government measures. The measures themselves might be good or otherwise. On that head it is scarcely worth while to express an opinion now. But never, surely, in the worst days of prerogative, were means employed to gain the ends of the Government so disgraceful, and so entirely opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, as were employed then. Whatever merit or demerit, besides, may belong to them, this, at least, is undeniable respecting the Whigs—that they inaugurated a system of bribery and corruption on the most gigantic scale; purchasing support in Parliament and out of it, wherever the price of iniquity would be accepted, and visiting with condign punishment all who, being members of the Legislature, presumed to vote against them. Of this, as his principle of action in political life, Walpole, to do him justice, made no secret. He even bribed the King himself, procuring grants of public money for purposes of which he himself disapproved, in order to secure the royal favour. Yet, with all this, even he can hardly be said to have been absolute. The prerogative still survived. The King still, as the humour took him, made and unmade Ministers. Walpole, indispensable as he had rendered himself to George II., could force neither the Duke of Devonshire into the Presidency of the Council, nor Charles Stanhope into the

Admiralty. He was not master, but only a servant, whom his master heartily disliked, but lacked strength and courage to dismiss.

It is not very safe for a Minister to appear all-powerful now; it was perilous in the extreme when George II. filled the throne. Lord Sunderland had not forgiven his expulsion from office, and a small section of able men gathered around him. Meanwhile, the estrangement which had arisen between Walpole and Townsend grew more marked, and Townsend's star declined. He resigned his office of Secretary of State, and was succeeded by the Duke of Newcastle. Now, Newcastle happened to be peculiarly obnoxious to George II. With difficulty he had been prevailed upon to tolerate the presence of that nobleman in a subordinate place in the Administration. He objected to receive him as Secretary of State, yet failed to carry his point. Walpole could not do without Newcastle, whose abilities were indeed moderate, who was jealous, capacious, and, in many respects, far from a pleasant colleague. But his wealth, his profuse expenditure, his high rank, and the influence which these gave him in the party, rendered his adhesion to the powers that were a matter of vast importance. The King was therefore compelled to waive his personal objections, and Newcastle kissed hands. Including the many minor places which he filled, Newcastle remained in office not fewer than forty-eight consecutive years. He brought with him into the Government, on this occasion, the Marquess of Hartington, who, however, though representing his father, the Duke of Devonshire, was more a partisan of Newcastle than of Walpole.

We have spoken freely of the great Minister, and may have still something more to say which is rather true than flattering; yet this measure of justice we freely mete out to him. His peace policy

was a sound policy. When he took office he found the country exhausted by the wars which former sovereigns had waged. The state of the finances was likewise wretched, yet his royal masters took no account of either calamity. Walpole did right to restrain the King from mixing up England in quarrels with which she was very little concerned. The Emperor of Germany fell out with the King of France. The King of France entered into close alliance with Spain. France and Spain together were too much for Germany; and the growth of the power of the Bourbons was always distasteful to the English nation. Walpole's peace policy, therefore, however wise and even necessary, was not popular. His measures to right the finances of the country added a good deal to his unpopularity. Nobody likes a new tax; and the Excise, which he introduced, is, from its very nature, the most odious of all taxes, except perhaps, the income-tax. Walpole persevered, however, in his own course, which, on the two important points of peace and finance, was a wise course. Yet this policy of his opened the way to that fierce attack upon him which, after a stout resistance on his part, ultimately prevailed. The story is interesting, and, keeping Mr. Donne's dissertations in view, not at a little instructive.

Horace Walpole somewhere remarks, as a peculiarity of the house of Hanover, that the heir-apparent has always been in opposition to the reigning monarch. The fact is so, though perhaps it may apply to other royal houses than that of Hanover. Kings and queens seldom look upon their destined successors except with jealousy. Queen Anne would not allow George I., then Duke of Cambridge, to take up his residence in England. Elizabeth's main cause of hostility to Mary Queen of Scots originated in the fact that, not a rival, she was undoubtedly heir to the English throne. God forbid

at any such feeling should spring in the family which now holds a foremost place in these realms! nor, we are happy to believe, is there the faintest probable risk of so doing. Yet the danger exists even now; it not only existed, but developed into a stern reality, under the two first Georges. George II. was so deeply imbued with the feeling, that he could never hear of visiting his son, Frederick Prince of Wales, to London, till a circumstance peculiarly distasteful to himself overcame that reluctance. The young man had attained his twenty-second year, when he fell in love with the Princess of Prussia, the daughter of Frederick William, and the sister of Frederick the Great. Curiously enough, George II. abhorred his cousin of Brandenburg even more bitterly than he abhorred the King of France. The Prince, aware of the circumstance, proposed to travel incognito to Berlin, and there wed his lady-love—before consulting his father; and the Queen of Prussia, though she persuaded her husband to give his consent, could not, without sheer exuberance of joy, keep her own secret. The English Minister at the Court of Berlin made a report, as in duty bound, to his sovereign, whereon the Prince of Wales received prompt orders to show himself in London. He came. There was a scene. The King seldom weighed either his words or his actions; and the Prince was constrained not only to break off all correspondence with Berlin, but to marry the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. The Princess proved to be both a beautiful and accomplished woman. The Prince took to her, and at last sincerely loved her; but he never forgave his father; and the feud between the two soon extended beyond the limits of the domestic circle.

We are brought down by these details to the year 1736. By this time Walpole had governed too

long not to have created for himself hosts of enemies. Three parties, accordingly, combined to get rid of him. The Jacobites, advised by Bolingbroke, formed one of these. They were neither very numerous nor very powerful, but they held well together. The Tories, a more formidable band, had Sir William Wyndham for their leader. A considerable body of discontented Whigs, of which Pulteney was the chief adviser, co-operated with both. At once they paid their court to Frederick Prince of Wales, and he encouraged and supported them. And this brings us to speak shortly of another leading statesman of the eighteenth century, who, beginning his career at this critical era, soon won for himself, among the leading men of his day, a foremost place.

William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, entered Parliament in 1735, when he sat for the family borough of Old Sarum. He was then a cornet of dragoons; and his first exhibition in the House of Commons gave token of the line which he intended to take. By some extraordinary mismanagement, which has never been explained, the Minister moved no vote of congratulation to the King on the marriage of his eldest son; and the new Opposition, too happy to hit the blot, did what the Minister neglected to do. Pulteney moved and Pitt seconded the vote in question. Within a day or two Pitt's commission of cornet of cavalry was revoked. This was foolish, but worse followed. The Prince applied for an increased income. He had only £50,000 a year out of the privy purse, whereas his father, when Prince of Wales, had received twice as much. The King refused. The Prince's friends took the matter up, and it was resolved to refer the question to the House of Commons. Great were Walpole's efforts to stop the proceeding, in which, by the by, his cabinet scarcely supported him; but he failed. The

question came on; the Minister opposed it; and in consequence of a partial revolt among the Tories—forty-five of whom, considering it unconstitutional to support the heir-apparent against the King, quitted the House—he carried his point by a small majority of 80. From that hour there was war to the knife between the Prince and his friends, and the King and Sir Robert Walpole and their friends.

Leicester House became the resort of the discontented. Thither went Sunderland, Bolingbroke, Lyttleton, the Grenvilles, Pitt, and their leader in the House of Commons, Pulteney. These all affirmed among themselves, and made the outer world know, that the King was enslaved by his Minister. On the other hand, Walpole committed himself very unwisely to a state of open war with the Prince. For once his personal feelings seem to have got the better of him; nor was it without difficulty that he was restrained, on the occasion of the Princess's accouchement, from requiring the removal of the Prince and his family from St. James's in terms which would have been positively offensive. He had governed long enough, and began to feel that the case was so.

The history of Walpole's fall is well known. After clinging to office long after power had departed from him, he sent in his resignation, and the reins of government passed into the hands of the Pelhams. They found no place for Pitt in their Administration, though his great abilities were by this time acknowledged. But Lord Carteret was made Secretary of State, and to him, more than to all his other Ministers, the King gave his confidence. Two years later—that is, in 1744—it was found necessary to set Carteret aside, and to try the experiment of another coalition. Still no place was found for Pitt, whose bold speaking against the inconveniences of the Hanoverian connection and the wars in

which it involved the country, had made the King his implacable enemy. Nor did the royal enmity subside when the object of it was fit to change his tactics, though he had not altered the object of his own ambition. Pitt knew perfectly well that, with a view to see him, the other leading members of the Leicester House cabal had been provided for; and partly, perhaps, because the coalition gratified his pride, partly with a view to form contingencies, he took a line in 1745 diametrically the opposite of that which he had followed in 1741. Still the King was obdurate, and would not make Pitt Secretary of War. Any other office the true some orator might have, but Secretary at War the King refused to make him. The Cabinet resigned on that question. Lord Granville (Lord Carteret no longer), and Lord Bath were invited to form a new ministry. They shrank from the attempt; and in four-and-twenty hours the Pelham Administration returned to office. Yet Mr. Pitt was left out of the War Office; he was nominated to the very subordinate place of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. What does all this teach in regard to the strength of the prerogative?

The prerogative vindicated itself in keeping Pitt out of the War Office in 1745. In 1746 it equally displayed its power by removing him, without solicitation, from the Vice-Treasurership of Ireland to a more important place. Pitt strenuously supported the project of conferring an annuity of £25,000 on the Duke of Cumberland; and the King, within three months of a vacancy occurring, made him of his own accord Paymaster to the Forces.

Pitt, though a man of transcendent ability, was self-seeking in the extreme. His advancement to the Pay-Office by no means satisfied his ambition. He aimed at being created Secretary of State, and guiding the councils of the nation. He paid great court through the Pe-

harm to the King, retracted every opinion which he had advocated in the beginning of his career, and wrote, both to the Duke of Newcastle and to his brother, Mr. Pelham, letters, the abject fulsomeness of which offends our taste, as well as they excite our astonishment. It was all in vain. The King would not receive him into the Cabinet, and he made forthwith another somersault, and went back to his old turbulence of action. He opposed the Government of which he was a member on a question of manning the navy, yet kept his place. The fact is, that the great Whig party, though broken up into factions, were resolute on one point. Determined to keep out the Tories, and to manage the King, they struggled man against man, for precedence among themselves, but never ventured, by calling in the aid of the Tories, to bring their strife to a decisive issue. Each faction courted while it feared Pitt; and Pitt, in consequence, took at pleasure his own line, without either by zealous co-operation winning his way to high office, or exposing himself, by occasional eccentricities of opposition, to the risk of losing the place which had been conceded to him.

We have alluded elsewhere to the frequent resort of Pitt and his friends to Leicester House. This was before the young statesman came into office. His connection with the Pelhams led to an interruption in that practice which was not resumed till after the death of the Prince of Wales. Meanwhile, however, a family was growing up beside Prince Frederick, and the Princess Augusta, without, it may be, having that care bestowed upon their education which was desirable. Not that Prince Frederick himself, with all his faults—and he had many—was indifferent on that head. He set tutors over his sons, and drew up, for their guidance, a code of in-

structions which were creditable to his judgment. But he had neither the ability nor the steadiness of purpose to see that it was properly attended to. The results were not satisfactory. At the same time we must be permitted to doubt the accuracy of Mr. Jesse's statement, that at eleven years of age the heir-presumptive to the British crown could not read his native language. At eleven years of age Prince George assisted in those private theatricals which constituted a favourite amusement in Leicester House; and it is not easy to understand how he could have performed his part had he been unable to read the English tongue. Still the fact is undeniable, be the causes of it what they might, that, whether from the incompetency of his early instructors, or his own dulness, the heir-presumptive to the British throne passed through the first stages of youth without greatly improving them. That he acquired from George Stone, a *protégé* of Bolingbroke, exaggerated ideas of kingly rights, there is nothing on record to show. His mother's views on that head were certainly lofty enough; and his mother was to him an object of deep affection as long as she lived. But neither she nor anybody else within the circle of which she was the centre, aimed at more during his nonage than to get together the nucleus of a party which might be strong enough when the proper time came to deliver the Crown from the thralldom in which certain families amid the common chaos seemed to them to have entangled it.

The Whigs were wrangling among themselves, and Pitt and Fox, afterwards the first Lord Holland, were playing fast and loose with their colleagues and with one another, when the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, as sudden as it was unexpected, gave, or appeared to give, a new turn to the whole state of public affairs. Not

the recognised Opposition only, but all among the dominant party, who, for various reasons, and at broken intervals, chose to act against their own friends, felt that a heavy blow had fallen upon them. They had lost that neutral head under whom statesmen, not quite in concord as to their general views, could act together to their mutual advantage without sacrificing principle. Thenceforth, as often as the Ministry was to be thwarted or harassed, Whigs must consult only with Whigs, and Tories with Tories. The Court, on the other hand—that is to say, the King and the Pelhams—believed that the game was thrown into their own hands. A little personal kindness to the widowed Princess, to which she had long been a stranger,—a judicious arrangement—in the education of her children,—these things would soon break up the coterie of Leicester House, and make the heir-presumptive their own. The experiment was tried, but it failed. The Princess could not refuse, after the honours that were conferred upon her, to receive, in a becoming manner, the old King's embrace when he came to visit and condole with her. But the removal of Lord North, the father of the future Minister—a kind, genial, if not remarkably able man—from being her son's governor, and the substitution in his place of Lord Harcourt—a creature of the Pelhams, and personally obnoxious to herself—greatly displeased her. She complained of his injustice in seeking to dismiss not only Mr. Stone, but her private secretary, Mr. Cressett. She saw that he, with the Bishop of Norwich, were trying to form an interest about the Prince independently of her; she therefore referred the matter to the King, and the King put the case into the hands of his Minister. Lord Harcourt justified his rashness by alleging that the obnoxious officials were filling the Prince's mind with Jacobite ideas, and had the impru-

dence to threaten that if the case were given against him he should appeal to Parliament. This was too much for George II. However willing he might be to wear the yoke in public affairs, he would not have his right to manage the details of his own household criticised by Parliament. Stone and Cressett were retained at Leicester House, and Lord Harcourt and the Bishop of Norwich resigned. Yet the Pelhams lacked the generosity, we may say the prudence, to give to the Princess, under such circumstances, a voice in the choice of successors to these noblemen. Lord Waldegrave—a clever enough man, but a man of pleasure—took the place of Lord Harcourt, and Thomas, Bishop of Peterborough that of the Bishop of Norwich. The latter appears to have been a learned though not a very efficient preceptor. The former did nothing except keep a watchful eye on all that went forward in Leicester House, of what he heard and saw there, and make reports, through Mr. Fox, to the Government.

The Prince never took to his new governor. He never spoke of him in after life except in terms of strong dislike. But there was one in the Princess's household who early gained his affections, and retained them unbroken to the end of his days. John Stuart, Earl of Bute, was in his lifetime an object of implacable abhorrence to the whole Whig party: they spoke of him as the "Pallas or Narcissus of the English Court;" "the Crown's evil genius;" "an orchimage of mischief," as Lord Oatham expressed it, "in the Cabinet long after he had quitted it;" "an invisible power behind the throne, with which no Minister could cope." All this nonsense has long gone out of date, as completely, we believe, as the baser calumny which linked his name with that of the Princess Augusta in a way which was most iniquitous. Bute might be wanting in many of the qualities which are

indispensable to make up the character of a statesman, but his principles were sound, his tastes refined, and his acquaintance with books and the fine arts very extensive. His manners were cold and taciturn; he never could become popular even with his own party; still he had the wellbeing of the monarchy at heart, and respected as well as loved both his royal mistress and her son. It is said of him that he caused the Prince to read in manuscript the most interesting portions of 'Blackstone's Commentaries' before they were printed; and Mr. Adolphus, in his 'History of England,' adds: "The Prince derived from Lord Bute's lips his principal knowledge of the British Constitution. To Lord Bute the young Prince—modest, diffident,—too conscious, indeed, of his own shortcomings—gave himself freely up; and without doubt learned, from the bias thus given to his habits of thought on important subjects, to perceive better than any of his family before or after him what a king of England ought to be."

We need not stop to explain how the blunderings of the Duke of Newcastle, and the mismanagement of the war with France and Spain—for which Fox, as Secretary of State, was not a little responsible—compelled the King in 1756 to call Pitt to his councils. As little need we describe the haughtiness with which Pitt refused to coalesce with Fox, or to take office at all unless the Duke of Newcastle were removed. He carried both points, and formed his own Administration, with the Duke of Devonshire at the head of the Treasury, Mr. Legge Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Temple, to whose sister Pitt was by this time married, at the Admiralty. As yet, however, the King's personal dislike and the force of circumstances proved too strong for him. The Duke of Cumberland, in particular, refused to go abroad and take command of the army which was to

defend Hanover, till Pitt and his friends were dismissed; and dismissed they accordingly were, to their own extreme disgust and the surprise of the nation. What followed is matter of history. The King could get no other Minister to serve him, and Pitt came back, bringing with him on this occasion that very Duke of Newcastle with whom, just a year before, he had refused to be associated. And now Pitt's imperious character showed itself in its true colours. He trampled down all opposition. He did not request—he demanded—everything that he required,—from a well-paid place for a political adherent, to a ribbon for his brother-in-law, whom the King desired to pass over. He obtained whatever he sought by a mere hint at resignation. This is not to be wondered at. His foreign policy proved eminently successful. He restored to his country the prestige which it had lost. He stood, indeed, on the very pinnacle of his glory when George II. died. It was an event for which Pitt was not unprepared. He had long been on terms of friendship with Lord Bute, and from that and other reasons felt himself to be on the very best terms with the new King. But though matters went smoothly during the first ten or twelve months, no one who understood the character of the great Minister imagined that such unanimity would last. George III. entertained, even thus early, his own opinions of what a king of England should be. He received the speech which Lord Chancellor Hardwicke had drawn up, and to which Mr. Pitt had added a sentence; and then, without consulting either of them, or taking the advice of the rest of the Cabinet, inserted in it, with his own hand, the words which gave to it at the time, and will ever give to it, its peculiar value: "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton; and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in pro-

moting the welfare of a people whose loyalty and warm affection to me I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne."

Young as he was, George III. showed, in taking this step, a wisdom beyond both the expectations of his personal friends and the wishes of his Ministers. He appealed to a feeling which had lain so long dormant in the country that no statesman—no Whig statesman, that is to say—dreamed that it could be roused to active life again. Indeed, it had been the great object of that school of politicians, ever since they came into power, to extinguish loyalty as a principle of action. The necessity of obeying the laws, of maintaining the rights of Parliament, and their own authority as the masters of Parliament—these were doctrines continually on their lips, and sedulously inculcated by their Whig supporters. But personal devotion to the sovereign, considered as something more than the chief magistrate or head of the State—that was a sentiment as antagonistic to their views as it was opposed to their interests. Pitt, to do him justice, never in cool blood went so far as this. Nominally a Whig, he rose far above Whig prejudices. He despised and disliked the nepotism of the party, and gave to the Crown all the reverence which he could abstract from himself. But Pitt's loyalty was of a very peculiar kind. He approved of the young King's declaration. He made no objection to the removal of Lord Holderness from the office of Secretary of State, and the substitution of Lord Bute; indeed, the dismissal of Legge gave him no offence—perhaps because Legge was believed to be attached rather to the Duke of Newcastle than to himself. But the moment his views on matters of foreign policy were interfered with, then his loyalty evaporated. In the war which was still in progress, France had suffered much. Canada

was lost to her, and her fleets were driven from the ocean. She was trying to negotiate a treaty of peace when Pitt discovered that she was at the same time entering into an alliance offensive and defensive with Spain. He insisted that against Spain war should at once be declared, and on the refusal of the rest of the Cabinet to support the proposition, he resigned. Lord Temple, his brother-in-law, went with him. It was to no purpose that the young King urged the indignant Minister to stay, explaining that he himself entertained strong scruples against continuing war a single day longer than was unavoidable. Pitt would not yield to the Crown itself, far less to the decision of his own Cabinet. He must govern or he would retire; and he did retire, accepting for his wife, however, a peerage, and for himself a pension of £3000 a-year!!

Pitt's behaviour was not generous on this occasion; it was not even just. He might be right in the view which he took of a special case, and the event proved that he was right. Yet, after all, the peace which the King was anxious to bring about could have been neither hastened nor rendered more secure by precipitating, in the first place, the country into a war with Spain. Pitt really had the game in his own hands, and would have played it as honourably for his country, and much more successfully for himself, had he considered the King's youth and inexperience, and humoured him for once, in order to guide him in future. This "stooping to conquer" was not, however, a style of tactics which he would ever adopt. He threw up his place and left the country to take its chance. Mr. Jesse, we perceive, speaks of Pitt's resignation at the time as pressed upon him—as brought about through settled purpose by Lord Bute. But not only is there no authority for this assumption, but the evidence is all on the other side. Bute would have greatly preferred Pitt as a

colleague to anybody else, had he been a little less arrogant. It was his arrogance of the man which rendered the statesman intolerable to his colleagues, and at last to his sovereign. But this is not all. Bute depended almost alone upon Pitt in the Cabinet. All the great Whig houses hated him; and the Duke of Newcastle took the earliest opportunity of leaving him in their hands. As a step preparatory to that peace which Bute and his master desired, it was proposed, in May 1762, to supply no more pecuniary aid to the King of Prussia. Newcastle—not, as is understood, uninfluenced by Pitt—resisted the proposal, and being defeated in the Cabinet, resigned. The King had no choice now except to make Bute First Lord of the Treasury. The articles of peace were signed; and that which ought to have been a source of thankfulness to the nation, became, through the active exertions of disappointed statesmen out of office, a public grievance.

It is curious to see how names come up, from time to time, in history, in connection with incidents which, above all others, seem to be the most alien to them. Pitt and Newcastle go out, and Fox takes office to become the leader of the House of Commons under Bute, and the most uncompromising of Tories. He even makes it a bargain with his chief that he shall be allowed to cleanse the Augean stable; and by his management Whigs are, one after another, removed, in order that Tories may take their places. Had the Tories better known how to improve the advantages of their position they might have kept their places to the King's great content, for many years. Unfortunately, however, Bute had recourse, with a view to meet the heavy drain occasioned by the policy of his predecessors, to a tax upon cider. It was a fatal proceeding. The strength of the Tories lay then, as it lies still, in the agricultural districts;

and the cider counties were, of all the English counties, the most loyal. But not even their loyalty could resist a strain like this upon their nerves. Walpole had fallen under the weight of his Excise laws. Bute could not stand up against the outcry of the cider-growers. He suddenly resigned; and to George Grenville, the brother of Lord Temple, and the brother-in-law of Pitt, the charge of forming another Administration was committed. And here the question naturally arises, What was George Grenville? He had held office with Whig statesmen of every shade of opinion. He had served under Newcastle, with Pitt and without Pitt, with Fox and without Fox, before Bute came in and after he was Prime Minister. And now he alone of what used to be called the sect of the Cobhamites, the Legges, the Lyttletons, the Pitts, the Grenvilles, remained to support the King in his hour of need. Are we, on that account, to number him with the Tories? We think not. George Grenville occupied a position, like his brother Lord Temple, midway between Toryism and Whiggery; perhaps he was nearer to the latter principle than to the former. But be that as it may, he, in escaping from the blunder which Bute had committed, fell into another, of which the consequences proved to be a thousandfold more serious. The country had been drained of its pecuniary resources by the late war. The war had been undertaken to protect the North American colonists; and from the success which attended it the North American colonists were the sole gainers. In an evil hour, it occurred to the new Minister that they, who had profited by the war ought, in part at least, to contribute to the expenses of the war. He prepared and carried a bill through Parliament for taxing the colonists. It is still a moot point whether this particular measure was or was not a constitutional

measure. It is quite certain that a measure equally effective, but differently proposed and carried through, would have been open to no such constitutional objection as this measure raised. Had Parliament imposed duties on goods imported into America, the wildest advocate of no taxation without representation could not have had a word to say against it. Indeed, we have the authority of Franklin himself for affirming that all moderate men in America, however much they might have regretted, would have acceded to the arrangement.* But to impose on them a Stamp Act was an interference with the internal administration of their affairs, which the colonists were little likely to submit to, given up, as by this time they undeniably were, to the most extravagant ideas of their own importance, and democratic to the core. The imposition of a Stamp Act was, however, the measure to which George Grenville had recourse; and George III., because he followed the advice of his Minister, and assented to a law which both Houses of Parliament had passed, has ever since been held up by his enemies at home and abroad as a tyrannical, or at least unconstitutional, prince. This is not only ridiculous, but unjust; and it is distressing to remember that of these great wrongs to the character of the King, Pitt was mainly the cause. Indeed we will go farther. Had not Pitt swelled the gale of condemnation, and encouraged Wilkes and other libellers to write of the measure and of the King as they did, it is by no means clear to us that the colonists themselves would have considered the passing of the Stamp Act itself as a violation of their nation-

al rights flagrant enough to justify the extreme measures which were threatened in opposition to it. At all events, it was quite in Pitt's power to have averted the storm had he been so disposed. On the death of Lord Egremont in 1768, he had been pressed by the King to resume his old place in the Cabinet. It was even proposed to him on a subsequent occasion, that Grenville should be remitted to the Pay-Office, and Lord Temple, Pitt's particular friend, placed at the head of the Treasury; but the haughty statesman declined. He would not return to the King's service unless the Duke of Newcastle and the entire Whig faction came with him, and to that the King declined to accede. A great calamity to England was the American War of Independence, and many and grievous were the mistakes which preceded and attended its outbreak. But we do not hesitate to say that more than on Grenville's weakness, more than on Townsend's rashness, far more than on the obstinacy, as it has been called, of the King, on Pitt's pride and most unaccountable lack of true patriotism, must the reproach of that calamity rest.

We need not pursue this historical sketch farther. Grenville's Administration lasted barely a year. It was succeeded by that of Lord Rockingham, which repealed the Stamp Act, yet asserted the right of the British Parliament to tax the colonies in any manner and to any extent that might be convenient. By-and-by came Townsend's vexatious duties on glass, paper, and tea, imported into America, and then confusion. Amid this confusion the first Rockingham Administration broke up. A Coal-

* In his examination before the House of Lords in 1766, he said that in America "the authority of Parliament was allowed to be valid in all laws except such as should levy internal taxation; that it was never disputed in levying duties to regulate commerce; but that the Americans would never submit to the Stamp Act, or any other tax on the same principle."

ion Cabinet, under the Duke of Grafton, was formed, in which Lord North, the ancient playfellow of the King, and personally and deservedly beloved by him, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. The duties on glass and paper were repealed, but, in vindication of a principle, the duty upon tea was retained. Once more we blame Pitt and the excluded Whigs for the mischief that followed. But for the countenance to sedition afforded by them, Wilkes and his supporters would have made much less noise than they did at home; and the American malcontents would have shrunk from openly violating the law abroad. It may suit party purposes to throw the blame on Lord North's imbecility or the King's stiffness. Lord North was not a first-rate Minister, and he was badly served. The generals whom he employed in the struggle against the revolted colonies proved eminently incapable, the most incapable of the whole being Burgoyne. Had Wolfe lived, or Lord Clive been put at the head of the army, as was at one time proposed, the great American Republic would have probably constituted at this moment an integral portion of the great British Empire. But Wolfe was dead, and to the employment of Clive resistance was offered; and thus events took the turn which we may affect to regard with complacency now, but which excited at the moment the just indignation of the British people, and covered Great Britain itself, in the sight of surrounding nations, with shame and discredit.

For a fair and interesting account of the state of the King's feelings under these trials—of his impatience to escape from the tyranny of Grenville and the Duke of Bedford—of the length to which he went with a view of conciliating Pitt, and bringing him to act like a reasonable man,—of all this, as well as of the ill success which attended the King's efforts, our readers will

find in Mr. Jesse's story a clear and graphic account. No doubt the particular part which the King played in supporting Lord North against the Whigs, and sustaining him amid the discouragements of a mismanaged war, is best shown in the King's own letters. And the letters themselves, though sometimes grotesque enough when tried by the test of a merely literary criticism, are all shrewd, sensible, straightforward, and very much to the purpose. But Mr. Jesse has caught the spirit of the correspondence very creditably; and his manner of bringing it out in a consecutive narrative will prove, we suspect, more acceptable to the generality of readers, than either the King's letters, denuded of the replies to them, or the running commentary of voluminous notes by which they are accompanied. For our own part, we must only express our regret that the space at our command will not permit us to go further, for the present, with either of our guides. What we have written has been written not with any view either of criticising their performances or condensing their stories. There has been ample store of literary criticism elsewhere; and a worse service that the condensation of a narrative which is worth studying in detail could not be rendered, either to an author or to his readers. But both Mr. Jesse and Mr. Donne—the latter especially—as they see things through a particular medium, so they give to what ought to be one of the most instructive pages of English history a bias calculated not a little to mislead. George III. neither was nor aimed at making himself an unconstitutional monarch. His object was to become, if that were possible, the king of a whole people, and not of a party. He struggled hard to attain that end, sacrificing, in pursuit of it, personal ease, private affections, and, more than all the rest, the faculties both of mind and body. Under the pres-

sure of incessant care and anxiety his reason broke down more than once. And over and over again he who desired only to promote the happiness of his subjects became, through the active exertions of his enemies, the object of their special abhorrence. What he suffered from the misconduct of his sons; how he bore the browbeating of his Ministers; with what skill he set aside some difficulties; by what extraordinary courage and determination he surmounted others;—these are matters on which we will not now enter. But of the good old King we must always think as of a man not more excellent in the relations of private life than con-

sistent in his principles of action in public life, because he believed them to be the right principles. He might be "farmer George," and he was so; a somewhat fussy and rather meddling monarch—one who made his own bishops in his own way, and looked after bits of patronage in other directions with exceeding minuteness; but he was true to his word, faithful to the principles which brought his family to the throne—the first of his race who ever favoured literature and the arts—the idol, in his latter days at least, of the whole nation. We shall take occasion to show how this all came about on some future day.

STRIKES AND TRADES-UNIONS.

THE hewers of wood and the drawers of water, the men who earn their daily bread by the labour of their hands, the working classes commonly so called, though no more entitled to the monopoly of the designation than many other and often harder workers who labour with their brains, have within the last few years assumed a position towards other classes of society unknown in the previous history of civilisation. Discontented with the amount of wages which they receive, with the number of hours in which they work, and impressed with the idea that if they do not combine to prevent the employment of cheap competitors of the weaker sex in such trades as that of the tailor, or of their own sex from foreign countries in such trades as that of the builder, their wages will be still further reduced, and their hours of labour still further extended, there is a general and systematic movement among all kinds of workers and handicraftsmen (with the exception, perhaps, of the peasantry, the worst paid, because the least skilled, of

labourers) to demand a higher social and political position and a larger share in the world's wealth than has hitherto fallen to their lot, and to enforce that demand by means of strikes and other forms of union and intimidation.

Till within the last six or seven years a "strike" was considered something peculiarly English, a disagreeable result of the democratic liberty which alone amongst the peoples of Europe the English enjoyed; a system, moreover, that could not be attempted in other countries, or if attempted, that would be immediately repressed and punished by the strong arm of despotic authority. But Great Britain has no longer any monopoly of strikes. The age is cosmopolitan. The facility of intercourse between all the regions of the globe, the cheapness of travel, the diffusion of the rudiments of education to such an extent that it is only the minority in the great manufacturing and industrial countries of the Old World and the New who cannot read, and the immense publicity given by the press to every

topic of public or class interest, have rapidly broken down the barriers of nationality for all except political and military purposes, and softened or effaced the hard lines of difference between the masses of one country and those of all others. Not only in overcrowded Europe, but in thinly-peopled America, the labourers, skilled and unskilled, seem to have entered into a Solemn League and Covenant to enhance the price of their labour, and are at issue with their employers on this vital point. Amid wars and rumours of wars, the rise and fall of empires, and the general perturbation of opinion, the claims of the artisan and mechanic are put forward so loudly and pertinaciously as to be heard above all the other din of our busy and sceptical century. His rights, real or supposed, and his wrongs questionable or unquestionable, are the themes of daily discussion. If public interest in the matter should by any chance threaten to flag, a general strike of the labourers in some important department of industry is certain to revive it. The upper ten thousand may care very little in the abstract for the lower millions; but when the lower millions combine to make the upper ten thousand uncomfortable, the few, if they have no proper regard for the welfare of the many, are at all events made painfully conscious of their existence. The trades and handicrafts that strike, have struck, or are about to strike, are so numerous and so important that there is no knowing who may or who may not be affected, or what mighty interest may not be imperilled if Labour becomes the master. How, for instance, shall Great Britain continue to hold her present high place in the world if, in consequence of the demands of her workmen for more wages and less labour, she loses the manufacturing supremacy that makes her rich and powerful in a degree

disproportioned to the space which she occupies on the globe. If the English workingman must not only have his daily bread, but his daily beef, his daily beer, his daily gin, and his daily tobacco; if he must systematically keep "Saint Monday" he will virtually do but four and a half days work out of the six; and if, altogether, it requires to support him at least twice as much as satisfies the Belgian, the Frenchman, or the German; three times as much as contents the Spaniard, the Russian, or the Italian; ten times as much as serves the needs of the Chinaman; and twenty times as much as makes the Hindoo happy,—how are the British employers of labour to compete successfully with the employers of other countries, aided as these are by steam power and all the appliances of modern science, combined with cheaper labour?

These are questions that, some day or other, will compel an answer more satisfactory than that now generally given, which is to the effect that although the British labourer costs more than any other, he is worth more; and that in the long-run the best thing, whatever its price, is certain to be the cheapest. It may be a small and ludicrous grievance if, in consequence of a strike among the tailors, the fashionable "swells" of London and Paris are reduced to the sad extremity of wearing their old "inexpressibles" and their threadbare coats. It may be a grievance equally small, if the hairdressers follow the example of the tailors, and ladies who have received invitations to balls, dinners, theatres, and evening-parties, are compelled to trust the arrangement of their odious *chignons*, or that of their own lovely hair, to the inexpert hands of their chamber-maids. But a strike assumes a formidable aspect, and is by no means a subject of mirth, when the chief industry of a whole town or city is paralysed or destroyed by it; or when, as in the case of the

cab and omnibus drivers of London—or worse still of the engine-drivers on every great line of railway converging at the Capital—the affairs of the busiest community in the world be thrown into confusion, thereby a serious hardship and wrong would be inflicted upon thousands of innocent people. When a strike such as this last occurs, the inconvenience, the mischief, and the loss which it occasions are such as to force upon the attention of the most apathetic the question, whether the right of workmen to “strike” may not, if exercised systematically, amount to a crime against the community; and whether, if it be a right at all, it is not a right that ought to be restricted in the interest of the public and for the prevention of anarchy, as many other rights are and must be in every civilised country.

“Right” is a word which is much abused, and very little understood. A man may think he has a right to go without clothes; but if he exercise the right publicly, he will be pelted or placed in peril of his life by the passers-by, or arrested by the police and clapped into prison. Another may think he has a right to burn his house down, if he have not insured it; but if the house be in a town or village, or anywhere within dangerous proximity to any other man’s house, he must not exercise his right, lest other men’s rights to the non-combustion of their property without their own consent should be endangered. It is the right of any individual to stand in the public street; but if a hundred thousand individuals agree to exercise that right at the same moment and in the same street, their conduct may be an injury to another hundred thousand, or thrice a hundred thousand, people, who have the right to pass on their ordinary business without let or hindrance. It may be the right of an engine-driver to stop work if he be refused ten shillings for a short day’s

work; but it cannot be the right of all the engine-drivers in a country to insist upon their right at the same moment, by combination, or it might well be called conspiracy, with one another, unless the supposed interest of a class is to override the real interest of the community, and society is to be periodically disorganised whenever it suits a Trades-union to act the part of a despot.

The three foremost countries in the world—Great Britain, France, and the United States of America—are all more or less engaged in discussing the question of “strikes,” and in endeavouring to ascertain how far they are consistent with public and private liberty. Very naturally the workmen in all these countries desire to better their condition. They have discovered the advantages which they can secure to themselves by union—advantages which, while they are kept within the bounds of justice to others, no sensible man is disposed to deny. While Labour remains a sacred duty, as it always will, the labourer is entitled to his reward, and that reward ought to be such as will enable him not only to preserve his life in health and strength, but to perpetuate his race, and provide for his offspring until they are old enough to provide for themselves. This principle is everywhere conceded, but its application differs in each of the three countries we have named. Four francs a-day are considered high wages for a French mechanic, while six shillings a-day are considered little by an Englishman, and an American is dissatisfied with two dollars and three-quarters. No strike, however obstinate or universal, in France, could be successful enough to bring up the wages of the French labourer or mechanic to the higher standard of England; neither could the English working classes by any means within their power, however much they might agitate and combine, succeed in inducing the English

employers of labour to pay such wages as are obtained in America. In all these countries the labourer, like Oliver in Mr. Dickens's story, is calling for "more." More wages and less work—a very natural demand after all, but only to be gratified if there be an available fund from which the increased wages can be subtracted without such result upon the world's wealth as befell the poor goose in the fable, which was slain for its golden eggs and found to be eggless.

"Labour" and "Capital" are old and trite subjects, of which it may appear to many that nothing new can be said. However that may be, it is evident that there is much misconception abroad among the labouring classes in reference to these vital matters. They have somehow or other got it into their heads that the Labourer and the Capitalist are enemies; that Capital is limitless, something like the sea, that can never be pumped dry; and that it is, moreover, the sole creator of Labour, without which it could not exist. It is this fundamental error which pampers the conceit of the working classes, and places them in a position towards the capitalist which it is neither to his nor to their interest that they should occupy. Labour is *not* the sole creator of Capital; and though Labour may increase the wealth of the world, it can only to a very limited extent produce it. The fact is, although the leaders of the working classes will not always admit it to be so, that Capital is of two kinds—the divine and the human. The first capital comes from the hands of God, and is a free gift to mankind. It consists of the earth, the sea, the atmosphere, the light of the sun, and all the productive and reproductive powers of nature. In a savage and primitive state of society, this natural capital belongs to the whole tribe or community. When the wild man captures the wild animal, to dress himself in its skin, or to consume

its flesh—when he snares the bird, or plucks the wild fruits and berries of the wood, he gets the only interest he can out of this capital of God, which man and his labour in no sense created. The second kind of capital does not exist in savage countries, but is the growth of civilisation, and is, as has been often explained—though explained in vain to the vast majority of the working people of our own time—but another name for "savings." Every man who has produced more than he has consumed, and has saved money or money's worth, is to the extent of that saving a capitalist. Every man who has inherited the savings of his ancestors is a capitalist while these savings last. Out of this second form of capital comes the only fund available for the payment of wages in countries where the land has become, by gift of the Government, by purchase, or by right of conquest, the property of individuals, and is fully possessed and occupied.

This occupation of the land by people who own and till it, or who have accumulated a sufficient amount of savings or capital to pay other people for helping them in the great work of cultivation, does not interfere with the creation and growth of the secondary or humanitarian form of capital, as distinguished from the primary and divine, but, as all experience shows, very greatly tends to its increase and development. The first capital of the savage is the weapon or the contrivance with which he slays or captures his food. The first capital of the civilized man is the seed which he has saved from the wants of the present year to grow the harvest of the next. When a labourer who has saved nothing, whose daily work but provides him sufficient for the day's want, comes to the man who has saved, say, a week's, a month's, or a year's sustenance, and asks for work, Labour and the Capital that utilises Labour are brought face to face in their first

and simplest relations. But, in such a case, would the labourer who had saved nothing, and could not live a day longer without remunerative work, unless he betook himself to robbery, or relied upon the charity of him who had saved, be entitled to say that he had created Capital, or arrogate to himself the superiority over the capitalist?

It nevertheless happens that the monopoly and occupation of the land by the few has placed the many in a position less comfortable than that which they might have occupied if the land of any community or nation had been wide and fertile enough to allow every man to possess a portion sufficiently large, not only to maintain himself in healthful life and activity, but to provide for the maintenance of his children, and his children's children to the remotest generation. But this state of things never has existed, and never can; for the day must come, unless a second Deluge or other convulsion of nature ensue, or unless wars and plagues and famines shall thin the redundant numbers of the human race, when even the all but limitless lands of the North and South American continents shall be fully possessed and occupied; and a population unable to earn its subsistence out of the divine capital of God and nature, shall come upon the secondary or human capital—represented by savings—and work otherwise than in agriculture, for the daily bread that shall sustain it in life. Fortunately for the great mass of mankind, civilisation has many other wants than those which agriculture can supply; and the ownership of land by a few has not been found to work unfavourably to the interests of the many, in any country in the world with the history of which we are acquainted. In countries like the United States of America, where land is abundant, there need be, and are, very few poor people; and those few are generally poor in consequence of

want of health and strength, and still oftener of their indolence or their vices. But in thickly-peopled countries like France and Great Britain, where land is costly and not to be easily obtained, there are vast numbers of people who are poor without fault of their own, who cannot be placed upon the land to till it, who cannot always obtain work, and who, in consideration of being deprived of their right to the soil, are guaranteed by the State the right to their lives and relief in old age and destitution.

In England this right is secured by the Poor-Law, established after the suppression of the monasteries, which previously acted the part of national almoner—a law which in theory declares that no man shall die for want of food, clothes, and shelter, if he will but declare his poverty, and apply in the proper quarter for relief. The administration of the Poor-Law is, as everybody knows but too well, not always what it ought to be, and in point of fact, men, women, and children do sometimes die in England of misery and destitution. But the right of the poor to life, and to the food, shelter, and raiment that will sustain it, is none the less the law of our land. In France there is no such law, although private and public benevolence steps to the rescue of the starving in cases of great emergency and widespread suffering, and does its best to prevent the scandal in a Christian State, of suffering any child of God—as all men are—to die of famine. In consequence of this absence of a poor-law, the French working classes were, at an early period, very much more troublesome to authority than their compeers in England, who, if health and strength failed, and trade languished, and the worst came to the worst, had always the workhouse to fall back upon. Not so the French. They had as much right to life, by law, as the English, but

unlike the English, they had no legal right to the wherewithal necessary to sustain it. The idea of poor-law on the English, or any other model, never has recommended itself to French statesmen and philosophers; and when, either in consequence of the discontent of the poor in years of deficient harvests or of bad trade, statesmanship and philosophy sought a remedy, they found, or thought they found, in grants of public money, and in the sorry expedient of fixing by law the price of bread at a minimum unremunerative to the baker, the miller, and the farmer, thus doing injustice to one class for the sake of another, and aggravating the evil intended to be remedied. Ultimately, French philosophy discovered, to the satisfaction of many of its eminent professors, and to the greater satisfaction of the working classes in general, that the poor had a right to be provided with work by the State. "Le droit du travail" became, shortly after the Revolution of 1830, the social question of the day in France, and, combined with that other great social question of Trade Co-operation for the purposes of production, enlisted on one side or the other all the best minds of the country.

The intercourse between Great Britain and France was not then so frequent or so intimate as it is now; but even in those comparatively early times, the thinkers of both countries, and of Europe generally, were busily engaged with the subject. These two questions were, however, very distinct one from the other, and involved principles by no means related. St. Simonianism, Fourierism, Cabetism, Communism, Socialism, Proudhonism—all grew out of the principle of Co-operation, and aimed more or less at a reconstruction of society on new bases, in which the right of every man and woman to life, food, raiment, shelter, education, and recreation was to be secured in return for his or her labour—such labour

to be adapted to the tastes and capabilities of each, and, by superior organisation and economy in its management, to be made less and less onerous to the labourer. These philosophers, however, were not agreed upon the very important subjects of private property and the sanctity of marriage; and some of them gave currency to notions on these paramount points that offended the old-fashioned common sense of the rich, the learned, and the pious, and created a general scandal and repugnance to the new school. These several "isms"—all more or less Utopian—lived their little day, were discussed and rediscussed *ad nauseam*, and died out one after the other, leaving behind them a strong feeling among the mercantile, professional, and proprietorial classes, that the working men, under the guidance of such philosophers as Fourier, Cabet, Proudhon, and others, would make shipwreck of civilisation itself if they were allowed to have their way. After the Revolution of 1848, when "*Albert, ouvrier*," was a member of the Provisional Government, this feeling rapidly deepened into hatred and terror of all Communistic or Socialistic doctrine whatever, and prepared the public mind to welcome the man of iron hand, strong will, and resolute purpose, who now sits upon the throne, and predisposed everybody to be contented with him, if he would but restore order, eject the crazy philosophers from power, and leave property and marriage where they stood before—enshrined in the hearts and in the religion of the people.

The "right of work," or to obtain work, whether the work were or were not remunerative to the employer—the famous "*droit du travail*"—was a doctrine that took a much firmer hold upon the minds of the working classes of France than any of the Utopian schemes of the Socialists and Communists. From 1830 to 1848 the question

was discussed in all its bearings, until it almost became as fixed an article of faith among the working people that every man had a right to demand work and pay from the Government, even though the Government did not require his services, as it is in England that every famishing man has a right to be relieved by the parish. In those years population in France had greatly encroached upon the means of subsistence. The French had long ceased to be an emigrating people, and there was no safety-valve for them in America or Australia. They clung to the native rock like the limpet. They stuck to the old land, for good or for evil. They competed one with another, lowered the rate of wages, and their misery in years of scarcity was always such as to alarm the Government, lest in their discontent with their social condition they should attribute their misery to political causes, and take revenge upon authority by riots, insurrections, and attempted revolution. In 1844 a treatise, entitled 'The Union of Workers, Male and Female,' was put forth, and excited much attention. In this book the condition of the labouring classes was painted in the darkest colours. "Workmen and workwomen," said the writer, "your position in society is miserable and grievous. In good health, you have no right to demand labour, and, with it, the means of subsistence. Sick, infirm, disabled, and old, you have no right even to claim admission to the hospital. Poor, deprived of everything, you have no right to ask for charity, for mendicancy is forbidden by the law. In this condition you are as ill provided for as the wild and naked men of the woods, who have to seek every morning the food of the day. Such a state of existence is horrible. The condition of the horse in the stable is preferable. The ant, the bee, and the beaver are happier and richer. These last unite for

mutual support and provision. Why do you not imitate their example? Isolated, you are weak: united, you will be strong." The object of this appeal was to induce the five millions of manual labourers, men and women, calculated to exist in France, to subscribe each the sum of two francs per annum to the erection and support of a refuge for worn-out and infirm work people to be called "*La Palais de l'Union ouvrière*." It was a very beautiful project on paper, but one that, with all its charms, was not destined to recommend itself to popular favour, and that would have scarcely supplied the place of a well-considered poor law, even if it could have been accomplished. The working classes did not care to subscribe their francs for any such purpose. There was no agency by which, if they had been so disposed, the money could have been collected without enormous expense or the aid of the Government. The Government on its part was not disposed to afford the aid required, but relied upon the old method—the factious cheapening of bread. The principle of the "*Droit du Travail*" was more popular; and when the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty had placed the Revolutionists and the Socialists in power in 1848, an attempt was made to conciliate the working classes, by the establishment of "*Ateliers Nationaux*" or national workshops, where the public money was to be spent in giving employment to all who chose to ask for it; whether there were or were not any means of making such employment remunerative, or even self-supporting. No community in the world consists wholly of mechanics and manual labourers; and all the classes in France, a very considerable majority who were no mechanics and labourers, very speedily became alarmed at the prospect of the long continuance of these "*National Workshops*," where men did work

hat was not wanted at wages that were a premium upon ignorance and idleness—the said wages to be paid out of the taxation levied upon poor agriculturists and the public in general. The thing was so monstrous that it speedily died of its own monstrosity; and the right to demand work of the Government became, in a few months, a right in which very few believed, even amongst those who profited by the delusion, and which there was nobody to enforce by insurrection in the streets, or by any other more available means than newspaper paragraphs and philosophic leading articles. It soon collapsed, therefore, and died the death of Fourierism, Orbetism, and Socialism, and of a hundred other “isms,” of which the names have perished, never again to be revived by any alchemy, however potent.

The “Organisation of Labour”—a related, but not an identical question—was mooted at the same time, and found its most eloquent apostle in the person of M. Louis Blanc, a member of the Provisional Government which preceded the election of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to the presidency of the Republic. To the influence of M. Louis Blanc has been attributed the establishment of the “Ateliers Nationaux;” and much of the obloquy of their failure, and the ineptitude of their conception, has been placed upon his head. They were, in fact, the result of his idea, but they were not conducted exactly upon his principles. To organise Labour is merely to do what has always been done, but to do it in our day is to do it with new lights derived from enlarged experience. Labour always has been, and always must be, organised. The end to be attained is its organisation for the benefit of the labourer. That such benefit should be permanent, and not be at the mercy of every whim of caprice or philosophic doctrine, it is necessary that the Labour should pay for itself, and not be a dead charge upon the Gov-

ernment, and consequently upon the people, without whose contributions, voluntary or enforced, no Government can be maintained. M. Louis Blanc's system of the “Organisation of Labour” did not conform to these conditions. His proposal was that the Government should borrow money on its credit in order to establish what he called “Social Workshops,” in which only men and women of good moral character should be employed; and who, whatever branch of industry they betook themselves to, should be paid a higher rate of wages than was receivable under the existing system of competition, in which one labourer competed with another, and one employer undersold his neighbour. His idea was that all competition was wrong—that for the working classes it was none other than gradual extermination, and for the *bourgeoisie* and mercantile classes an incessantly active cause of impoverishment and ruin. Yet he was forced by the necessity of his theory to advocate the very competition which he denounced, inasmuch as his plan could only be wrought out by making the Government the grand competitor against all private manufacturers, employers of labour, and producers.

“The Government,” said he, “ought to be considered the supreme regulator of production, and invested, to accomplish its task, with a great strength. That task should consist in employing the arm of competition to destroy competition. The Government should contract a loan in order to create social workshops in all the most important branches of the national industry. The Government, being the sole founder of these workshops, should be intrusted with the duty of drawing up the laws and statutes under which they should be managed and conducted. These statutes and by-laws, discussed in the Legislature, and passed by a vote of that body, should possess the form and the force of law. The wages of all those employed should be the same, whatever their skill or merits. Every year an account of the net profits should be taken and divided into three parts—the

first third to be equally divided among all the members of the workshops; the second to be devoted to the support of the aged, the sick, and the infirm, and for the alleviation of any crises that might overtake the fortunes of other workshops; and the third to be set apart for the purchase of tools and other instruments of labour, to be given to such workmen as might apply for admission into the workshop, so that these establishments might gradually expand."

It will be seen that no part of the profits in this philosophic scheme was to be allotted to the payment of interest upon the capital borrowed, that being left to the whole community as a part of the charges of the State. We need not stop to inquire what kind of goods would have been manufactured under such a system as this; what chance of any foreign trade the French Government would have enjoyed in articles produced under similar conditions; nor calculate how long after the trial of an Organisation of Labour after this fashion, the whole project would have collapsed amid the derision, the indignation, or the disgust of everybody, except of the most lazy, worthless, and inefficient of the working classes. The idea was but the dream of a young enthusiast; and, even in the exciting times that followed the expulsion of Louis Philippe, when the millennium of the labourer was by many believed to be at hand, received such treatment from the pens of the social and political economists of England and France, as got it laughed out of favour. Mr. J. S. Mill, who had not then become a politician, and had not found it necessary for political purposes to flatter the prejudices or pander to the ignorance of the working classes, declared himself against this and all other forms of Socialism. In his chapter on "The Future of the Working Classes," in the fourth book of his 'Principles of Political Economy,' he says:—

"I utterly dissent from the most con-

spicuous and vehement part of the teachings of the Socialists—their declamations against competition. With moral conceptions in many respects far ahead of the existing arrangements of society, they have in general very confused and erroneous notions of its actual working, and one of their greatest errors is to charge upon competition all the economical evils which at present exist. They forget that where competition is not, monopoly is, and that monopoly, in all its forms, is the taxation of the illustrious for the support of indolence, if not of rapacity. . . . To be protected against competition is to be protected in idleness, in mental dulness—to be saved the necessity of being as active and as intelligent as other people."

When Socialism and Communism in all their various forms died out, Trades-unionism—which had long previously existed in England—took their place in the affections of the working classes of France. At the present times the labourers of both countries are pursuing the same object by the same means—striving by co-operation among themselves to secure higher wages than any isolated labourer, if all labourers were isolated, would be likely to obtain. If this were all which they attempted, their objects would be worthy of praise rather than of blame. It is necessary, in the interests of society in all its grades, not only that the labourer should be worthy of his hire, but that his hire should be sufficient to provide a constant supply of labourers, and that the capitalist should not become a monopolist, to oppress and underpay the working man. "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," is an axiom and a principle that all men can understand, and it is the right of the worker to enforce it, if he give the *quid pro quo*, by every legal and peaceable means at his command, either singly or in combination with his fellows. It is equally right, just, and to the credit of the Unionists, if they give the fair

lay's work for the fair day's wage, that they should establish sick and superannuated funds, so as to aid one another in the days of trouble and adversity. In these, as in other things, union is strength, and there is no contravention of the great law of Eternal Justice, which overrides and crushes out the merely legal laws (if such an expression can be tolerated) which men and legislators may in their ignorance enact. But if it so happens that the labourer will not give the fair day's work for the fair day's wage, it is equally the right of the employers, singly or in combination, and by all legal means, to apportion the wages exactly to the work, otherwise the play is not fair, and the dice are loaded. This has happened, is happening, and will happen again. This is the issue now pending in England, in France, and in America, between Labour and Capital. It is this difference of opinion which on one hand produces "strikes," and on the other "lock-outs;" not that Labour and Capital, properly so called and understood, can be otherwise than friends and allies, in fact and reality, but because individual labourers with more or less influence over their fellows, and individual capitalists who stand in a similar position with regard to their confraternity, have come into collision of opinion as to what on the one hand constitutes a fair day's work, and what on the other constitutes a fair day's wage. Society in its aggregate, deeply interested in the results of the quarrel, looks on and awaits the decision. If the labourers are right, and succeed in obtaining the additional amount of wages for the same work which they now perform, society will have to pay the difference in the long-run; for the employer will add it to the price of the article which Labour and Capital combine to produce. If, on the contrary, the capitalists are right, and carry their point, the prices of the commodities produced by Labour will remain as they are, and the dissatisfied

labourer must either become satisfied, or take what he can get without being satisfied, with no other remedy than to transport himself to America, Australia, New Zealand, or any other part of the world where he has, or thinks he has, a better chance for a higher reward for his exertions.

Hitherto, in all these disputes, the employer, whether in England, France, or America, has always managed to keep the law on his side. If the labourers in any man's business insist upon a wage which the employer knows he cannot afford to pay unless he dissipates the whole of his profits, and prepares the way for his own inevitable bankruptcy, that employer has a perfectly moral, legal, and natural right either to endeavour to procure cheaper and more reasonable labourers, or to decline to carry on his business. If by means of a combination of all the workers in the department of industry to which he belongs, he cannot obtain Labour, he is justified in closing his premises, or, in other words, in "locking out." His next resource, if the combination extends over the whole of his own country, is to send to neighbouring countries for labour. When the tailors of London struck for increased wages, the tailors of Belgium, Germany, and France made common cause with them, and refused to come to England, even on the offer of higher wages than they could earn at home. There has been in other "strikes" such manifestation of sympathy from foreign labourers with those at home, as to justify the belief that a new "Organisation of Labour," not founded upon Government support, as M. Louis Blanc would have it, has assumed a cosmopolitan and popular form under the manipulation of the workers themselves. This, too, is according to law; and as long as the question is fought on this line, Society and Government must hold aloof, while individuals are free to give their sympathies where they consider

them to be due. But while Capital, or the employers of Labour, are acquitted of all imputation of blame, except such as may be conveyed in the unproved charge of paying the labourer less than the labourer ought to receive, the labourers, themselves, in all the recent strikes, as well as in every strike recorded, have broken not only the moral law, but the law of the land. When they threaten a worker who is willing to accept the employer's terms—when they assault him—when they burn his house down, as has sometimes happened in other places besides Sheffield—when they hide or purloin his tools,—they break the law of the land; when, after a strike has concluded, they refuse to work in the same shop or establishment along with such a man, they break the moral law of Christian fellowship. When, also, they act systematically, when not on strike, on the principle that their best, ablest, and most industrious men shall do no more work than the worst, stupidest, and idlest, they also break a moral law; and for the sake of a supposed benefit to the whole of the workers in the trade in which they are employed, they injure and degrade the superior workmen of their own class, and are at the same time guilty of robbing their employers. The maximum of wage should go to the best man; but when the Unionists insist upon the maximum for the worst man, as they do, they demoralise all work, they cheat their employers, they defraud the public, and do much towards reconciling the public that pays for all, to endure a little longer than it otherwise might, the old house or the old clothes, which might in ordinary course have been replaced by new; and to forego the too expensive luxuries, produced by the handicraftsmen in gold or silver, or any other material, with which, if the workers had been less rapacious, it might otherwise have indulged itself.

The Socialists, the Communists,

the Cabetists, the St. Simonians, the Fourierists, the Owenites, all the preachers of the philosophy of Unionism, had each an idea of benefiting the many who affiliated themselves to their organisations, without of necessity inflicting damage upon the outer world that refuses to believe in their doctrines. Not so the modern Trades-unionists who are entirely selfish, and care for nothing that may befall the rest of the world, provided that they can earn more and work less than they have hitherto been accustomed to do. They have, in fact, vulgarised and debased the idea of the generous, though it may be erring, philosophers, who saw in the union of the weak and in the combination of the workers a cure for many of the evils which afflict humanity in our thick and in many respects unwholesome civilisation. They do not, like the philosophers of Socialism, say, "Let all classes share and share alike in the good things of this world; let us live together peaceably and harmoniously, as the children of God;" but, "Let us the labourers, who produce everything (which they do not), drive all other classes to the wall, make ourselves the masters, and enjoy all the fruits of the savings of others, although we have saved nothing ourselves." If any one class of labourers could enjoy the monopoly of this mode of action, and be successful, it might be exceedingly well for such class of labourers, though exceedingly ill for everybody else. But there is no monopoly of strikes. When the tailor strikes the shoemaker may do likewise. The strike of the tailors, if it succeeded in its object of extorting higher wages from the employers, increases the price of clothes, for the employer of labour will keep himself harmless if he can. The shoemaker, the watchmaker, the hatter, the shirtmaker, and the builder—every sort of artisan forming part of the great public—have to pay more for clothes, and, having no margin out of the customary wages

it of which to meet the increase, make themselves also to the remedy of strikes, so that in the end the tailor who receives more for clothesmaking than he used to receive, has more to pay for hats, shoes, or lodging than he used to pay, and finds himself, all things considered, none the richer at the end of the year, and none the better during the year's progress. If in consequence of strikes of labourers in all pursuits there is to be a rise of twenty per cent. in the price of everything that a man's labour can produce, of what avail is it if the labourers receive an increase of wages of the same amount? When a man earns five shillings a-day, and can purchase seven loaves of bread with the money, he is as well off as if he earns seven shillings and can only purchase the same weight of bread. Thus the success of strikes, if general, amounts to nothing more than a general rise of prices, from which the labourer derives no benefit, but which has the effect of impoverishing all the poor people who live upon small incomes, and cannot increase them by their industry. And this competition of the labourer, directed against all other classes, leads to a competition among the trading and commercial classes against the labourer. Having more to pay for coats, hats, shoes, for house-rent, for everything which labour produces, the shopkeepers and retail dealers are no longer able to live upon the same profits as before, and either put up the price of everything which they sell, or, if they cannot do that in crowded neighbourhoods, owing to the competition of rivals, they resort to dishonest expedients, such as adulteration of commodities and short weight, by the operation of which the labourers lose in the cost of living what they may seem to have gained by combination against their employers.

In consequence of this hostile attitude taken so generally by the working classes of late years against

the capitalists, great or small, who provide them with work, there is no longer that kindly feeling and community of interest which should exist between persons so intimately connected. Mr. G. F. Trollope, the eminent builder and contractor of London, whose firm employs upwards of a thousand men, in giving his evidence before the Royal Commission on Trades-Unions, now sitting, brought out this and some other points very distinctly. In reply to Mr. Hughes, M. P., he said:—

"I have never known in my experience in London wages forced down; and just for this reason, when work falls off very much in our business there are a certain number of men who have worked for us for years, and we always keep them on (and every other firm does the same) at their regular wages, even if we are making stock work or doing anything of that kind.

"And turn off the others, you mean? —Yes.

"What becomes of them?—We do not know.

"Supposing that they have the Union to fall back upon, they are surely in a better position than if they stand alone? —Then comes in the provident element. If they chose to subscribe during their time of work for a rainy day, nobody can object to that; indeed, we should all be delighted to see it.

"Is not that what they do in the Unions?—That is one thing they do. As far as I and my partners are concerned, and, I believe, the generality of the masters, we are very desirous to consult the comfort and the advantage of our workmen. But that feeling unfortunately has changed of late years. In my younger days there used to be some sort of attachment between masters and men, but that has entirely gone; and I say that it is the Unions, and nothing else, that have brought about that result. In the strike of 1859, men came to us who had worked at the place for thirty or forty years, and said to us, 'This is the saddest day that ever happened to us in our lives; but we must go.'

"You believe that the effect of these Unions is to loosen the tie between the workman and his employer?—That most decidedly has been so. Of

course, in a large establishment (and ours is a moderately large establishment) you cannot know a thousand men, but you may know a great many men who have been in your employ for many years, and you may feel an attachment to those men. But when you find that you cannot come to those men and talk to them as friends—that, in fact, their individuality is lost because they are members of a Union—it seems to me a most distressing thing. I have talked to them, and argued with them, but in two or three days' time it is all obliterated by the influence of the Union. I have heard many masters say, 'I used during the winter to keep on as many men as I could, even at my own personal loss; but now these men care nothing for me.' In fact, the effect of the Unions is to induce them not to do anything for my benefit, and therefore why should I put my hand into my pocket for them?

"The feeling is general throughout the trade, is it?—I am afraid it is.

"And it is increasing, you fear?—Yes; every one notices that there is a difference in the very behaviour of the men; some hardly address you with ordinary civility."

While such is the conduct of the men towards their employers, their conduct towards one another, if there is the least dissension, difference of opinion, or disobedience to the despotic decree of the Union, is even worse. The unmarried man who strikes, feeling no particular loss of his usual comforts, will persecute his unhappy brother who may happen to have a wife and seven or eight children, if for their sakes he prefers to accept the wages offered by his employer rather than to live upon the smaller sum doled out weekly to him by the Trades-union. For such a "rebel" against authority, whatever be the claims upon his energies, there is no word in their vocabulary too insulting and opprobrious. If he cannot be bribed back to his allegiance, he must be coerced. He becomes a marked man for life—there is a brand of disgrace upon him which no future repentance can remove; his tools are "rattened"—i. e., hidden or stolen; he is in-

sulted or assaulted in the streets; and the very sanctity of his home and fireside is invaded by his ruthless brothers in toil. The following case that appears in the newspapers as we write, will serve as well as any other that might be selected to show the cowardly forms which the persecution assumes:—

"Thomas Geary, a journeyman tailor, was summoned before Mr. Tyrwhitt for conspiring with others to force Alexander Verbonn, by threats and molestation, to depart from his hiring; and to leave working for his employer.

"Mrs. Christina Verbonn being examined, said—On the 2d of May I resided at No. 7 Sherrard Street, Golden Square. My husband, Alexander Verbonn, is a tailor by trade, and he has been employed by Mr. Wolmershausen of No. 49 Curzon Street, Mayfair, for five years. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d of May I heard a noise, and a bell was rung. I heard the noise of some persons coming up-stairs, and shortly after ten or a dozen men came up. They knocked at my door, which I had locked; and when the door was opened, I saw the defendant and several other men. Geary said my husband was no man, and that when the strike was over they would strike against my husband. I said my husband was not at home, but was at business. Geary told me to open a cupboard door to let him see whether my husband was there or not. I opened the cupboard door to show that he was not there. When they all went away, one of them, Geary, said he would knock my husband down if he met him. Geary said that twice. There were five in the room and five out. They were very angry. In consequence of what they said I sent to my husband. I was afraid they would hurt my husband in the street.

"By Mr. Lewis, for the defendant—They were very noisy. It was the same person whom I had heard speaking before that threatened my husband, and I know it was Geary. It was the same person I had heard speaking before I opened the door, and I am certain it was Geary. When they spoke about striking my husband, they did not say they would strike him off the books of the society. They said, when business commenced again they would strike against him.

"Confirmatory evidence having been given, Mr. Tyrwhitt said that if one set of men chose to say they would work for their bread at one rate of wages, another had a right to say they would not work at the same. But when they saw a body of workmen, having the command of large funds, go to a woman in order to frighten her husband into joining them, he would ask, Was that conduct worthy of a set of men who called themselves intelligent? Was not such conduct rather to be looked upon as contemptible, and as displaying real tyranny? It was his duty to send the case to a jury for trial."

Doubtless the jury, properly instructed by the judge, will, if the facts are correctly stated, return a verdict of guilty, and doubtless the principal ruffian of the ten or twelve engaged will be made to understand by the punishment he receives that he has broken the law. Doubtless also, men who are neither mechanics nor employers of mechanics, except in so much as every man in our state of society, by means of his wants, creates a demand for the labour of mechanics, will ask themselves whether tailors or shoemakers, or any other class of persons who can misconduct themselves so flagrantly for their own personal purposes, are fit to become sharers in the government of a great and civilised nation—fit to be intrusted with the privilege of voting for members of Parliament—fit to make a proper choice between contending candidates—fit, in short, for any of the responsibilities of citizenship, whether they occupy houses or lodgings, or whether they can or cannot write their names.

The strikes of working men that are taking place in the Northern States of the American Union, and of which every steamer that crosses the Atlantic brings new details, are in some respects more remarkable than those which we witness in our overcrowded Europe. In America at least the labour market is not overstocked; men are not driven to compete with women for women's work—there is room and to spare

for double, treble, ten times the number of labourers available for the wants of a community expanding every day into new and fertile territories. Yet the labourers are dissatisfied. They are paid a liberal wage that would make an Englishman's mouth water, and that would give a French labourer the notion of positive wealth, for a day's work of ten hours. They have banded together throughout the States to reduce the hours of labour from ten to eight, to which there would possibly be no objection on the part of those who employ them, were not the demand for shorter hours accompanied by the demand in some cases for a larger amount of wages, and, in the majority of cases, for the same amount as is now paid. Where universal suffrage prevails as in the United States of America, and where, as in many of the States, the local legislature is annually elected, it is easy to see with how much greater ease the labourers can obtain legislative sanction for their demands than would be the case in England, where manhood suffrage—for which the working men and Messrs. Beales and Potter (though not yet Mr. John Bright) are clamorous—is not yet established. In their last session the Legislatures of Illinois and Missouri passed laws making eight hours a legal day's work in all cases where service for a longer day was not specially agreed and contracted for between the "boss" (the word *master* is not tolerated) and the labourer. In Wisconsin a similar act has passed, and in New York a measure to the same effect has gone successfully through both Houses of the Legislature, and only awaits the signature of the Governor to become law. The dispute between the "bosses" and the men, not upon the hours of labour, but for the wages to be paid for them, has not yet assumed a violent shape; but in the great Western States of Missouri and Michigan it rages with a bitterness peculiar to the rough, ready, and unscrupulous rowdism

which is the characteristic of the lower class of Americans, native and imported. In the city of St. Louis, the commercial capital of Missouri, all labour, at the date of the last advices, was suspended, because the workmen of the several trades insisted upon ten hours' wages for eight hours' work, and their employers unanimously refused compliance. In Chicago, the great grain emporium of the western world, and commercial capital of the young but flourishing State of Illinois, the strike has assumed a more formidable shape. Some of the men in a variety of trades were contented to receive eight hours' pay for eight hours' work. Though the United States are generally supposed to be pre-eminently a free country, and the paradise of the manual labourer, this was a degree of freedom that was not to be tolerated by the labourers on strike. After having held a large public meeting at which resolutions were enthusiastically passed, declaring that ten hours' pay for eight hours' work was the working man's right, the labourers marched in long procession through the streets, stopping at every workshop, yard, or other place of manufacture where men who had refused to join the strike were peaceably employed, and expelled them violently—forcing the owners to close the premises. The armed police in great numbers were called out by the municipal authority, and order was restored for the day. But for the day only. On the morrow the disturbances recommenced. A mob of workmen, armed with bowie-knives, staves, bludgeons, revolvers, and other weapons, gathered in the streets in so threatening an attitude that it was found necessary to supplement the police force by swearing in special constables, and bringing out a battery of light artillery to the public square, ready for immediate action against the disturbers of the public

peace. The results, if any, have not reached this country at the time we write; but it is evident, from all accounts, that the working classes of the United States consider themselves the masters of the situation—that their possession of a vote gives them power, by their numbers, over other classes, if they will but act in concert—and that they are acting in concert, both on social and on political questions. It was a Labour question—that of slavery—which mainly produced as well as embittered the late Civil War. It is not quite certain whether another Labour question be not destined to try the temper of the American people, and to produce such modifications in the Government as may help to restrain the turbulent democracy, and build the foundation of the public liberty on something better and less shifting than the selfish passions of the multitude.

Seeing that the workmen of the three foremost nations in the world are engaged in similar struggles for a similar end, it is not to be wondered at that thinking men should seriously begin to debate the reason why. Mr. John Ruskin—who, like many other men of mark and ability, is dissatisfied with "Political Economy," and would replace it by what he considers the better science of Social Economy—thinks he has discovered a remedy for strikes in a "standard of wages." In reply to an assertion of what he calls "the primal fallacy of modern Political Economy—to wit, that the value of any piece of labour cannot be defined, and that all that can be ascertained is simply whether any man can be got to do it for a smaller sum," he maintains that the "value" or "price" of any piece of labour "is as absolutely fixed a quantity as the weight of gunpowder necessary to carry a given ball to a given distance." He defines this quantity to mean the amount of food and air which will enable the man to perform the labour

without eventually losing any of his flesh or mental energy. This is doubtless the minimum; but the minimum, as we have already shown, differs in different countries. The labourer in a warm climate requires less than the labourer in a cold. The Hindoo is blest with threepence a-day, and the Englishman miserable with three shillings. "Let," says Mr. Ruskin, "any half-lozen London physicians of recognised standing state in precise terms the quantity and kind of food, and space of lodging, approximately needful for the healthy life of a labourer in any given manufacture, and the number of hours he may, without shortening his life, work at such business daily, if in such manner he be sustained. Let all masters be bound to give their men choice between in order for that quantity of food and space of lodging, or the market wages for that specified number of hours of work. Proper laws for maintenance of families should require further concession; but in the outset, let but this law of wages be established, and if then we have more strikes, you may denounce them without a word of remonstrance either from sense or sensibility."

This may be all very well for the minimum necessary to keep a man alive, but it is the characteristic, at least of the Anglo-Saxon race, whether or not it be that of the Chinaman or the Hindoo, not to be content with a minimum, but to strive for a maximum; and *pace* Mr. Ruskin, we are convinced that if a minimum, as he supposes, could be estimated, defined, and guaranteed by law to any labourer, there would be quite as much discontent as there is at present. Discontent in the main is not so bad a thing as it appears. If we were all contented, progress would be impossible. If the stage-coach satisfied us, there would be no railway. If water were to all men's taste preferable to wine, no wine would be grown. If sackcloth

were as much considered as velvet, velvet would cease to be in demand. If a wigwam suited us, we should not build villas and palaces. It is the right of every man to be dissatisfied if he likes, and of any number of men to be dissatisfied. As long as the strikers keep within the law, and do not assault and intimidate their fellows, it is their own affair how long they choose to remain idle. These matters all right themselves in the end. The longer the strike of the tailors continues, the longer we shall all of us be satisfied with our old garments, and the greater chance there will be that the trade of garment-making will drop out of the hands of men, where it ought not to be, into those of women, who are well qualified for it, and who are driven out of occupation, and forced into beggary or the hideous town, by men who persist in doing women's work. The greater also the chance for the sewing-machines that are yet to be invented, that shall sew men's clothes as easily as women's. In this, as in all things else, the right will prevail; and if the labourers are in the wrong, they will be led into the right way by the inevitable suffering which wrong entails upon itself.

Mr. John Morley, another of the "philosophers" who sees something better and nobler in strikes than a struggle for wages, complains that capitalists and others, who admit the old-fashioned doctrine of competition to be sound and for the public advantage—as does Mr. J. S. Mill, the newest teacher of the venerable truth—"have not yet risen out of the lowest depths of the doctrine of individualism." By this high-sounding phrase he means that capitalists or employers are selfish, and think more of their individual advantage than of the wellbeing of the people they employ. Perhaps he is right. But then it may be said, *per contra*, that his friends, the working men, are selfish also, and that they think more of their own reward than of

the reward of him who gives them work.

"The workmen," he says, "are wiser than their masters. They see that a man does not live for himself only, nor for his own family only, but for all. 'To make work scarce' is in this theory substantially wrong. If I, by working overtime and by being cleverer than my comrades, absorb 20 per cent. more wages than the average of them, why, they will be so much worse off; and, mark, that while the advantage is concentrated upon one man or family, the loss may be spread over ten other men or families. If there are ten artisans over a job, is it not on the whole more desirable that they should get 80s. a-week apiece all round, than that one of them should carry off 60s., thus leaving his nine comrades only 26s. 8d. apiece to receive? Is not there a wider diffusion of prosperity in the one case than the other, and is it not above all things the diffusion of prosperity and happiness which every one of us with any thought about mankind is sighing for? Do you then mean to say, I shall be asked, that a clever man has no right to be better paid than the dull man? No more right, certainly: the only question is, whether it is for the general advantage of society that he should be better paid in order to persuade him to do his best, and this most distinctly is a question. The theory of endless competition has had its chance, and the results are before every man's eyes. The vast majority of our fellows toil from morning to night in manual labour 'in which they have no interest, and therefore feel no interest;' they have little knowledge, scarcely any contact with stimulating agencies, not too many comforts, and fewer luxuries and graces. This on one side. On the other there is a fattened minority. Can society get no further than this? If it cannot, let us try to endure the thought of so hateful a condition as well as we may, only do not let us fall down and worship competition as though it were the triumphant builder-up and infallible con summator of human happiness."

Mr. Morley and others, who sigh for the realisation of Utopia, and think that all men can be made happy in this world, forget that happiness, or such modicum of the

blessing as falls to the lot of any one in this world, lies in the mind, and not in the possession of that wealth which belongs to what he calls the "fattened minority," and that possibly, if all the truth were known, many members of this "fattened minority" are not nearly so happy as day-labourers—may not have such good health, or such clear consciences—such household love to cheer them on the way—or such enjoyment of life as is within the reach of very humble people. A late wealthy Marquess declared that he would cheerfully give fifty thousand pounds if he could eat a ploughman's dinner with a good appetite, and digest it without the aid of a physician. But leaving the question of the relative happiness of different classes of men; is Mr. Morley sure that his model workman, who might earn sixty shillings a-week, but cheerfully accepts thirty in order that his brethren of the craft may earn just as much or just as little as himself, is really a worker for the benefit of "all"? Is it for the benefit of "all"—including that very large body of excellent people who are called "consumers," the people who ultimately pay for all work that is ever done by any man—that inefficiency should be as well rewarded as efficiency; or that superior skill and industry should, under no circumstances, be at a premium? And is it anything but selfishness in the members of a trade—whatever that trade may be, and in whatever way they may distribute their earnings among themselves—if they combine to get a larger aggregate of wages, which the consumer has to pay, than without such combination they might have obtained? To us it seems that selfishness is none the less selfish when a thousand selfish men act in concert, than when "individualism," so much abused, has fair-play. The Trade-unionists have no such lofty objects as the social philosophers suppose. They look keenly after their own interests, and act in the

manner which they think most certain to promote them, utterly careless of what the results may be upon any class of society, or any handicraft but their own.

We are not, like Mr. Ruskin, of the number of those who would strive to discover the remedy for strikes. The search is vain. There is no remedy, any more than there is for thunderstorms. Let us guard ourselves as best we can against the effect of the lightning-stroke; but let us not waste labour or energy in endeavouring to prevent the unpreventible. The discharge of the social electricity in one case may be as beneficial as that of the atmospheric electricity in the other. Strikes may be unpleasant to all concerned, but they may be none the less necessary and useful. Some greedy capitalists require looking after, lest they grind the workman down too much, and produce increase of pauperism and crime, and so lay burdens upon the general community which it ought not to bear. It is well that capitalists and labourers, employers and employed, should agree; but if they do not agree, it is well also that they should settle their differences by every means that wise law and the general interest allow. To deny to the working classes the right to strike, and to punish them for refusing to work for a wage that does not satisfy them, would be to aim a heavy blow at the true liberty which has made us and kept us great and powerful. Let Labour and Capital test each other's endurance as obstinately as they will; and so long as they keep the peace, the public will put up with the inconvenience caused by their dispute in the best manner it can. Things will right themselves at last, without the interference of legislation. And after all is said, it is better that there should be strikes now and then on the old system of competition, than that, in the absence of competition—one with another, and with their employers—all men should be reduced to the one level

of lazy, dawdling contentedness with little, like the bees in the hive, or the rabbits in the warren; when the happiness of the workman, if he were happy in such a state of stagnation, would be secured by the sacrifice of civilisation itself. Let, therefore, the tailors and the shoemakers, and all the rest of them, fight it out with their employers, and ascertain by the results—near or remote—whether they have been hitting their heads against a stone wall and quarrelling with fate and necessity, or whether, on the contrary, they have been securing any real advantage to themselves or to the class to which they belong. Time, that proves all things, will prove this among the rest; and in the meanwhile, society at large will bear with as much equanimity as possible the inconveniences that may attend the process of enlightenment.

There is, however, one exception that might not unreasonably be taken to the wholesome principle of *laissez-faire* in the matter of strikes, and that is in the case of the engine-drivers and other *employés* of the great railway companies throughout the land. The State, for public purposes, has given the railway companies a virtual monopoly of the means of locomotion—an absolute monopoly of distances too long for foot to walk or horse to drive; and, in return, the railway companies, and every one in their employ—better paid, as a rule, than any other class of labourers—owe a duty to the public and to the State. That duty is to keep the lines of locomotion clear, and to pass the busy people on their way to and fro wherever their business or their necessities call. A strike on a line of railway, or on several lines of railway, or, as might happen, on all the lines of railway simultaneously, might amount in its results to a national calamity. It might be advisable, therefore, to render all the officials of a railway company responsible, not alone to the share-

holders, but to the Government, as representing the public. In the army and navy, established both of them for the public safety and interest, no strikes are tolerated. A strike of the labourers in these peculiar industries is considered a mutiny—a crime against the public and against the State, and punished accordingly. It is matter for the consideration of other people than the shareholders, whether a railway strike, preventing, as it might, the transaction of important national as well as commercial business, and inflicting, in a thousand ways, hardship and wrong upon every class of the people, might not be treated somewhat differently from any

other, and whether such soldiers of the army of industry as engine-drivers, guards, stokers, and others, should not, in the public interest, be subjected to a discipline similar to that which is found necessary in the army and navy in days of peace, no less than in those of war. We have no intention of discussing the subject at greater length. We but throw out this hint for the consideration of the gentlemen who call themselves, or like to be called, the "advanced thinkers" of our time; certain, at all events, that whatever may result from the examination of the arguments that may be advanced on both sides of the subject, no harm to any one can come of it.

DANTE IN ENGLISH TERZA RIMA.

THE voice of earliest as well as latest song gives expression to man's longing to penetrate the mysteries of the invisible world, to learn the state of the departed. Our greatest living poet cries passionately—

"O that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might
tell us
What and where they be!"

And in like manner sang the bards of old. Across the clear sunlight of the 'Iliad' flits wailing the shade of Patroclus. The fierce Achilles is constrained

"With battle joys and martial games to
blend
The pale, calm spectre of a blameless
friend."

The sublimest of Greek tragic poets raises the ghost of Darius to mourn a son's defeat; and hounds on the Furies upon the track of Orestes by the vengeful spectre of Clytemnestra. Ulysses talks with the spirits of the dead as they troop round the sacrificial blood on the gloomy Cimmerian shore. And when Virgil conducts Eneas to the abodes of the departed, while imitating Homer, he exceeds him in minuteness of description and in the exactness with which he apporions reward and punishment to those who dwell there—an evidence that the eye of man has continually striven to pierce the mists which enwrap those mansions, and laboured to discover form and shape in that dim land which is, to the unassisted eye, "a land of darkness as darkness itself, without and

1. 'Dante's Divine Comedy—Hell—Purgatory—Paradise.' Notes. By C. B. Cayley, B. A. London, 1851, 1853, 1854, 1855.

2. 'Dante's Divine Comedy—Hell.' By T. Brooksbank, M. A. London, 1854.

3. 'The Trilogy; or, Dante's Three Visions—Inferno—Purgatorio.' By the Rev. J. W. Thomas. London, 1859, 1862.

4. 'Dante's Divina Commedia.' Translated into English by Mrs. Ramsay. London.

5. 'The Inferno of Dante.' By J. Ford, M. A. London, 1865.

6. 'The Divine Comedy of Dante.' By J. Dayman, M. A. London, 1865.

order, and where the light is as darkness."

Who, then, can wonder if a subject (always so profoundly interesting) assumed altered proportions in men's eyes, when a light from above at last irradiated the depths of Hades? Shall we marvel to see the eleventh book of the 'Odyssey' expand into the hundred cantos of the 'Divina Commedia'?—to find what Virgil treats as an episode in his poem, become the main theme of that mightier Christian genius who so dutifully called the pagan Master? For, after all, to the ancients "the unseen world was the world of shadows"—a land which their trembling curiosity might visit, but must hasten to escape from. Christians have learned, on the contrary, "that the outward world of the eye is the world of shadows, that the tangled web of life is to be swept away, and that the invisible world is the only abode of true, living realities." *

Those two great teachers, Sorrow and Faith, impressed this upon the mind of Dante above all the poets of Christendom. His heart, torn by the early death of Beatrice, sought for comfort that city "which no foe enters, whence no friend departs." As he watched the "old order changing, giving place to new," but not better, his vexed mind found rest in the contemplation of a changeless world. When Dante bewailed the degeneracy of the great monastic orders; the once fervent piety of the ages of faith decayed; the spiritual head of Christendom fallen from his lofty pretensions to become the tool of the King of France; the faded lustre of the authority of its temporal head the Emperor, and the consequent triumph of factious discord in his own birthplace and the other cities of Italy;—he could find no refreshment for his spirit save in gazing on the retribution which in another world awaits wickedness triumphant in

this, and in rising from the domain of petty tyrant or disorderly republic to that invisible realm of Peace and Order which had become the home of his best affections. And thus it came to pass that the father of modern poetry deliberately took up his permanent habitation in that dread abode which the father of ancient poetry but endured hastily to visit. Homer casts a shuddering glance from the world of life and beauty at the dwellers among the dead. But Dante boldly makes them the companions of his choice, and surveys the land of the living from their precincts. The genius of Homer and of Dante is near akin in its sublime simplicity. Their respective points of observation are far apart. Each surveys his world with eagle glance; but the worlds on which each fixes that keen gaze are diverse one from the other.

The last few years have done much for the interpretation of Homer. We purpose examining what they have done for that of Dante in the metre of his own choice. Our readers may remember an opinion which we have more than once expressed in favor of the retention, wherever practicable, of the original metre in translations. The one great exception to this rule, as we must think, is the case of versions from Greek or Latin. And we have not now to say how fully we approve of Lord Derby's, Professor Conington's, and Mr. Martin's course in declining to disfigure their respective admirable translations by English hexameters, Sapphics, hendecasyllabics, and the like. But the rule must apply, if anywhere, to translations from languages like the Italian, whose system of verse is the same as ours. No one who remembers Surrey and Wyatt can say that terza rima (the measure of Dante) is an un-English metre; or deny that the translators now before us have, at

least in their choice of a metre, shown a right sense of a translator's duty. The six* writers who, on metrical grounds, contest Cary's claim to be the translator of the 'Divina Commedia,' have a right to be heard; seeing that, with no such interposing obstacles as those which baffle the translator of the 'Iliad,' their great predecessor sacrificed the metre of Dante to his own sense of beauty or convenience, and made his otherwise admirable version needlessly unlike its original by executing it in blank verse. True, rhymes come more readily by threes in Italian than in English. True, it often seems hard enough to find pregnant and concise words wherewith to follow Dante in compressing worlds of thought into single lines, without the added trammel of being forced to end those lines by words of a given sound. But these difficulties, though great, are not insuperable; and we are persuaded that with these difficulties the translator of Dante ought to grapple. Nor, if he falls in the attempt, should he fall wholly without honour. For (as the subjoined reasons may serve to show) not till these difficulties have been overcome can England possess a perfectly satisfactory version of the greatest poet (save one) of Christendom.

No one † who considers the intimate relation in all real poetry between sense and sound, between the meaning which animates and the metrical structure which embodies and expresses it, can doubt that it is an injury to a poem, which should never be wantonly inflicted, to divorce its thoughts from the mould into which they were cast (of settled purpose, or it may be instinctively) by their author. The more complicated and artificial the structure of the verse, the greater the

wrong we do its informing soul if we bid it inhabit a body for which it was not originally intended. And if this is true, speaking generally, how evidently must it be true of the case before us! For when we consider the plainly intended correspondence between the lofty theme of Dante's poem and its visible form, not only in its general plan, but in each minute detail, we must feel that a translator who takes no account of its "designed coincidences" can do but scanty justice to his great subject.

The 'Divina Commedia' is a stately edifice, raised by its author to the honour of that Triune God to whom he was dedicated in his baptism. It testifies to his belief in that threefold division of the unseen world, in which his Church had instructed him. And it was so planned by him as to offer the marks of the Three and of the One, alike to the first glance at its general design, and to the closest scrutiny into each subordinate ornament. Thus its primary division is into *three* parts. Each of those parts (excluding the first canto as introductory to the whole) is subdivided into *thrice* eleven lays. There are *thrice three* divisions of Dante's 'Hell,' of his 'Purgatory,' and of his 'Paradise.' While, not without purpose to witness to the *unity* of his design, has Dante ended each of his three main divisions by the same word (*stelle*): the last note seeming to testify, by its identity, that the three mighty chants form but *one* anthem.

But more striking than these broader outlines is the evidence of design supplied by the metre of the poem. Familiar (as Mr. Dayman rightly suggests) with such Latin medieval poems in triplets as Damiani's lovely poem on the

* We have endeavoured to make our list of translators of the 'Divina Commedia' (in whole or part) in terza rima a complete one; but cannot feel absolutely sure of our success.

† For a very able statement of this view, see Mr. Dayman's admirable preface.

'Joys of Paradise,'* or as the sublime 'Dies Iræ' with its "hammer-blows," Dante felt that the terza rima would enable him to strike the ear, as those hymns do, at regular intervals, with a *thrice*-repeated sound. But, unlike their limited definiteness, the terza rima suggests boundless extension besides; by the new rhyme which ever appears before the old vanishes from the verse, requiring yet a fresh rhyme before it can be itself complete; thus imaging, in a structure of verse that has no natural end, the eternal and the infinite.

Now the translator of the 'Divina Commedia' into blank verse can only preserve the more superficial indications of Dante's thought: these last more essential and delicate tokens of it are beyond his reach. And he occasions, to us at least, a disappointment akin to that with which, on entering a cruciform minster, we should find that its transepts had been walled off from sight, and see nave and choir robbed of their ornaments, and reduced to the simplicity of an ancient basilica. It is for these reasons that we are inclined to look favourably upon efforts to present Dante to the English public in the metre which he chose himself—a metre not so hard as the Spenserian to use gracefully in English, and of the use of which in original composition we have examples both in Byron and in Shelley, as well as in the Elizabethan poets.

We say this on the supposition (common alike to Cary and his competitors) that the translation of verse into verse is a feasible undertaking. Dante himself thought otherwise. He says in his 'Convito,' "Every one should know that nothing harmonised by musical enchainment can be transmuted from one tongue into another without breaking all its sweetness and

harmony."† And it has been maintained by others that, since much of the delight of poetry is afforded by skilful combinations of words, suggesting agreeable associations—since the charm of many a fine passage would be destroyed if a single word in it were altered—it is vain to hope that, having perforce changed *every* word, you can have left the spell any portion of its ancient power. The translator of poetry, like the princess in the Arabian tale, has parted with the lamp which controlled the genii, and will find to his cost that they disregard the summons of the bright and polished substitute. No one can deny that there is something, perhaps much, of truth in such language. Yet if, regarding their master's judgment as conclusive against them, we should dismiss the writers before us as men whose enterprise is not merely difficult, but impossible; though we should save ourselves much trouble by doing so, yet we could not feel that we were acting justly. It may well be that identical reproduction lies rarely, if ever, within a translator's power. But that the copy, if a skilful one, may (though executed in a different material) convey much of the pleasure given by the original, we cannot doubt. Nor can we see (in spite of Dante's authority) why a musical ear and a practised hand should not succeed in transposing with little injury the harmonies of one language into those of another. The translator's work must indeed be a series of compromises. He must seek out for the idiomatical expressions of his original their nearest equivalents in his own tongue. He must do what he can to replace by other methods peculiar effects produced by means which are out of his own reach. Every now and then, no doubt, he must own with sorrow that there are absolutely no colours

* Quoted, and beautifully translated, by Mr. Dayman.

† 'Convito,' tret. i. cap. 7.

at his disposal which can transfer the exact tints before him to his canvas. Where, for example, is the man worthy to be a translator of Dante, who could rest satisfied with his own version of that exquisite line, "Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro"? or with any rendering of Dante's echo of the Eschylean Ἀνθήμων γέλασμα, "Conobbi il tremolar Della marina"? But at least the translator, if duly qualified for his work, may hope for success of the same kind as that which rewards the skilful painter of fair flowers in a foreign land. The artist cannot expect their delicious fragrance to breathe from his completed work. Neither can the best translator hope that his will be pervaded by the indefinable aroma, the nameless delight of his original. But that is no reason why the flower should not be so faithfully portrayed as to bring its scent to our remembrance, and to make its sweetness credible to those who never inhaled its perfume, or saw its beauty for themselves. And surely such work as this is well worth doing. Can we say the same of a style of translation which is far easier, and therefore far more common?—which indeed copies the flower, but in gaudy tinsel-paper or hard shell, and is accurate but not artistic. Or of that well-known process by which the noblest poetry of one language becomes the most prosaic verse of another?—which we would liken to the pressing and drying of the flower you loved in spring, which gives it back to you the same in outline, but with its every charm destroyed.

We shall find examples of each of these sorts of translation in the works now before us; but we promise those readers who may accom-

pany us in their inspection, not to linger needlessly over versions of the last two kinds.

The first specimen of Dante in English terza rima which attracted general notice* was Lord Byron's version of the episode of Francesca da Rimini, written at her birthplace, Ravenna, the town also where Dante composed the larger part of the 'Divina Commedia.'† Mr. Merivale followed with translations of select passages, so admirable as to excite great regret that he did not undertake a version of the whole poem. But the earliest translation of even one complete division of the 'Divina Commedia' into terza rima was, we believe, that of the 'Inferno' by Mr. Dayman, published (so his preface to his version of the whole informs us) as early as 1843. He therefore claims our attention as alike the earliest and latest terza-rima translator of the 'Divina Commedia;' for the beautiful volume now before us, containing all its three divisions, side by side with the Italian text, bears for its date 1865, the sexcentenary of Dante's birth. It will be seen that the other five works on our list are comprised in the intermediate years; the 'Inferno' of Mr. Ford, the latest of them, having only preceded Mr. Dayman's work by a few months.

Mr. Ford and Mr. Brooksbank each present us with a generally correct version of the 'Inferno.' Their work bears the impress of a refined mind, and witnesses to a sympathetic admiration for Dante which is to their credit. It is fairly satisfactory as a rendering of the great master's more level passages, but proves inadequate to follow his loftier flights. Still, while reading their translations, we feel that we are listening to scholars and to

* Hayley (in 1781) published a terza-rima translation of the three first cantos of the 'Inferno.' He placed it among the Notes to his 'Essay on Epic Poetry.'

† Lord Byron speaks of terza rima as wholly unknown to the British reading public of his day. As a voyager in strange waters, he certainly uses an adventurer's licence, as he once employs the same rhyme so often that four consecutive lines end alike.

gentlemen. It is, in many things, a descent to pass from either of these two versions to those of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Ramsay. Not that we have any cause to blame the lady for want of refinement. On the contrary, our quarrel with her translation is, that it is only too *ladylike*:—that she too often forgets that her business is to repeat her author's own words; not add to them, or soften down their ruggedness. We will give just one instance of the sort of prettinesses which Mrs. Ramsay considers an ornament to the great Florentine's severe simplicity. Dante, in the twenty-second canto of his 'Purgatory,' has occasion to name Thetis; which he does without epithet or comment. Mrs. Ramsay amends his homeliness; and, by a most undantesque amplification, presents to us "Thetis *with the seaflowers in her hair*." For such interpolations, too, she makes room by corresponding omissions. And we have vainly searched her 'Divina Commedia' for even attempts to render many a characteristic touch of Dante's own, more precious in our eyes than "sea-flowers" by the bushel. We almost wish that, like two of her competitors, Mrs. Ramsay had printed the original alongside of her translation. That good sense to which her well-written notes bear witness, might have then led her to repair deficiencies and lop off redundancies. Then, too, she might have been reminded that Dante knew how to finish, as well as how to begin, a canto; and repented of that absurd Alexandrine, which "drags its slow length along" at the end of each of hers.

But if Mrs. Ramsay's version is superfine and not literal enough, Mr. Thomas's is, on the other hand, grossically literal and vulgar. His lines generally do represent the meaning of Dante's; only they represent it much as those of Tate and Brady do the Royal Psalmist's. The poetry has, in both cases, somehow evaporated during the process of translation. We cannot, indeed, charge Mr. Thomas with verbal in-

exactness, when he renders "O in eterno faticoso manto!" by "Oh! in eternal *tiresome* raiment clad!" He does not alter his author's meaning by translating

"Ei seguetta,
Come suol seguirar per alcun caso
Che l'un nomare all'altro convenette,"
thus—

"On this occasion,
As oft it happens, it befell that they
Each other *had to name in conversation*."

But who, had Dante written such lines, would have thought it worth while to read, much less to translate, their unmitigated prose? According to Dante, Progne

"Mutò forma
Nell'uccel che a cantar piu si diletta."

According to Mr. Thomas, her

"*Form digressed*
Into the bird which most delights in song.

A *digression* which strikes us as so singular, that we dare not apostrophise its recorder, as *his* Dante does Hugh Capet, with, "O soul, who speak'st with such *propriety*!" curious version as that is of the "O anima che tanto ben favelle!" of the original. But, of a truth, all our old acquaintance in the 'Divina Commedia' have learned a strange language in Mr. Thomas's pages. His very demons thus commence their inquiries about Dante, "*Pray*, who is he that dares," &c. His Count Guido's parenthetic curse on the Pope, who lured him back to ruin, is, "*Him evil catch!*" And his Farinata abates much of his wonted patrician dignity, to ask Dante, "Who, *pr'ythee*, were thine ancestors?" When we emerge into Purgatory, under Mr. Thomas's guidance (he has not yet invaded Paradise), we hear much the same discourse. The once slothful exclaim, in its eighteenth canto—

"We are so filled with *ardour for proceeding*,
Forgive us that with ceaseless tread we hie;
Nor let our duty seem to you *ill-breeding*."

The emaciated forms in its twenty-third canto remind Dante of the horrors of besieged Jerusalem, "When Mary her son's flesh for breakfast used." The great Countess Matilda beckons Statius to the waters of Eunoe, saying (much as Miss Phoebe Tozer might invite her pastor to tea), "Do thou come with him, *sir*." And Marco Lombardo thus takes his leave of the poets, "*God bless you! I may walk with you no more.*" Mr. Thomas justifies the publication of his work, by remarking in his preface that it has "little in common with any previous translations." We give an unreserved and thankful assent to this proposition; but it does occur to us to wonder whether no faint suspicion does cross Mr. Thomas's mind of the nature and cause of this marked difference.

Mr. Cayley's spirited and able version is very superior, indeed, to those which we have been hitherto considering. It has been too long before the public to require a separate and detailed examination from us now. It will, therefore, save time if, before we turn our undivided attention to Mr. Dayman, we

join him and Mr. Cayley together as incomparably the best terza rima translators of the 'Divina Commedia,' and consider some features which they have in common, and also their most striking points of difference.

Both* are, evidently, ripe scholars;† and scholarship is an indispensable requisite for the interpretation of a poet who claims a place in the succession of *Latin* bards, who is guided by Virgil himself through two of the three kingdoms, and who ranks himself among the Stagirite's disciples.‡ Each has aimed at presenting to the English reader Dante's thoughts in their majestic simplicity—too reverent to deck them in ornaments which he deliberately rejected—never diluting by paraphrase his homely vigour of expression. Neither has the least wish to be more explicit than Dante, and both have occasionally ended by being considerably more obscure. Each has brought to his task a thing very essential for its successful performance—namely, a mind thoroughly familiar with the greatest English poets. It is into their language

* Mr. Cayley's volume of Notes deserves the gratitude of every student of Dante. We would, however, recommend him to reconsider his reference to Virgil's "Islandum regina," &c., of Francesca's

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria,"

which could only have been suggested by it on the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle. Virgil's hero unwillingly recalls *past* sorrow amid *present* ease. Dante's heroine says that nothing embitters *present* woe so much as the thought of departed joys.

‡ Mr. Dayman's Notes are scholarlike, brief, and in general to the purpose. They are once or twice, however, disfigured by theological crotchets, which are anachronisms in the illustration of Dante. To give one instance. Archbishop Trench may be wrong in concluding (with the vast majority of commentators) that St. Peter walked the Sea of Galilee once only, as recorded in St. Matthew's fourteenth chapter. Mr. Dayman may (very improbably) be right in inferring a repetition of that miracle, from an expression in the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel; but unless he possesses some proof which he withholds from us, that such was likewise Dante's opinion, he has no right to quote, as he does, the latter instead of the former chapter, for the miracle referred to in the twenty-fourth canto of the 'Paradise.'

‡ For proof of the disadvantage of a merely second-hand acquaintance with the classics to the translator of Dante, we might refer (*inter alia*) to Mr. Thomas's cool classification of Aristotle's ethics among the exploded errors of the ancients; to his "Fury Megara;" and to his identification of the Plutus of the seventh canto of the 'Inferno,' with *Phuto* himself, and amazing note thereupon.

that they both have rightly endeavoured to render Dante. But while Mr. Dayman is for the most part content with Shakespearean and Miltonic terms, Mr. Cayley goes farther back, and fills his book with archaic words, till it stands much in need of a glossary. This is, we think, a mistake. Had Chaucer left us, instead of a translation of a few of its lines, one of the whole 'Divina Commedia,' it would have been a great boon to the lovers of early English; but it would not have prevented the need of modern translations. Besides, Mr. Cayley's work is not composed, as a whole, in the language of Chaucer, or even of Spenser. His uncouth words only tessellate the groundwork of a diction with which they do not blend, and in which they sometimes produce a displeasing effect.* Mr. Cayley is also unwise in his frequent use of words of Latin origin, merely on account of their external resemblance to words employed by Dante, the real meaning of which they may be far from representing—e.g., "nude" for "nudo," forgetful that *nudus* has acquired a special sense in English, while retaining its general one in Italian. Moreover, Mr. Cayley's fine passages are often disfigured by the occurrence of ordinary colloquialisms, and of technical terms which poetry does not love. It is too bad of him to make Nino (in the eighth canto of the 'Purgatory') say of his inconstant widow—

"By her example may men well aread
How long in *lassies* fires of love can
burn,
That sight or touching shall not often
feed."

And worse still to mar the beauty

of the sympathising angels in the thirtieth canto, by the introduction of an unpleasant surgical term, thus—

"But when I heard in their sweet melodies
Their pity for me, more than had they
said,
'Why, lady, dost thou so him *cauterise*?'"

But it is in his system of rhyme that Mr. Cayley parts company with Mr. Dayman most completely and, as we think, most unfortunately. That he employs the same rhyme three or four times over in one canto (short as those cantos are), is perhaps no subject of reproach;† although, as there are but fifteen out of the hundred cantos of the 'Divina Commedia' in which the same rhyme occurs even twice, Mr. Dayman deserves credit for the resolution which he alone appears to have made—to use no more licence in this matter than his master. But the rhymes employed ought, at any rate, to be good ones, and not the mere apologies for rhymes which the majority of the writers before us expect us to accept.‡ How are we to know, except by their place in the verse, that *failed* rhymes with *child*, *seal* with *hell*,§ *cool* with *bull*, *talk* with *shock*, or *dim* with *come*?¶ And where can be the difficulty of ternary or other rhyme if they do? Mr. Cayley's rhymes are more frequently grotesque than imperfect, and some of his daring experiments in this line are paralleled by Mr. Thomas, far apart as their two versions keep in most other respects. To Mr. Thomas, indeed, belongs the undivided honour of this unique opening to the eighteenth canto of the 'Inferno'—

* Mr. Dayman has, like Mr. Cayley, employed old English in one place where it is highly appropriate, to represent the Provençal of Arnaut Daniel in the twenty-sixth canto of the 'Purgatory.'

† Mrs. Ramsay and Mr. Thomas frequently use the same rhyme six times in one canto.

‡ Mr. Dayman uses an imperfect rhyme, very seldom indeed. Mr. Brooksbank comes next in correctness on this point.

§ A favourite rhyme with Mr. Ford.

¶ These three last examples are from Mrs. Ramsay.

"There is a place in hell called *Malebolge*,
All rocky and of dark ferruginous stain,
Like the surrounding steep of which I
told ye"—

the rhyme in which must depend on some curious compromise between the English and Italian languages which we own to be beyond us. How to pronounce *Antenori* so as to make it a suitable rhyme for *gory*, while leaving it an Italian word, as Mr. Thomas does, would, we suppose, be as puzzling to Mr. Cayley as it is to ourselves. But, to our surprise, he agrees with Mr. Thomas in thinking *folly* a proper rhyme for *colle*. And he stands alone in the two following instances; both of which, to our mind, would be far more in place in a burlesque poem in the style of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' than in a translation of Dante:—

"He murmured, and a word as 'twere
Gentucca
Methought I caught, from where he
caught the pain
Retributive, which makes them each to
look a
Grape with its husks out."

—'Purgatory,' canto 24.

"And amongst her maidens tell a
Tale of the Romans, Fesula, or Troy.
As great a marvel *Lapo Saltarello*
Would then have been," &c.

—'Paradise,' canto 15.

Mr. Cayley is also fond of ending a line with *O* exclamatory. We should like his version of the grand recognition in the 'Purgatory' better, if the following reminiscence of Thomson's celebrated "O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!" were expunged from it:—

"Splendour of living light eternal! *O*,"
&c.

Mr. Dayman shows his good taste by avoiding all such doubtful expedients in rhyme. He has remembered that a translator cannot claim the licence conceded to original genius, and he has kept in this matter within the limits established by the best English poets. As our later ones have disallowed the practice (adopted by Spenser,

and once or twice by Milton, from the Italians) of admitting the same word (in different senses) as a rhyme to itself, he has been wiser than Mr. Cayley in not following it. Neither has he ever courted a mere verbal resemblance to the line before him at the cost of fidelity to its spirit. But there is one fault which he shares with Mr. Cayley, and in which he at times exceeds him; that of which we have before spoken, the defect of leaving his own meaning obscure. This is apparently in Mr. Dayman the result of a laudable endeavour to present the whole of each idea of Dante exactly within Dante's limits. Now, to be at once concise like Dante, and yet luminously clear as he is, except in his deepest plunges or boldest ascents to summits "dark with excess of light," is a very hard undertaking. We cannot, therefore, wonder (though we may regret) that sometimes, in rendering a passage of Dante, Mr. Dayman, having secured its most important words and resolutely compressed them into the small space at his disposal, treats its smaller words rather recklessly, and leaves them, with a confidence which cannot be always well bestowed, for his readers to supply. As, for instance, in the following lines—

"Deserving of such reverence *is mien*.
Of more a son his father might not hold."
—'Purgatory,' canto 1.

will one reader in ten understand that "mien" refers to Oato, not to the beholder, and succeed in supplying "deserving" before "of." Or, again—

"There seemed I saw in vision, while to
soar
In sudden trance ecstatic I felt,
Crowds gathered in a temple,"
—'Purgatory,' canto 15.

is anything but clear. A reference to the Italian determines Dante himself to be the soarer, a point hard to establish on the ordinary rules of construction. Indeed, not without a prophetic intuition that his readers would have to be "edi-

fied by the margent ere they had done," has Mr. Dayman placed the original text beside his own version. Our study of it in the more intricate passages has, we are bound to say, generally convinced us that the translator is himself in full possession of their sense even where he has failed to convey it distinctly to the reader; but how the student who is not an Italian scholar is to make it out we cannot always see.

Here, again, is a difficult ellipsis:

"Up to Sanleo—down to Noli's glen—
Even of Bismantova mere feet presume
To tread the top."

—'Purgatory,' canto 4.

As Dante himself says, "*Vassi a Sanleo*," Mr. Dayman might have written, "*We to Sanleo walk—down Noli's glen*," without condescending too far to the dull of apprehension. Could he not also restore their lost prepositions to lines like the following?—

"The left flank now, and now the right
to glance;"

and replace the words omitted in lines like these?—

"And every trembling leaf one impulse
knows,

Nor yet from their uprightness *so divide*,
The little birds along their tops sublime
Would aught abandon of the work they
plied."

—'Purgatory,' canto 28.

We sympathise with Mr. Dayman's evident fear of making his oracle unvenerable by giving (like some of his rivals) too easy access to its shrine. But surely in passages like the foregoing he needlessly darkens the corridors which lead to it.

One of Mr. Dayman's omitted articles causes us to lose an important transition in the first canto of the '*Divina Commedia*.' After proposing to show Dante Hell, Virgil proceeds—

"*E vedrai color, che son contenti
Nel foco;*"

of course the souls in Purgatory. Mr. Dayman's "*Shall* other see

content to undergo," &c., hardly marks this. "*Those too shall see*," might preserve Dante's distinction. And the lost conjunction can ill be spared from the second of these three lines—

"I believe that he believed that I believed
Among those stocks so piteous voices
came

Of some that hid to 'scape us unper-
ceived."

—'Inferno,' canto 13.

To the first line of this triplet we object for a different reason. It is all but impossible to read it as verse at all. Mr. Dayman defends it in an apologetic note (which shows his own misgivings) as a literal copy of Dante's "*I'credo ch'ei credette ch'io credesse*," which it is, only with this important difference. The Italian line is not inharmonious, and by its well-marked distinction of tenses it escapes the monotony of the English one.

In the instances we have hitherto given, Dante is clear, while his interpreter is obscure. The line we are about to quote (the concluding one of the twenty-seventh canto of the '*Inferno*') is no harder in the version before us than in the original. Dante's "*Quei che scommettendo acquistan carco*" has puzzled the majority of interpreters, including Mr. Cary, who mistranslates *scommettendo*. We congratulate Mr. Dayman on having penetrated the true sense of the line, which is of course that, while severance generally effects *diminution*, schism loads its workers with *added* penalties. But we doubt whether this meaning will be conveyed to any one at first sight by Mr. Dayman's

"Who, *discomposing*, yet amass their
load."

Some such word as "*disuniting*" would be more readily intelligible.

It is only just to add that Mr. Dayman is often peculiarly happy in his rendering of similar antithetic lines. We give one example, Pope Nicholas's account of his own avarice and its sad results—

"Che su l'avere, e qui mi misi in borsa."

—'Inferno,' canto 19.

Nothing can be neater than Mr. Dayman's

"I wealth above, and here myself imbursed."

Before proceeding to extract longer passages, this is, perhaps, a fitting place in which to notice one or two of Mr. Dayman's versions to the correctness of which we demur. We do not mean misprints, such as "council" for "counsel" and "convened" for "bestowed" ('Paradise, canto xii. line 75), which we only mention because the author has overlooked it in his table of errata. But we must think the following a mistranslation:—

"Giunse quel mal voler, che pur mal chiede,

Con l'intelletto, e mosse il fumo e il vento
Per la virtù che sua natura diede."

"That evil will which but for evil burns
He joined with intellect, and fog and blast
Moved by that impulse each from nature
learns."

—'Purgatory,' canto 5.

For, in the first place, there should be no comma at "chiede," since Dante means that the intellect of the *Malevolence* in question ever seeks to do mischief. He never meant to describe a demon as having its wits to look for at such a critical moment. Then "giunse" should be referred to the evil spirit's collecting those vapours which he afterwards moves (as we incline to think) by his own might—that of one of the "powers of the air." We allow, however, that "sua natura" is rather ambiguous; but of the meaning of the rest of the passage we entertain no doubt.

Even with Lombardi's authority against us, we are inclined also to dispute Mr. Dayman's rendering of this line—

"Io riconobbi i miei non falsi errori."

"Mine own too real errors inly weighed."

—'Purgatory,' canto 15.

as it appears to us nearly certain that by "errori" Dante meant his own mistaken conviction that the visions which he saw were realities, and that he calls them "not false," because they represented true facts to him.

Again, Mr. Dayman must be wrong in translating

"La selva dico di spiriti spessi"

by

"The wood I mean which spirits throng-
ed to fill"

'Inferno,' canto 4.

For, according to Dante, the spirits are themselves the wood. On the other hand, Mr. Dayman has rendered two lines in the celebrated episode of Francesca with greater fidelity than Cary. The unhappy narrator says that love

"Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
Che come vedi ancor non mi abbandona."

Cary's translation,—

"Caught me with pleasing him so passing
well,

That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me
not,"—

is doubly incorrect. For "*piacer*" means the pleasure *received*, not *given*, by Francesca. "And "*ancor non mi abbandona*" is the expression of her undying love for Paolo: not a tautologous anticipation of the awful line near her story's close—

"Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso."

Mr. Dayman is therefore quite right in translating the couplet in question thus:

"Bonds of delight in him around me cast
So strong, thou seest, as I not yet may
spurn."†

But we must not linger over minute criticisms like these. A

* "He that from me shall never more be parted."—DAYMAN.

† Lord Byron's

"That, as thou seest, yet,
Yet it doth remain,"

is better still; but his version of the former line is incorrect.

translation of Homer or of Dante must, after all, stand or fall by its general fidelity to the spirit of its original—by its power of giving pleasure of the same kind (however inferior in degree) to that which we derive from reading the author in his own language. And we should be dealing unfairly with the latest translator of Dante into terza rima if we refused to enable our readers to judge of the general character of his work, so far at least as extracts can effect this. The boundless variety of the 'Divina Commedia' must make our specimens very inadequate for their purpose, but we proceed to offer a few, selected to the best of our judgment.

Our first shall be an example of how Mr. Dayman deals with those parts of Dante's great poem which reveal to us the orator as well as the poet. A good judge* has pronounced Dante's apostrophe to Italy, in the sixth canto of the 'Purgatory,' unsurpassed in withering sarcasm and unsparing invective even by the Philippics themselves. We extract Mr. Dayman's version of its last part—the outpouring of the bitterness which filled the poet's heart when he thought of that ungrateful city which had driven him forth an exile:—

'My precious Florence! be thou well content
Of this digression, where thou hast no part,
Thanks to thy people, that way provident!
Many have justice quivered in the heart,
But launch it not till reason bend the bow—
Thy people wears it on the lip to dart;
Many by choice the public load forego—
Thy people answers of its zeal intense,
Ere any call, and cries, 'I stoop me low.'
Now make thee happy—thou hast plenty whence—
Thou wealthy, thou so peaceful, thou so wise!
If I speak truth, the effect gives evidence.
Athens and Sparta, once the nurseries
Of civil order, founts of ancient law,

Did for the common weal slight hints devise
Compared to thee, who dost so finely draw
Precaution's thread, not half November through
Endures thy spinning which October saw.
How many times, since memory gave the clue,
Hast thou coins, customs, offices, decrees
Altered—nay, turned thy very limbs to new?
And thou, remembering well, with eye that sees
The light, wilt know thee like the sickly one
That on her bed of down can find no ease,
But turns and turns again her ache to shun."

—'Purgatory,' canto 6.

These lines are wonderfully close to the original. How well they preserve its turns of thought—alike where Dante scornfully derides the fickleness of Florence, and where his scoffs die away into compassion for her self-inflicted troubles! Proof that his hatred is, after all, the bitterness of ill-requited love!

Our next instance will show that terza rima, in competent hands, can reflect Dante's gloom-inspiring and awful, as well as his sarcastic, mood. It is his famous inscription over the gate of Hell—an inscription which owes much of its terrifying power to the thrice-repeated "*Per me si va*" of its first three lines, followed as are these words each time by a distincter image of horror. The translation before us exactly reproduces this arrangement of words, as well as the double *eterno* of the penultimate line. This last point has been attended to by Mr. Cary; but both he and Mr. Cayley weakens the first triplet—the former by omitting (which a blank-verse translator should not have done) the third "*si va*," the latter by displacing it. It is no small credit to Mr. Dayman that, in his version, stroke follows stroke with all Dante's precision, deepening, by their very monotony of repetition, the impression on the hearer's soul:—

* Macaulay.

"Through me the path to city named
of wail;

Through me the path to woe without
remove;

Through me the path to damned souls in
bale.

Justice inclined my Maker from above:

I am by virtue of the Might Divine,

The Supreme Wisdom, and the Primal
Love.

Created birth none antedates to mine,

Save endless things, and endless I endure:

Ye that are entering, all hope resign."

—'Inferno,' canto 3.

We could extract many more passages, both from this canto and from those which follow, in which the translator has copied with a skilful hand the sad images which they present to us. Francesca, lovely in her anguish, with that tear glistening on her cheek which eternity cannot dry. Farinata, rising from his fiery tomb, haughty, "as holding Hell in fierce despite." Pier delle Vigne, bewailing the suicidal impulse which, in undeserved disgrace, he says, "Against my just self made myself unjust," and imploring the restoration of his good name on earth. Guido di Montefeltro, outwitted at the last by a keener intellect than his own; and shuddering even yet as he remembers how the exulting fiend seized him with the exclamation—

"Thou, perhaps,
Didst ne'er imagine I was logic-skilled."

Above all, Ugolino, "His mouth uplifting from its hideous food," to tell of the lingering death by famine; of the father's despair, the children's sorrowful resignation, and of what hunger, long in doing, did at last. Gloomy forms all of them; though instinct each with an individual life and energy which death has not dulled. Forms over which towers, awful and majestic, the idea of retribution: while they each deliver their testimony to the truth of the inspired saying, that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that

[and no other thing] shall he also reap."

But we, for our part, have ever preferred to stand with Virgil and Dante under the free cope of heaven, rather than in that place which "of all light was dumb:" to climb the purifying mount, fanned by angelic wings, instead of being buffeted by the restless "hurricane of Hell:" to expiate freely with the poets in the "bowery loneliness" of Eden, rather than explore with them the dolorous forest; coast with them the desert upon which there ever falls "of fiery flakes, deliberate, slow rain;" or descend in their company to the frozen depths of "the lowest pit."

And we think our readers will approve of the exchange; though only those who have felt with Dante the oppression of the "timeless gloom," in the descent from circle to circle, can fully enter into the joy with which, on emerging from the under world he views once again above him—

"The Oriental sapphire's tender tint."

Only those who have tarried awhile with Dante in the starless air can sympathise in that keen delight with which his eye, weary with gazing on fiery Phlegethon and congealed Cocytus, saw, as he says, "the dawn"

"Vanquishing the morning grey,
Which fled before, till on the beached
main

Afar I knew the trembling ripple play."

It has always seemed to us (as it has to better judges) that Dante's pleasure in his more hopeful theme imparts to the second division of his poem (in many points) a decided superiority over its first. It is in the 'Purgatory' that his exquisite sense of beauty, his strong interest in all things human, and that sympathy with sorrow for which his former song (being of Judgment, as this of Mercy) give little place.*

* However, Lord Byron is not mistaken when he discerns here and there in the 'Inferno' examples of "that gentleness beyond all gentleness" which he could perceive in the relents of the stern Tuscan's spirit. It is never more conspicu-

find their full expression. It is therefore to be regretted that, to the general public, Dante is still too much what he was to the populace of his own day—"the man who has seen Hell," and Hell only. Even his fellow-countrymen (so says a learned Italian*) are often contented with the most superficial acquaintance with his great work, gained by the mere perusal of the most celebrated episodes of the 'Inferno.' And the English reader too frequently confines his study of Dante to that first part only. One reason for this may be, that to a Protestant the 'Inferno' may seem to possess more reality than its sister songs. Yet surely, with minds that accept the statement of Scripture, that final reward and punishment will alike follow, not precede, the great day of account, the 'Inferno' must rank with the two other parts of the 'Divina Commedia,' as all three, false in actual fact, though most deeply true in spirit. Then may we see in the 'Purgatory' a picture of our present life as it should be spent, and as some spend it—a progress upwards—a series of sufferings rewarded by advancing purification—an angel-guarded and aided ascent to a higher Presence. We think, therefore, that our extracts from the 'Purgatory' may be acceptable to some readers on account of their greater novelty. And in making them, we do Mr. Dayman the justice of letting him speak for himself where he has spoken best; for good as is his translation of the 'Inferno,' his 'Purgatory' bears evident marks of increased familiarity with Dante's mind, and yet more complete mastery of his metre.

We turn to Dante's lovely de-

scription of his first evening after leaving the infernal shades. Virgil and he encounter as they climb the hill of Purgatory, diverse bands of penitents, expiating their late repentance by long exclusion from the healing fires. One of these (the minstrel Sordello) guides the two towards that dell in the mountain-side which Dante depicts (gazing into it from above) in words which many succeeding poets have imitated:—

"Fine gold and silver, cochineal, white lead,

The Indian wood so clear and bright, the green

Of emerald newly cleft, all vanquishèd, Each in his own peculiar tint had been Of grass and flowers within that bosom spent,

As is the less before his greater seen.

Nor only painting there had nature lent, But from the sweets a thousand odours yield

One unknown, undistinguishable blent. Seated upon the flowers and verdant field,

Singing, *Hail, Queen of Heaven!* I souls espied,

And whom, without, the valley's dip concealed."

'Purgatory,' canto 7.

Then, proceeding to narrate the descent of the two angel-guardians, Dante tells us—

"'Twas now the hour the longing heart that bends

In voyagers, and meltingly doth sway, Who bade farewell at morn to gentle friends;

And wounds the pilgrim newly bound his way

With poignant love to hear some distant bell,

That seems to mourn the dying of the day;

When I began to slight the sounds that fell

Upon my ear, one risen soul to view,

ous than in its fifth canto. Dante's mind has not yet had time to obey that law which condemns 'our passive impressions to lose their force by repetition. He hears Francesca's guilt from her own lips. He beholds her punishment. His sorrow overpowers him; and he "falls as fall the dead." Later on, he stands in lower circles of hell, unmoved before greater anguish than here. He does not draw our attention to the contrast; but narrates it with his accustomed simplicity—that simple truthfulness which so compels the assent of the reader, that (while the spell endures) we believe all the marvels that he tells us.

* Giuseppe di Cesara.

Whose beckoning hand our audience
would compel,
It joined* both palms together and up-
threw,
The fixed eyes eastward bent, as though
it said
To God, 'With other I have nought to do.'
*There ere the light fail† from the lips was
sped*
In tones so dulcet, so devoutly sung,
As me from out myself entrancing led;
And with as dulcet and devout a tongue
Followed the rest through all that hymn
complete,
Their eyes upon those orbs supernal
hung."

—'Purgatory,' canto 8.

This version conveys nearly as much as any version can of that enchanting sense of repose which these two passages breathe in the original. It gives us something of that sweetness with which Dante paints the holy rest of disembodied spirits, enjoying their freedom from the cares of earth among flowers, those relics of Paradise—a calm with whose depths he can blend no remembrance of this world, save only the thought of quiet eve hushing the turmoil of the day.

Another passage full of spiritual beauty in the 'Purgatory,' is that paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, which, like the *Te lucis ante*, is sung by spirits freed from the burden of the flesh. We do not fear to ask those of our readers who may be acquainted with it through Mr. Gladstone's extremely good translation, to compare with his Mr. Dayman's version. We think it, at least, equal in merit—

"Our Father, which in heaven dost make
Thy dwelling
Not circumscribed, but of Thy love im-
mense,
Upon Thy first creations there excelling,
Unto Thy name and Thine omnipotence
Be rendered praise from all created things,
Paying due thanks to Thy sweet influence.
Come unto us the peace Thy kingdom
brings,
Which, coming not, ourselves with all our
skill

Attain not by our own endeavourings.
As unto Thee Thine angels of their will
Do sacrifice, Hosanna singing, may
The humankind of theirs the like fulfil.
The daily manna give to us this day,
*Without the which, who hardest of our throng
Toils over this rough wild goes backward
way;*

And as to each we pardon suffered wrong
Thou, merciful, on ours let pardon light,
Nor note what merit may to us belong.
Test not our virtue, soon o'ercome, in
fight
With our old enemy; but from him afford
Deliverance, and from his goading spite.
This our last orison, beloved Lord,
No longer for ourselves, that have not need
But whom we left to follow us, is poured."

—'Purgatory,' canto 11.

Not all the greater freedom of blank verse has enabled Cary to come so close to his original, as Mr. Dayman has done here. His

"Hallowed be thy name:
Join each created being to extol
Thy might; for worthy humblest thanks
and praise

Is Thy blest Spirit,"

is much more paraphrastic than Mr. Dayman's second triplet for

"*Laudato sia il tuo nome e il tuo valore
Da ogni creatura, com'è degno
Di render grazie al tuo dolce vapora.*"

And when Mr. Cayley renders

"*Senza la gual per questo aspro disertò
A retro va chi più di gir s'affanno,*"

by

"Without which in this gallant desert he
Falls back, whose *pushing is most anxious,*"

he supplies an instance of what we mean; when we call his diction inferior in sustained dignity to Mr. Dayman's, whose excellent version of the two lines in question we have put in italics, for the sake of comparison.

We wish we had room to quote Mr. Dayman's good *fac simile* of the sculptures in the twelfth canto of the 'Purgatory.' No previous translator has fully preserved like him their highly artificial arrangement, or so well "built the lofty verse" in

* More correct than Mr. Cayley, who here translates, "*Giunse e levò*" by "Then came and lifted." Cary has rendered the words rightly, like Mr. Dayman.

† The commencement of a well-known Latin hymn.

emulation of the distinct groups of Dante's storied frieze.

But we must hasten forward to those cantos towards the close of the 'Purgatory,' to which all which preceded them, both in it and in the 'Inferno,' alike lead up, and in which culminates the human interest of the 'Divina Commedia.' To them and to the first twelve cantos of the 'Purgatory' attaches our special preference; for, beautiful as are the intervening cantos, yet their pictures of suffering remind us of the anguish of the 'Inferno,' without approaching its awful sublimity. The fires which are to be one day extinguished, burn dim before those which are appointed to last for ever. But the twenty-eighth and three following cantos of the 'Purgatory' are unequalled alike in ancient and in modern poetry. Never does poet so succeed in arousing expectation as Dante here in raising ours to look for the coming of Beatrice. Never does the allegoric sense of a literal narrative so affect the reader's mind without chilling his interest in its outward vehicle as here; where Dante's own ascent and passage through the flame to meet the lady of his heart typifies the human soul, cleansed from the stains of earth, at last uplifting eyes (purged, not dimmed, by penitential tears) to gaze upon the Truth. Nor ever does the final attainment, by eager hero, of the prize he has pursued through some long epic lay yield us such complete satisfaction, as we derive from the rapture with which the contrite and pardoned Dante at length draws near to behold the face, resplendent with celestial glory, of her whom he had "loved long since, but lost awhile." Would that space per-

mitted us to make longer extracts from Mr. Dayman's not unworthy version of these exquisite cantos! Then should verse tell, not prose, how Dante (his steep climb done through the seven circles in which the seven deadly sins are purged) emerges from the last round to find himself in the terrestrial Paradise. How through its groves wanders Matilda, the type of active piety, singing sweetly as she culls its flowers—putting the poet in mind of Proserpine, ere the darkening of that morn "when her the mother lost, and she the spring." How, in splendid allegoric procession, Dante views the writers of the Old and New Covenants, as they precede and follow Him to whom both bare witness, and the Church which He founded and directa. And how, all things being now ready for the descent of Beatrice (here the impersonation of heavenly wisdom), her revelation is vouchsafed. In the lines which we are about to transcribe, the voice is Solomon's. It is Beatrice who obeys his summons:—

"And one, as on celestial message bound,
Came, spouse, from Lebanon, did thrice
resume

In song, and all the rest took up the
sound.

As shall the blessed in the final doom,*
The soul's new garments that so lightly
cling

Uplifting, each prompt from his hollow
tomb

Arise, did on that heavenly litter† spring
A hundred, at so mighty elder's tongue
Ministrant heralds endless life to bring.
Bless'd who comest! all their voices rung,
And, *Deal the lilies your full hands have*
borne,

While flowers aloft and all around they
flung.

* Mr. Cayley's version of this grand triplet is as follows:—

"As saints, upon the latest heralding,
Shall rise up each from his obscure sojourn,
With new-sleat voices halleluiaing."

We confess that we like his first line better even than Mr. Dayman's. "Herald-ing" gives the sense of the "bando" of the original with admirable exactness. But his last line is a very displeasing one in itself, and, as there is nothing said of "halleluiaing" in the Italian, urgently requires removal.

† The mystic chariot which typifies the Church.

I have beheld ere now at peep of morn
 All rosied o'er the Oriental clime,
 And fair serene the rest of heaven
 adorn,
 And Sol put forth a shadowed face at
 prime,
 So that, as vapours tempering him al-
 lowed,
 The eye his aspect might support long
 time.
 E'en thus, enveloped in a flowery cloud
 That, upward thrown from angel fingers
 blest,
 Inside and out fell down again to
 shroud,
 With olive-leaf a veil of white that press'd,
 A lady showed her, 'neath a mantle
 green,
 The colour of the living flame her vest."

—'Purgatory,' canto 30.

Then follows Beatrice's reproof of
 Dante, and her declaration to the
 pitying angels of its cause:—

"Ye in eternal day your vigil keep;
 No step along his ways the age doth
 make
 Is ever stolen from you by night or
 sleep;
 Whence my reply for yonder mourner's*
 sake
 Hath greater care, how he may compre-
 hend,
 That fault and sorrow may one measure
 take.

Awhile my look upheld him taking heed,
 And by my girlish eyes to him displayed
 On the right path with me did ever lead;
 But soon as I, upon the threshold stayed
 Of second age,† exchange of life ac-
 quired,
 He others' will, renouncing mine,
 obeyed.

When I from flesh to spirit had aspired,
 And ripened worth and beauty 'gan
 array,
 Less dear to him was I, and less desired;
 And he his steps along an untrue way,
 Following false images of good, must
 turn,
 Which naught they promise ever fully
 pay.

In vain my prayer did inspirations earn
 With which in dreams I wrought for his
 recall,
 And otherwise: so slight was his con-
 cern.
 Too scant to rescue him, so low his fall,
 Were now become contrivances of
 thought,
 Save showing him the damned people
 all.
 For this the portal of the dead I sought,
 And unto him‡ that hither was his
 guide
 In wailing tones mine orisons were
 brought."

—'Purgatory,' canto 30.

Dante falters out, as his only
 excuse—

"Things present did
 With their false pleasure turn my steps
 aside,
 Soon as thy visage from my sight was
 hid."

In reply Beatrice bids him—

"So hear how should that buried flesh
 of mine
 Have led thy steps the counter-path to
 speed.
 Nature nor art e'er proffered thee for
 thine
 Such pleasure as the lovely limbs, whose
 pale
 (Now scattered and but earth) did me
 confine.
 And if thine highest pleasure so could
 fail
 By death of me, what death-doomed
 thing so much
 To lure thine after-longings should pre-
 vail?
 Well 'twere thy duty for the first keen
 touch
 Of things fallacious, upward flight to
 spring
 Behind my track, who was no longer
 such."§

Full forgiveness heals the deep
 anguish caused by this reproof.
 From out of the waters of Lethe,

* Dante.

† She died at the age of twenty-five.

‡ Virgil.

§ We subjoin this triplet in the original side by side with Cary's version, which,
 it will be observed, paraphrases its five last and most essential words (which Mr.
 Dayman gives their full effect to) most unwarrantably:—

DANTE.

"Ben ti dovei, per lo primo strale,
 Delle cose fallaci, levar suso
 Direto a me che non era più tale."

CARY.

"When thou first hadst felt the dart
 Of perishable things, in my departing
 For better realms, thy wing thou shouldst have
 pruned
 To follow me."

Faith, Hope, and Charity lead
Dante to his lady's feet:—

"Turn, Beatrice, upon thy faithful one,
O turn thy sainted eyes, their song appealed,

Who to behold thee many a step hath
gone;

Grace us, of grace, to draw thy veil, and
yield

Sight of thy lips to him that he discern
Thy second loveliness, as yet concealed,
O splendour of the living light eterne!*

Who in Parnassian umbrage ever made
Himself so pale, or drank from out its
urn

So deep, that would not feel the mind o'er-
weighed

Trying to paint thee, what thine aspect
there,

With you harmonious heaven alone to
shade,

When thou unveiledst in the cloudless
air?" 'Purgatory,' canto 31.

Never has poet's design to raise
a glorious monument to a beloved
one's memory been so performed
as is Dante's in this magnificent
scene. Its depth of personal feel-
ing enables it to thrill many a
heart which would shrink from
the terrors of the 'Inferno,' and
weary of the metaphysics of the
'Paradise.' Those who are asking
what the Christian faith has done
for mankind, may gather one
answer to their inquiry here; and
believe, on Dante's evidence, that
it has made those very affections
which have too often degraded
man, a source of noblest exaltation
to his spirit. They may compare
the horror which the Invisible,
the Impalpable, excites in Homer's
mind, with Dante's bold declaration
here, that those things which no
sense we are at present endowed
with can grasp, are chiefly to be
loved and valued. And having
done so, let them learn to rever-
ence that new power which has
thus marvellously expanded man's
horizon.

We scarcely expect to see a bet-

ter translation, as a whole, of these
two grand cantos, than that now
before us. An obscure line here
and there we might wish altered;
happier renderings of single lines
may be found in other versions,
but of the general effect—either of
those verses ringing with angelic
song and redolent of celestial roses
which herald Beatrice's advent—or
of those which present her in all
her mingled majesty and sweetness
of reproof—or of those which sug-
gest the inconceivable bliss of that
recognition which even Dante dares
not trust himself to paint,—no
copy so faithful is known to us.
And we are inclined to consider
this version alike in the way in
which it presents Dante's very
thought to the reader, without ex-
traneous ornaments and without
sacrificing those which properly
belong to it, and in the echo it
transmits to us of the solemn
music which sounds forth those
thoughts in the original, as secur-
ing for Mr. Dayman (even did it
stand alone) a high place among
the translators of our day.

His version of the 'Paradise' shows
no diminished power from that
which appears in his 'Purgatory.'
Even in its most difficult portions
he has fully grasped Dante's mean-
ing, although his resolute avoid-
ance of paraphrase still at times
results in a triplet, which cannot
leave the ordinary English reader
much wiser than it found him.
With those passages of the 'Para-
dise,' at once easier and more beau-
tiful, which therefore better repay
their translator for his pains, Mr.
Dayman's success has been great.
It is pleasant to listen under his
guidance, while Piccarda tells how
the bright crown which she hoped
to wear was dimmed; to hear the
story of those "two noble spouses,"
Francis and Poverty, from the lips
of St. Thomas Aquinas; or to hear

* Carey is surely incorrect in rendering "O splendor di viva luce eterna," not
as Mr. Dayman does here, but disjunctively—

"O splendore!
O sacred light eternal!"

Thus making Dante call Beatrice herself the light eternal, and not (as he does) an
emanation from its radiance.

en with Dante in the red light of Mars, "that cross" whose "blazing lamp was Christ," while the saintly warrior forewarns his descendant—

"Thou shalt make proof how salt a taste doth bear
The bread of other, and how hard the road
Upward and downward treading other's stair."

'Paradise,' canto 17.

Well does Mr. Dayman repeat to us that good confession of faith which Dante has the honour of making in the Eighth Heaven to the Prince of the Apostles himself; well Beatrice's fine exposition of the doctrine of the Atonement in the seventh canto; well St. Peter's outburst of holy indignation against his degenerate successors in the twenty-seventh; excellently well does he translate the concluding cantos of the 'Paradise,' bathed as they are in that pure and awful light which (untransmitted by interposing medium) illumines the empyrean.

The limits of our present article forbid our even attempting to give any idea by extracts of these grand passages, we recommend our readers to make acquaintance with them for themselves. Were we called on to single out one canto of the 'Paradise' as a specimen for their notice, we should recommend to them the sixth. Well known as it is to all students of Dante by the unmatched vigour and conciseness of its enumeration of the Roman eagle's triumphs, and by the pathos of its close, it forms a good test of a translator's powers. Mr. Dayman's striking version gives its martial character well; his lines press for-

ward, like serried ranks of soldiers, to each other's support; and image crowds on image without confusion, yet with a rapidity which takes away the gazer's breath.

But no single canto will give the reader so high an opinion of Mr. Dayman's qualifications for his arduous task as will a perusal of his whole work. We have candidly noted such faults as struck us during our survey. They seem very inconsiderable when we weigh them against the merits which it has discovered to us. Mr. Dayman's wealth of pure English, undefiled by alien mixtures—his tasteful choice of poetical expressions—his fidelity in giving us his author word for word, and generally line for line, deserves the highest praise. While reading his version, the intervening centuries have not seldom seemed to vanish, and leave us listening to the unmistakable accents of the great Florentine; not, indeed, uttered with all his wonted ease, because in a less familiar tongue, but still his own, and not those of an interpreter. So that we have sometimes unconsciously paid Mr. Dayman what is the greatest of compliments to a translator—that of forgetting him in his author, and speaking as though we were reading the latter in his own language. No blank-verse translator of Dante can produce the same effect upon us; and we close his book, feeling that what has long been our opinion* of the superiority of terza rima to any other metre for rendering the 'Divina Commedia,' has received from him a stronger confirmation than even from Mr. Cayley.†

* This opinion was Wordsworth's also. A mutual friend tells us that when he informed the bard of Rydal of the commencement of Mr. Dayman's undertaking, the reply was—"He is a bold man, as I much doubt whether our language is capable of supplying the required number of rhymes; but it is the only way to make Dante look like himself in an English dress."

† We trust we have said nothing unjustly depreciating this meritorious translator. We have indicated our reasons for placing his version in a lower rank to Mr. Dayman's. And we have feared to weary our readers by justifying that opinion by quotations of any length from a book with which they may be familiar. But we gladly once more express our sense of Mr. Cayley's decided superiority to the four other names on our list—alike in intelligent appreciation and in vigorous expression of the meaning of the original.

It would be ungrateful to part from a writer whose work has afforded us so much pleasure, without the expression of a hope that, in surveying so worthy a result of the labour of a quarter of a century, Mr. Dayman has found that labour needs reward. Would that we could promise him any other immediate recompense for his toil! But we fear that the number of earnest students of Dante who have leisure to read and compare English versions of him, cannot be a large one. Mr. Dayman's pages will even deter many ordinary readers by the very closeness of their resemblance to their original. For minds which feel impatient of flights too lofty for their own wings to follow, lovers of ornament rather than of chastely grand proportion, delighters in "warmth and colour" rather than in "the fine severity of perfect light," will not feel much attracted by the work before us. Those who want Dante's conceptions lowered to their own line of vision, will resent the demand here made upon them to raise instead their minds to his. They will complain that they cannot understand Mr. Dayman. But, then, had they been born in Italy they would not have really understood Dante.

The "fit audience though few" is ever slow in gathering for poetry of the highest order; how much slower, then, for its translations! But its gathering, if slow, is sure. Had present fame been the object

of the writer before us, he might have secured a larger portion by employing in original composition the musical ear and fine poetic sensibility which his translation exhibits. Yet we well believe that, whatever be the verdict of the duly-qualified jury, when they at last assemble, in no case will Mr. Dayman regret the choice he has made of a subject—a choice which has involved him in long converse with one of the mightiest yet tenderest souls "that ever looked through human eyes"—which has made him live for a while in the age of St. Francis and St. Louis—sound with the Tuscan poet the profoundest depths of metaphysics and theology—plunge, under his guidance, into the long-buried Past, and soar with him into the illimitable Future,—a choice which has led him often to hearken, amid the jarring sounds and confused voices of our day, to a voice from another age—clear in spite of distance, solemn as the Trump of Doom—chanting in threefold strain the Everlasting Justice, Mercy, and Wisdom. Nor of those who have earned some right to say to Dante, as he to Virgil—

"O degli altri poeti onore e lume,

Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore,

Che m'han fatto cercar lo tuo volume,"

know we any to whose invocation the master would have lent a more willing ear; nor any whose "long and loving study" has proved of more "avail."

THE REFORM BILL.

MR. EDITOR,—At length, so they tell me, the propounders of the Reform measure begin to sight land, so far as the House of Commons is concerned. The Bill has weathered the storms of the open sea; and though bad steering, an accident, or the spite of some pilot whose services have been declined, may still avail to strand her even at the harbour's mouth, we may now venture to look on such contingencies as exceedingly remote, even when viewed by the most cautious underwriter. There is an amusing sort of evidence furnished on this score by the lower type of Opposition journals. Within the last few days they have marvellously changed their tone. They one and all followed and repeated the declaration of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, that the Bill was an irredeemably bad Bill, founded on the most vicious principles, and incapable of being made into anything but a bad Bill by any amount of manipulation. Now, all that is changed. These writers have suddenly discovered that the Opposition have had more to do with the Bill than the Government have had; and that, consequently, it is a good Bill and a charming Bill, and, in short, that very Avatar of Reform for which Liberals have been dreamily longing all through the evil days when Lord Palmerston lulled them to sleep with the good things of office, and carried out a Tory policy as they dozed. I do not suppose that Mr. Gladstone would claim for himself much share in the manufacture of the measure, and he is probably a little more disgusted than usual with his newspaper advocates when they insist on making him a party to it. If, indeed, he and his supporters had set themselves to mould the Bill after their own desires, to secure the representation of their

own principles in its details, and thus to bring about, what every one wanted, a satisfactory settlement of the whole question,—this would have been exactly the policy which Mr. Disraeli offered for their acceptance—the compromise which seemed essential, in the first instance, to the success of the measure, and in which the leaders of the Opposition refused to concur, simply because, no doubt, they thought that by so doing they could upset the Bill, and with it the Ministry. However, as we know, there was an independent section of the Opposition who preferred the interests of their country to those of their party, and who were tired of seeing Parliamentary Reform made the stalking-horse of successive party combinations. They wanted to get the business settled, and they saw in the Ministerial scheme the basis of a satisfactory settlement. So the measure, contrary to all seeming probability, has won its way to success, not only without Mr. Gladstone's co-operation, but in spite of his most bitter invectives. Such a result, when one remembers the difficulties under which it started, is not less surprising to the calculators of Parliamentary chances than the victory of Hermit over the Epsom race-course was to the sporting prophets. It is, I say again, not a little amusing to be told now that it is a Gladstone-and-Bright measure after all, and that these politicians have succeeded in imposing their own terms on the Government. Verily, if they meant this all along, we must allow that they were marvellously successful in “dissembling their love;” and the Bill, black and blue with their kicks, might very well murmur its incredulity in the distich which supplies the newspapers with a quotation at least once a week.

I was right glad to hear that your party really meant to try their hands at the business of Parliamentary Reform. It is no work for the Tories, many among us said; their office is to keep things as they are, and to test schemes which come from the other side. But I say it is work for the Tories. First, you know, the hottest orators of the Reform League tell us that it is in the interest of keeping things together that they propose their schemes of expansion or extension; and if that be so, surely the Tories have the first claim to be employed in carrying out their purpose. Secondly, the late Ministry made the attempt and failed. Now, whatever agitation there has been in the country about Parliamentary Reform, I do not know of any which has taken up the cause of last year's Bill. I am not aware of a meeting having been held, or a resolution passed, in its favour. You hear of household suffrage, of manhood suffrage, and so on; but no one takes his stand on a £7 franchise. Mr. Gladstone's Bill was rejected by the Conservative interests of the country, and the Reforming interests seem quite willing to let it die. Thirdly, you represent, I suppose, the party which opposed the Reform Bill of 1832—a measure which is now arraigned as defective by all parties; and therefore you surely have the best right to put forward a plan for the purpose of supplying its deficiencies. For these reasons I think we are bound to take the question in hand, and (so far as I can judge) you are not unlikely to do it with good effect. This is the first Ministry that has openly avowed, as part of its purpose in Parliamentary Reform, the need of "giving a more direct representation to the labouring class." And Mr. Disraeli is, so far as I am aware, the first proposer of a Reform scheme that has explicitly recognised the loss in direct representation which the working-classes suffered in 1832 by the virtual aboli-

tion of a franchise based on mere industry. Any mischief that was done by the great Whig Reform Bill it is the business of the Tories to redress; and therefore, I say again, let them do it. The House of Commons, thoroughly backed in this behalf by the better sense of the people at large, pronounced against the Whig Bill because it was not Conservative enough. That was a challenge to the Conservative party to bring forward a measure founded on their own point of view. Settle the question, the country has said, on this condition first and foremost, that the stability of our institutions shall not be endangered. With such a commission in hand, one naturally goes to the Conservative shop: there you find the professed workmen for the job; and if they cannot carry it out, they declare themselves unable to meet the needs of the time.

But it is not merely as a matter of reasonable party arrangements that the business has devolved upon you. To settle this question satisfactorily—to adjust the balance of our constitution to our social growth—this is, in the highest sense of the phrase, a Conservative duty. Say rather conservative, for a Conservative (in the party sense of the term) is not always conservative, any more than a Liberal is always liberal. Some old Greek has argued that every state which would have its institutions of a lasting character, must see that they are founded in justice; and next to securing absolute justice (a last that we can't always make a shoe to), it is desirable to produce a general impression on the whole that things are done in public administration with a tolerable amount of equity. Therefore the best Conservative is he who can best meet a popular demand on principles of justice, either by satisfying it, or proving that it is unfounded. Now, I believe that four men out of five in Parliament did not see any necessity for a Reform Bill at all. But you

must own that, when a large portion of the community think themselves wronged, and you fail, after considerable argument, in convincing them to the contrary, it may often be a true Conservative policy to meet their wishes. Rightly or wrongly, there is such a feeling of dissatisfaction abroad. The working men, though they do not see any reason for getting into a state of excitement about it, certainly do feel that they are, *as a class*, unduly shut out from a share in the representation. I know that there was a great deal said last session to show that this feeling was not well founded. We heard of statistics which made out that so many thousands, or so many tens of thousands, of the names now registered as voters actually belonged to working men. I will not stop to argue this matter. It is rather difficult to say exactly what is meant by the phrase "working man." I suppose it will hardly be questioned that the persons who are classed as such in these statistics are at all events those who are tending to pass from the condition of labourers into that of employers of labor, and whose sympathies, of course, are rather with the class towards which they aspire than with that which they struggle to leave. The working man does not grudge their prosperity to those of his mates who rise in the world, whether by their industry, their intelligence, their cunning, or their luck; but he is not always disposed to intrust the representation of his class to an oligarchy arbitrarily chosen from their ranks by the limit of a money rental.

What, then is to be done? For we know well that if we are to have household suffrage, or anything near it, the workingmen so much exceed other classes in number that they must necessarily swamp these in the voting for legislators. They do not want this. It would not be fair, and it would not be for their interests. Of all classes, the industrious la-

bourers have most to fear from democracy—that is to say, from the ascendancy of mere numbers as an element of political power. It is as bad for nations to be under the dominion of popular passions, as for a man to be under the dominion of his individual passions. Mind you, I do not believe that the rich are one bit wiser than the poor in these matters. Take the Danish business, for example. The majority of our legislators, and of those who influence them, would have gone to war. I verily believe, to maintain the Danish rule in Schleswig-Holstein. The man was eager, but the taxpayer paused; and that pause kept us out of a war which, according to my notions (though I fear you will hardly agree with me) would neither have been a wise nor a just one. But I cite this as a case of popular passion acting on the governing classes. The working man, not feeling the immediate pressure of taxation, is more susceptible to such impulses than his employer; and, therefore, I say again, the working man is deeply interested that we should not be democratically governed, and thus exposed to be swayed backwards and forwards by popular passions. How then can you give the working classes a just share in the representation without giving them a great preponderance? The notion has been that you could pick out "the best of the working class" by drawing a line according to the rent they might pay. Eight pounds, seven pounds, six pounds, five pounds—I believe all these amounts have been severally suggested in Reform Bills as the magic figure of rental which was to succeed the ten-pounds limit of 1832 in marking off the electoral body. It has become quite apparent that none of these limits would settle the question. The Whigs had introduced the uniform limit, and they found it crumbling away beneath them. It remained for you, the opponents of the Whigs, to bring forward a measure based on

the old English principle of a local representation.

For our forefathers, who through so many centuries watched and tended the growth of that great tree of political freedom under whose shade we now sit at ease, never thought of representing the people as a mass of individuals. They aimed at representing localities, and the several inhabitants of these localities. In this way they secured a representation of the several different interests in the country without giving to mere number a predominance over all other elements of political power. That is Democracy, and that is the great danger of our time and state of society. The Reform Act of 1832, introducing for the first time a uniform limit to the borough franchise, departed from the old usage of the constitution, and secured a permanent grievance to the trade of demagoguery. For wherever you draw the limit, you at once aggrieve the stratum of population which is immediately below that limit. The whole class of ten-pounders have more direct electoral power than any other class, and the nine-pounders naturally complain that while this is so they themselves are altogether excluded from the representative community. The last Whig Reform Bill would have aggravated and perpetuated this mischief. We should have had, first of all, the cry of householders whose rent does not come up to the £7 limit—Why are we to be left out in the cold? And the question would have been put with the more urgency because Lord Russell had already taken his stand once before on a £6 franchise, and there did not appear to be any reason assigned, except the caution of the Cabinet, why he subsequently put the price of the franchise at a pound higher. By falling back on the old English principle of local representation, you are at no loss to deal with this sort of demand. That

principle puts at once a negative on the rights-of-man fancy in the matter of suffrage. Probably no one seriously believes that it is an indefeasible inheritance vested in every son of Adam, that he should be entitled to give a vote nominating a member of Parliament. But the vague cry of a right to the suffrage is always an available instrument in the hands of the demagogue. Such persons are not generally required to express in precise and logical terms what they mean, and they delight in those generalities which are the covert of imposture. However, it is certainly always invidious to say to those who are from time to time knocking at the door of the constitution, "We cannot give you the suffrage, because you are not yet fit to exercise it;" and this avowal becomes more and more invidious as the suffrage is more and more extended. If the Bill of 1866 had passed into a law, Lord Russell's old friends and clients the six-pounders would have had some plausible reason, at all events, to be exasperated at their exclusion. "How are we materially inferior," they might ask, "in intelligence, or in a stake in the country, to the man who lives in a £7 house?" That question is often put now with regard to the £10 householders, conveying a suggestion which I, for my part—so much do I reverence that potent oligarchy—would not venture to put into language. Well, you will agree with me that it is ungracious, and in times of political excitement may be dangerous, to tell the unenfranchised classes that you do not admit them to the suffrage because they are not fitted for it. But even when you have given them this answer, you may find that they argue the point, and can make out (assuming the principle of a general uniform qualification) a very fair case for themselves. In the first place, when you talk this matter over with particular individuals,

the persons whom you address may be really very well fitted to exercise the trust of voting, and it is always difficult to persuade a man that the want of fitness which you allege refers to his class in general, and not to himself. But in the second place, according to the ancient principles of our constitution, the ground of exclusion which you have assigned is really not tenable. The franchise is conferred for a twofold purpose; the voter is to choose legislators to govern the country, and representatives to take care of his special interests. If you say that he is not fit to choose legislators, you almost commit yourself to the conclusion that he requires the protection of a representative. He will say, "This want of fitness which you cast in my teeth arises from my poverty, from my ignorance, from my lack of leisure and opportunity to acquaint myself with the merits of political questions. These things show that, being less able to take care of myself, I want some one to watch over my interests when you are talking together at Westminster Palace. The wealthy classes, the well-educated classes—these are sure to get a hearing in Parliament or out of it. Parliament, however, is the only opening through which I can make my views and feelings known, and I am likely to be wholly forgotten if I have not a Parliamentary spokesman."

I must say that I do not see how this argument is to be met. I think that the working classes ought to have their fair share in the representation. They can call for it under the old principles of the constitution, being the legitimate successors to the industrial franchise, that of the freemen, which the Reform Act of 1832 shrunk up into very narrow limits. But then comes the difficulty on which so many Bills have broken down. For if the franchise is distributed numerically, as a uniform qualification implies, it is impossible to

extend it to the working classes without giving them, in consequence of their numerical superiority, the means of swamping all other classes. Mr. Lowe on one occasion pointed out the dilemma thus suggested, in a speech which he made to the populace at Kidderminster, frankly stating that he did not know how to meet the difficulty:—

"I should be extremely glad" (he said) "if I could devise any means by which the intelligence and property of the working classes should be represented together with the property and intelligence of other classes. But do not misunderstand me. I tell you frankly that I have no such means. You can easily enough have a household or a manhood suffrage; but if you were to give either one or the other to the working classes, you would not be giving a representation of the property and intelligence of the working classes side by side with the property and intelligence of other classes, but you would be swamping the other classes, and giving the representation wholly and entirely to the working classes."

So spoke Mr. Lowe; and most pertinently, if we assume the necessity of a uniform qualification for the whole country. But let us see how the founders of our constitution dealt with this same difficulty. Their rule was to select certain local constituencies to represent the particular interest or class which seemed to require representation. As commerce developed itself they called for representatives from the seaports and the staples of manufacture: the growth of a permanent middle-class was marked by the franchise conferred on municipalities; and, in like manner, as the industry of the working classes assumed the importance of a great national interest, the various descriptions of freemen received the right of suffrage in different boroughs scattered over the country. Our old kings trusted

the people (to use a phrase very much misapplied by Democratic Reformers of our own time), and sought to have a due proportion of their councillors returned by constituencies of the most comprehensive character. Thus it happened that in a considerable catalogue of English boroughs the franchise was vested in all the inhabitants paying scot and lot, a category which would probably include all settled householders nowadays. Such boroughs were Abingdon, Bridport, Chichester, Christchurch, Arundel, Dorchester, Warwick, Windsor, Wellingford, Reading, Marlow, Penryn, St. Ives, Shaftesbury, Leominster, Eye, Southampton, Leicester, Wareham, St. Albans, Westminster, Peterborough, Newark, Tamworth, South-wark, Lewes. There were others, moreover, where the franchise was unrestricted even by the scot-and-lot qualification. Thus all householders enjoyed the privilege of voting at Cirencester, Ashburton, Petersfield, Lynn, Midhurst, Pontefract, Aylesbury, and Northampton, at the last two places it being provided that no man should vote who was in the receipt of alms. The same limitation was imposed on the still wider franchise of Bedford, Launceston, and Taunton, where otherwise every inhabitant was entitled to a vote. The most unrestrained democracy found its representation through Monmouth, Preston, and Honiton, where all the inhabitants voted and no questions were asked.

Here then you have in the old practice of our commonwealth a complete and satisfactory solution of Mr. Lowe's difficulty. It would have been no difficulty before the Reform Act had familiarised us with a uniform qualification. The nation was represented by various localities; there was no reason why the franchise in one of those local constituencies should be a facsimile of the franchise in another. On the contrary, our fore-

fathers aimed at variety in these matters for the sake of securing the representation of different classes and interests, thus providing that minorities as well as majorities should be duly taken care of. And as there was no reason that the voters in one borough should have the same qualification as the voters in another, so there was no reason why one constituency should not be small while another was large. Why should it not be so, the basis of our representation being not a numerical one but a local one? You know how this local character is impressed on all our older institutions. It is through an Englishman's parish, through his town, through his county, that his influence and his sympathies are connected with the nation at large. As the Highlanders are bound together by the ties of blood and clanship, so we are bound together by those of locality. As the centralized nations of the Continent see the State in their sovereign, so the Englishman sees England in his neighbours and townsmen. Each man feels that his own fireside is the centre of his civil liberties, and he naturally joins with his own immediate vicinage in all matters that involve the common exercise of their public functions. Keeping in view this local principle, we see the way at once to satisfy Mr. Lowe's wish that the working classes should be represented side by side with other interests, yet without swamping these other interests by reason of their preponderance. We have only to tread in the old paths of the constitution, and find us constituencies here and there which shall put us in possession of the wants and wishes of the working men.

Do not forget in considering this matter the industrial franchise which our ancestors created by conferring the right of voting on freemen. Although this franchise was essentially local, and though it savoured of a corporate privilege, it was of high

importance in providing a representation of the working classes. The surviving holders of this ancient privilege would, you will remember, have been swept away by Lord Russell's Bill of 1854. Now I cannot help thinking that we might have concocted a very good Reform Bill by keeping rigidly to the example of our ancestors, and seeking out local constituencies which should represent working men—the suffrage within their bounds being adapted to that object. We should thus have had once more a wide variety of franchise, thereby securing the representation of a variety of interests and opinions, according to the original design of a Parliament which was to represent the Estates of the realm, not the population as a mass. Well, I suppose this plan, or something like it, must have received attention at the hands of the Government; and it may have been thought, perhaps, that the minds of men had become so familiar with a standard of qualification more or less uniform, that it was now too late to revert to the older system of variety. I am glad, at all events, that they abandoned that pitiful attempt to imitate Lord Russell's failures by drawing a hard line of money qualification—establishing the domination of number within the £7 limit, and shutting out all beyond it as simply unfit to have a vote. Under the new Bill a man will have a vote for Birmingham (say) because he is a Birmingham man. And the test of his connection with the borough is that he is to be a settled inhabitant there, performing the duties of such a position by paying his share to the parish rates. This is a recurrence to the most common form of qualification in old times—the payment of scot and lot.

The working men, I can tell you, are more gratified than you perhaps imagine at the substitution of the one principle for the other. Very likely they have their notions of a "residuum" as well as Mr. Bright.

They don't want universal suffrage; and those among them who think most about the matter don't want a very widely extended suffrage. But they think you have no right to say that the doors of the constitution are shut upon any class of Englishmen merely because they do not live in a £6 or a £5 house. They feel this to be uncourteous on your part, and uncomfortable on theirs. All the measures founded on this system were measures of *exclusion*. They laid down the law (which the old constitution had never done), that a man was not fit to have a vote if he lived in a house under the specified value. Whereas the pending Bill is a measure of *inclusion*. It throws the suffrage open to every class, and points out how members of every class may acquire the right to exercise it. If you are a Birmingham man, in any reasonable sense of the phrase, you may have a vote for the representation of Birmingham in Parliament. But, then, many of your cautious Conservatives cry out, "Oh! this is a democratic measure." And then comes the personal question, "Are you acting consistently with Conservative principles in supporting it?" Lord Cranborne, and some other few men of the same way of thinking, say very positively that you are not. But, for my own part, I would rather take the opinion of Mr. Bright and Mr. Beales and their following than that of Lord Cranborne on this point. Mr. Bright is true to his colours; and if the measure was democratic he would heartily applaud it. If it only tended to democracy, he would accept it as an instalment, just as he was willing to accept the £7 limit, although he avowed himself anxious to go further. But Mr. Bright's eager and passionate hostility to this Bill is a proof that it is not only not democratic in itself, but that he, at all events, regards it as likely to settle the question in a sense the reverse of democratic. Mind, I do not say that it is a Conservative measure in the lowest and strictest

sense of the term. No doubt it is a great innovation—an important change in the distribution of political power. But the accidents of our social life, the jostling of classes one against another, the facilities of communication, had all brought about such a change in fact; and it was time to recognise it in law. The multitude had, for better or for worse, acquired a far greater and more immediate influence on what is called public opinion than they had ever before possessed. There was a force here that would have continually jarred the machinery of your government, unless you had found a way so to adjust your machinery as to organise the pressure of the multitude in harmony with it, and thus to make the whole work well together. It was one of those critical periods in the history of every Conservative party, when a bold and decisive step is much more truly Conservative than half measures on the "concession" principle. In this particular case Ministers could hardly fail to see that any chance of half measures was withdrawn. They might perhaps have taken their stand behind that dogged Conservatism which commends itself to the lowest instincts of the well-to-do-classes—the tendency to uphold things just as they are. I praise them in this—that they did not abandon this ground until they had fully satisfied themselves that there was something more in the demand for Reform than the frothy splutter got up by the Beales and Bradlaugh lot. But I praise them still more in this—that, when they had recognised this fact, they set themselves to meet the demand with a truly large and statesmanlike measure; and I say that their doing so was thoroughly agreeable to a conservative policy. It was conservative, in that they thereby showed a willingness to satisfy a certain craving for justice on the part of the working classes, even though they thought that the grounds for such craving were little better than imaginary.

It was conservative, in that they took measures to get rid, once for all, of the agitation on the subject, instead of encouraging it by means of bit-by-bit concessions. Surely we must all agree that the constant agitation for Reform is a great social mischief, and that if we can put an end to it by means of an arrangement which will satisfy the reasonable portion of our population, and at the same time offer no danger to the balance of our commonwealth, we ought to do so. That will be a good Reform Bill which fulfils these requirements; and that, of course, will be an unmitigatedly bad one which gives us a worse system of representation, and yet does not yield us the poor compensation of appeasing the demand for further change. Take for example the bill of last year. As a mere step towards democracy, as a concession to those who insist on number as the basis of representation, you and I, at all events, are agreed that whatever change it might have worked in our Parliament would have been for the worse; and at the same time it could not have stayed the agitation for further change. A clamour for extension of the suffrage is always more or less easily got up by reason of the arbitrary limit of £10 fixed by the Reform Act. It is always so easy to say to a man who occupies a £9 house, "Surely you are as well fitted for the franchise as your neighbour, who pays a pound a-year more than you do." Precisely the same stimulus is available in the case of a £6 householder when you have fixed the limit at £7; and the agitator would have the further advantage of reminding his hearers that clamour gained the degradation of the suffrage to the £7 limit, and that a £6 rental was the qualification actually proposed by Lord Russell in his second Reform Bill. Well, but, some of you will say, this process might have brought us to Household Suffrage, and here we are at Household Suffrage al-

ready by the Government Bill. But I reply that, if you are come to Household Suffrage, it is more Conservative to get it at once than to reach it through a course of intervening agitation. But the Government Bill is Household Suffrage with a discriminating machinery. It excludes, indeed, no class as a class, but it only admits individual electors of every class who can show some reasonable connection with the locality in which they vote. Indirectly, too, the conditions thus required offer some guarantee of personal fitness in the elector. The best test that you can have of a man's capacity to bear some part in the government of the country, is his willingness to bear his part in the administration of local affairs. But this is, as I said, a test of *personal* fitness: it has not the odious character of an alleged distinction of class-fitness or unfitness—a distinction which becomes still more odious when you attempt to enforce it by means of so coarse and arbitrary a barrier as that furnished by a rental qualification in money. I know that Mr. Gladstone has said, in public, that the effect of the Ministerial measure will be to admit just those householders who ought to be excluded, and to exclude just those who ought to be admitted. Why a man is to be considered less fit for the franchise because he is independent enough to pay his own rates, and politician enough to put himself on the register, I cannot for the life of me divine. But I do not suppose that Mr. Gladstone meant exactly this. He wanted to persuade the well-to-do public that the working class, his "own flesh and blood," have not spirit enough to make the little effort required, and that those of them who will register will be, for the most part or wholly, put on as the puppets of electioneering agents, who will pay their rates for them, and hold their votes, of course, at command. A pretty compliment from "the people's William" to the people!

Well, I understand that the Government proposes to make such payments of rates subject to the penalties of bribery. But, in any case, why should not the same objection apply to Mr. Gladstone's own scheme of a "hard line"? Suppose a £5 rating franchise,—does Mr. Gladstone really believe that a £5 householder is necessarily too wealthy to be caught by an offer to pay his rates? Or suppose a line of £7 rental, what is there to prevent an electioneering agent from making up the difference for a man who lives in a £6 house, and thus securing his vote?

So, you see, you need not be alarmed by any imputations of a concession to democracy, or the mere rule of number, in the Bill which you are supporting. That principle of "natural selection" (I think this happy phrase was Mr. Gladstone's) which we are importing into the constitution of the electoral body is the true principle of aristocracy. Again, you have been faithful to the old landmarks of constitutional usage; and if you are pleased at a mere party triumph, you may boast that you have forced the defence of the great Whig measure of 1832. And I think you will find, if you should succeed in carrying your Bill, that you will have no reason to distrust the new political elements which you will have brought into the composition of Parliament. As a matter of mere party interest (and we cannot expect that any of your working politicians can be wholly above such considerations), it is important to remember that the most democratic section of the whole community, perhaps, is that which is nearest to the £10 householders; and by hanging about this particular limit you would only have increased the anti-Conservative influence which preponderates there. You yourself, sir, I am quite sure, have from your own experience acquired a high regard for the working classes of England. You will have known men and women among them whose high

merit and good sense would have dignified any station; and, as a class, there is perhaps more self-control, more true heroism of life, among them, than among any other rank of her Majesty's subjects. I remember, some years ago, how one Mr. Bigg, a Leicester manufacturer, and member for Newport, being excited to wrath by a bill of Sir Henry Hallford, framed with a view to protect the Leicestershire stockingers in their labours, expatiated bitterly in the House of Commons on the sympathy between the abhorred squires and the working men, dwelling particularly on the alleged attachment of both classes for "rough sports and coarse pleasures." Without taking up the cudgels (if we may risk offending the sensitiveness of Mr. Bigg by a metaphor borrowed from the rough sports in question) on behalf of either of these two classes of my countrymen, I may remark that there certainly are some points in which the gentlemen of England and the working men draw more nearly towards each other than either does to the intermediate or trading class. All classes, however, have their peculiar virtues and their besetting faults; and all are entitled to be heard, for better or for worse, in the national councils.

You have played the part of true Conservatives, then, in the construction of this Bill. And I must confess that, when I remember the strength of party traditions and political habits, I cannot help being astonished at the unanimity with which you perceived that the measure could be justified on the principles of your party organisation, as well as on the broader ground of patriotic statemanship. The history of this session will be memorable in our Parliamentary annals, if only as viewed in this connection. It shows the authority of Lord Derby among his party to be assured with a stability and ascendancy which was never attained by Sir Robert Peel himself. And in bearing the brunt of the contest in the

House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli (as his most bitter opponents must acknowledge) has secured to himself a personal triumph such as rarely falls to the lot of an English politician. However the bill may fare, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has done enough this year to make his name one of the most remarkable in the great roll of those who have from time to time guided and controlled an assembly which occupies in the history of the world a place only second to that of the old Roman Senate. If Mr. Disraeli be at all a vain man, there are few vain men who would not envy him his sensations on this subject. When the session is over, and the released Minister strolls through the flinty Buckinghamshire fields that slope down to the quiet valley in which Hughenden stands, he will be able to look back on a Parliamentary campaign that is of itself more than an abundant recompense for any checks and disappointments that have beset his political career. The contest began and the first victory was won within his own party and his own colleagues in the Cabinet. He was leader of a party in the House of Commons which was supposed to be bound to him by but a precarious and half-hearted allegiance. He was member of a Cabinet which also contained a rising debater and statesman, who was supposed to be ready to contest with him the place of pre-eminence on the Conservative side of the House. Under such circumstances, it required great boldness, assuredly, to become responsible for the introduction of a measure so calculated to astonish at least a large proportion of his followers, and to venture on a step so likely to advance the fortunes of his supposed rival. But Mr. Disraeli essayed the venture, and succeeded beyond all anticipations. The retirement of Lord Cranborne left him in undisputed mastery over the Conservative phalanx in the Lower House, which even that untoward event failed to divide to

his disadvantage. But this party, however united in fidelity to him, was still in a decisive minority. He had to vindicate the measure against a powerful and compact majority, eager to replace their leaders on the Treasury bench, and guided by the greatest orator of the day. He saw that potent and implacable adversary driven from one position after another; he gained his way inch by inch, through the force of reason and persuasion, over the minds of political opponents who were sufficiently unwilling to entertain his arguments; and he found himself ultimately in the proud position of that very dictatorship from which he had dislodged his great opponent, and which at the commencement of the present Parliament might have seemed so hopelessly out of his reach. Here is corn for a horse indeed, to borrow Mr. Bright's metaphor.

I can quite understand the passionate enmity which Mr. Bright has shown to the Bill. His political power, according to the line which he has hitherto taken, depends on keeping people as much as possible in hot water. If the Reform question were once settled, the leverage which Mr. Bright obtains for his political action by means of agitation out of doors would fail him, and he would be compelled to apply his eminent powers in some way better fitted to serve his country, though not, as it would seem, so suited to his own taste. But I own I am rather puzzled to account for Mr. Gladstone's hostility. His ends are not the ends of the Reform League. He is not the man that would ever be the accepted leader of a noisy majority, returned to represent the predominant prejudices of the multitude. One would have thought that if any man was interested in seeing the Reform question settled in some moderate and reasonable manner, it was Mr. Gladstone. The agitation on this subject blocks the way, and intercepts all that pro-

gress of statesmanlike legislation in which he is so eminently fitted to bear a part. It was of great moment to him that the question should be settled; and it was, under the existing circumstances, perhaps better for him that it should be settled by the present Ministry than by his own, seeing that he would thus escape the thousand pitfalls in the path of a Liberal Minister striving to satisfy the very discordant elements of which his party is composed. There was something more than a figure of speech in Mr. Disraeli's adjuration, "Pass the Bill, and then turn out the Government as soon as you like." It traced out a career which was open to Mr. Gladstone. He commanded a majority in the House, and he had the confidence of the people. He is a man who must always, more or less, occupy a high place in the estimation of this country, irrespectively of his intellectual superiority. There is—what shall I say?—just that much of the Joseph Surface character about him which is sure to take so mightily with the British public. Not that I believe for a moment that Mr. Gladstone is insincere in his "sentiments." On the contrary, I am satisfied that he is most thoroughly and powerfully impressed by them—at all events for the time. Now, a Joseph Surface who really believes in himself is irresistible, as a general rule, among us. "In the name of the Prophet, figs!" is as good a cry in England as ever it was in the marketplace of Bagdad.

Starting with all these advantages on his side, Mr. Gladstone has been signally defeated thus far in that great personal combat with Mr. Disraeli which has constituted so dramatic a feature of the present Session. How has this been? Certain defects, no doubt, in Mr. Gladstone's own character, have something to do with the result. "For want of a nail the shoe was lost;" and we know how the disaster thus commenced rises at last to the propor-

tions of a national and historical misfortune. Poor Richard's jingle has a moral as well as a material application. Great men have missed their destiny before this through some petty drawback, apparently as insignificant as the want of a horse-shoe nail. And Mr. Gladstone's unquestionable greatness is marred and thwarted by the lack of one or two qualities which perhaps the most insignificant among his followers might have supplied to him. It is mournful to think of his present position. He is the foremost man among our statesmen and orators, and he possesses at once the knack of falling in with the prevalent current of popular thought, and the power of refining it from the resources of his own individual mind—which two things in combination are perhaps the most essential of all to the equipment of a successful great man. How is it that such a man could have brought on himself the disappointments illustrated in that dismal letter of his to Mr. Crawford, which was almost tantamount to throwing up his hand? He saw himself at the meeting of the present Parliament the leader of a decisive working majority in the House of Commons—a position which Lord Palmerston could never be said to have attained. He had, besides, the proud consciousness that his party were held together rather by a common trust in him than by any definite principles of common policy. Men attached above all things to the promotion of a liberal spirit in the laws and government of the country, but differing widely among themselves as to the best means of securing this end, joined in allegiance to Mr. Gladstone, as the statesman to whose arbitration they might most trustingly defer—by whose judgment they would most willingly be bound, when they sought to enlighten, refine, or exalt our public policy. It was a magnificent position for a man to hold, and it was a position which Mr. Gladstone had won, not by a few

brilliant speeches, but by the steady and sure progress which we English love to mark in the upward career of a public man. How, in the comparatively short space of time which has elapsed since the opening of the present Parliament, Mr. Gladstone has contrived, by a rapid succession of mistakes, to disorganise a compact body of followers—to dishearten and scatter a crowd of admirers—to lose his supremacy, first over the House of Commons, and then over his own party—all this is almost like one of those "sad stories of the fall of kings," which tend to "send the hearers weeping to their beds;" and might do so with us, did we not all know that Mr. Gladstone's mistakes are not of the irretrievable class.

Among these mistakes and their results I do not think we should place the fact that Mr. Gladstone is now out of office instead of in it. His fortunes never looked more promising than on the day when the Government of which he was a member resigned their seals of office. It was much to have a good excuse for breaking up a Cabinet in which he was controlled and thwarted and irritated by the rule of so uncoongenial a politician as Lord Russell. It was much to have resigned place and power for the sake of redeeming that pledge of Parliamentary Reform which Lord Palmerston, to say the least, had trifled with. It was much to see how readily the rising interest of the working classes on the subject directed itself towards him as a statesman whose policy in the matter had certainly proved abortive, but whose good faith and earnestness were implicitly to be trusted. And it was much, and perhaps most of all, to get the thorny question, which the Whig Administration had found so entangling, handed over with all its difficulties and dangers to their opponents. Mr. Gladstone's attitude of moderation in the opening of the session, appeared to indi-

cate a full appreciation on his part of the advantages of his position. The Ministerial offer to carry a Reform Bill by a process of give and take on both sides—a settlement of the question, not by a compromise the result of fighting (as most questions are settled), but by a compromise the result of a mutual understanding—this was so obviously agreeable to the lessons drawn from the long Reform story, and so deferential to the vast influence which Mr. Gladstone possessed in the House, that few would have supposed it possible that the benefits of the situation should escape the discerning glance of the Liberal leader. Mr. Gladstone, it seemed, had nothing to do but wait, and his horses (in racing parlance) would come back to him. No doubt Mr. Gladstone's moderation at that time was winning him golden opinions among that large section of the Conservative party who have always retained a friendly remembrance of his old connection with them; a circumstance that could not fail to stand him in good stead whenever a break-up of our more artificial party distinctions might occur—a crisis towards which we are evidently tending. Mr. Gladstone, people said, saw the wisdom of waiting, and was waiting to a good end.

But somehow or other Mr. Gladstone could not wait. He is one of those men who must needs be on active service in every business that is going on. He must be advising, dictating, controlling, all round. I do not believe for a moment that Mr. Gladstone was prompted by a motive of mere commonplace faction in bringing forward that unlucky proposition for the hard line of qualification which brought on him so serious a discomfiture in Committee. On the other hand, I am equally unable to imagine that a man of his statesmanlike mind would ever calmly arrive at the conclusion that the device of a fixed pecuniary limit, which has been proposed in so

many Reform Bills, and has never given general satisfaction at any specified amount—a device which has now been thrown over by almost all independent thinkers on the subject—could ever be a necessary or even a valuable basis of any scheme for the reconstruction of our electoral system. I can only suppose that this restless egotism, this *positiveness* of which I have spoken, was too much for him, and that he was by its influence driven into an undue eagerness to dictate some important feature in the Bill; and that he was thus biased towards the adoption of a device which his better reason would have condemned. Perhaps he saw this himself when it was too late. I cannot help thinking that, even before that adverse decision, he had but half a heart in the step which he had taken, and that he was not sorry for a fair excuse for abandoning the amendments of which he had given notice.

Still there is some reason to be afraid that Mr. Gladstone is hankering after his old fancy, and that he will not be content unless he can contrive by some means or other to leave its mark on the Bill. You will have observed how the unanimous resolution of the Government to get rid of the hard line of exclusion has exposed them all along to be shot at by so adroit a Parliamentary combatant as Mr. Gladstone. Of course, if we are not to have indiscriminate household suffrage, the Ministerial scheme is bound to provide some process of selection which may be pounced upon by democratic speakers as putting obstacles in the path of the man who seeks the franchise. Therefore motion after motion has been brought forward tending to reduce the proposed franchise to mere household suffrage in the most multitudinous form. And Mr. Gladstone eagerly encouraged all these proposals, with the view, I suppose, of impressing on the Conservative party the notion that, after all, they would have to fall

back on his pet plan for keeping out the "residuum." In the meantime he was presenting himself to the Reform League and its supporters as the man who was labouring to open to its full extent the door which Ministers were holding ajar after a grudging fashion. The long fight about the compound householder merely resolves itself into a combat of this sort. There is a considerable body of Conservatives who participate in Mr. Lowe's dread lest the constituencies should be overcrowded under the Ministerial measure. Mr. Gladstone and his immediate followers think that, if they can by any side-wind introduce an additional probability of this overcrowding, they will be embarrassing the Government by alarming its adherents. Mr. Disraeli, as it seems to me, has shown great skill in the resolutions by means of which he proposes to carry out the pledge given by him on occasion of Mr. Hodgkinson's amendment. He proposes that henceforth composition shall be a mere matter of private arrangement between owner and occupier, and all the law is to do in the matter is simply to enable the parish to carry out such an arrangement by charging the owner and releasing the occupier. This is to be the law in Parliamentary boroughs; and the effect will be to leave the old practice of compounding for rates elsewhere just as it now exists, but to have no more of it within the limits of a Parliamentary borough than may consist with the fullest liberty on the part of the householder to make out his claim to the franchise. Whether the whole system of composition for rates ought to be abolished is another question. Mr. Henley, in his bluff fashion, describes it as "a device of Old Nick" to screw rates out of poor people who would otherwise never have been called upon to pay them. Others argue that it is not fair to the general body of rate-payers that a large class of property should

be exempted from payment, and say that the benefit of such exemption accrues to the owner and not the occupier of the exempted tenement. This is a question, surely, that ought to be settled on its own merits, and not in reference to its accidental bearing on the electoral qualification. The same may be said of Mr. Poulett Scrope's proposal to prevent the rating of houses under the value of £4 a-year. If this exemption ought in justice or charity to be made, by all means let it form part of a bill to be introduced for that purpose, but do not make it the indirect means of keeping out the "residuum;" for that is what its supporters mean, and it is their last fling, as it would appear, at the principle of the Government measure. I hope Ministers will stand firm, and will not consent to mar the symmetry of their Bill by coquetting with any suggestion of this kind. Their Bill is a plan for the admission of individuals of *all* classes, and if they accept Mr. Scrope's amendment, however good the proposal may be in itself, yet when incorporated in the Reform Bill, it will be there as an instrument for excluding a particular class, and that, too, on the principle of the hard line for which Mr. Gladstone has been so pertinaciously fighting. I hope, too, that no Conservatives will be induced either by the plausibility of the proposition, or their fear of an "ugly rush" at the barriers of the Constitution, to encroach on the principle of the Bill.

I suppose, however, by the time that these remarks are in your readers' hands, that this particular matter will have been settled. I will therefore add no more than to wish good speed to the Bill in the journey which it has yet to accomplish.

Yours, &c.,

A WATCHER IN
PALM MALL.

24th May.

CLAUSE III. AND MR. LOWE.

MR. LOWE is a very able man, but he is not infallible. His speech of the 20th of last month, on Clause 3 in the Reform Bill, was one of the most ingeniously sophistical appeals to the passions that was ever uttered in the House of Commons. Grant him his premises, and nothing can be more sound than his conclusions; accept as established the point from which he starts, and his logic is irresistible. But can we grant his premises—can we accept the point from which he starts? Are not the former, on the contrary, quite inadmissible, and the latter absolutely fallacious? These are questions well worth asking before we decide as to the merits of his oratory; and we will endeavour, in words as few and simple as we can find, to answer them. And this we do for more reasons than one. In the first place, Mr. Lowe—looking to his experience and abilities—remembering the really great part which he played in the debates of last year, and the consistency with which, barring a lapse or two, he has adhered ever since to the opinions then enunciated; taking into account also his position in the House—almost a solitary one, so far as regards his deliverances, yet acting there as the mouthpiece of numbers who say nothing, because they are afraid to speak out,—Mr. Lowe, taking all these matters into consideration, well deserves that he should receive at our hands this mark of special respect. And, secondly, Mr. Lowe does enunciate what he believes to be a principle with a vigour, persistency, and steadiness of purpose which give to all that he utters peculiar force. But if, after all, it shall turn out that what he holds to be a principle is no principle—if he take of the subject which he is discussing a view so narrow that we are not carried by it beyond the lifetime of

the existing generation—then it appears to us that neither his past merits nor his present consistency ought to stand in the way of a strict application to him of the very same canon of criticism which we should apply to other and less prominent Parliamentary debaters. Wherefore we propose to devote a few columns to the examination of what we presume will be his last despairing endeavour to discredit a measure to which he cannot assent, but which he finds himself powerless to oppose.

The point from which Mr. Lowe starts is this, that the Bill now before Parliament strikes at the root of the Constitution; that it proposes to introduce into our electoral system a state of things heretofore unheard of; and that its results will be the establishment of constituencies at once venal and obstinate—open to be bribed by any who have the will and the means to bribe them, yet resolute to return to Parliament only such men as shall be ready to vote away all those institutions which are dear to the hearts of enlightened Englishmen. Now, we must begin by protesting against the fitness of all and each of these assertions. The Bill now before Parliament takes away, indeed, or proposes to take away, that monopoly of political influence in the boroughs which had been previously enjoyed by a certain class of their inhabitants. There can be no doubt of that fact. But for what length of time have these particular inhabitants of Parliamentary boroughs enjoyed this political monopoly, and under what conditions was it conferred upon them? Thirty-five years have not yet elapsed since the constituencies were created on the continued ascendancy of which in all its nar-

rowness of numbers and opinions, Mr. Lowe conceives that the nation's welfare depends. The Constitution to which he is so ardently attached is thus coeval with the existing generation. He takes no account whatever of the arrangements which preceded his pet Constitution, but dates back the country's greatness, the dignity of the Crown, the weight of the House of Lords—perhaps he will go a little further and say, the moral influence of the Church, and the high tone which pervades the administration of justice—to the great Whig measure of 1832. Now, we cannot accept this as the beginning of England's greatness. She had her monarchy, her Houses of Lords and Commons, her Established Church, her legal system, long before either the Whig measure of 1832 or its authors were heard of; and all these did their duty, and in their respective departments contributed to the well-being of the community, just as largely, just as effectually, before 1832, as they have ever done since. We do not deny that, to a greater extent than was desirable, the constituencies, and especially the borough constituencies, had become both narrowed and manageable under the old system. The nomination by borough proprietors to seats in the House of Commons, though productive from time to time of much practicable good, was quite indefensible in theory. And though it would be easy to show that the Whigs gave to that practice its first impulse, this in no degree justifies in our eyes the extent to which it was latterly carried. But observe how the abuse crept in. Every nomination borough which the Reform Bill of 1832 swept away, and many which it dexterously reserved, had once upon a time been a scot-and-lot borough. Old Sarum itself, a hundred and fifty years ago, was inhabited by a good many families, the heads of which, because they contributed to the public expenses

of the borough, had a voice in the choice of its representative; and Staleybridge and Gattton were in the same predicament. They changed their condition, undoubtedly—becoming, so to speak, the playthings of individuals; but they did so, not through any violence offered by Act of Parliament to existing rights, but because certain wealthy noblemen and gentlemen, desirous of controlling the policy of the Government, or, it may be, of advancing their own peculiar views in the State, either purchased the houses, with the land on which they stood, or, being already owners of the land, bribed the householders to give up their tenures, and then pulled down the tenements. The right to vote by paying scot and lot was not therefore taken away—quite otherwise; but the number of persons paying scot and lot became so scanty, and their relations with their landlords so intimate and peculiar, that any person whom he thought fit to propose or recommend to be their member, was at once and without opposition elected. What outrage was committed by this upon the principles of the constitution? None whatever. A great abuse was indeed perpetrated by rendering the principles of the Constitution subservient to the personal views of individuals: but to the Constitution itself, and the principles on which it rests, no outrage was offered. And what is more to the purpose, the machine so erected worked, upon the whole, wonderfully well.

We are far from justifying now—we never did justify—either the selfishness of the class which was known five-and-thirty years ago as boroughmongers, or their exceeding shortsightedness. This selfishness was conspicuous enough while as yet the marketable boroughs were pretty largely diffused. There was added to it a shortsightedness never equalled at any time or in any relation of life, when individual after individual

purchased up boroughs by the half-dozen, and thus established in a few great families a virtual monopoly of the political influence of the country. Neither can we understand the motives which induced successive Governments to sit down contented under a state of things which took away from them quite as much power as it seemed to secure to them. For the masters of many boroughs, like the master of many legions, though they may be excellent allies, are excellent allies only so long as the Government which they sustain adopts a policy of which they approve. And submission to the system was the more extraordinary on the part of the Tories, that their great chief, William Pitt the younger, had shown them long ago how the evil might be removed without breaking in upon the old landmarks of the Constitution. The facts are, however, as we have stated them. With extraordinary lack of forethought, the Tories preferred present ease to a little immediate trouble, with much permanent good arising out of it. Had they at any time after the peace of 1815 made so much as a beginning in the right direction—had they gone no further than to create, from time to time, new constituencies on the old principle in populous places, and as often as a charge of corruption could be brought home to small constituencies, or even to greater or less pretentious places—we should have never, in all probability, heard of the measure of 1832, or of the £10 householder whom it called into political existence. There was a judicial blindness upon them, however, and they reaped their reward. They, the professed followers of Pitt, refusing to act with the wisdom and decision which had characterised his policy, allowed the reins to fall from their hands; and their rivals came into office determined, let the consequences to the country be what they might, so to manipulate the constituencies, at that moment completely out of

favour, as that, unless the country should submit thenceforth to be governed by them, no Government could be carried on at all.

We never professed to be among the admirers of the Constitution of 1832. The constituencies which it created were, to a great extent at least, essentially anti-Church, anti-aristocratic, and, let us not hesitate to say, anti-monarchical. We speak, of course, of the borough constituencies, which consisted mainly of well-to-do shopkeepers, the lower stratum of which order of men is made up almost everywhere of Dissenters. As to Scotland, we really do not think, in spite of Mr. Lowe's animated description of what matters promise to come to there under the new law, that anything can well be worse than it has been for the last ten or twelve years. We never therefore professed to admire the Constitution of 1832, or to entertain the slightest respect for the class of voters on which it rested. Yet such is the force of habit that, in common with the Tory party at large, we had learned to become reconciled to what was inevitable, and to comfort ourselves, under frequent disappointments, with the idea that as the country became richer the voters would grow more Conservative. And to a certain extent, and within certain well-defined limits, this result had actually begun to be made manifest. Scotland, to be sure, went day by day more deep into the mire of mere democracy. The Disruption in the Kirk contributed chiefly to bring this about; for in Scotland, as elsewhere, men rarely separate from the established order of things in religious matters without being impelled to take the step by dissatisfaction with the established order of things in politics; and Ireland was and is, and we suspect always will be, while Romanism lasts, in the hands of the priests. But in England our prospects were more cheering. Somehow or another the Church of England, in spite of endless follies and extra-

agances among certain classes of ministers, has struck her roots deep into the affections of the people. You rarely see a Dissenting family which has prospered in the world continue after the head of it passes away, in connection with Dissent. Among the Gurneys few dhere at this day to Quakerism; and the Lloyds and Joneses, instead of feeding the ranks of Presbyterians, have become excellent Church people, in the main stock as well as in the collateral branches. But the moment a man ceases in England to be a Dissenter, he ceases at the same time to be a Radical, and not unrequently Whiggery itself loses its attraction for him. Hence steadily, though slowly, the ten-pounders outh of the Tweed were coming to egard with disfavour the promoters f Reform associations, and to send o Parliament representatives who new how to draw the line between change such as time and vents rendered expedient, and the overthrow of institutions which vere hated only because they mainly ontributed to keep the old arrangements of social life from breaking up. But what then? In proportion s we, the Tories, learned to trust he constituencies which the Whigs ad created, the Whigs took a dislike to them. Not we, but our ivals—not Lord Derby, but Lord ohn Russell—first proceeded in avour of fresh changes, and first roke in, or tried to break in, on arrangements which they had themselves settled and pronounced to e final. And once the dictum vent forth from the headquarters of Liberalism, that the line drawn n 1832 had ceased to be tenable, here was nothing left except for he rival parties to consider which should succeed in substituting for t a better order of things—one hich should be at once final, as far s anything human can be, and in ts nature not revolutionary.

We wish, for his own sake, that Mr. Lowe had never acknowledged this necessity. It would add en-

ormously to the weight of his warnings now, if he were able to say, "I at least have invariably protested against lowering the franchise under the level at which the Reform Bill of 1832 placed it." But Mr. Lowe cannot say this. He was a consenting party to an arrangement which, had it been accepted, would have given us a borough franchise fixed at £6 rental, and a county franchise at £20. To be sure, he held office while thus pliant; and it is certain, as far at least as we recollect, that, though voting with his party, he never spoke in support of the proposals. Still, it will scarcely do for a gentleman, who a year or two ago supported a £6 franchise, to turn round upon us and rebuke our policy, because, last year, we refused to accept a £7 franchise. But, if this line of argument be objectionable, much less are we disposed to listen to him complacently when he denounces as traitors to the party whom they have cajoled, the members of the present Government, and especially the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lowe either deceives himself, or is desirous of misleading others, when he represents Mr. Disraeli's reasoning in opposition to the Bill of last year, as being at all in unity with the arguments wherewith he himself did battle against it. Mr. Disraeli objected to a measure which was, in his opinion, fragmentary and uncertain, which unsettled everything, and could settle nothing. Mr. Lowe denounced it as tending, by an obvious process, to pure democracy. Both were, in our opinion, right, and Mr. Lowe, perhaps, especially so; because a franchise which is determined by mere rental has no fixity, nor pretends to have it. But granting all this, what right has Mr. Lowe to enunciate the following sentences as expressing any other sentiments than his own?—

"Last year, on the £7 franchise of the right honourable gentleman the member for South Lancashire, we argued the question; we went into

points of expediency; we argued *pro* and *con* what would be the effect of the Bill on the interests of the country and the empire. Some said the effect would be good; others that it would be bad. Have we this year entertained this question in the same way? Has a single word been said as to what would be the probable result to the Constitution of the present measure? What were the hopes? what the fears? Has there been one word uttered on the subject? Not one. From the first to the last we have been engaged in revoluting details—(laughter)—endeavouring to adapt the measure, under the orders of the Government, to a state of things to which it was impossible to adapt it, and which it has at last destroyed. As I read in a paper the other day, it has proceeded like the car of Juggernaut, crushing under its wheels the principles of those who supported it. If we adopt this measure it is not from any argument on the measure. We have not had any considerations of that higher policy which should dictate measures of this kind. Nor do I believe that it is from any strong conviction entertained by the House on the point of expediency."

When arranging his thoughts into this order, Mr. Lowe had evidently before his mind's eye one or two individuals to whom the House listened with admiration a year ago, partly because they spoke well about what they had undertaken to speak, partly because the sentiments to which they gave utterance were scarcely such as the House expected them to enunciate. We cannot allow, however, that by any ingenuity of reasoning, Lord Stanley, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and Mr. Disraeli, should be represented as belonging to that group. For years back, Mr. Disraeli, in particular, while resisting what he held to be unwise change, has been casting about in search of ground on which to make a permanent stand; and every one who reads his printed speeches will see that he found it only in a return to the old constitutional level. The re-establishing of a connection between the exercise of political rights and a participation in the burdens of the

State, affords, in his judgment, the only chance of putting an end to agitation, and setting up some standard of equity; and to bring about that end, all his endeavours, save on the occasion of the defeat of his own Bill in 1859, have been directed. It is ridiculous, therefore, to charge him, at all events, with misleading his followers. Nor is this all. Mr. Lowe is quite as eloquent in attributing motives of action to the dupes, as lack of principle to those whom he accuses of wilfully misleading them. Speaking of the tone which has marked recent debates, and the issues to which these have led, he says:—

"There are many causes that might be adduced, but I will not weary the House by going into them all. One is the very word I have mentioned. It is weariness of the subject. Members are tired of it, and well they may be; and by being tired, they are willing to accept anything without looking at it in order to be delivered from a nuisance that is becoming intolerable to us all (Hear, hear.) This great change also depends in some degree on the faults of our existing system. There is a dread of dissolution, and a dread of dissolution of more than ordinary intensity, because the last election was one of more than ordinary profligacy and extravagance. A third is a very potent cause—a dread of the new class of voters now to be introduced. Hon. gentlemen know that if they stand up for the existing order of things, and give offence to those who are about to receive a transfer of power from the existing voters, they would give offence to the new voters, and so lose their seats. These motives are very powerful—I am speaking of this side of the House. But what shall we say of the motives of hon. gentlemen opposite? What motives can have induced hon. gentlemen opposite, who went heartily with us last year in opposing the £1 franchise, to turn round—to turn the flank and get into the rear of those who proposed that measure, and throw them utterly into the shade? What can have induced the Conservative party of England to enter into this ruinous competition; to abandon the most useful position they previously held of defending the traditions of the old country.

and its existing institutions, and scanning with minute criticism every minor measure, while a measure of this vast and unspeakable importance received scant attention? What can have produced this wonderful change in the minds of hon. gentlemen opposite? I do not want to be unjust and unfair to hon. gentlemen, and I would suggest one excuse for them. No doubt hon. gentlemen on this side of the House had laid out an exceedingly attractive programme on the subject of Reform. They were always to be bringing in Reform Bills; and they were to enjoy the popularity which attached to this, and get perhaps the offices that were expected to be the result. To hon. gentlemen opposite this was a sufficiently grave consideration. They were to do their duty to their country by resisting those Reform Bills; they were to incur all the unpopularity resulting from such opposition; they were to enjoy the almost perpetual exclusion from office which was a natural consequence. Speaking candidly and fairly, then, I am not much surprised that the right hon. gentleman opposite has got weary of this state of things and endeavoured to reverse the programme. But those who are most friendly, as well as those most hostile to the measure, must alike agree with me that the question is one which, for good or for evil, will alter or change—will, in fact, revolutionise—the institutions of this country for all time to come."

We are far from objecting to what is alleged here in regard to the weariness which is felt generally in the House of discussions which lead to nothing except loss of temper on one side, and an almost intolerable pressure upon patience on the other. The subject of Reform has, in truth, become "a nuisance," not to members of Parliament only, but to everybody else, except, perhaps, Mr. Beales and Mr. Porter, and their followers, among whom Mr. Bright and Mr. Foster are now, we presume, to be numbered. Neither can we doubt the accuracy of Mr. Lowe's statements, when explaining what is felt and talked about on the Opposition benches. Gentlemen seated near Mr. Gladstone, and below his gangway, are very much afraid of a dis-

solution, and with good cause. Not a few of them made their way into Parliament by means to which they would hardly care to resort once in two years. Many more are perfectly well aware that if Parliament were dissolved on a question touching the present Bill they would have no chance of re-election. But he takes a great deal too much upon him—he quite misunderstands the case—when he asserts that no higher motive than the desire to outbid and supplant their rivals operated to bring the Conservative party to the condition in which they now stand. Not that even this motive, if it be looked at side by side with an obvious collateral incident, is deserving of censure. If the Conservative party desire to outbid and supplant their rivals, it is because they know that it is better for England, under any circumstances, that the powers of Government should be in their hands than in the hands of those who are always ready to use them for unsettling instead of sustaining the great institutions of the country. But we deny that this is really the motive by which, on the present occasion, they have been swayed. Can anybody who has watched the occurrences of the last eight years doubt, that whatever "fast and strait line" Lord Derby's Government might have drawn, the Opposition, under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone, were prepared to go below it? Suppose Mr. Disraeli had adopted, as Mr. Walpole a few years ago suggested that he should do, a £6 franchise in boroughs and a £20 franchise in counties, is it not certain that he would have been confronted with a proposal to make £5 the line in one case and £14 in the other? Or suppose him to have gone lower still, descending to the figures last quoted, would he not have had to fight for these against £4 in boroughs, and perhaps £8 or £10 in counties? And why not? There is no principle whatever in a mere money payment. The householder who inhabits a tenement is neither

better qualified to vote because he happens to pay £5 a-year to his landlord, nor less qualified because he pays only £4. The struggle must therefore have been more enduring had any other course been adopted than that which the Government wisely selected to follow. There is a principle in connecting together representation and direct taxation; there is none at all if these be separated.

We do not pretend to be delighted with the state of things at which the country has arrived; probably there is no reasonable man, whether he calls himself Liberal or Tory, that is. Even Mr. Bright, we suspect, begins to perceive that the game of brag was played too rashly, and that more has been conceded to those whom he calls the people, than he ever seriously intended to demand for them. But the real question for reasonable men to put to themselves is this—How, under existing circumstances, could any other issue have been arrived at? It is idle to say that the Conservatives ought to have supported the measure of last year, and done their best to modify it in committee. They could not support the measure of last year, endeavouring to improve it in committee, with the clear statement dinned into their ears, that they at whose suggestion it was put forward, and to meet whose opinions it was arranged, looked upon the whole proceeding as only a step to something more. Mr. Henley, whose sound judgment and good sense never fail him, put this matter in so clear a point of view, that it would be unfair to state the case in other words than his own. Replying to Mr. Lowe, he observed:—

“What was the case last year? A Bill was brought in, not simply reducing the figure, but doing away with every payment of rates. And what happened with respect to that Bill? Meetings were held throughout the country. Did they dissent from it? No. What was the language held by the right hon. gentleman's lieutenants,

the members for Birmingham and Bradford? What was the result of these meetings? That they would accept it. As what? As an instalment. That was the language that was universally held. A state of things were brought about in which no man could stand secure. And what was the safe ground of action? The only mode—and I believe the most conservative mode—was to say, We will take all those who bear the burdens of the State and let them have the privilege. (Hear, hear.) I believe there is no other way in which we could meet the difficulty, and that, being in such a position, we could not stand still. I believe if you had attempted to stand still you would have gone on from agitation to agitation until you had produced a state of things which you would be sorry to have seen. My belief is that we have taken the true conservative ground, and for this reason, that it is the old line of the Constitution.”

Nor is this all. With or without the set purpose of rendering the work of Government impossible except to themselves, the Liberal party, with Mr. Gladstone at their head, left to their rivals no option except to do as they have done, or to let the whole machine run down. The people have not forgotten, nor cannot forget, that the highest authority on the other side of the House pronounced every man to be entitled to the franchise who was not under some legal disability. And though this assertion may have been hazarded under the excitement of angry feelings, not the less freely was it received as gospel truth by the masses out of doors. What has been going on ever since these ominous words were uttered? Meetings all over the country, at which the language held was everywhere the same—that nothing shall content the people except registered manhood suffrage protected by the ballot. No. It was idle, after all this, to think of standing still; it was idler still to dream of carrying a measure less extensive—if you please, less bold—than that which the Government has brought forward. A House of Commons con-

sisting exclusively of Lowes would bring about a revolution in a day. A House of Commons, of which the majority should refuse to concede all that is now conceded, would find itself at daggers-drawn with the bulk of the people. What we are now doing may fail to save the Constitution—let us hope that it will not fail: but this much is certain, that anything short of what we are now doing would land us in such a state of agitation and dismay as must end in ruin, and that speedily.

And, after all, what is it that especially excites the ire of Mr. Lowe at this moment, encouraging Mr. Gladstone at the same time to persevere in his lugubrious warnings? The Government have made a concession which is really no concession, but a frank and honest carrying out of their own purposes. They promised, when dealing with the compound householders, to afford them every possible facility for getting their names upon the list of voters, they accepting the terms on which the franchise was offered to them. And in order to fulfil this engagement, they remedied what had appeared to be defective in the process, whereby these persons might claim and establish their right to vote. What follows? An independent member gets up and proposes another mode of attaining the same end, which, because it is at once simpler and of more general application than the other, the Government so far accept. Are we to be told that this carries us to household suffrage pure and simple? Certainly not, any more than we were carried to that point by the process which this last seems likely to supersede. For the personal payment of rates, as well as a year's residence in the same house, are required just as stringently under the clause which will put an end to the system of compound-householding, as they were by the Bill as it stood before the

insertion of that clause. And if anybody supposes that, in consequence of the insertion of the new clause, there will be a general rush to the rate-collector's office, and a general application for the papers which are to qualify, the rates being paid, all that we can say on this subject is, that the supposition appears to us to be as monstrous as it can well be. A year's residence in the same house, with personal payment of rates, are contingencies in the lives of the majority of the working classes far less universal than we could wish them to be. Whenever the population reaches this line of trustworthiness, then the sooner household suffrage becomes universal in our Parliamentary boroughs the better. A steady, well-to-do working man, if he only keep himself free from the bondage of Trades-unions, is far more likely to vote as we could wish him to do, than an arrogant, Church-hating, and democratic £10 Dissenter. We may be wrong, but we would rather trust the working men of England to sustain the great institutions of this country, than we would trust not a few of their employers. Whether the country is to disappoint our expectations in this respect time will show. Meanwhile we cannot too much impress upon the party, that the only chance of keeping things straight must be sought for in perfect unity among themselves; that the leap in the dark which we are about to take—if a leap in the dark it be—has become a necessity; and that whether we carry a Reform Bill which shall be based on principle, and therefore have a spirit of Conservatism in it, or the Liberals be left masters of the situation through our faint-heartedness, a Reform Bill will be surely passed, good or evil, harmless or pregnant with mischief, according to the genius which shapes it out, and the influences which carry it into law.

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